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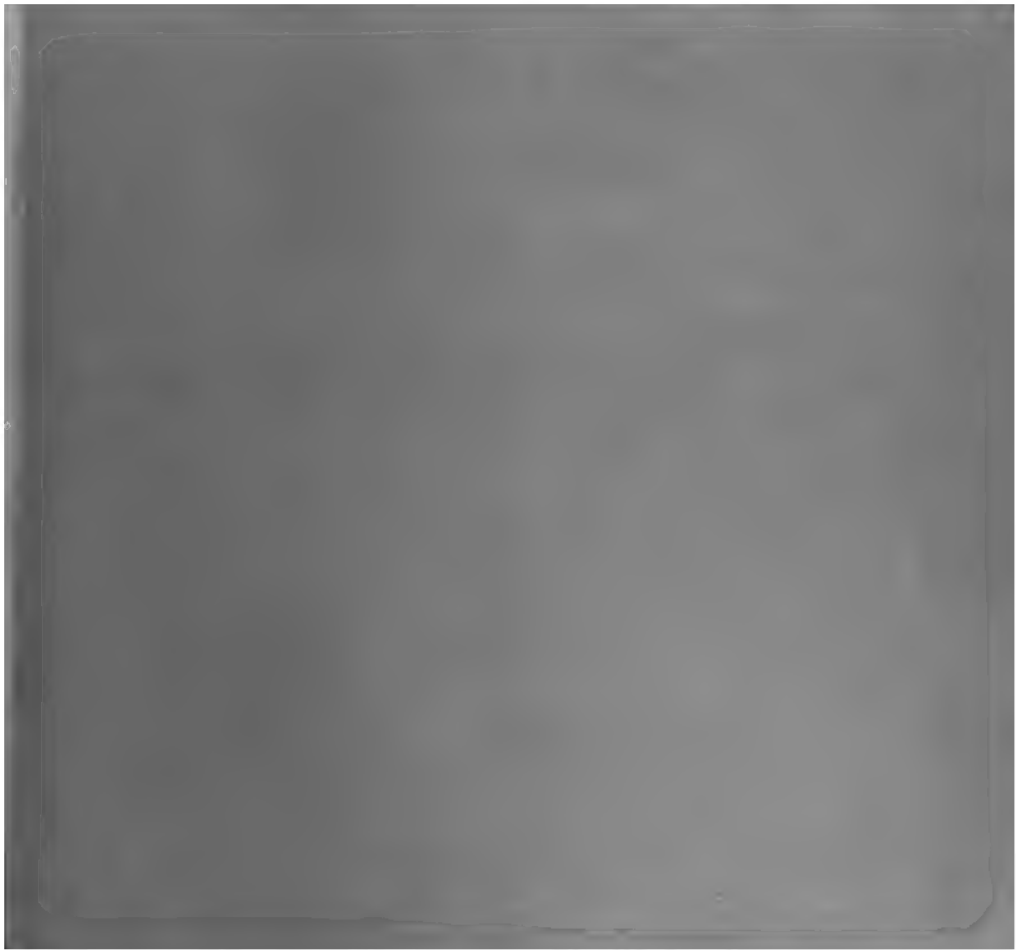
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THE LADY OF THE LAMP





61731

ONCE A MONTH.

61731

ONCE A MONTH.

ONCE A MONTH:

An Illustrated Australasian Magazine.

CONDUCTED BY

PETER MERCER, D.D.

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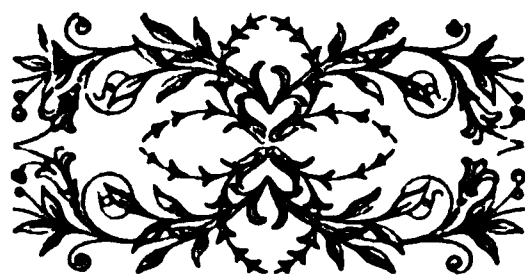
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CORRIGENDA IN VOL. III.

In Pages 26 and 27, *passim*, for *Horne* read *Home*.

In Page 292, col. 1, line 2 from bottom, for *ever possessed* read *now possesses*.

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THE
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POET



HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL
AUSTRALIAN POET

FROM A PHOTO BY NEWMAN

ONCE A MONTH.

No. I.

JULY 15, 1885.

VOL. III

GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. VIII.

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL,

AUSTRALIAN POET.

By ALEX. SUTHERLAND, M.A.

The only writer of Australian birth and education, who has attained to anything like an Australian reputation, is Henry Clarence Kendall, the ill-fated poet of New South Wales. He is not a robust poet; not marked by any depth in his pathos, but rather exhibiting a sentimental and even lacrymose tendency; not capable of high flights of fancy, unless closely in the wake of older and stronger bards; not gifted with any great measure of humour, nor even with much intensity of passion; yet withal he is a truly sweet singer. He who reads and re-reads the two volumes of Kendall, and gives to them the attention that every true poet demands, if he is to be properly appreciated, will be well rewarded by the sweetly musical setting of comparatively simple ideas; lines and expressions will linger pleasantly on the ear, and many verses will find an abiding place in the heart.

He lived a very unhappy life, and it is surprising that he succeeded in leaving behind him the work that

remains as a memorial of his name. When a pair of sickly-looking little twins were born in a wretched slab hut near Ulladulla, no one would have guessed that one of them was to be the Australian poet. The place was a pretty one, overlooking a romantic little streamlet in the midst of a green and pleasant country; but though nature, as there exhibited, was full of loveliness, the human nature it contained was not of equal brightness. For here it was that Basil Kendall, after knocking about over half the world, and doing little good either for himself or his friends, had withdrawn into solitude and poverty, with the wife whom he had married a short time previously in Sydney, having met her one day and married her the next. He was consumptive, and broken down in health by his unsettled habits. Mrs. Kendall was unfortunately addicted to the use of stimulants; so all the immense influence of heredity was from the first adverse to the one poor little infant, who alone of the pair managed to

survive. His feeble infancy we can imagine passing by on the willow-clad banks of the mountain creek, that murmurs round the grassy knoll whereon stood the miserable apology for a house. As boyhood drew on he must have been little attracted to the unfurnished home and the unhappy family circle it contained. We can rather fancy him tracing the stream up, up among those overhauling hills, which few but the cedar cutters frequented. There lay the lonely gullies, decked with tree ferns and palms that strove to lift their heads above the dense mass of vegetation, interlaced with vines and trailing plants of gorgeous blossom; and there, from the granite pinnacles that threw their jagged heads above the ocean of verdure, the boy would have glorious prospects—the plains and lagoons of Ulladulla; a coast, now rocky, now sandy, but everywhere beautiful; and the vast sweep of the Pacific far beyond. And underneath the magnificent forest he wandered in the rocky beds of moss-decked creeks. How tenderly in after years he recalled these scenes:—

River, myrtle-rimmed, and set
Deep among unfooted dells—
Daughter of grey hills of wet,
Born by mossed and yellow wells.

Now that soft September lays
Tender hands on thee and thine,
Let me think of blue-eyed days,
Star-like flowers, and leaves of shine.

Cities soil the life with rust,
Water-banks are cool and sweet;
River, tired of noise and dust,
Here I come to rest my feet.

Ah! the days—the old, old theme,
Never stale, but never new—
Floating, like a pleasant dream,
Back to me and back to you.

Since we rested on these slopes,
Seasons fierce have beaten down
Ardent loves and blossoming hopes,
Loves that lift and hopes that crown.

But, believe me, still mine eyes
Often fill with light that springs
From divinity which lies
Ever at the heart of things.

So also he thinks, in dreary days of
after life, of the “Mountain Moss”—

It lies among the sleeping stones,
Far down the hidden mountain glade,
And past its brink the torrent moans
For ever in a dreamy shade.

A little patch of dark-green moss,
Whose softness grew of quiet ways,
With all its deep, delicious floss,
In slumbrous suns of summer days.

When Kendall was still quite a boy, the family removed to the Clarence River, where they lived in the bush; the father trying to succeed on a farm. But he was now a confirmed invalid, and illness, while it unsuited him for the labour necessary for the life he strove to lead, made him much more of a companion to the precocious little boy. Basil Kendall had been the son of a missionary, and had acquired from his father an excellent education of a miscellaneous character; and he now spent his evenings imparting such scraps of it as he remembered to the eager lad, who heard a great deal about classical mythology, which afterwards affected some of his writings in a way not at all desirable. The father died when Henry was eleven years of age; then came two or three wretched years; he and his brothers and sisters were divided among relatives, and he went back to Ulladulla to live with an uncle.

Here for a year or two he received some regular schooling, and renewed his acquaintance with the creeks and gullies of the mountains. When he was fourteen, his uncle Joseph, who commanded a whaling ship, took him to sea with him, and for two years the lad saw much of the Pacific Ocean, its islands, and their natives. He does not seem to have been treated with any delicate consideration, and his life on board ship was that of a man before the mast. He always looked back on this period with something approaching to horror, and his experiences at sea had little or no effect on his poetry; although it is just possible that the remembrance of a run far to the south among the icebergs may have inspired, in later times, those weird lines entitled “Beyond Kerguelen.”

Down in the South, by the waste without sail
on it,

Far from the zone of the blossom and tree,
Lieth, with winter and whirlwind and wail
on it,

Ghost of a land by the ghost of a sea.
Weird is the mist from the summit to base of it:
Sun of its heaven is wizened and grey,
Phantom of light is the light on the face of it,
Never is night on it, never is day.

Here is the shore without flower or bird on it,

Here is no litany sweet of the springs:
 Only the haughty harsh thunder is heard on it,
 Only the storm with a roar in its wings!
 Out to the south and away to the north of it
 Spectral and sad are the spaces untold!
 All the year round a great cry goeth forth of it,
 Sob of this leper of lands in the cold.

The poem from which these verses are taken is a wonderful word-picture, contrasting the two scenes—that in the ages of thirty or forty thousand years ago, when all these now desolate lands round the south pole were the home of luxurious life and beauty, with that of the present age, when the varying eccentricity of our earth's orbit has given them over to the reign of never-thawing ice and snow.

When Kendall returned from sea he took a situation in the office of a solicitor, whose practice lay in the Clarence River District. Mr. Lionel Michael, his employer, in whose house he lived, was an ardent student of literature; a volume of poems which he published shows, if nothing else, a great love for, and familiarity with, some of our best poets. Here the ambition of the delicate and nervous-tempered lad was roused, and in Mr. Michael's library he had the means of gratifying his great desire for knowledge. In Mr. Michael's kindly, almost brotherly, intercourse, he found a chord awakened that no converse had yet touched. Latent within his mind there no doubt lay that love of nature which his early life had fostered; now, for the first time, he met with one who showed how these vague and impalpable feelings could be made to gather form in verse. Here, for the first time, the lad tried to compose, and these two years were, on the whole, the happiest of his life. In 1862, though only twenty years of age, he gathered his verses into a volume, and had them printed by Clarke and Co., of Sydney, under the title of "Songs and Poems." There was a great deal in the volume that was inexcusably weak and crude, much that any precocious boy could have written, much that Kendall himself a few years later was ashamed of. The volume was allowed to run out of print, and has never been re-published; but the one or two genuine poems it contained were inserted in Kendall's next publication. The lines on "Charles Harpur" were

excellent. Here are a few verses from them:—

And far and free this man of men,
 With wintry hair and wasted feature,
 Had fellowship with gorge and glen,
 And learned the loves and runes of Nature

Strange words of wind, and rhymes of rain,
 And whispers from the inland fountains,
 Are mingled in his various strain,
 With leafy breaths of piny mountains.

But as the under-currents sigh
 Beneath the surface of a river,
 The music of humanity
 Dwells in his forest psalms for ever.

No soul was he to sit on heights,
 And live with rocks, apart and scornful;
 Delights of men were his delights,
 And common troubles made him mournful.

Though we feel in these lines that the lad must have been reading Wordsworth, still, as an imitation of Wordsworth, the poem is wonderful for a mere boy, and, as a whole, it has qualities which lift it out of the level of a simple imitation. The volume also contained "Ghost Glen," that weird ballad, and "The Song of the Cattle Hunters," in which he clearly indicates his careful study of Mr. Michael's really elegant verse.

There was at any rate enough of genuine merit in the volume to attract attention. The London Press was singularly favourable; and Sir John Robertson was so much interested in the lad, that he secured him a clerkship in the survey office at Sydney.

Whether a person who writes a volume of fairly good poems is thereby made a suitable and efficient clerk of a survey department, is a matter into which it would be ungracious to enquire; it was kindly meant, and reflects credit on Sir John's goodness of heart, if not on his administrative judgment. It was certainly a great boon to Kendall, who had his mother and his sisters to support. He now went to reside in Sydney, and by the kindness of Dr. Woolley, the accomplished principal of the Sydney University, he continued his studies, having the full use of the University library. Dr. Woolley was fond of the young man's company, and gave him lessons in French and Latin, as well as much valuable guidance and assistance in his studies of English literature.

Some time later Sir Henry Parkes also added a little kindly patronage to the attentions Kendall was now receiving on all hands. It was due to Sir Henry's influence that he was in 1865 promoted to a much more lucrative position, in the office of the Colonial Secretary. Things seemed growing very prosperous for him, and he might have been very happy but for two circumstances; one, the annoyance given by the objectionable conduct of some of those dependent on him; the other, the development in himself of that fatal propensity, inherited no doubt, which made his subsequent life so gloomy.

He was slowly becoming more and more unsteady, and likely to lose his position, when a happy attachment, followed by his marriage in 1868, steadied him for a time. His wife was Charlotte, the daughter of Dr. Rutter, of Woolloomooloo. Dark days drew on in the course of a year or so, and her warm and devoted love was the only cheering ray in future years of little but dismal gloom.

He left Sydney during the next year (1869), and came to Melbourne for the purpose of earning his living as a journalist. Shortly after he had settled here he published, through George Robertson, his well-known volume, "Leaves from Australian Forests." Poor fellow! the market for any sort of poetry in the colonies was at that time very limited, and for colonial poetry there was little or none. The speculation was a failure; and yet who can read the two sonnets prefixed by way of modest preface, without feeling that a writer of genuine culture and poetic gift had appeared?

I.

I purposed once to take my pen and write.
Not songs like some, tormented and awry
With passion, but a cunning harmony
Of words and music caught from glen and height,
And lucid colours born of woodland light,
And shining places where the sea-streams lie;
But this was when the heat of youth glowed white,
And since I've put the faded purpose by,
I have no faultless fruits to offer you
Who read this book; but certain syllables
Herein are borrowed from unfooted dells,
And secret hollows dear to moontide dew;
And these at least, though far between and few,
May catch the sense like subtle forest spells.

II.

So take these kindly, even though there be
Some notes that unto other lyres belong,
Stray echoes from the elder sons of song;
And think how from its neighbouring native sea
The pensive shell doth borrow melody.
I would not do the lordly masters wrong.
By filching fair words from the shining throng,
Whose music haunts me as the wind a tree!
Lo, when a stranger, in soft Syrian glooms
Shot through with sunset, treads the cedar dells,
And hears the breezy ring of elfin bells,
Far down by where the white-haired cataract booms,
He, faint with sweetness caught from forest smells,
Bears thence unwitting plunder of perfumes.

The poet's apology is to some extent needed, for the influence of more powerful writers is sometimes too apparent; but there are several truly excellent poems, and even in those that are not as a whole first-rate, there are scattered lines and phrases of exquisite felicity. In describing the "Hut by the Black Swamp," he says,

Nor comes the bird whose speech is song,
Whose songs are silvery syllables
That unto glimmering woods belong,
And deep meandering mountain-dells
By yellow wells.

But rather here the wild-dog halts,
And lifts the paw, and looks and howls,
And here, in ruined forest-vaults,
Abide dim, dark, death-featured owls,
Like monks in crows.

For on this Hut hath Murder writ,
With bloody fingers, hellish things,
And God will never visit it
With flower or leaf of sweet-faced springs,
Or gentle wings.

And in one of his Ulladulla reminiscences, he sings of "Illa Creek;"

A strong sea-wind flies up and sings
Across the blown-wet border,
Whose stormy echo runs and rings
Like bells in wild disorder.

Fierce breath hath vexed the foreland's head,
It glistens, glooms, and glistens,
But deep within this quiet place
Sweet Illa lies and listens.

Far up the naked hills is heard
A noise of many waters:
But green-haired Illa lies unstirred
Amongst her star-like daughters.

Ah, Illa Creek! ere evening spreads
Her wings o'er towns unshaded,
How oft we seek thy mossy beds
To lave our foreheads faded!

For, let me whisper, then we find
The strength that lives, nor falters,
In wood and water, waste and wind,
And hidden mountain altars.

Kendall's new profession of journalist was no way suited to him. He could write poetry, and his verses appeared from time to time in the *Australasian*. He could write a good review, and some articles of that character were contributed by him to the *Argus*. But his field was too limited for success as a professional journalist. It seems not to be in the nature of things that a poet should live by his poetry, at least in the body, which is after all of some little consequence to him. Even though it make him live in fame, the life of a name is only a ghostly sort of equivalent for warm clothing and decent shelter.

And, yet, there is no reason for concealing the fact that however willing the community might have been to read his poetry, and so encourage the journals to print it, Kendall's own unfortunate habits would have been an insuperable obstacle to permanent success. He was for six months editor of a newly projected journal. He was for three days on the staff of the Government Statist, and other chances were given him by individuals who appreciated his writings, but he had grown too unsteady for regular employment. He succeeded best in such tasks as the composition of the *libretto* "Euterpe," for the opening of the Melbourne Town Hall. For these lines he received handsome remuneration from the City of Melbourne, and they were set to suitable music by Charles Horsley, the once well-known favourite among the musical public of Australia.

In 1872 there fell on poor Kendall what he calls "The Shadow"—a time when his intellect gave way, partly as the result of the life he had been leading, but in all probability chiefly from a congenital tendency. It was while he was slowly sinking into this gloomy condition that he wrote "Narrara Creek," in which occur the following lines, not of first-rate merit, but touching on account of their allusion to himself:—

What life the gods gave me ! what largess I
tasted,
The youth thrown away and the faculties
wasted !
I might, as thou seest, have stood in high
places,
Instead of in pits where the brand of disgrace is,

A by-word for scoffers, a butt and a caution,
With the grave of poor Burns and Maginn for
my portion.

In the "Voice in the Wild Oak," a piece also inscribed as having been "Written in the Shadows of 1872," he says,

Nor had I sinned and suffered then,
To that superlative degree,
That I would rather seek than men
Wild fellowship with thee.

But he who hears, this autumn day,
Thy more than deep autumnal rhyme,
Is one whose hair was shot with grey
By Grief instead of Time.

No more he sees the affluence
Which makes the heart of Nature glad,
For he has lost the fine first sense
Of Beauty that he had.

His malady deepening, he was taken back to Sydney, where it was necessary to confine him for a short time. On his recovery he was offered and accepted the position of accountant to the Messrs. Fagan, two Irish-Australian gentlemen, who resided beside that beautiful arm of Broken Bay which is called Brisbane Water. He lived with them and became in truth their guest ; he always considered himself greatly indebted to them for their kind-hearted ways.

Here he wrote a great number of poems, many of them appearing in the *Sydney Mail* and the *Town and Country Journal*. Mr. Henry Fagan had established a cedar business at Camden Haven, and thither Kendall went, with his wife and family, to manage affairs. Two quiet but, on the whole, pleasant years were spent there, and during that time he wrote his fine ode on the Sydney International Exhibition, which carried off the prize offered by the proprietors of the *Sydney Morning Herald*. For the first time he began to indulge in humorous verses, hitting off, in half burlesque, half pathetic lines, the portraits of some of the strange characters with whom he became acquainted at Camden Haven, such as "Black Lizzie," "Jim the Splitter," and "Bill the Bullock Driver," "Billy Vickers," "Peter the Piccaninny," and so on. In "Bob" we have the story of a poor little orphan, who had been brought up on board the "Vernon," and was employed by the Fagan

Brothers at Camden Haven. The incident related belonged to the time when—

Bob, from the foot to the crown,
Measured a yard and no more,
A baby alone in the town,
Homeless, and hungry, and sore.
Child that was never a child,
Hiding away from the rain,
Draggled and dirty and wild.
Down in a pipe or a drain.

Kendall was not well adapted to business life, and though his employers expressed no dissatisfaction, he was himself depressed by a belief that he was not succeeding as he ought to do. So when Sir Henry Parkes, in 1881, offered to create a new position in the civil service on his special behalf, he was glad to accept it. The appointment he thus received was that of Inspector of State Forests, and the unlucky poet in his simplicity thought that as he had always been fond of the woods, and knew a great deal about them, the work would entirely suit his tastes and capacity. But such a life as he had to lead was one only fitted for a robust bushman. His first tour of inspection was a long one; the weather excessively hot, and the accommodation often unsuitable for a man in delicate health. He returned to Sydney, in poor condition; but soon thought himself well enough to start on another tour, accompanied by his friend, George Fagan. This time he caught a severe cold, which brought on inflammation of the lungs. He was taken back to Sydney to the house of Mr. Michael Fagan in Redfern, where he was tenderly nursed by Mrs. Kendall and Miss Fagan. Shortly after daybreak on the 1st of August, 1882, he laid his arm round the neck of his heart-broken wife, and gently passed away. During these latter years he had been striving hard to overcome his weakness, and make the lives of his wife and little ones happier than they had once been, and to a certain extent he succeeded; but at the last there was a feeling of intense remorse for having made these innocent ones share so sadly in the bitterness of his own unfortunate life. He asked to be buried within sight of the ocean, for he had always passionately loved to be by its shore, and his wish was gratified. The

holiday-maker who leaves Sydney to spend a time on the sands of Coogee, will see on the left hand side of the road, just as the ocean first bursts on his view, a little cemetery perched on the summit of a hill. If he turns aside to visit it, he will find therein the grave of poor Kendall; and from that spot he will see beneath him the rocks, the sands, and the villa-sprinkled eminences of a beautiful coast, with a magnificent expanse of the rolling Pacific beyond.

Mr. Gordon Macrae, who was very intimate with Kendall, and who befriended him greatly during his stay in Melbourne, thus describes his personal appearance:—

“He was of middle height; spare and thin; pale and somewhat wrinkled; his countenance, as a rule, of sad expression. His hair, which was crisp and curly, and in later years of an iron-grey colour, he sometimes trimmed but never cut, and it hung down so as to conceal the collar of his coat. He had a heavy moustache, but only a thin, sparse-looking beard. His eyes, when at rest, seemed of blue-grey tint, but when he became animated they seemed to light up into a fine blue. He was so excessively nervous that he never seemed to be at his ease unless he had something to handle, and many persons remember the peculiar manner in which he used to embrace his umbrella, or fidget with it during conversation.”

Not long before his death, Kendall published a volume which must be ranked as decidedly his best. He called it “Songs from the Mountains.” It contains some charming poems in the measure of “Locksley Hall,” which was a great favourite of his. Of these the most pathetic is entitled “Araluen,” and has reference to the little girl of that name whom the poet lost. The following are a few lines from it:—

Take this rose and very gently place it on the
tender, deep
Mosses where our little darling, Araluen, lies
asleep.
Put the blossom close to baby, kneel with me,
my love, and pray;
We must leave the bird we’ve buried, say “good
bye” to her to-day.
In the shadow of our trouble, we must go to
other lands,
And the flowers we have fostered will be left
to other hands,

Other eyes will watch them growing—other
feet will softly tread
Where two hearts are nearly breaking—where
so many tears are shed.
Bitter is the world we live in ; life and love are
mixed with pain ;
We will never see these daisies—never water
them again.

Girl, whose hand at God's high altar in the
dear dead year I pressed,
Lean your stricken head upon me, this is still
your lover's breast !
She who sleeps was first and sweetest, none we
have to take her place !
Empty is the little cradle, absent is the little
face.
Other children may be given ; but this rose
beyond recall—
But this garland of your girlhood, will be
dearest of them all.
None will ever, Araluen, nestle where you used
to be
In my heart of hearts, you darling ! when the
world was new to me.
We were young when you were with us, Life
and Love were happy things,
To your father and your mother, ere the angels
gave you wings.

Kendall left many poems of very considerable merit that have never been published. We may, perhaps, some day see a complete edition of his poetical works, with these posthumous pieces duly inserted. He will never rank as one of those poets whose works are the refuge of human souls, when depressed with grief or with a sense of the objectlessness of their work-a-day toils, and of the commonplace character of the world that presses everywhere around them. Adam Lindsay Gordon is much more likely to breathe a new breath of life in us, when we are tempted to say with the preacher, "All is vanity." This is perhaps the highest function of the poet. Goethe says of the sun, in that inexpressibly magnificent *Prolog im Himmel*, at the opening of Faust,

Ihr Anblick giebt den Engeln Stärke
Wenn keiner sie engründen mag.

Its sight gives strength to angels, though
Its meaning none can hope to know.

So even when we do not gather all the significance that may underlie the verses of our greatest poets, we rise from reading them refreshed and comforted ; the mind that was jaded before has been so affected, by we know not what subtle influence, that the whole world seems to it to wear a different aspect.

Kendall has little of the highest quality of poetry. You can take up his book, and enjoy the sweetness, and the pathos, and the poetry of his verses, and when you have done you feel that you never once have been carried out of yourself, never once have you been deftly lifted out of your own into the poet's world. You are always the reader, criticising or enjoying the beauty of Kendall's work ; never the enwrapt companion of a powerful mind in its flight to far-off regions.

There can be little doubt that Kendall never produced the best that was in him. He was only three and twenty when his fatal weakness developed, and after that time he never had the chance of doing himself justice. He died at the age of forty, and nearly all the work he produced was written under the most disadvantageous circumstances.

He himself felt that his ideal had hopelessly eluded him ; he knew, two years before his death, that he had never written the song he might have written, and that it was too late to think of it then. So he closes his last volume with these sad verses :—

The song that once I dreamed about,
The tender, touching thing,
As radiant as the rose without—
The love of wind and wing—
The perfect verses to the tune
Of woodland music set,
As beautiful as afternoon,
Remain unwritten yet.

It is too late to write them now,
The ancient fire is cold ;
No ardent lights illumine the brow,
As in the days of old.
I cannot dream the dream again,
But, when the happy birds
Are singing in the sunny rain,
I think I hear its words.

There is a river in the range
I love to think about,
Perhaps the searching feet of change
Have never found it out.
Ah ! oftentimes I used to look
Upon its banks, and long
To steal the beauty of that brook,
And put it in a song.

But in the night, and when the rain
The troubled torrent fills,
I often think I see again
The river in the hills.
And when the day is very near,
And birds are on the wing,
My spirit fancies it can hear
The song I cannot sing.

Poor Kendall ! his unhappy life being ended, and nothing left to us but

the sweetness of his beautiful, though far from perfect, work, let us cherish with no little tenderness the memory of the man who was the first to do justice to the scenery of Australia in verse. The poet Longfellow, in his collection entitled "Poems of Places," has included something like half-a-dozen of Kendall's, placing them alongside of the masterpieces in our language. Why need we be diffident in forming our own independent opinion; in giving

them the praise they deserve, and in inserting them in our school books, so that our children may have before them excellent models of poetry drawn from the nature that is around them—from the scenes with which they are familiar—from their native land? There is plenty of poetry intrinsically better; but no one can be thoroughly interested in a poem which takes for granted a knowledge of things which he cannot know.

NEW YORK SOCIETY.

The common idea of New York society, outside of the metropolis, is the reverse of favourable. I have been diverted in visiting other cities, both in New England and the West, to hear the opinions expressed of this city, socially. They were very queer, amounting in substance to this: That the sole standard of merit and distinction here is money; that anybody who has wealth, impudence, and energy can get a position, and after a while be ranked as fashionable. I have even been asked, in years gone by, if such persons as William M. Tweed, James Fisk, jun., and "Dr." Helmbold were not very prominent in society. When I laughed in reply, my questioner would say: "Well, I've often seen their names in the papers as giving handsome entertainments attended by a lot of distinguished people." The papers were the society papers, as they name themselves, and the distinguished people were so considered because the participle-adjective was printed in the notice referred to.

It is not singular that strangers fall into errors of this sort. One may read any day in the Jenkins journals florid accounts of fashionable receptions, elegant dinners, delightful breakfasts, charming musicales at the house of Gen. Dyed Whisker or Mrs. Pinchbeck, with a list of their guests, usually mentioned as well-known society people. Gen. Whisker and Mrs. Pinchbeck

are spoken of in glowing terms, with allusions to bits of their fictitious biography, and their entertainments are set forth in the most falsely favourable light. You need to be a New Yorker and acquainted with the ways of the world, particularly of the Manhattan world, to see what a sham all of this is—that Gen. Whisker is an adventurer; that Mrs. Pinchbeck is a pushing woman, whose antecedents will not bear examination; and that their guests are imaginary, wholly unknown, suspicious, or indefinite. Those illustrious personages are as conscious as anybody can be that they are cheats. They do not care for that; their whole concern is not to be found out, to impose upon the community, to be taken at their own assumption; and they direct all their ingenuity and effort to this end. They are occupied, in short, with trying to get into society, which is an active industry here, but is seldom attended with a degree of success proportioned to the endeavour. It is interesting to a student of human nature to observe the devices and manœuvres of the socially ambitious, who are, in most cases, women; women being naturally the keepers of the gates of society, and when they are shut out, most diligent and adroit in attempting to secure early admission.

The mode of operation for those who have means and intelligence, but who from an unpropitious past are beyond

the pale, is to be lavish of money, mainly in self-advertising, and to court notice in every manner. If they fail to gain a foothold here after repeated efforts, they are prone to go over to England, and pass a season in London, which has of late grown to be rather lax, and very indulgent, socially, to foreigners, particularly to Americans. In London, various notable Britons, among whom Gladstone, Lord Houghton, and Swinburne may be named, are so kindly and amiable as to accept invitations without inquiring or caring particularly who or what the inviters may be. They are prone to take things as they appear, to yield to their benevolent impulses and general desire to please. They go, never suspecting that their names will be used as levers, on this side of the sea, in an effort to elevate "shady" sort of folk to a position they are not entitled to. They probably never see the ingeniously prepared notices of Jenkins that are inserted here in every sheet that will print them for pay or pressing. The social aspirants are mentioned as intimate friends of divers distinguished Englishmen, *plus* highly embroidered stories very complimentary to them, though entirely untrue. If anybody offers any objection to them, it is declared that they are received in the best society of London; just as it is declared in London that they are received in the best society of New York. Thus one city is played off against the other, and both are egregiously deceived. Next the aspirants begin to entertain here, and their entertainments, if they have money, are sumptuous, and, if they have credit, are equally so. Those who attend are probably not impressed with the quality of the guests, though they may be with the cost of things. The guests are more difficult to secure than the material equipment, and have to be skilfully managed to make a proper show in the society papers. They are, generally, one or two innocent clergymen—

theology is usually respectable—a foreigner with a title, genuine or counterfeit is of no consequence, a questionable colonel or self-styled judge, a few singers and musicians, a brace of broken-down authors, a suspicious professor, several fast stockbrokers, and a certain number of women with large wardrobes and limited prudence. Not a very alluring company, but as Jenkins presents it, it looks distinguished to outside barbarians, and is not without a certain effect. Rarely, however, do the aspirants achieve their object. Society is weary of persons evincing anxiety to enter it; it wants and welcomes those who show indifference, if not reluctance, to join its sensitive cohorts.

New York society deserving of the name is decidedly conservative. It may accept men and women who are not intellectual nor widely cultured, not specially interesting nor elegant, not remarkable for anything in particular; but it does not accept the vulgar or coarse because they have money, and it distinctly does not accept those who are tainted, or on whom scandal has settled. There are hundreds and hundreds of persons who have been trying hard and persistently to get into society here for years, and who are as far from it now as when they began. If there were not reasons for keeping them out, they might have achieved an entrance long ago. But, if there had not been such reasons, they would not have been likely to make the effort. . . . Here, more than in any American city, there are many circles of society, to some of which the doors either stand wide open or are never locked, and yield to the slightest pressure. To such circles no credentials are needed; it is to them that the cheap Jenkins oftenest goes, and it is those circles that he so rapturously describes. But when one speaks of New York society,—not controlled by wealth, whatever wealth it may boast,—one never has those lower and loose circles in mind.—*Boston Advertiser*.

PASSIONS.

While passions glow, the heart, like heated steel,
Takes each impression, and is worked at pleasure.

—Young.

JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

CHAPTER XVII.

"WHO IS MR. JACOBI?"

The east winds of spring proved so trying to Madame Vallor's health that she remained indoors during the greater part of the months of February, March and April, but when May came with its softer sunshine and balmy air, she began to venture out into the garden and fields around the old farmhouse. Doctor Ambrose, who attended her and took the greatest interest in her welfare, noted this change with pleasure. "She has been cooped up too long," he said. "That embroidery of hers has stolen all the colour from her cheeks. We shall have her well and strong in no time now."

"My cousin thought that her health was quite broken down," said Joan, to whom he had addressed these words.

"Broken down? Nonsense! She has no trace of organic disease anywhere. Sheer nervous exhaustion, that was what was the matter. Plenty of milk and butter, and country air, and quiet for a time, and she will be a strong woman for years. I suppose she has had some severe mental strain?"

"I can't say, I'm sure," said Joan; and with this answer the doctor was forced to be content.

"Madam," as the country folks had learnt to call her, was so silent and unobtrusive that her comings and goings excited little interest. Thus one fine evening she was passing softly through the great kitchen, where Seth and his father and some of the farm men were supping together, with Joan in close and careful attendance, and nobody thought of stopping the conversation or of lowering the loud voices at her entrance as they had done when first she came among them. It was the

utterance of a sentence or two by Farmer Darenth that struck upon her ear and stayed her footsteps on the red-brick floor.

"Sir Wilfred says he'll send Mr. Jacobi to-morrow to see the colts. I'm sure I don't see what Mr. Jacobi has to do with horses; 'taint very likely as he'll know much about 'em."

Madame Vallor's sudden pause and sick pallor arrested Joan's attention. She laid her hand on her cousin's arm.

"What is the matter, dear? Don't you feel well?"

Madame Vallor made a step forward to the farmer's chair, without heeding Joan's words. She touched the old man's shoulder.

"Who is Mr. Jacobi?" she said.

The men stopped eating and stared at her. Reuben Darenth turned towards her with an uneasy look. He had never got over his first suspicion of his niece's entire sanity. She stood behind him now, a tall, black figure with a blanched face and large, dark eyes, that startled him by the intensity of their gaze. Beside her Joan watched and waited; her fine face, with its vivid yet delicate colouring, her half-bare arms, her reddish brown cotton frock and white apron, all seeming to light up the darkening room with the grace and beauty of some rich tropical flower. A sudden flame that darted out from the fire threw the picture into sudden distinctness, then went out and left it once more in twilight gloom.

"Who is Mr. Jacobi?" Madame Vallor asked once more.

"Mr. Jacobi?" said Darenth, rather at a loss for an answer. "Why he's a foreigner, madam, that's what he is."

He found it easier to say "madam" than "Madalena." "He's Sir Wilfred's seckitary, or man of business, which ever you like to call him. Now that the poor old gentleman's got a stroke he seems very dependent on other people."

"Where does he come from?"

"Well, I can't rightly say," Darenth answered, more and more at a loss to know what ailed his niece. "You'd better go away with Joan, belike, madam. I'll ask anything you like about Mr. Jacobi, if so be he's a friend of yours."

"Come away, dear," said Joan, soothingly. "Let father get his supper, and then he will talk to you as much as you like." She did not wish her cousin to attract further attention, for Seth and the half-dozen men were gazing open-mouthed, with evident distrust, at the white-faced woman who put incomprehensible questions at supper-time.

Madame Vallor yielded to Joan's kindly pressure and withdrew. But when the servants had gone, and all traces of the meal were cleared away, when Reuben Darenth sat sucking his long clay pipe, and Seth had departed on his nightly visit to Patty, she came down again into the kitchen and took a chair beside her uncle.

"Well, my dear, and what can I do for you?" said the old man, forgetting to call her "madam" when he looked at her white, still face.

"I knew a Mr. Jacobi once," she said, deliberately. "A long while ago. I should like to know whether this is the same man."

"Was he a foreigner?" asked Reuben, with some interest.

"Yes," she said. "He was a Spaniard."

"I've heard that this Mr. Jacobi was a Spaniard, or else a Portuguese," said the farmer. "But some folks say he came from America."

"Ah!" A sudden gasp from Madame Vallor's lips caused Darenth to turn and look at her. But with an unusual effort over herself she smiled at him very sweetly. "It is nothing," she said. "Only a little pain—at my heart. Has Mr. Jacobi been here long?"

"Only since February. He's made the most of his time since then."

"Do you know his Christian name?"

Darenth shook his head doubtfully, but Joan interposed.

"Yes, father, don't you remember? He wrote a note to us once and signed his full name—'Constantine Jacobi.' I remember the name."

A sort of spasm crossed Madame Vallor's face. She stood up and spoke collectedly.

"Thank you. It cannot be the same man. I do not know anyone of that name."

"All the better," said Darenth, heartily. "He's a slippery-looking customer, all smiles and foreign ways. I don't like such cattle, for my part. I take you to be English, my dear," he said, looking with kindness at the motionless figure beside him, "and I don't mean no offence, either to your father nor to your husband, both of them being dead and gone. But of course an Englishman feels himself more at home with Englishmen than with others."

"The Englishmen I know are very good," said Madame Vallor, simply. "The—foreigners—were not all so. I thank you much, my uncle." The foreign form of the little speech showed that she was somewhat agitated. Generally her English was perfectly pure. Then, after a pause—"You will not mention to Mr. Jacobi when he comes that I have inquired about him. He might think I was an acquaintance of his and seek me out, and I—I do not wish for society."

"All right, my dear. I'll say nothing about you. It's better that you should keep quiet, I dare say."

And then Madame Vallor bade him good-night, and went quietly to her room.

Next day she was decidedly restless. She would not sew, she would not walk out, but two or three times Joan found her pacing the floor of her room as if she could not possibly keep still. She did not come down to dinner, pleading illness as an excuse for her absence, and scarcely touched the food which Joan brought up to her with her own hands. But after dinner she tried, rather fitfully, to engage Joan in conversation, and introduced the subject

of Mr. Jacobi's visit. Would he come to the house, or would he merely enter the paddock and the stables?

"He will come to the house, I think," said Joan. Mr. Sloman, the agent, always comes in and has a glass of beer with father. But of course I don't know yet what Mr. Jacobi will do."

She added, with some hesitation—"Even if he only goes into the paddock, you can see him with father from your room window. Of course you wish to see with your own eyes whether he is ~~your~~ friend or not."

Joan was too clear-sighted. Madame Vallor seemed almost vexed by the suggestion.

"He was no friend of mine," she said, fiercely. "Why should I want to see him?"

And then she turned her back upon Joan and resumed her pacing of the room, which might have reminded a more sophisticated person than Joan of the movements of some wild animal in a cage.

Joan retired, not offended; only anxious, and sorry that she had done or said anything amiss. But when she re-entered the room about four o'clock with a cup of tea, her cousin came up to her, kissed her on both cheeks, and apologised in her usual graceful, quiet way for her rudeness of speech.

"My head aches so much that I do not always know what I say or do," she observed. "Ah, your good, strong tea will soon cure it. I shall take my sewing and sit quietly at my window until the sun goes down."

"And then you can see Mr. Jacobi," was on the tip of Joan's tongue to say, but she did not say it. In a disengaged, almost cheerful way, Madame Vallor sat down, drank her tea, consulted Joan about the pattern of her embroidery, established herself with frame and sewing silks at the broad low window, and then dismissed Joan with a smiling hint concerning the many duties that awaited fulfilment down stairs.

But as Joan went down she heard the bolt of Madame Vallor's door suddenly and sharply drawn, and knew that her cousin was by no means so tranquil as she looked. And presently

she saw Mr. Jacobi come with her father through the green orchard and the garden to the very door. Their voices were so distinct that she thought Madame Vallor might hear every word if her window were only open.

A few words on business passed between them; then Jacobi was asked to take beer, milk, or tea, but declined every offer. Then Reuben Darenth made him a rough compliment upon his knowledge of horses.

"I saw a good deal of horse-breaking in America," he answered.

"America? South America, may be?" said Darenth, with interest.

There was an almost imperceptible pause. "No, not South America," said Jacobi, coolly. It would not do, he thought, to let the Darenths identify him with the Vallor whom Luke had seen expelled from the camp. The discovery might lead to unpleasant complications; for though Luke was not likely to return to England for some time, Nigel Tremaine might turn up any day and influence the mind of the public against him. He had a strong conviction (and a true one, as it happened), that Nigel Tremaine had never seen him face to face in anything like a full light, and in his present improved circumstances would probably not recognise him in the least. As to what Geoffrey Vanborough might say about him to Clarice, Jacobi was quite comfortable. Clarice did not know that he had ever called himself Vallor; Sir Wilfred would not enlighten her, and was not disposed to listen for a moment to his son's accusations of one whom he was learning to trust as his most confidential friend and agent. So Jacobi was pretty safe in denying to Reuben Darenth that he had ever been to South America.

"I thought you might, perhaps, have come across my son Luke," said Darenth, who had only a vague sense of the extent of the American continent. "He writes to me from Buenos Ayres—if I call the name rightly."

Jacobi asked one or two indifferent questions respecting his whereabouts, and then took his leave, having transacted the business that Sir Wilfred had given him to do.

It was not until an hour had passed that Joan bethought herself of her cousin. She went upstairs to offer her some supper, and knocked at the door. There was no answer. She knocked again, but all was still as death. Then she called, and turned the handle of the door, expecting to find it still bolted, but it yielded to her hand. Evidently Madame Vallor had withdrawn the bolt. Joan went in, and closed the door behind her.

The woman whom she had left smiling, cheerful, busy with her coloured silks and gay embroideries at the broad, bright window, where the western sunshine was streaming in, lay upon her bed like an image of death, with rigid lips and blank, unseeing eyes, her hands clenched over the little rosary of black beads which Joan had seen her use only once or twice before.

"Madalena!" Joan began. "What has happened? Are you ill?"

The blank eyes woke up into sudden watchful life, but her lips uttered only the monosyllable—"No."

Joan asked her a question or two, tried to warm her hands, which were cold as ice, laid a shawl over her, and got her some hot tea, but Madame Vallor only moved her head to one side, and whispered a request to be left alone. Seeing nothing else to be done, Joan finally obeyed. And then she relapsed into motionless passivity, broken only now and then by a long shivering sigh which was almost like a wail. But her hands had left the rosary and grasped at a little locket which she wore next her heart—a little trumpery thing of no value, just large enough to hold one curl of a baby's golden hair.

Next morning, however, she came downstairs and moved about as usual. She said, in answer to Joan's inquiries, that she had felt ill, but was now better; and did not mention Jacobi in any way. Some instinct that the question would be unacceptable, led Joan to refrain from asking whether she had recognised in him an old acquaintance.

As the days passed on, however, a change in Madame Vallor's habits was noticed. Instead of spending a great deal of time in the fields and lanes, she ~~not~~ indoors, went out at twilight, and

was then thickly veiled. In answer to a remark that Seth took upon himself to make upon this alteration, she told him that her eyes were growing weak from over application to her embroidery, and that she found it easier to walk in the evening than during the blaze of broad daylight. She made this explanation with some care and pains, as if she did not want any mistake to arise concerning her motives.

Her health did not seem to suffer from this confinement to the house. On the contrary her step grew firmer, her eyes brighter day by day. She looked as if she had found the motive for living which was once too painfully absent.

A month or six weeks later Dr. Ambrose called to see Joan upon some charitable errand, and began telling her all the news of the neighbourhood.

"Have you seen Miss Vanborough lately?" said the old doctor, looking at Joan from under his grizzly eyebrows with sharp, kindly eyes.

"No," said Joan. "I have been too busy. When Seth and Patty are married I shall have more time."

"Ah, yes. Why you might have gone as Miss Clarice's companion again, if they had asked you. You know they want one for her?"

"No. I haven't heard."

"You wouldn't do after all, I'm afraid," said the doctor, nodding at her good-humouredly. "They want a middle-aged person to take care of her in her visits, and walks, and drives. I wish Sir Wilfred hadn't entrusted the finding of a companion to that man, Jacobi, however. I hear that he is to meet some eligible persons at Mr. Vanborough's house in town. But I dare say that that pretty little Mrs. Gilbert will have a hand in the choice."

Joan was silent; the doctor watched her curiously.

"I wonder they weren't content with you," he said in a tone of raillery. "Miss Clarice thinks there is nobody like you."

"Oh," said Joan, rather brusquely. "I was good enough for the background of her life; her friends want somebody more fit than I to be brought forward."

Doctor Ambrose smiled.

"It's not always a question of fitness in these cases," he said, and then changed the subject somewhat abruptly.

"Heard from your brother lately?"

"Last week, sir."

"Yes; and what is he doing?"

"He is remaining to work on the sheep farm. Captain Vanborough and Mr. Tremaine seem to be going further into the interior."

"And when is Mr. Tremaine coming back to his own home?"

"I ~~don't~~ know."

"And Captain Vanborough, too? But I suppose he's banished for life, or at least his father's life-time, poor fellow. I never got at the rights of that quarrel. I wonder what it was all about. Do you know, Joan?"

"If I did, Doctor Ambrose, I could not tell anybody," said Joan, with spirit.

The doctor laughed. He was always pleased to strike out the sparks from what he called the flint of Joan's nature.

"A snub for me," he said, good-naturedly. "Well, you see, I have grown so much into the habit of hearing all the news of the neighbourhood that I feel defrauded of my rights when I know there is a secret I am not allowed to peep into." And here, by accident or design, his eyes fell upon Madame Vallor, who entered the room at that moment.

He talked a little longer to Joan, then rose to go. But just as he stepped into the porch Madame Vallor rose and stepped out too.

"One moment, Joan," she said. "I should like to speak to Dr. Ambrose."

Joan retreated, closing the door that opened upon the porch. Madame Vallor held her embroidery in her hand and worked as she spoke.

"You say you are fond of news," she said, quietly. "You are a very pleasant companion, Doctor Ambrose, and the sick enjoy your visits. I know that Sir Wilfred Vanborough is always pleased by them. May I ask you one question without seeming impertinent?"

"Of course, of course. What is it?"

"Do you know whether any notice

of my presence in this house has been taken? There has been gossip about me in the neighbourhood; has it penetrated to Charnwood Manor?"

"They have spoken of you—I have spoken of you," said the doctor, testily, "as one speaks of any new-comer in the village. As a cousin of the Darenths; that is all, as far as I know."

"By name?"

"No, I think not. Sir Wilfred does not take the interest in the village that some people do; and Miss Vanborough is too much of a fine lady to trouble herself about it."

"May I ask you, then, to oblige me by not mentioning my name to them? I knew Mr. Jacobi a little, once; and I think he would not hesitate to repeat an old slander about me which would grieve my kind cousin and uncle. I would rather he did not know I was here at all. I trust to your good heart to help me in this, Doctor Ambrose."

"But bless my soul!" said the doctor, rather startled by this puzzling appeal, "what would it matter what he said if it were not true?"

"It would matter very much. I speak in confidence, sir. I trust you will not abuse my confidence."

"Certainly not; of course not," said the good-hearted little man, responding to her appeal in the way that she had expected. "I won't mention your name, my dear madam, either to Jacobi, or Sir Wilfred, or anybody else. But if you find he learns it by chance don't blame me. You cannot be here and never meet him."

"I know," she said, still steadily plying her needle. "And therefore I think of leaving Charnwood altogether."

"Tut, tut! Is that necessary?"

"I think so. Besides, I do not like Charnwood. I want to live in London. I have a little money."

"If I can help you," said the doctor, "I shall be glad to do so."

"Thank you," said Madame Vallor, with grave calmness. "I will remember your kind offer."

And then she smiled a little coldly, in a way that made the doctor uncomfortable for some time afterwards.

She adhered to the resolution then expressed. She went up to London to

take lodgings and make arrangements, and in a short time quitted the farmhouse altogether. London, she said, suited her better than the country. She parted on good terms with her relations, and made a handsome wedding present of her own beautiful work to Patty. Joan felt sure that one reason for her departure was the dislike that Patty had already manifested to "Madam." As to connecting it with Jacobi's proximity, the idea never once entered her head.

Madalena promised to write to Joan regularly, and kept her word. Her letters were dated from a house in East-street, Lamb's Conduit-street. She said she had found some needlework to do, and was very comfortable. She also asked for Charnwood news, and particularly for news of Miss Vanborough, for whom she had conceived a sort of liking.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

Meanwhile Clarice was undergoing a succession of annoyances which, to her sensitive temperament, amounted to positive torture.

Her liberty of action was entirely taken away. Mrs. Danvers' watchful eyes were everywhere. She could not go out for a stroll in the garden without Mrs. Danvers at her side; she might not give an order in the house without consulting Mrs. Danvers. Calmly, coolly, the lady-companion over-ruled her wishes, her habits, her opinions; and in everything she did, she was supported by Mr. Jacobi's influence and Sir Wilfred's authority.

To Clarice, who had been queen-regnant ever since she left the school-room, this change was simply intolerable. She rebelled once or twice, wildly, foolishly, and then heard herself openly rebuked by Sir Wilfred in the very presence of the servants whom she had been used to govern, or even sent up to her own room like a naughty child. The humiliation was too great; after the first essays at defiance she ceased to disobey orders, but she fell into a state of mute protest and misery which Sir Wilfred felt it very hard that he should have to witness. But he was

now too thoroughly imbued with the belief that she was a perverse, undutiful, deceitful girl, who needed constant watching and checking, to sympathise with her lack of spirits because, as Jacobi scornfully put it, she was not allowed to have her own way.

Gradually the toils of the plotters closed in upon her. Old servants were dismissed on the plea of economy, and their places either not filled or filled by persons whom Jacobi and Mrs. Danvers seemed to trust. Sir Wilfred, whose powers of mind declined rapidly from day to day, accepted in all good faith the statements made by Jacobi respecting the estate. He saw scarcely anybody who came to him on business; Jacobi saw everyone. The agent was discarded, and Jacobi filled his place, and talked of waste and possible ruin. The estate would have gone to wreck if he had not arrived in time to look after it, he averred. Then Gilbert came down, looking haggard and miserable, and had long interviews with the subtle secretary, and walked about the park with him, marking the trees that were to be felled, and said to his father that he had been very anxious about the estate, but that he had no doubt about its flourishing now that the management was in Mr. Jacobi's hands. And as Clarice did not visit much or receive visitors, and Sir Wilfred was an invalid, would it not be well to sell some of the horses, shut up part of the house, reduce the staff of servants to a still greater extent, and economise as much as possible? If Clarice wanted any change of air or society, she might go and stay with Merle in London. But this last suggestion was negatived very decisively by Sir Wilfred, who, however, accepted the others with great readiness.

Clarice, in despair, hating equally the companionship of Mrs. Danvers and of Jacobi, and hoping for no sympathy from her father, began at last to shut herself up in her own room, where she occupied her time in reading, in writing letters to Geoffrey, and in keeping a journal of the little events of her daily life. Into her bedroom Mrs. Danvers did not intrude, and there were intervals in which she did not always follow the girl into the

sitting-room which from childhood she had called her own.

One evening Clarice quitted the drawing-room earlier than usual. Gilbert was still staying in the house, but had gone to dine and spend the night with a very old acquaintance of his father's. Sir Wilfred was annoyed by his absence, and was unusually touchy and punctilious. He had seen Clarice walking alone in the garden during the afternoon, and spoke sharply to her for neglecting to inform Mrs. Danvers that she was going out; he was even less courteous than usual to Mrs. Danvers in his implication that she ought to have been at Clarice's side. Once Clarice started from her seat at the dinner-table with tears in her eyes, and tried to escape, but Sir Wilfred ordered her back to her place, and Mrs. Danvers with a chill smile, made some low-voiced remark about "school-girl manners" which caused her pale cheeks to glow with shame and anger. She sat resolutely still for the remainder of dinner-time, with lips compressed and eyes cast down, afraid to look up, to speak, or to eat, lest her hardly-maintained fortitude should break down in a flood of tears.

She left the drawing-room after an hour of penance there, for Sir Wilfred insisted upon her taking a hand at whist, a game which she detested. Jacobi was her partner, and she was forced to reply to his questions and remarks, even to look at him now and then, and once or twice to touch his hand when gathering up the cards. She could not repress a slight tremor of disgust when his long fingers came in contact with hers, and she fancied that he saw it, for a dark look momentarily crossed his countenance as he glanced at her.

At last the weary game was ended, and she was free to depart. She touched Sir Wilfred's forehead with her lips, gave her hand to Mrs. Danvers and to Jacobi—a ceremony which she was never now allowed to omit—was bowed out of the room by the secretary, and went upstairs with a face as white as death from the strain of keeping back her tears, and with a choking sensation in her throat which, as soon as she reached her own room, she was fain to

relieve by a burst of gasping sobs almost verging upon a hysterical attack.

She did not know how long this lasted, but it must have continued for some time, for her candle had burnt low when she regained her calmness. She looked round for the candles on her toilet-table—there was no gas in the house—but found that they had been removed. She would have rung for fresh ones, but she heard a clock in the next room chime eleven, and knew that the servants must have gone to bed. Wondering why Patience had not come near her, she remembered that there were candles in her sitting-room, and resolved to fetch them, as well as her writing materials, a half-finished letter to Geoffrey, and her diary, which she had left upon her writing-table.

She unlocked her door and turned the handle. But to turn the handle seemed to be of no use; the door would not open. Had she tampered with the lock? No. The key turned easily enough; but surely the door was fastened from without! She pushed, she rattled the handle, she turned the key again and again with trembling, eager fingers; but all was of no avail. She was fastened in; how, she knew not, but such was the fact.

Her bedroom had no door opening upon the passage, only one into the sitting-room, after the inconvenient fashion of many old houses. Mrs. Danvers' room was next to the bedroom. On either side of these three rooms were empty apartments. Sir Wilfred slept in the west wing, near his study, and Jacobi's room was next to his. The few servants that remained slept downstairs in the rooms near the kitchen. Clarice seized the bell-rope and pulled it violently, pulled it again and again till she almost fancied she heard the bell ringing. But that was impossible, for the wire had been cut an hour before.

When no response came the girl's heart began to fail her. What had happened? Why was she locked in the room, severed from communication with everybody in the house? Her mind turned to the possibility of burglars having entered; but she thought that the night was hardly far enough

advanced for such an attempt. And as she paused, uncertain whether to cry for help, to beat at the door with her hands, or simply to go to bed and try to sleep till morning, the flame of her candle leaped, flickered, and spluttered into darkness.

Then she lost her self-possession. Her life had made her timid, and she had certainly cause for some alarm. She battered at the panels of her door with all her might; she screamed for help, and then trembled at the sound of her weak and ineffectual cry; finally the sense of helplessness and desolation that ensued when all the noise she made proved unavailing overcame her completely, and forced her into a crouching attitude beside the door, where her screams died away into gasps and moans of fright. A completely unreasoning panic had taken possession of her whole soul, and her physical nature, already exhausted and overborne by agitation and strain upon the nerves, could not withstand it. She was experiencing the sensation of blank terror which has been known to make a grown man or woman, not to speak of a child, an idiot for life.

And yet two people heard her. There were two persons who might have set her free at any moment if they had chosen. And these two were Mrs. Danvers and Constantine Jacobi.

When Sir Wilfred retired to his own room Jacobi went with him in order to perform the office of valet, into which he had slipped by degrees, and then to read him to sleep. But on this particular evening Sir Wilfred seemed to be so remarkably sleepy that he required no reading to lull him into slumber. By ten o'clock Jacobi had quietly returned to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Danvers sat knitting.

"Asleep so soon?" she asked, rolling up her ball of worsted.

"I should think he was. I didn't give him his tea myself for nothing. He said it had a peculiar taste."

Jacobi laughed aloud. Mrs. Danvers smiled. "Be careful not to overdo it," she said.

"I've done it once or twice before when I wanted to examine his papers. It is safe enough; the simplest thing in the world. I meant to give it to

Clarice too, but the little fool did not drink her tea. Are you ready? Just go and listen at her door."

Mrs. Danvers went. She returned in a few minutes, as silently as if she was shod with velvet.

"Crying in her bedroom," she said. "You will be safe enough even if you make a little noise in fastening her door."

"I shall make no noise at all," said Jacobi, contemptuously. "Have the servants gone to bed?"

"Yes. I told them to go early, and their lights are out already."

"Bring a candle, then, and come with me."

Mrs. Danvers obeyed. Jacobi took off his shoes and crept stealthily up the stairs, pausing on the landing to let her precede him with the light. They entered Clarice's sitting-room together.

From the girl's bedroom could be heard the sound of passionate sobs. She had not yet got over the misery of that humiliating evening. Jacobi listened for a moment, with a terrible smile of evil triumph on his face. Then he produced a screw-driver and screw from his pocket, and quietly began to insert it into the door in such a manner that it could not possibly be opened from inside.

Mrs. Danvers stood by, held the candle, and listened and watched.

"Done now," said Jacobi presently, rising from the kneeling position in which his work had been accomplished.

He took a chair into the passage, planted it against the wall, and stood upon it. Then with a sharp knife he severed the bell-wire that formed the means of communication between the servants' offices and Clarice's bedroom.

Then he returned to the sitting-room and began to make a thorough search of all places where papers could be kept. By means of false keys he ransacked every drawer and desk, while Mrs. Danvers stood by with the candle, counselling him from time to time what to take and where to look.

When the search was over he held in his hands a good many letters and papers of various kinds, and a locked book marked "Diary." The sobs in the next room were growing fainter, but they had not yet died away.

"We can read these downstairs, Antonia," said Jacobi, with a fastidious shrug of his shoulders. "Dios! how that girl does snivel! I shall have to cure her of that."

Mrs. Danvers put her finger on her lips. "Don't let her hear you speak, or we shall have a fine disturbance."

"She has a devilish bad temper," remarked Jacobi.

He stole downstairs with less quietness than he had formerly observed, and Mrs. Danvers followed him to the library. They preferred this room to any other, partly because it was comfortable, and partly because they could there distinguish the peculiar creak made upon the opening of the baize door that led to the servants' rooms, supposing that any of the servants left their own quarters. Besides, a light in the library would excite nobody's suspicion, as Jacobi generally sat there before going to bed.

"That maid of her's, Patience, won't want to go near her, will she?" asked Jacobi, seating himself.

"I dismissed her this afternoon—for rudeness to me," said Mrs. Danvers, tranquilly.

Jacobi looked at her with something like admiration.

"I never thought you would make so good a helper, Antonia," he said.

"Your mother used to tell me you were stupid. Has she changed her opinion?"

"You can ask her when you see her again. You had better make haste now. We may be interrupted."

"The doors are locked," said Jacobi. "Well, here are all the letters she has received from Nigel Tremaine—unless she carries some about with her. I'll read them, and hand over anything important to you."

"I will save you the trouble, if you like. A woman likes love-letters better than a man."

"No, no; I'll look at them first," he said, rather uneasily. But one after one he threw them down upon the table, saying disdainfully, "Nothing in that. Read it, if you like."

She did read it; she read all the letters, coolly enough, a slight smile curling her lips now and then.

"Here's a letter to her brother, not finished," said Jacobi, presently. "Ah,

this wants looking after. Listen, we are only just in time. This was what she meant to send off to-morrow. 'I cannot bear this life much longer. Can you save me from it, Geoffrey?' Mrs. Danvers, the "companion" that papa has set over me, is no better than a spy and a jailor. As for this horrible man, Mr. Jacobi, I do not know whether I hate or fear him more. I have refrained from alarming you before, but now I cannot keep silence. He has extraordinary influence over papa, and makes him do exactly what he chooses. It is owing to him that I am shut up and guarded, and spied upon until my life is a misery to me."

"Hark!" said Mrs. Danvers, raising her head.

They heard the sound of repeated knocks against a door upstairs, of a handle violently shaken, of footsteps beating against the floor. Clarice's room was over the drawing-room, but her movements could be heard quite well by persons in the library. Then came a shrill cry for help, a succession of calls and screams, growing fainter by degrees, and gradually dying away into comparative silence. The man and woman listened with a mute gaze of apprehension at each other for some minutes. Then Mrs. Danvers spoke.

"Shall I go and put a stop to this?"

"No," said Jacobi, brutally. "Let her scream if she likes. Nobody can hear her. It will bring down her pride a bit. She has treated me like a dog. I'll pay my dainty lady out for it some time or other. Besides, what has she to be frightened of?"

"She will rouse the servants," said Mrs. Danvers, uneasily, as the noise over-head was repeated.

"Not she. Sit down, Antonia. I like to hear her. To think that a wild creature like that will be at my beck and call before long—tame as a caged canary! Pretty little thing! She's worth going through more trouble for eh?"

"Did I sit with you to-night," said Mrs. Danvers, coldly, "to hear your raptures over Clarice Vanborough's attractions?"

"Why, no," said Jacobi, laughing quite genially, "not quite. But she is

quiet enough now. You heard the letter I read you?"

"Yes."

"We must stop that correspondence."

"If you stop it altogether you will alarm both brother and lover. Put her letters under supervision; I will see that she writes nothing that will frighten them. But you must manage Sir Wilfred."

"Easily. He does not like her writing to Geoffrey so constantly."

"What letters are these?" said Mrs. Danvers, touching another packet.

"Geoffrey Vanborough's. Nothing important in them. Here's my young lady's diary, full of abuse of me."

He went on reading in Clarice's book with a smile upon his lips. Mrs. Danvers took up Geoffrey's letters one by one and glanced over them.

If he had not been so deeply absorbed he would have seen that at one passage she looked up at him for a moment, then dropped her eyes again upon the letters without remark. She read the rest with great care, then rested her chin upon her hand and looked straight before her, as if deep in thought.

"There are some capital bits of description here of you and me," said Jacobi, with a sneer. He turned the leaves back, and looked at the earlier pages. "Ah!" he exclaimed presently, "what does this mean?" And he read aloud from Clarice's diary:

"November 21.—I was cruel to Joan to-day about Geoffrey's coin. Of course she has a right to wear it if she likes. I had often wondered what she wore on that little black ribbon round her neck. Of course I cannot be surprised that she loves him, though it is not likely that he cares for her. I wish he did, and then she could have gone with him to South America."

"I see—I see," said Jacobi, suddenly laying down the book. "The coin on the black ribbon—Geoffrey Vanborough—Joan Darenth. What was I thinking of not to find this out before?"

"To find what out?"

"Don't be a fool, Antonia. It's plain enough that there has been some intrigue between Vanborough and that handsome girl at the farm, Joan Darenth. Don't you think so?"

She paused before answering.

"No. Clarice intimates that he does not care for her."

"She does not know—she can't tell," said Jacobi, leaning his elbows on the table and tapping his forehead with his long fingers. "Let me think." His mind was travelling back to a wild night-scene beside a flickering camp-fire, where an Indian boy had described the figure of a woman with a black ribbon round her neck, and Geoffrey had interposed with an angry reproof to Luke Darenth for allowing the boy to proceed. Of course, the description tallied exactly with Joan Darenth's person as he had observed it in the farmhouse kitchen. How blind he had been not to think of this before! What he could make of his discovery he hardly knew; but the fact that he had gained possession, as he thought, of another secret concerning Geoffrey Vanborough's life, filled him with a pleasant sense of power.

"A nice thing for Sir Wilfred to hear," he muttered, with a hard laugh.

"I would not say much about it if I were you," said Mrs. Danvers. "Geoffrey Vanborough is not likely to come home again, and you are not certain of the facts."

"That doesn't matter. I want just now to keep Joan Darenth out of the house. She has been too intimate with my lady upstairs. She might write to her brother or to Geoffrey himself, or to Nigel Tremaine, for aught I know, and how would my game stand then? Here's a chance of getting rid of her once and for all. What luck I am having!"

His eyes glittered, a venomous smile played about his thin, curved lips. Mrs. Danvers watched him in silence.

"Take care that luck does not fail you from want of due precautions," she said presently.

"Oh, I am careful enough. Well, I think I have got all I want out of these papers. Where is the half-finished letter to Vanborough?"

"Here."

Jacobi took it in his hand and crushed it into a mere ball of paper. Then he smoothed it out flat upon the table.

"There. This is what you found upon the floor in its present crumpled condition. Your eye was caught by your name and mine. You thought it your duty to read it and to consult me as to whether it should be placed in Sir Wilfred's hands. I take possession of it, and think it better to lay it before Sir Wilfred. He asks our advice as to the best way of dealing with this most refractory young person. We give our advice."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Danvers, with her wintry smile. "We give our advice—to the best of our ability. And he

takes it. Listen ; the clock is striking two. We had better restore the papers to their places."

The conspirators stole upstairs once more, and occupied themselves for some time in re-arranging the rifled desk and drawers. Then Jacobi unfastened the screw, and retired, with a silent nod to his accomplice. Mrs. Danvers waited until he had gone down stairs ; then opened the door of Clarice's bedroom. And as she did so the girl fell forward like a dead thing at her feet.

(To be continued.)

TO CELANDINE.

By R. T. LITTON.

Little blue-eyed jewel,
Why so cold and cruel ?
Has nature made thee so,
In its wondrous glow ?

O little blue-eyed maiden,
Let thy love be laid in
This empty heart of mine
As a gift divine !

I love thee ! Yes, I love thee,
By yon stars above me,
Twinkling as they light
The darkness of the night.

Let thy love arise
In those azure eyes !
Ah ! already round
Me its chains are bound.

Captive ever I
In those chains would lie,
Joyful thus to dwell
Bound in beauty's spell.

For my heart's devotion,
Large as land or ocean,
Will be ever thine,
If thy heart be mine.

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DELHI
The Kachhwa 1911 Page 2.

DELHI.

By JAMES THOMSON.

At the present time, when thickly-gathering clouds of war are threatening to burst over our Indian Empire, a brief sketch of the history of its ancient capital—the city of the Great Moghuls—together with some reminiscences of a visit paid there some few months ago, may prove interesting.

Delhi may be fitly termed the Waterloo of India—and former sites of the city, of which there are half a score, mark the dust of as many dynasties. Less than a century ago, the mighty empire founded by “the modern conqueror of the world” found its grave amidst Belgian corn-fields; and fifty-five years afterwards, for the second time a Napoleonic dynasty was shattered, and sunk for ever behind the blood-drenched curtain of history at Sedan; again illustrating how evanescent is that power which depends upon its armies alone. The history of France for the last hundred years has been that of India for thirty centuries. No nation has a more ancient history, and its earliest records, dating so far back as to be almost lost in the shadowy mists of antiquity, disclose two races struggling for the soil.

Long before the soldiers of Julius Cæsar were instilling into the natives of Britain the first principles of Roman civilisation, the noble Aryan tribes, whose earliest home appears to have been somewhere in Central Asia, had invaded and overrun India, establishing habits and customs, many of which still survive, after a lapse of 3000 or 4000 years. According to Professor Hunter, the greatest and most prolific writer that India has ever possessed, one of the Aryan tribes founded the Persian kingdom; another built Athens and Sparta, and became the Greek nation; a third went on to Italy, and reared the city on the

Seven Hills which grew into Imperial Rome. “A distant colony of the same race excavated the silver ores of pre-historic Spain; and when we first catch sight of ancient England, we see an Aryan settlement, fishing in wattle canoes, and working the tin mines of Cornwall.” These Aryans, alike to the east and west, brought with them superior intelligence, and speedily asserted themselves over the earlier possessors of the soil.

In India, however, as elsewhere, the latter were by no means exterminated, and at the present day their descendants represent a large proportion of the Indian people. They have been mostly driven from the plains, but are found in all the mountainous districts of the empire, some of the tribes preserving their primitive religion and modes of living, unchanged from the times of their earliest ancestors. Even at the present moment some of the hill tribes use stone implements in all their rural pursuits, and the use of iron, and of cattle for agricultural purposes, is unknown. Until recently human sacrifices were periodically offered—at seed time and harvest—by the Kandhs and other branches of the non-Aryan race; and, less than twenty years ago, the wild savages inhabiting the Andaman islands in the Bay of Bengal were naked cannibals, whose sole conception of a god was an evil spirit. Some of these strange beings were brought to Calcutta during the late exhibition, and created a good deal of astonishment. They wore little or no clothing, but were profusely decorated with ivory, shell, and bone ornaments. They carried rudely-fashioned hunting spears and other weapons, and made themselves understood by strange uncouth sounds and signs. These and other specimens of the wild races of India were under the charge of Government officers, and advantage was taken of their presence

to obtain plaster and clay models—life size—with the view of forming a complete ethnological collection; sets of which, it is understood, will be made over (when completed) to the Governments of Victoria and New South Wales. Under British rule human sacrifices have been abolished, but instances sometimes occur in which fearful offerings are made, especially during times of drought, famine, or pestilence. These sacrifices are made to Káli, the non-Aryan conception of the wife of Siva. This terrible goddess, who is supposed to have charge of everything that is hurtful to human life and destructive of happiness, is represented as a black fury of hideous aspect, dripping with blood, crowned with snakes, and hung round with skulls. Numerous temples dedicated to her worship are to be met with all over India, one of the principal bathing places in Calcutta, which is daily thronged by thousands of men, women, and children, being named after her. In their despair, the low-caste natives think to appease this terrible deity by human blood. Only so recently as the famine of 1866, in one of her temples, close to Calcutta, a boy was found “with his throat cut, the eyes staring open, and the stiff clotted tongue thrust between his teeth.” In another temple at Hooghly, a railway station only twenty-five miles from Calcutta, the head of another victim was left before the idol, decked with flowers. Her husband, Siva, is also a sanguinary deity, and in the non-Aryan mythology, is always represented as wearing a necklace of skulls, clothed in tiger skins, and holding an enormous club with a human skull at the end. He has five faces and four arms. But as his wife is most dreaded, she receives by far the most attention from the simple-minded natives. The higher classes of the people have a loftier and nobler conception of Siva and his spouse. To them Siva is the Mahá-dera, or Great God, of modern Hindooism, and his wife is Devi—pre-eminently the goddess. The Brahmins—who are, and always have been, the leaders of thought in India—represent him as fair-skinned, seated in profound thought, the fertilising

Ganges above his head, and the bull (emblem alike of procreation and of Aryan plough-tillage) near at hand. His wife is also a gentle goddess, and the type of high-born loveliness.

Despite the march of ages, the descendants of the early possessors of the soil and of the conquering race are still as far apart as ever. Conquest after conquest has been made; magnificent dynasties have been founded and shattered, and the land has been harried and laid waste times without number, but the divisions of the people remain as clearly defined as ever. The exclusive class, which ruled the land before the invasion of Alexander the Great, which has supplied India from time immemorial with her princes, priests, poets, statesmen, and lawyers, is still paramount, while the ignorant, down-trodden serfs, who accepted the yoke of their Aryan conquerors in the early dawn of civilization, are still to be seen in the toiling millions, whose patient industry and blind devotion have repaired the ravages of outside foes, and restored the great empire to her former proud position. Under the present *régime* India is being thoroughly awakened, and by the introduction of railways, canals, telegraphs, post-offices, and, above all, by means of education and the newspaper press, old-fashioned class and caste prejudices are being a good deal knocked about. Railways are being pushed ahead with a rapidity equalled only in America, and are everywhere acting as pioneers of western civilization, while opening up new, and apparently unlimited, resources. Years must elapse before the old barriers to social intercourse between the great divisions of the people are broken down; but that the current of popular feeling is tending in that direction is evident even to the casual tourist, who spends a few weeks in any part of the country.

Delhi, situated on one of the great rivers which flow from the mighty Himalayan range, in one of the most fertile districts of India, and on the highway from Afghanistan, Persia, and Arabia to the Bay of Bengal, has always been a great and flourishing city, and consequently an attractive

prize for foreign invaders. Alexander the Great, who invaded India in 327 B.C., penetrated to within a couple of hundred miles of Delhi, then known under another name. The "Conqueror of the World" was desirous of pushing on as far as the Ganges, but his troops found the heat of an Indian summer too great, and retired back on the Indus. The Greek King remained two years in India, but was unsuccessful in effecting a permanent lodgment. Two hundred years later, the Greeks made other attempts to found a kingdom in the Punjab; but these were left abandoned, and the only traces of their temporary occupation of the country were the knowledge of astronomy and the art of sculpture. Specimens of Indo-Greek sculptures may still be found in the Calcutta and other Indian Museums, and observatories founded on the old Greek principle are to be seen at Benares and other cities at the present day.

Prior to the invasion of Alexander, very little was known in Europe of the gorgeous East and its people, but Megasthenes has left on record that 2000 years ago the people were divided into seven castes—philosophers, husbandmen, shepherds, artisans, soldiers, inspectors, and the counsellors of the king. He observed that there was an absence of slavery, and admired the courage of the men and the chastity of the women. They were so honest that no locks were required to their doors, and, most extraordinary of all, they were truthful—"no Indian was ever known to tell a lie." In this latter respect there has been a decided change since the Greek ambassador's days. Travelling through the rural districts of India, I found the people industrious, thrifty, honest, and fairly truthful; but in the cities and towns I was forced to the conclusion that, so far as the trading classes are concerned, those virtues have disappeared.

Shortly after the retreat of the Greeks Delhi rose into a position of importance. The city has gone through many vicissitudes since then, and its original site cannot now be determined; but for a radius of some ten or twelve miles the ruins of old cities are still to be seen. One of the sights of the

place is an enormous iron shaft, known as the pillar of Rajah Deva, which has connected with it a curious tradition bearing on the present name of the city. The pillar is a solid shaft of metal, sixteen inches in diameter and fifty feet in length, so firmly planted in the earth that not more than one half appears above the surface. It has numerous characters, in Sanskrit, deeply cut into its face, commemorative of the prowess of the Rajah Deva, who, it is stated, "obtained with his own arm undivided sovereignty over the earth for a long period." The pillar is supposed to have been in its present position for no less than 1500 years—that being the period given by General Cunningham, one of the most distinguished of modern archæologists. It is said that a holy Brahmin assured the Rajah that the pillar had been driven so deeply into the earth that it reached the head of Vasuki, the Serpent King, who supports the world, and consequently had become immovable; whereby the dominion was ensured in perpetuity to the dynasty of its founder, so long as the pillar stood. The king was incredulous, and ordered the monument to be dug up. Sure enough, the base was found reddened with the blood of the Serpent King, and commands were at once issued that the pillar was to be restored to its original position. As a punishment for the Rajah's want of faith, however, no force that could be brought to bear was sufficient to sink it into the ground as before, and ill-fortune pursued him for ever afterwards. Hence the city derived its name of Dhili, from the fact that the shaft remained loose (*dhila*) in the ground. It is now firm enough and remarkably well preserved, but the site is eleven miles outside the walls of the present Delhi. A chain of palatial ruins fills up the intervening space, and days might be profitably spent in examining buildings that must have originally vied with the Forum and Amphitheatre at Rome, both in magnitude and design.

On leaving Agra for Delhi early in the afternoon the traveller obtains a last look of the exquisitely beautiful Taj Mahal, that "dream in marble," which, once seen, never fades from

memory. It stands out alone on the horizon, its pure white dome and flanking minarets—even when seen in the bright glare of an Indian sun—preserving an air of softness and harmonious grace, which nothing in the world can equal. As the rushing train widens the distance it gradually disappears from view, and when it is finally gone there is a void—a profound feeling of regret at the thought that the Taj has been seen perhaps for the last time. The distance to Delhi is not very great, but owing to the passengers being almost exclusively natives, the value of time is not taken into consideration—the journey of 130 miles occupying eight hours. There are plenty of stoppages, and several excellent refreshment rooms, between Agra and Delhi; and what with watching the motley crowds of natives which gather at every station, and getting out of the carriage occasionally, the time does not hang very heavily. Smiling, loquacious vendors of Benares brassware, Delhi cheap jewellery, Mooradabad metalwork, and Cawnpore slippers, and sellers of English sixpenny novels, cigars, and fruit, besiege you if you afford them the slightest hint that the scene is a novel one. They are quick to “spot” a stranger. Everything is new and strange to an Australian. Nearly all the stationmasters are Hindoos; the guards are generally half-castes, or more correctly speaking “Eurasians;” while the porters and other station hands are natives, generally unable to speak a word of English. Bells, with their brazen, ear-distressing noise—so dear to the Australian railway official’s heart—are unknown. A piece of old steel rail, about three feet long, is suspended from some convenient beam, and a tall military-looking porter, dressed in a rough blue serge jumper, trousers, and enormous scarlet turban, whose salary amounts to about four shillings per week, strikes on this improvised gong three methodical and not unmusical notes. The train then moves quietly off—there being an utter absence of the shouting and fuss which so frequently attends a similar event in Australia or Europe. But one of the most characteristic sights of the country is transporting the ladies

of a household from one platform or train to another. Class and caste prejudices both step in with regard to the treatment of females in India. They are strictly secluded, and even when travelling in a railway carriage, the prejudices of the natives—upper class, of course—have to be respected by providing closely curtained and boxed-up compartments, into which they are hustled. They are brought to the station in jealously-guarded vehicles or palanquins—not a ray of sunlight being permitted to stray inside—and then a head officer of the household superintends their removal into the railway carriage. A little canvas-covered sedan chair is taken to the vehicle containing the ladies, and they shuffle into it without affording any opportunity to an outsider to catch a glimpse of their faces. All that is seen of them is a collection of bare and decidedly horny-looking feet, and very slim ankles—for females in India are not supposed to wear boots or shoes—loaded with heavy silver bangles and toe-rings. This custom is hard to explain, as India has on many occasions been governed by enlightened and popular queens and empresses, and the strict seclusion of females does not appear to be justified on any religious ground. The poorer classes are not so particular—although even amongst them it is not considered modest or becoming in a woman to look at a strange man, even when working in a field or factory, or walking in the street. The latter class throng the stations, as they travel from village to village freely, and are by far the best patrons of the railways; although the fares—low as they are—appear higher in comparison with the wages the poor creatures earn.

Delhi is reached by train at almost any hour, as it is the heart of an extensive railway system. I arrived there at eleven o’clock at night; and viewed by bright moonlight the approaches were charming. Just before entering the city the great River Jumna is crossed by a magnificent iron bridge—one of the finest in India. As we rattled across, a fellow passenger, who, I afterwards ascertained, had taken an active part in the relief of Lucknow, pointed out a long low reach of white sand,

across which the British troops moved when toilsomely marching on to the siege of Delhi. "There was no railway in those days, and horses were difficult to get. Our fellows, heavily accoutred, and shot at from behind stone walls, had often to drag their guns and waggons through that deep sand, under a blazing Indian sun. It was worse than the actual fighting." In a few minutes the train drew up under the vast arched roof of the Delhi Station—a handsomer, and more imposing structure than any similar building in Australia. The main platform is over a quarter of a mile long, and the station has more accommodation for passengers than those of Redfern, Albury, and Spencer Street put together. Europeans desirous of staying a few days in the city will find not only a first-class table, but pleasant, airy bedrooms, and all necessary attendance at the station, so that unless they happen to have made other arrangements they need go no further in search of hotel accommodation. I was booked for the *Dák Banglá* (pronounced "Dawk bungalow"), but before well out of the carriage, a swarm of the hungriest hotel touts to be met with in the world used their utmost powers of persuasion to induce me to change my destination. One of the most ferocious looking of the band triumphantly flourished a telegram despatched by me before leaving Agra, and secured the victory. Then I was treated to a rough-and-ready description of my future quarters by the disappointed ones. "Sahib, you not go Bungalow—full fleas—mine good 'otel—Bungalow no good." Another rival tout further comforted my drooping spirits by saying that "Engaleesh gentleman, him die cholera—lots cholera Bungalow." To do the representative of the latter hostelry justice, he did not allow the other side to have it all their own way. He literally flattened them out with abuse, after he had got the luggage stowed away, and for two or three minutes the air was thick with quotations from the *Shastras* and the *Koran*—I am not certain which—but the language was emphatic enough to belong to either, and the stationmaster eventually had to clear the lot off the

platform. The Bungalow, which is only three or four hundred yards from the station, is a typical Indian establishment. Open doorways to the bedrooms, and very little furniture. Instead of doors, rush mats and striped cotton purdas or curtains, are hung across the entrance about five feet from the floor; and as for furniture, the less one has in India the better. Every bedroom has a little cemented chamber adjoining, in which an earthenware pan, with about three gallons of water, is placed in readiness for the morning's bath. Shower baths, or the ordinary plunge baths in which the bather can luxuriously roll and wallow at full length, are rarely met with in the East—just where they would be most appreciated. The nearest approach to a shower is gained by ladling the water over one's head by means of a pannikin, or else calling in the bedroom attendant with an extra bucketful to souse you. It generally happens that there is a scarcity of the life-giving fluid, and this is not often practicable—although Delhi is much better off in the matter of water-supply than most Indian cities. There are several Turkish baths in the city, which deserve an article to themselves.

After the enervating heat of the day, an Indian evening is usually soft and balmy. It is not cool by any means, save for ten or twelve weeks out of the fifty-two; but there is an air of languor and repose which one cannot resist. Dinner is commenced at half-past seven or eight o'clock, and generally lasts until nine, when a little music or a game of billiards, if sufficient energy for either can be mustered, precedes a cigar and the inevitable "peg" before turning in. Ladies are so rarely met with on the plains that they do not materially interfere with the foregoing programme, which is that of nine-tenths of Englishmen or Europeans in India. In the early morning the air is comparatively fresh and pleasant, and few sleep after five or six o'clock. A small cup of coffee and a piece of toast, after the bath, forms what they call the "*chota haseri*" or little breakfast, and then the business of the day commences. Walking or riding exercise is

taken, letters are written, papers are read, and visits are exchanged—all before eight or nine o'clock, so that when the heat sets in a good portion of the day's work has been got through. The full breakfast, at nine or ten o'clock, is by that means made a good meal. An appetite is seldom wanting when it is well earned. Rising early on my first morning in Delhi I rambled round on my own account, enjoying perfect immunity from guides, box-wallahs, and other rascals who torment strangers in all Indian towns. The streets are wide and beautifully clean, and planted with well-grown umbrageous trees. The European houses are half a mile away from the native quarter, and gardens and reserves fill up the intervening space. Some of the buildings are of handsome proportions, and altogether the city has a more imposing and substantial appearance than any of those I had seen since leaving Calcutta—always excepting Lucknow.

Walking straight ahead, away from the station, several fine buildings are to be met with, but the object that will most strongly arrest attention is a lofty wall, apparently encircling the entire city. It is of great height—thirty or forty feet at least—and, in places, of enormous thickness. The parapet is composed of solid blocks of red sandstone, placed just far enough apart to allow of rifle firing being carried on comfortably. At frequent intervals bastions and forts, or rather their remains, are to be seen, all somewhat the worse for hard usage. A massive arched gateway gives access to the open country beyond, and a charming vista of shaded walks and green swards is presented. This is the famous Kashmir Gate, one of the most famous places in the history of the mutiny. Through this the victorious British troops passed, after maintaining a desperate siege of over three months, against an immense city, containing a fanatical population of over 150,000, and garrisoned by 40,000 troops, armed and disciplined by ourselves. The mutineers had no less than 120 heavy pieces of artillery mounted on the walls, with the largest magazine of shot, shell, and ammunition in the upper

provinces, besides perfectly organised field batteries, representing other 60 guns, all of British manufacture. The artillerymen, and some of the other rebel troops, were the flower of the Indian army, and they had the advantage of fighting behind a line of fortifications, strengthened by the best engineers of the country. The fort was almost impregnable—having been strengthened by perfect flanking defences, and a glacis which prevented the attacking guns from breaking the walls lower than eight feet from the top. There can be no question as to the difficulties thrown in the way of the British during that memorable period. The battered walls and ruined bastions—their massive stones pounded into dust under the iron hail—bear silent and grim testimony to the dogged determination of our gallant soldiers, who fought on to the bitter end a contest in which, very often, they were themselves the besieged.

The heroism of our troops on that memorable occasion is fittingly commemorated by numerous monuments, conspicuous amongst them being that erected to Brigadier-General Nicholson—one of the names bracketed with Clive, Wellesley, Lake, Colin Campbell, Havelock, and other great warriors, in the scroll of Indian history. On a slab just outside this Kashmir Gate appears the following inscription:—

“On the 14th September, 1857, the British force stormed Delhi. It was after sunrise on that day that the undermentioned party advancing from Ludlow Castle, in the face of a heavy fire, and, crossing the bridge, which had been almost totally destroyed, lodged powder bags against, and blew in the right leaf of this gate, thus opening a way for the assaulting column.”

Here follow the names of Lieuts. Horne, Salkeld, and nine others, including five loyal Sepoys. Their bravery was sublime, and it is doubtful whether a finer feat was ever performed by any forlorn hope in the world's history. I cannot do better than here quote the following record of the gallant deed:—

“The 3rd Column had been appointed to enter the city through the Kashmir Gate, which was to be blown open by Lieuts. Horne and Salkeld,

Sergeants Carmichael, Burgess, and Smith. Horne, with his bugler, was first down into the ditch. He planted his bag, but as Carmichael advanced with his he was mortally wounded. Smith then advanced, and placed his dying comrade's bag, as well as his own, and prepared the fuses for ignition. Salkeld was ready with a slow match, but as he was lighting it he received two bullets, and falling he called on Smith to take the match, which was taken by Burgess, and Smith was in the act of giving him a box of lucifers, when Burgess also fell with a bullet through his body. Smith was now alone, but he had struck a light, and was applying it when a port-fire went off in his face. There was a thick smoke and dust, then a roar and a crash, as Smith scrambled into the ditch. There he placed his hand on Horne, who said he was unhurt, and, having joined the column, went forward. The gate had been shattered, but not so destroyed as had been anticipated. But the 3rd Column passed through it. Smith there obtained stretchers, and had Burgess and Salkeld carried to the camp, but both of them died—Burgess on the way, and Salkeld a few days afterwards."

Surrounded by the walls of the forts and other land defences for two-thirds of its area, the river Jumna, with its broad but shallow channel and wide stretches of sand, completes the boundary line of Delhi, over which the mutineers for nearly four months held absolute sway. What would have happened had the slender British force, assembled outside the city, been driven off, is not hard to guess. India would have been lost to England—if not for ever—at least until the work of reconquest had been thoroughly accomplished. With that extraordinary *prestige* of the British arms founded by Clive, Lake, Wellesley, and other great warriors in the early part of the century swept away, the prospect of winning back India would have been remote indeed. What actually caused the mutiny will perhaps never be determined. The issue of cartridges greased with cow's fat is popularly supposed to have caused the first outbreak, but old officers who have spent years of their lives in India, and who in some cases

took part in the exciting scenes of '57, consider that the real reason is to be found much deeper. The native mind throughout India appeared to be in a ferment, in consequence of the introduction of the steam engine, telegraphs, and newspapers, the spread of education based on the English system, and the general encroachment of western civilization. It has been observed by Macaulay, who spent many years in India, that panic acts on an Oriental population like drink upon a European mob, and the events preceding the mutiny certainly bear out this statement. The British and Russians had just been at war in the Crimea, and reports were industriously circulated that Russia, whose possessions lay near India, and which was the hereditary foe and perpetual enemy of England, had been victorious. The Bengal Sepoys thought that they had the power in their own hands, and if they could throw off the British yoke, the rule of the whole of India would revert to them. In this design they counted upon Russian assistance, which, fortunately, on that occasion, was not forthcoming. There was beyond doubt a widespread disaffection long before the greased cartridge business, and yet the British Government was ignorant of the fact. Suddenly it was reported in the cantonments of the native troops that the cartridges had been greased with the fat of pigs—animals held in great disgust by Hindoos and Mohammedans alike. The rumour circulated like wildfire, and the train, which had been carefully laid for months before, was ignited. If it had been the grease of the cow that was in question, the Mohammedan troops would have looked on with the greatest equanimity, for to them the bull and the cow are no more sacred than to us. The Hindoos and Mohammedans, who then formed the Sepoy army in almost equal numbers, were, however, appealed to on the only ground on which they could meet, and on which their common fanaticism could be aroused. Fortunately for us the scheme was successful in blinding only a portion of the troops, for out of the vast native army which then

garrisoned India, less than one half rose in rebellion. The Madras and Bombay forces remained loyal, and the gallant Sikhs—the best of all the native troops—never wavered in their devotion to the British.

It was close to Delhi that the mutiny first broke out. The ancient capital of the Moghuls, whose streets had so often been the scene of prolonged massacres and pillage, had enjoyed a half-century's rest under British rule. The last Moghul Emperor, who had been discrowned some years before, was then residing there, and it appeared to be the desire of the originators of the revolt that he should again ascend the throne. Meerut, the largest military station in Northern India, was then, as now, strongly garrisoned by both European and native troops. The latter broke out into open revolt on the evening of May 10th, 1857, and swarmed off to Delhi, only forty miles distant. The native cavalry regiments reached that city early next morning, and crossing the river by a bridge of boats swept the streets of every European they came across. Meerut was then in charge of General Hewitt, who had a force of Europeans at hand, quite strong enough to have quelled the outbreak had he acted vigorously; but he does not appear to have comprehended the necessity for prompt action, and Delhi, containing the ammunition and arms of the entire district, and defended only by a handful of Europeans, was left to its fate. The sweepings of the gaols, and the scum of the native quarters, were loose in the cantonments of the ill-fated city, and once again the horrors of former sacks were enacted—the victims in this instance being the wives and children of the British officers, and those

Europeans engaged in civil duties. It is related of the printers employed in the Delhi newspaper office, that while carnage was going on all around them, they stuck to their work till the last, and sent forth the intelligence of their approaching death. With one exception, they all perished—the sole survivor owing his escape to a plentiful use of printing ink, with which he disguised his face, and to a passable knowledge of the native language.

The great magazine at Delhi was in charge of Lieutenant Willoughby, who had with him two other lieutenants and six European soldiers. This handful of heroes defended their post for three or four hours, and then, finding it no longer tenable, fired a train; and with a roar heard twenty miles away, nearly one half of the enormous structure was blown into the air. Only four of those brave fellows escaped, the others falling in the explosion. All day long the pursuit and slaughter of Europeans was continued, little children being butchered before their mothers' eyes under circumstances of peculiar brutality. No help came from Meerut, although even at the close of the second day the force remaining there idle could have crushed the mutiny. On the 16th of May, six days after the outbreak, fifty Christian men, women, and children, who had been gathered into the Fort by some of the less sanguinary of the mutineers, were mustered in the principal courtyard and murdered in cold blood. Their mangled bodies were then heaped on bullock-carts and thrown into the river—not a single European being left alive in Delhi. The Moghul Empire seemed in a fair way of restoration. How this was frustrated is matter of history.

COMPOUND INTEREST.

Foul, cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.

—*Shakspeare.*

FLORAL LEGENDS.

By E. A. C.

"In all places then and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like
wings."

—*Longfellow.*

Now that the fallen leaves and want of blossoms in our gardens tell us so plainly that summer's exquisite reign is over for the present, and that but few of the "fair Stars of Earth" will meet our longing gaze during the winter-months, when the touch of the Frost-King's hand rests so frequently on all of Nature's fragile children, a few of the less-known legends connected with flowers, trees, and vegetables, may not be unacceptable to those who love what have been rightly termed amongst some of the fairest of nature's children.

The blossom chosen as the opening one of the series, is that of which Tennyson sings so lovingly, and the story itself, as may be known by the glowing imagery, comes from the East.

NO. 1.—THE FORGET-ME-NOT.—A PERSIAN LEGEND.

"The sweet forget-me-not,
That grows for happy lovers."

Long ages ago, "in the golden morning of the early world," an angel stood before the gates of Paradise, but there was no joy in his attitude, his glorious wings hung drooping to the ground, and bitter tears fell fast from his eyes; for the "gates of pearl" were closed against him, and the edict that had gone forth seemed to have shut him out for ever from the beautiful home he so dearly loved.

On one of his errands to earth, he had seen a fair girl seated on the banks of a river, and twining in her golden hair sprays of a small blue flower that grew luxuriantly on its margin. The angel's love went out to her, and his high mission was neglected for the sake of her wonderful beauty; and in displeasure at his disobedience the gates were closed against him until they both

had sown the lovely blossom in every corner of the world.

With a sad heart, he flew down and told the girl of the punishment that awaited him, but her love made light of the imposed task, and hand-in-hand they wandered through the earth; and wherever the angel and the golden-haired girl stooped down, they left the sweet "forget-me-not," as token of their obedience and penitence. Long did they roam through country after country, leaving each the fairer for their visit, and then—their task completed, their punishment over—the "pearly gates" opened once more to let them pass through, for Immortality without Death was given to the girl whose love had been so faithful.

NO. 2.—THE PRIMROSE.—A GERMAN LEGEND.

"Everywhere about us they are glowing,
. . . . To tell us Spring is born."

The trees and flowers were first awakening from their long winter's sleep, and all Nature was wearing her fairest garb, when a young man wandered down a forest-glade. Charmed by the beauty and quiet of the scene, he had stopped to rest, when a beautiful woman, Bertha, the goddess, suddenly came in sight; and by shewing a large bunch of the "Schlüsselblume, or key-flower," as it is called in Germany, induced him to follow her. After some time, they emerged from the forest and stopped before a castle, whose silence showed it to be under the influence of enchantment. Bertha, still without speaking, moved to a great door, over-grown and almost hidden by blossoms and creeping plants; raising her hand, she touched it lightly with the primroses, and it immediately opened into a room filled with vessels of gold and silver containing treasure, but covered with the protecting "key-flowers." On a signal from Bertha, the young man displaced the latter, and

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It was close to Delhi that the mutiny first broke out. The ancient capital of the Moghuls, whose streets had so often been the scene of prolonged massacres and pillage, had enjoyed a half-century's rest under British rule. The last Moghul Emperor, who had been discrowned some years before, was then residing there, and it appeared to be the desire of the originators of the revolt that he should again ascend the throne. Meerut, the largest military station in Northern India, was then, as now, strongly garrisoned by both European and native troops. The latter broke out into open revolt on the evening of May 10th, 1857, and swarmed off to Delhi, only forty miles distant. The native cavalry regiments reached that city early next morning, and crossing the river by a bridge of boats swept the streets of every European they came across. Meerut was then in charge of General Hewitt, who had a force of Europeans at hand, quite strong enough to have quelled the outbreak had he acted vigorously; but he does not appear to have comprehended the necessity for prompt action, and Delhi, containing the ammunition and arms of the entire district, and defended only by a handful of Europeans, was left to its fate. The sweepings of the gaols, and the scum of the native quarters, were loose in the cantonments of the ill-fated city, and once again the horrors of former sacks were enacted—the victims in this instance being the wives and children of the British officers, and those

Europeans engaged in civil duties. It is related of the printers employed in the Delhi newspaper office, that while carnage was going on all around them, they stuck to their work till the last, and sent forth the intelligence of their approaching death. With one exception, they all perished—the sole survivor owing his escape to a plentiful use of printing ink, with which he disguised his face, and to a passable knowledge of the native language.

The great magazine at Delhi was in charge of Lieutenant Willoughby, who had with him two other lieutenants and six European soldiers. This handful of heroes defended their post for three or four hours, and then, finding it no longer tenable, fired a train; and with a roar heard twenty miles away, nearly one half of the enormous structure was blown into the air. Only four of those brave fellows escaped, the others falling in the explosion. All day long the pursuit and slaughter of Europeans was continued, little children being butchered before their mothers' eyes under circumstances of peculiar brutality. No help came from Meerut, although even at the close of the second day the force remaining there idle could have crushed the mutiny. On the 16th of May, six days after the outbreak, fifty Christian men, women, and children, who had been gathered into the Fort by some of the less sanguinary of the mutineers, were mustered in the principal courtyard and murdered in cold blood. Their mangled bodies were then heaped on bullock-carts and thrown into the river—not a single European being left alive in Delhi. The Moghul Empire seemed in a fair way of restoration. How this was frustrated is matter of history.

COMPOUND INTEREST.

Foul, cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.

—*Shakspeare.*

FLORAL LEGENDS.

By E. A. C.

"In all places then and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like
wings."

—*Longfellow.*

Now that the fallen leaves and want of blossoms in our gardens tell us so plainly that summer's exquisite reign is over for the present, and that but few of the "fair Stars of Earth" will meet our longing gaze during the winter-months, when the touch of the Frost-King's hand rests so frequently on all of Nature's fragile children, a few of the less-known legends connected with flowers, trees, and vegetables, may not be unacceptable to those who love what have been rightly termed amongst some of the fairest of nature's children.

The blossom chosen as the opening one of the series, is that of which Tennyson sings so lovingly, and the story itself, as may be known by the glowing imagery, comes from the East.

NO. 1.—THE FORGET-ME-NOT.—A
PERSIAN LEGEND.

"The sweet forget-me-not,
That grows for happy lovers."

Long ages ago, "in the golden morning of the early world," an angel stood before the gates of Paradise, but there was no joy in his attitude, his glorious wings hung drooping to the ground, and bitter tears fell fast from his eyes; for the "gates of pearl" were closed against him, and the edict that had gone forth seemed to have shut him out for ever from the beautiful home he so dearly loved.

On one of his errands to earth, he had seen a fair girl seated on the banks of a river, and twining in her golden hair sprays of a small blue flower that grew luxuriantly on its margin. The angel's love went out to her, and his high mission was neglected for the sake of her wonderful beauty; and in displeasure at his disobedience the gates were closed against him until they both

had sown the lovely blossom in every corner of the world.

With a sad heart, he flew down and told the girl of the punishment that awaited him, but her love made light of the imposed task, and hand-in-hand they wandered through the earth; and wherever the angel and the golden-haired girl stooped down, they left the sweet "forget-me-not," as token of their obedience and penitence. Long did they roam through country after country, leaving each the fairer for their visit, and then—their task completed, their punishment over—the "pearly gates" opened once more to let them pass through, for Immortality without Death was given to the girl whose love had been so faithful.

NO. 2.—THE PRIMROSE.—A GERMAN
LEGEND.

"Everywhere about us they are glowing,
. . . . To tell us Spring is born."

The trees and flowers were first awakening from their long winter's sleep, and all Nature was wearing her fairest garb, when a young man wandered down a forest-glade. Charmed by the beauty and quiet of the scene, he had stopped to rest, when a beautiful woman, Bertha, the goddess, suddenly came in sight; and by shewing a large bunch of the "Schlüsselblume, or key-flower," as it is called in Germany, induced him to follow her. After some time, they emerged from the forest and stopped before a castle, whose silence showed it to be under the influence of enchantment. Bertha, still without speaking, moved to a great door, over-grown and almost hidden by blossoms and creeping plants; raising her hand, she touched it lightly with the primroses, and it immediately opened into a room filled with vessels of gold and silver containing treasure, but covered with the protecting "key-flowers." On a signal from Bertha, the young man displaced the latter, and

taking as much as he could from the jars, was about to depart, when a voice was heard saying, "Forget not the flowers must be restored, or thou wilt ever be followed by a large black dog."

This legend is, in some parts of Germany, attributed also to the "Forget-me-not."

No. 3.—THE CROWN IMPERIAL.— AN ENGLISH LEGEND.

"Resplendent in beauty the LILY lifted her
snowy crown."

It is said that when the shores of Galilee knew the sound of the Master's step, that all creation, saving man alone, bowed in homage before Him. Wherever He passed, the flowers bent their sweet heads in acknowledgment of His power, but one day a lily, in her new born beauty, refused to do so. Whilst every other blossom around her drooped in love and awe, she raised her crowned head, regal as that of any emperor, and looked upwards as though unconscious of Who stood before her.

Silent and grave, the Master's eyes rested upon her, and unable to bear the loving reproof, the beautiful flower blushed till every snowy petal became a rosy red, and tears of shame bedewed them.

But ever since that day, the Crown Imperial hangs her head with never-ceasing blushes and tears, for grief at the recollection of her hour of boastful pride.

No. 4.—THE FLAX.—NORTH OF GERMANY LEGENDS.

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax."

I.

In the days when Dwarfs and Gnomes were the friends of man, there lived a poor blue-eyed, fair-haired girl who had only her beauty for riches. As she was spinning one bright morning, a Dwarf came to her and gave a distaff of flax into her hand, saying:—"You have there enough to last you for the whole course of your life, if you only take the precaution to never quite spin what I have given you entirely away." Overjoyed at such a present, the girl promised to obey the injunction

and the Dwarf disappeared. She soon grew rich and famed for her beautiful linen, and every year saw her becoming more prosperous, for she was careful to remember the advice of her strange benefactor. But by degrees she began to wonder whether his words were really true and if any disaster *would* befall her should she spin off all the flax; she grew to question whether there was anything beneath the flax which never yet had failed her, and, at last, one day, she yielded to her curiosity and disobeyed the dwarf. Nothing was to be seen but the wood of which the distaff was made! Vexed with herself and disappointed at her non-success, she again commenced to work, but she had offended her good friend and found, to her dismay, that she must now labour like those around her, for the magic properties of the distaff were all gone, and it was only an ordinary one, such as she had once always used. Bitterly did she bewail her disobedience, but the dwarf turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, and never again visited her home.

2.

As a man was once going over a high mountain, he noticed Frau Hülle (a well-known personage in German legends) sitting near the path by which he must ascend. She was busily engaged in stripping the capsules off a great pile of flax laying before her. "Good evening, Frau Hülle," said the man, as he passed by her. "Good night," was the reply; "You may take home a few of these capsules with you, if you like."

Unwilling to offend one whom he knew to be so powerful, he thanked her courteously, but added that he had already a sufficient number.

"As you will," returned the Frau, and the man went on his way.

After he had proceeded a short distance he felt a constant pain in his foot and, on drawing off his shoe, found it arose from some large capsules which had fallen from Frau Hülle's lap, and which had been since changed into gold. He then understood the reason of her offer, and returned home blaming himself for having allowed so golden an opportunity to pass neglected.

No. 5.—THE RADISH—A FRENCH LEGEND.

The Genie of the Mountain once fell in love with a beautiful princess, whose husband, the Sun, was absent on a journey. Having made her his captive he was much troubled to find her grief inconsolable, and, on visiting her one day, he learnt that she was pining greatly for her lost companions at her old home. On his next visit, he brought a bunch of radishes and gave them to the Princess with a magic rod. "When you are lonely," the Genie said, "touch each with a wand, and your desire will be fulfilled."

Charmed with the thought that her solitude would now be over, she hastily used the wand, and, to her delight, was soon surrounded by a group of girls as young, and almost as fair as herself. But her joy proved of short duration, for as the radishes withered away, so did her companions droop and fade.

"Do not leave me," the Princess exclaimed, in bitter sorrow, "just as I have learnt to love you."

"Fain would we stay, sweet Princess," they replied, "but our lives are united with those fading roots, and as they die, so must we." And, as they spoke, they sank down and died one by one.

When next the Genie paid his dreaded visit, he learnt of the maidens' fate, and bringing his prisoner another bunch, told her she must console herself with new companions. The Princess, however, determined to try and escape, and resolved to use her magic rod for a different purpose. Touching one radish, she bade it change into a Bee, and fly to her husband, beseeching him to come to her rescue. The Bee

arose into the air, and circling round and round, vanished from her sight, But no help came to the poor Princess, for the faithless messenger, lured by the sight and scent of the lovely flowers on every side, forgot his errand and wandered far away. Again the wand was used, and this time a cricket arose under the spell, and was despatched with the same want of success.

Though weary and dispirited, the captive resolved to make one more attempt, and this time a grasshopper was the chosen envoy—"Tell His Majesty the Sun that I am kept here a prisoner against my will," she said, "and entreat him to come to my rescue or I shall die of despair."

"I go, fair Princess," was the answer, as the grasshopper sprang away; "keep up a brave heart, for I shall soon return with aid."

But the fair words brought little hope to the heart of the poor Princess, for had not the other messengers said almost the same and yet deceived her? Some days passed, and she was again giving way to despair, when the cheerful voice of the grasshopper was heard, and in another instant her husband and his faithful guide were beside her. Just at that moment the Genie was heard approaching, and the strangers hastened to hide themselves. To occupy his attention, and in pursuance of her plan of escape, the Princess bade the Genie count the radishes, and whilst so engaged she touched one of the former and changed it into a swift horse, upon which she and her husband escaped to their home, leaving the Genie distracted with rage at his loss.

(*To be continued.*)

TRUE LIVING.

Still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living ;
Love scarce is love, that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

— *Whittier.*

BY SEA AND LAKE.

By R. A.

CHAPTER XI.

SALLY AND DR. SMITH.

And then Sally sat up and patted Fritz's head and smiled. She felt relieved when she had got rid of the locket. Dr. Smith would hear all about it, and he would know that she intended to accept nothing at his hands; and then, perhaps, he would not trouble her any more.

She was not confident, beyond doubt, of her future security from his attentions; that adverb, mentally interposed, showed such to be the case; but she could afford to be gay, for it wanted less than a week to his wedding, and, after *that*, she would be safe enough. Lena and he would be abroad for a time; then, she could come and go freely without fancying his watchful, hateful, eyes were always upon her; and, in the meanwhile, there was a possibility of his being so enraged with her, for her recent action of designedly parting with his gift, that he would keep aloof from her altogether.

Sally, in this expectation, showed her inexperience of the ways of the world, and of men of the world; Dr. Smith would not give in, nor would he hold himself aloof from her; he would influence all her life in one way or another; his interest in her would never die out, much less turn to that indifference with which some men can regard the future of a woman they have once wished to marry. He would be always remembering; the sunlight of to-day would never have power to dim the memories of yesterday, so far as he was concerned; and no hand should grasp the prize he had failed to win.

Dr. Smith knew Sally's worth better than any—better than the man she was

to marry knew it; better than aunt, brother, or sister, better even than Tottie, who came nearer the mark in reckoning up Sally's value than anyone else in the household did. Mrs. Reid, blinded by affection, saw no fault in Sally—to her she was a sweet, obedient niece; Florry gave her unquestioningly that deep abiding love one gives to those who are purer, more tender-hearted than we ourselves; Ted thought her too good for any man, then neglected her for Geraldine; Tottie saw her faults, such as they were, but *then* she also saw the thousand and one daily sacrifices her sister made for the comfort of those around her; in Tottie's opinion it was Sally, and not her aunt, who was the actual mainspring of the establishment. It was true at that time, as it has ever been, that the willing horse gets the burden to bear, and Dr. Smith knew that not unfrequently Sally got more than her fair share of the load of household duties and village matters put upon her shoulders; in past days it had pleased him to picture her to himself coming and going in his house in the village, as *his* wife doing only what she really loved to do, leaving all else alone. He had no thoughts of London then, for Lenley was Sally's natural home, and there she should remain; but when that dream was past, he began to think of London, and the possibility of growing rich; the sweet influence, that might have changed and made a better man of him, being denied him, he became more and more cynical; and, unwilling to break through his engagement with Lena, because Sally would not yield to his wish, he began to devote himself to

the separation of the girl and her lover, and to money-making.

Do you find Dr. Smith a very bad man? Without doubt you do. Without doubt you say to yourself that he is a wicked, heartless wretch! And because he presents to you a face cold and stern as marble, because he is cynical and shows no sign, you think he does not suffer. He suffers acutely, daily, hourly almost, for to him no woman in all the world is or can be Sally's equal. And she will never love him. It is as if the sun of all that is pure and good had set, leaving utter darkness in his soul. He is to be pitied; he is far beyond the age of boyish passions such as Ted's for Geraldine. He was beyond all that when he first saw Sally, and he had grown to love, without thinking of it; her very aversion to him had been partly the means to this end, and for years he had striven to conquer this aversion.

Little wonder, therefore, that he suffered! To fail at once is nothing compared with the failure which comes after long years of hoping, and struggling, and waiting. That, indeed, is heart-breaking! But life is full of all manner of strange cross purposes: and it was owing to one of these, I suppose, that Sally gave all her heart to Will, who was really incapable of loving her to the same extent as Dr. Smith.

Tottie, much as she admired Will, sometimes could not help feeling that a man of thirty-five or forty would be more suited to Sally, or rather that it would have been an advantage had ten or fifteen years been added to Will's age. She had always predicted that her sister would be an old man's darling—and having this idea in her head, might be one reason why she looked with mistrustful eyes upon Sally's future, in the event of her marrying Will—for we most of us like our predictions to be verified. That Will was strong, and true, and good, she acknowledged, but there was just a something wanting for which she could not find words. This want, whatever it might be, had not struck her until that afternoon; she was thinking about it at the moment when the locket splashed into the water. The action

drew her attention pointedly to her sister, and she made no attempt to hide her astonishment. "Oh, Sally, Sally! What did you do that for? You naughty girl! Auntie will be so angry. Your beautiful locket that must have cost a mint of money! What on earth did you do it for? Have you and John quarrelled?"

"Quarrelled?" Sally sprang to her feet laughing, her momentary anger gone. "Have we? I don't know. You'd better ask him."

"How can I ask him, when he would want to know my reason for doing so, and I should have to tell him about the locket?"

"Do," said Sally. "There is nothing I should like better;" and then she set off running along the shore as hard as she could, with Fritz at her side barking and jumping.

Will was so surprised by all that had taken place within the last few minutes, that he stood silently staring after Sally.

"I really do think she's not quite wise. I wonder what she means? Do you know? Do you understand it?" said Tottie, looking searchingly at her companion.

"No. I don't comprehend it any more than you yourself. That there is a strong dislike to Smith at the bottom of it, I believe. But what the cause for that dislike is I do not know."

"Some freak or another," said Tottie, petulantly. "I never saw such a girl! I always knew she didn't care much for John, but I wasn't aware it was as bad as this. All the same, there is no occasion for her to be rude. And yet, you know, with all this dislike, she'd cry herself sick if he were to prick his little finger. I don't understand her, and that's a fact. I don't believe she understands herself. We'd better find that locket, for I daresay she's already regretting what she has done. Lena will get to hear of it, as she hears of everything, and then there'll be a fine row!—Did you get the note?"

"I didn't look for it," said Will.

"It strikes me there isn't much use, with this breeze blowing, but we may as well try to find it when we've got the locket. And now—let us see where that went to."

After all it had not gone far into the water; not so far but that Will could reach it with a little trouble. He had detected it almost at once lying amongst some seaweed, and when Sally returned he held it out to her without a word.

She wanted to be angry with him for recovering it, but could not, with those laughing blue eyes looking so intently into her own. "You may keep it for your trouble," she said; "I will have nothing to do with it."

"You must take it, Sally," said Tottie, authoritatively. "Lena will be so annoyed if she hears about it, and there's no use vexing her for your whims."

"You can take it back to the person you got it from."

"What nonsense! Do you imagine John would accept it? Or that he would not feel hurt?"

"I don't know, and I don't care, but I'm not going to wear it," said Sally, turning her back and walking away.

"You needn't wear it unless you like, of course," said Tottie, raising her voice. Sally paused. Was it worth while making such a fuss about a trifle?

"I think you should take it," continued Tottie, fancying she had gained a point. "Don't you, Will?"

"Yes," said he. "Certainly."

Naturally, having her back to him, Sally did not see the half-amused smile which passed across Will's face. She turned round at his reply, and said, with a flash of temper, "You do think so? Yes. Well, give it to me—give it to me. I know what I'll do with it." And she took the locket, and holding it limply in her hand, went away towards the house; and Fritz walked beside her, a picture of misery, with his tail drooping between his legs, for his mistress no longer smiled upon him. Tottie and Will followed in Sally's footsteps after an unsuccessful attempt to discover the whereabouts of the note.

It had travelled before the wind and got lodged between two rocks low down upon the beach. So much the better! There let it lie forgotten, till the incoming tide find out its hiding-place, and tear it to a thousand atoms with the fierce beat of its home-returning

waves. The sea has its work; for many a heart-ache it gives, how few it takes away! But to-night it has departed from its rule; to-night the waters of the Channel are saving Sally Hay from the prettiest heartache she could ever know; whilst, all unsuspecting, she is tying up the doctor's present, and saying to herself that she will return it to him.

Once she had resolved upon this step, she became as anxious to see him alone as hitherto she had been to avoid him. But, though she daily watched for an opportunity, none occurred until a couple of days before the wedding. Dr. Smith had come up to the Hall, ostensibly to see Lena, who, along with her aunt and Mrs. Peters, was at Hastings making her last purchases in the way of trousseau—some small articles that had been omitted when the order was sent to London. Will and the two girls were out fishing. Ted was over at the "Cedars." Sally was in the drawing-room discussing with Jacob and Peter the arrangement of decorations.

"I think it would be better to remove all the ornaments from the mantelpieces, and cover them entirely with flowers. It would be more novel and less stiff than the other way—the vases merely filled with bouquets. The placard with the initials we can hang opposite that mirror," she was saying, when, glancing in that direction, she saw Dr. Smith standing in the doorway. She gravely inclined her head to him, and continued her suggestions to the two men.

"Busy as ever," the doctor said, pleasantly, coming forward to shake hands.

"Yes," replied Sally, coldly, and she gave him the tips of her fingers.

"Ay, sir," said Jacob, venturing a remark, "It's jes' as it's allus bin; Miss Sally gets it all te do. I dessay it's very fine, and it's nat'ral she should be fond o' flowers, seein' she's lived all her life among 'em—an' the bes' sorts too; but there's work an' work. There's work as ought to be Miss Sally's, an' there's work as oughtn't. You won't ketch *her* out fishin' an' pleasurein' from mornin' till night, like them others, when there's work to do at home. I know well enuff what the deckrations

'ud be if it wus left to them. Ye'd have walls an' tables an' mantelpieces as bare as a empty barra; that's what ye'd get if ye lef' it te Miss Tottie," he added wrathfully. He had a grievance against that young lady just now, and he might have poured it all forth there and then, had not Peter given the short jacket, with which he had hastily adorned himself when summoned to the drawing-room, a sharp tug. "It's all right," said Jacob, querulously. "I'm comin'—don't you fear, but I know my place, better'n them as have bin at the Hall less'n harf my time. I'll see ye agen, Missie," he concluded, retreating slowly and warily across the inlaid floor.

"Yes. I'll come to you directly," Sally said as he departed. And when the door closed, she stood nervously looking at it and twisting her fingers, not daring to move her eyes.

"Well," the doctor began, "and so you are alone!"

"Yes," said Sally, wondering how she would ever find courage, with this nervous trembling at her heart, to introduce the subject of the locket. The doctor made no remark that could help her out of the difficulty; so she went on aimlessly. "The others should soon be back, for they went out before lunch, and promised to return early to help. There's a great deal to be done yet, you know."

Dr. Smith was more interested in her long lashes and the pretty movement of her lips than in her words; he attributed the extreme frigidity of her manner to the note he had enclosed with his present, and was rather amused than hurt by it. Sally raised her eyes suddenly, and her face paled before his steady gaze.

"How was it," he said, "you wouldn't come and see me on Saturday; I know you were in the garden somewhere, and I would have come to look for you, but Hill was with me. Why didn't you come? I was longing to see you—Sally?"

"What?" said she sharply, provoked at the tender intonation of his voice.

"Did you get the locket?"

"Sally thought this, for comfort, rather too sudden an introduction of the subject which at that moment was

uppermost in her mind. "Yes," she replied, briefly.

"And you read my note?" His tone was low, his manner anxious.

"Note! What note?"

"I put a note in with the locket. Didn't you get it?"

"No," said Sally, afraid to explain, and yet anxious to do so, hoping the doctor would get in a rage and leave her.

"Who gave you the packet?" he enquired, with evident uneasiness.

"Tottie."

"And who opened it?"

Sally made no reply.

"Who opened it? Tottie?"

"No."

"If you opened it, you must have seen the note."

"I did not see it."

"Then where is it? Who has got it?" said the doctor, showing some impatience.

"I don't know," said Sally, coolly, feeling herself mistress of the situation; but unfortunately she vouchsafed a longer reply than was necessary to the holder of that advantageous position. "Tottie said there was a note, but I did not get it."

"Then Tottie did open the packet."

"I told you just now that she did not," said Sally, curtly, annoyed at his cross-questioning.

"Then who did? Mr. Clifford, I suppose?" was the sneering inquiry. "You and he imagine, no doubt, that your secret has been well kept. Let me warn you just to be careful, Sally; secret engagements have their unpleasant as well as their pleasant side."

Sally started. "What do you mean?" she said.

"You know well enough what I mean. Tell me—did Clifford read my note?"

Sally drew herself up haughtily. "Mr. Clifford would not be guilty of such meanness—even supposing—"

"Ah, my little girl! That's the tune, is it?" said the doctor, with an amused smile. "You think you know Clifford better than I. We shall see about that.—Well! you were saying—'even supposing'—even supposing you *were* engaged—eh? And you would like me to understand that such is not the case, but I know better. What does Mrs. Reid say to it? Does

she know? No, I'm sure she does not. And why is Clifford all anxiety to keep it a secret? That he may continue to flirt to his heart's content with Miss Heriot—eh?—Believe me, Sally, it's not for any good to you—"

"You are a bad man—a worse man than I took you for. It is not true what you say," cried Sally, flaring into honest defence of her *fiancé*. "Will is not like that, and he did not want it kept a secret. It was not his fault at all, *I* asked him to keep it a secret until—because—" She came to a dead halt, conscious of what she had done; the secret so carefully guarded had escaped from her own lips. Ashamed and alarmed, she rambled incoherently from one thing to another, until happening to recur to the original topic of conversation, she poured out the whole story of the locket. Dr. Smith smiled, a smile that might mean anything.

"I will get it," she concluded, hurrying from the room, glad to escape for a few seconds. The doctor walked up to the window and stood there looking out, and presently Sally came to him with the packet in her hand. "There," she said, "I wouldn't have it at any price."

He took it from her, and, producing a penknife, cut the knot she had so carefully tied, and opened the case. There lay the locket with its original brightness slightly dimmed.

"I am sorry you won't wear it. What am I to do with it? Stay," he said, holding it out, "keep it even if you never wear it. Don't think too hardly of me for what I said just now. It is natural Clifford should not be so dear to me as to you," he added, bitterly. "I would like to know you have accepted *something* I offered you. Take it, Sally."

"No."

"You won't?"

"No! never!" said Sally, vehemently.

He closed the case with a quick gesture, and put it in his pocket. At least no one should know that the jewel had been returned to him. He walked the length of the room and came back.

"Are we *never* to be friends, Sally?"

"No," said she, steadily, brave again as soon as she had finally got rid of his present.

"Why not?"

"You have forfeited your right to my friendship. You have behaved disgracefully, and if it were possible I would even now prevent Lena marrying you. I wish I might never see your face again."

"Don't say that!" and he caught her hands as she turned to leave him.

"Let go my hands," she said, coldly.

There were voices in the garden—footsteps upon the gravel walk. "Let me go!" said Sally. Her voice was expressive of absolute agony, and looking into her face the doctor knew what she feared. The steps were coming nearer; they approached rapidly. "Let me go! let me go!" she cried.

"Not until you have promised to be my friend."

"No! no! I can never believe in you again."

Dr. Smith tightened his hold painfully. A shadow at the window caused both to look that way. "I beg your pardon," said Will, and he went round to the front entrance.

"That's the fellow you'd like to marry," said the doctor, releasing Sally's hands. "He's not half good enough for you, and you shall never marry him;" and he went out, meeting Will in the hall.

"Sally's in the drawing-room if you want her. A regular little flirt," he added with his hard cynical laugh.

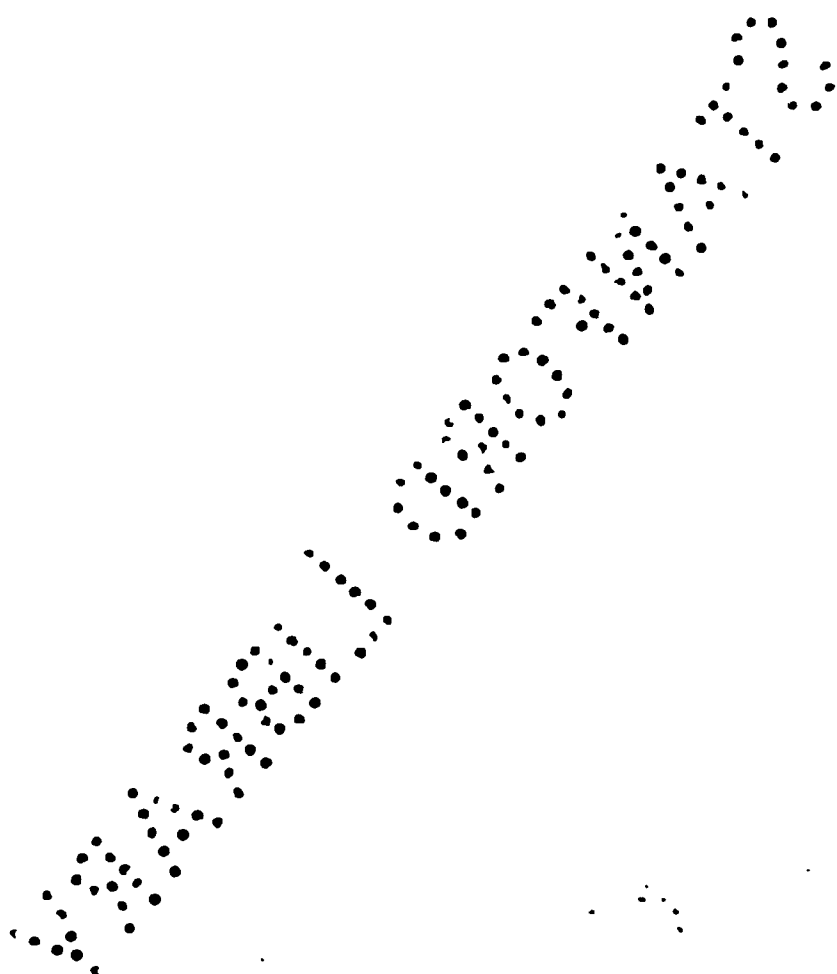
But when Will looked into the drawing-room, it was empty. Sally had fled by the open window, and when he saw her again there were traces of tears upon her face.

"I was giving him back the locket when you came in," she said by way of explanation. She did not tell him any more; it would have been better for both, perhaps, had she done so; but as she said to herself, "How can I tell him that the doctor says I shall never marry him, without telling him all the rest!" Will kissed her. *He* did not believe she was a flirt. Nevertheless the doctor's words recurred to him two days later, when the bridal party was leaving St. Mary's.

The wedding was a gay enough affair, but the Lenley folks were disappointed in the bridegroom and the best man. The bridegroom's face was



"Let me hold your hands" she said. "No," he said. "Page 100"



very pale. "White as a sheet a'most," Mrs. Jenkins afterwards remarked to her husband—for, of course, she was at the church in her Sunday gown and bonnet—"an' she couldn't help but wonder if his heart was in it, or if it was on'y for the money. For them girls is in luck's way, an'll have some-thin' handsome when their aunt goes."

There was a general exclamation in subdued whispers when Dr. Smith appeared, attended by his successor, who afterwards gave his arm to Sally. Could it be that after all Mr. Clifford "wus agoin'" to marry Miss Heriot? It seemed so. "Wus it likely now he'd have *her* on his arm if he wus agoin' to marry Miss Sally?"

This little circumstance gave rise to a considerable amount of talk in the village not worth recounting here, but which continued long enough to be the cause of more than one quarrel amongst the good folks; and, I think I may safely venture to say, that never, from the sight-seers at a wedding, did a bride and her attire receive less attention than Lena Hay in the church of St. Mary's on that sixth of June. Sally was the only one who gazed untiringly upon her during the service—the sole individual who noticed that she neither paled nor flushed, but preserved her usual calm throughout.

The ceremony took place at eleven, and at half-past Dr. Smith and Lena were returning to the Hall, whilst the second carriage awaited the bridesmaids and their attendant grooms. Just as Will was putting Geraldine into it, a hand was laid upon his arm. It was Jacob's.

"If you please, Mr. Willum," said the gardener, holding out a telegram, "this come jes' as you had lef', an' Sarah sayin' as it mus' be somethin' important I made bold to bring it along, sir."

"Thank you," said Will, taking the telegram, and wondering who could want him to-day of all days.

Some one in the crowd was heard to exclaim, "How unlucky!" and some one else "Law! what can it be?" But idle curiosity went unsatisfied, for in a moment the carriage was bowling swiftly away with Will and the telegram both inside; which latter, after being

opened and perused, was handed to Sally, who was seated beside Geraldine and opposite Dr. Hill, with the remark, "I shall have to start at once."

There was something in the way in which Will looked at Sally when he said this, that convinced Geraldine the pair had come to some secret understanding.

"I hope it is nothing sad that takes you away in such haste," she said, softly, leaning forward and speaking in her most sympathetic tones.

"My brother has been hurt. He was thrown whilst riding this morning," Will replied, and then he looked out of the window wondering why Sally did not speak.

"Oh! *poor* fellow! Is he much hurt?"

"They don't say."

"I am so sorry for you," was the gentle remark which followed, as Geraldine looked pitifully at him with the tears in her eyes; then the lashes drooped upon her cheeks, and she sighed. Will fidgetted, and glanced at Sally; he thought that remark should have come from her. Poor Sally! she could not speak, her feelings would admit of no utterance—at least not just then. When Dr. Hill looked at her she smiled nervously from a sort of politeness, solicitous for the comfort of the guest of the hour, who, she considered, had no right to have private sorrows intruded upon him. Will observed the smile—could it be that Sally really was a flirt? But as the gentle, expressive eyes met his own, Will put the idea aside in disgust at the doctor for saying, at himself for crediting for one second such a thing.

"Do they say how it happened?" queried Geraldine, with a sad air, plucking at the flowers in her bouquet.

"How it happened?" said Will, so cheerfully that the girl looked up surprised. His brother was forgotten in thinking of Sally; and Geraldine at once understood how it was, when she saw that his were fixed upon his *fiancée*, who was abstractedly folding and unfolding the telegram in her hand. But Will recollected presently, and added in a serious tone, "Oh, no," without even regarding his questioner. Geraldine was annoyed; there was no

more talking ; and she was still further annoyed, when the carriage stopped, by being passed on to Dr. Hill ; whilst Will held a whispered colloquy with Sally, part of which she managed to overhear, by dropping her fan and awaiting its recovery by her cavalier of the moment.

"I would like to tell Mrs. Reid before I go, but I don't suppose it will be possible with all this crowd about. Anyway I will write to-night. Wait for me in the schoolroom if you can, dear, I'll come to you directly," was what Will said, before he sprang up the stairs to change his coat, and toss a few necessaries into a valise.

The train for London left Lenley at two minutes after noon, so that Will had not too much time to catch it. He did not see Sally alone, for Geraldine, on some pretext or another, wandered into the schoolroom. Will shook hands with a frown on his face. "Come to the door, will you?" he said, addressing Sally ; but Geraldine, linking her arm through her friend's, said cheerfully, "Oh, yes, we'll see you off, and wish you *bon voyage*. And I do hope you will not find things nearly so bad as you expect."

Will had not said what he expected to find, but he thanked Geraldine politely, though he felt more like boxing her ears in his impatience at what he believed to be "her stupidity." His face brightened when he saw Ted in the dog-cart, waiting to drive him to the station. "Come along, old fellow ! you'll have to hurry if you mean to catch that train," his friend called out ; and, giving Sally's hand a last lingering pressure, Will ran down the steps, seated himself beside Fred, and they were gone.

When her brother returned, Sally knew that he had been taken into Will's confidence. His face was bright with smiles and glad looks, as he nodded to her ; this was the youth who had said that his sister was never to marry. He accepted the change easily enough, it appeared. But then circumstances so alter cases, and Sally's engagement being a signal that he had now nothing to fear from Will, in the way of rivalry, he sanctioned it willingly, and returned to the Hall to spend

the remainder of the day at Geraldine's side.

Sally tried to avoid bidding good-bye to Dr. Smith when the hour of departure was come, but he took care she should not escape, and kissed her rather more fervently than he had done the other bridesmaids. She watched the carriage drive away, listened to the roll of its wheels, as it went down the avenue, watched it re-appear again for an instant out on the dusty road, and then the wide-spreading cedars in the neighbouring grounds hid it from view. A slight sigh escaped from her lips as it vanished. They were gone at last. Surely, *surely*, there would be peace now—peace and happiness.

Sally was astonished to hear at this moment an echo to her sigh, and still more so when Tottie exclaimed, just behind her, "There goes one of us. Ah ! what a pity it is we have grown up !"

"Do you really think so?" said Sally, amused.

"Why yes, of course I do, for we'll all go off one after another now," said Tottie, seriously. "And it's a great pity, for we'll never be so happy as we are here, all under one roof. I've just been telling Florry that I won't have her setting her cap at the new doctor ; she seems inclined that way, and one in the family marrying a village doctor's quite enough. *Why* that one should have been Lena I can't understand," she added abruptly, and then to Sally's amazement burst into tears, just as Tom Heriot at Mrs. Reid's request came to look for them. Tottie ran away to her room, and Sally went in with Tom to the drawing-room, not in the least doubting that Friday was an unlucky day on which to be married.

True to his word, Will wrote by the evening post to Sally, enclosing a letter for Mrs. Reid. Neither arrived at its destination. Geraldine's clever interception saved them from that. She knew the post hours almost as well as the postman, for whom she waited in the garden. The Hall was the last house in his round, and when he had given Geraldine the letters for The Cedars, she said to him in a careless sort of way, "Have you any for the Hall? I am going there now and will take them

if you like." And knowing how intimate the two families were, the man put four letters into her hand without hesitation. One of those four she slipped into her pocket; the address was in Will Clifford's hand-writing; and having deposited a goodly packet for her father and the rest of the household upon the dining-room mantelpiece, she tripped gaily across to breakfast with the Reids.

"I have come over," she said, meeting the lady of the house in the hall, "to entreat you to give a poor hungry creature something to eat. I'm famished; and there are none of our people down yet, or will be for the next hour."

"Surely, my dear," said Mrs. Reid, "surely. Come away;" and she led the way to the bright little room at the back of the house.

"Oh," said Geraldine, entering, "Here are your letters. I met the postman, who gave them to me." She laid them on the table, and went to shake hands with Mrs. Peters, who had commenced her duties as housekeeper, and was pouring out the coffee.

Sally and Tottie came in together a moment later. "Any letters?" said the former, anxiously, merely nodding to Geraldine, whom she was not astonished to see there at that early hour, accustomed as she was to that young lady's vagaries.

The letters proved to be some accounts for Mrs. Reid. Everyone, Ted and Sally especially, wondered that no news has been received from Will, but there was consolation in the thought that the mid-day post would bring something. And Geraldine had much ado to keep from smiling as she sat there, listening to the suppositions of the party, with the letter in her pocket.

It was near lunch-time before she could retire to her own room to read it in safety, for Tom had sauntered over to the Hall, and she decided not to leave him there. But at last we find her poring over the contents of Will's letter to Sally, her eyes glittering, her breath coming short and quick with suppressed rage, as she greedily devours the words that were to have brought happiness to another heart. "Imbecile!" she says at last, crushing it in her

hand, and tearing open the envelope that confines the straightforward manly epistle to Mrs. Reid, in which Will owns all his love for Sally, and asks that she may become his wife.

Her curiosity satisfied, Geraldine began to think of what to do with these letters. Should she destroy them? Was it safe? She decided that it was safer to destroy than to keep them, and with that end in view she struck a match and lit one of her candles. Her maid knocked at the door. Instead of being in the least flurried, or blowing out her light and waiting for the knock to be repeated, so that she might have time to hide away the papers, as one less accustomed to deceitful tricks would assuredly have done, she said, "Come in!" and Shaw entered.

"Oh! is that you, Shaw? I was just going to ring. Can you tell me in which of those drawers in the lobby that white and gold cloak of mine is? It's too dark in there to find anything, even at this hour, without a light," she said, quietly accounting for the one on her dressing-table. "I can think of no cloak I have that will go so well with my new satin, and you know I want it to-night."

"There's your swan-down, Miss, in the top drawer there, and nothin' could be more becomin', I am sure," said Shaw, who knew well both how to flatter and how to save herself trouble.

"It is too heavy," said Geraldine, coldly. "You may get the one from the lobby, and I will look at it after lunch." And she walked out of the room, leaving the feeble light to be extinguished by her indignant mien.

The letters, reduced to ashes, during the servants' dinner hour, she carefully collected and scattered to the four winds, while poor Sally wandered about the garden, watching for the postman who never came.

Dr. Smith and his bride did not go abroad, as Sally expected. They spent a week at Brighton, and then went up to establish themselves in their London home, a furnished house previously engaged by the doctor. From that home came word that Lena would be glad to have Geraldine and Tottie for a few weeks. Geraldine went alone.

(To be continued).

THE DEATH OF GORDON.

By "NOTOS."

Let the south wind tell her story,
As she comes, and as she goes ;
Other winds may sing of glory,
Others sound the note of woes.
But in this, a major measure,
Let a minor plaintive swell,
Rounding out with saddest pleasure—
Tale oft told—how Gordon fell.
Thou art fallen—soldier—hero—
Noblest in the land !
Duty called thee, and thou gavest
Life at her command !
Forward like a meteor flashing,
Thou wert seen afar,
On thy dazzling course advancing,
Earth's most radiant star—
Forward, for their sakes, his brethren
Shut within Khartoum,
Through the thick of Arabs hostile,
To avert their doom.
What to thee the midnight-watches,
Toils that ne'er were done ?
Calm thou said'st, " My life the forfeit,
Or the victory won."
What avails to tell the story,
Danger night and day—
Urgent messages unheeded—
England's base delay ?
Till o'er all her wide dominion,
To the farthest shore,
Rang the circling cry of sorrow—
" Gordon is no more !"
Shame to England—to her statesmen
Then who held the helm !
" Shame !" the outcry of the nation,
Peals from all the realm !
Yet will England be avengéd
Of her son laid low ;
Sure, though late, unerring justice
Shall o'ertake the foe.
Thou art fallen—soldier—hero—
Noblest in the land !
Duty called thee, and thou gavest
Life at her command !
What remains, but raise thy statue
'Neath the Southern Cross,
Sad memorial of thy greatness,
And of Britain's loss ?

ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

By W. LOCKHART MORTON.

No XII.—NEW SOUTH WALES.—RECLAIMING THE WILDERNESS.

Having secured the right to hold an area of dry country far inland and remote from civilisation, and obstructed by almost insurmountable difficulties in obtaining the necessaries of life or in communicating with the outside world, the next step to be taken was the commencement of a settlement.

For some years, back country continued to be regarded as of doubtful value. It ought to be borne constantly in mind that without the successful navigation of the River Darling, the whole of the north-western angle of New South Wales, and the Darling frontage stations themselves, from a practicable distance above Wentworth to the Queensland boundary, could not be profitably settled. There is no use in growing wool when the cost of its carriage to market is almost equal to its selling price. The same difficulties apply to the transport of the necessaries of life, other necessaries, wire, tools, and machinery. I believe there is no river in the whole world like the Darling. It is occasionally navigable for a distance of nearly 2000 miles, but there is no natural law in existence which can be depended upon to bring about such a result. Not unfrequently, when a report reaches the Murray that a rise in the Darling is coming down, boats and barges laden with stores lie at the mouth of the Darling, awaiting its arrival. On the arrival of the water at Wentworth they start up the river, only to find that the rise is a mere wave, as when a child upsets a bucket of water into a gutter to float away a cork or a chip of wood. A boat may come down stream on such a wave by merely keeping on its crest; but it is impossible to go far up. I

may here mention that such is the elastic character of the bills of lading in use on the Darling, that boat-owners are at liberty to discharge cargo, not at its port of destination, but as near thereto "as the state of the river will permit." I may further mention here that on one occasion about £2000 worth of goods I sent from Melbourne, of necessity by way of South Australia, did not reach Wilcannia for over two years. The doubtful value of dry back blocks, and the state of the River Darling, induced me not to commence the work of reclamation during the first five years' lease. A new appraisal was then made to fix the rental, which was continued at the previous rate, proving that the Government appraiser, a thoroughly experienced, able, and honest officer, recognised the enormous difficulties the lessees had to contend against. During all those years I paid rent always in advance; and of course it was all lost money for the time.

With a renewed lease in 1877, I started with my eldest son and a hired man to commence a settlement on four of the Rankin's Hill blocks, near Cobar. Having previously, through a friend, purchased a contractor's plant on the Darling, we went by coach to Wilcannia, and then to Nelyambo. Leaving the man there, we rode out by a well, now known as "Jacob's Well." Men were then at work there, and fresh water had been reached in a horizontal bed of sandstone shortly before. The stone appeared to resemble dripstone, and, taking a pick, I made a small cavity in a stone and filled it with water, which, in a few minutes, sank into the stone. Thence we went to Barneto, a remarkable depression which receives

the drainage of a large area, especially from a system of ranges to the north of it. There, as elsewhere, the surface soil of new country is so loose and absorbent that little or no water flows into depressions or creeks; but when the area around Barneto is thoroughly consolidated by stock it must become a permanent lake. At the edge of this large clay-pan the blacks had long ago excavated a small hole, which has been dignified by the name of a native well. Barneto is the name they had given to this small water tank, and the name has not been changed. A small tank had been made by the lessees, and it was then full. Several blocks, including Barneto, I had unfortunately parted with, when I almost gave away three-fourths of the area I had originally secured. A contractor was engaged in sinking a large water-tank in the clay-pan, and I examined with great interest some large blocks of stone, which he had found in the excavation. They were extremely hard, water-worn stones, about three feet in length and a foot square. One end was considerably larger than the other, and, strange to say, they were found on end—the larger end up. There are other stones in the near neighbourhood, but they consist of coarse sand, cemented by iron—a local production of recent date. The water-worn stones, no doubt, belong to the tertiary period, but what brought them there? Whence did they come? And why were they on end and standing on their smaller end? No natural law could have placed them upright on their smaller end. It must have been done by human hands in some very remote period. There is a remarkable absence throughout Australia of anything proving the antiquity of the blacks. If these stones, found about six feet below the surface, were set up on their small ends by the blacks, it must have been done about 2000 years ago. I consider that it would be an over estimate to suppose that the surface of such a large swamp, in a dry climate, could be raised more than an inch in twenty-five years, or one foot in three hundred years, equal to six feet in eighteen hundred years.

These stones alone would not perhaps prove that black fellows had lived at

Barneto in the remote past. There was a conclusive proof furnished when I was there watching the men ploughing up the clay within the tank, then about eight feet deep. Patches composed entirely of burnt clay in nodules like brickbats were being turned up, doubtless the cooking places or kilns of the inhabitants—whoever they were—probably about, if not before, the birth of Christ. This is the only testimony I have ever met with of the antiquity of our poor black brothers. Barneto is just such a locality as would be likely to furnish evidence of the antiquity of our black fellows. It is the centre of a depressed region, where sufficient water to supply their wants would generally be found, surrounded by extensive and well stocked hunting grounds; and where their camping ground in ancient times has been covered up very slowly by deposits of white clay brought by water into the depression.

When we had viewed the four blocks which now form the two stations known as The Meadows and Springfield, we returned to Nelyambo, got together our draught horses and drays, and journeyed down to Wilcannia for goods lying there. We then travelled with our outfit by Nelyambo to Barneto. Twenty miles from the latter place, however, I had to measure on foot the distance to Barneto from the termination of a line which had been cleared and measured by the Messrs. Campbell for sixty miles out from the Darling. Without ascertaining the position of Barneto, I could not have found approximately where my blocks commenced. From Barneto we had to clear a track, and measure the distance to the spot on which we settled. We had hired another man on the way, and we now set to work to make a water tank, with drains leading into it. All the natural water we could find was used up by the horses in two days, and for three months every drop of water for ourselves and horses had to be carted from Barneto—fourteen miles off. So much time was wasted in carting water that the tank was long in hand. When it was finished we waited for rain, examining all parts of our four hundred square miles, and carting water from Barneto all the time. No rain came. For fourteen nights in

succession we had white frosts. My thermometer went down nightly, to ten, twelve, and fourteen degrees below the freezing point. A drizzling rain came at last, but, as it gave us no water and made carting water almost impossible, our patience was greatly tried. Information arriving from Wilcannia that flour had gone up to £70 per ton, and every other necessary in proportion, we were forced to abandon our settlement. When the Darling remains for a time unnavigable, it is so uncertain when it may become open again, that the holders of flour and other goods quickly raise their prices—and the longer it remains closed prices go up the higher—flour up perhaps to £100 per ton. There is nothing to be gained by pioneers and others laying in a stock of flour. A station owner on the Darling, on one occasion, before he acquired experience, sent fifty tons of flour to his station, but the greater portion of it soon became unfit for human food—destroyed completely by weevils. Another got a large number of small iron tanks filled with flour fresh from the mill, and closed them securely, as he thought. In a few months, when the tanks were opened, the flour was infested with the pest.

The difficulties in providing artificial water on dry blocks of back country, are known only to those who undertake the task. I have already shown that from the very first, our attempt to form a settlement at Rankin's Hill entailed upon us the necessity of carting all water required for ourselves and horses from a tank on a neighbouring station, fourteen miles distant. This we did for three months, waiting for rain which came not. Had rain come and filled our small tank, the supply of water would have been used till we could have excavated a tank, say of 2000 cubic yards. From three to twelve months would then have been spent in waiting for rain to fill the second tank. When the second tank became full, its contents would have been required by a contractor's horses, whilst he excavated a 10,000 cubic yard tank. The time required to finish the third tank would have been from three to four months, and in all probability this third tank would not have been filled

for six or twelve months after it was finished; but till this latter event happened, no stock could have been brought upon the country. Thus, in the reclamation of dry country, for a long period there are no returns—nothing but outlay—not to speak of the hard life to be endured and the rough characters the pioneer has to come into contact with. Surely those engaged in extending the available area of a colony, should not be placed on a level with those who travel with their flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, and sit down on a permanent water frontage.

When we found that flour had gone up to £70 per ton, that the winter months had passed without filling our tank, thoroughly disheartened with having to cart water fourteen miles month after month, we determined to abandon the task as hopeless for the time. One of our men at Rankin's Hill used constantly to sing a Jacobite song, the refrain of which was "Will ye no come back again," etc. It was prophetic. We went not back again, but sold our right to the lease.

Between 1877 and 1880 dry back blocks—in consequence of the great increase of stock and the hostile attitude of the democracy of this colony towards the pastoral interest—had come into demand and had increased in value. In 1880 I therefore resolved to form a settlement on the blocks I held to the north-east of the Toro-woto Swamp, and about forty miles from the Queensland boundary—the region I had travelled over and examined in 1871. The far back country on the right bank of the Darling I had long regarded as superior to that on the left bank, the soil being less sandy, and good "catches" for collecting rain-water being numerous. Besides, the region bordering on Queensland, it has generally been understood, is always likely to receive some of the sub-tropical rains, which towards the end of the year fall in southern Queensland. A supply of necessaries had been sent by South Australia, to be taken up the Murray and Darling to Wilcannia; and in April of that year, having purchased horses and a waggonette, we took them by

rail to Deniliquin, and I drove thence, camping out all the way, accompanied by my youngest son and a hired servant, to a spot in latitude 30° S., and longitude $142^{\circ} 40'$ E. We there began a temporary settlement on the only pool of natural water we could find—a shallow basin in one of the numerous branches of Bootra Creek, which, rising on the northern slope of the Yonken Bollo Ranges, flows north-westerly into Lake Altiboulka. The distance we had to drive from Deniliquin was about 550 miles, and the time occupied was nearly a month. We named our settlement Salisbury Downs, in allusion to the Salisbury Plains station, which I had previously held in Victoria.

One contractor was immediately started to put up a horse-paddock one mile square, and another to excavate a tank. Our shallow pool of water soon became exhausted, and we had to cart water several times from a neighbour's tank ten miles distant. The winter proved dry, but occasional slight showers put some water into the numerous shallow clay-pans, enough generally to supply the contractors' horses. Two men were put on to sink a trial shaft for water, and when the horse-paddock was completed, the same contractor began to build a cottage, kitchen, and store. All the timber for the buildings had to be carted a distance of twenty-two miles from a clump of pine trees known to the black fellows. This pine, judging by the seed vessels, appears to be identical with the Murray pine, but it grows in a different manner; for the trees do not grow as on the Murray and Darling with one single straight trunk, but in clusters something like scrub pine—or a single stem divides into a number of trunks one or two feet above the surface. This habit, however, is probably due to the soil and climate. As every work was let by contract, accompanied by my youngest son and a blackfellow named Wambe, we made long journeys over the blocks during the winter months. Wambe's main duty was to start at daybreak, find our horses, and bring them up to the camp. The blacks are extremely valuable for this kind of work, and in-

dependent of this, Wambe, who was a very intelligent specimen of the race, amused us by the way and at our camp fires by his humour and story-telling. At one camp I directed his attention to the full moon, and explained to him what it was, and to the stars, and told him of the "Big One Master" who made them all. Wambe gazed for a minute at the moon and said, "Me think it liket grindstone." At another camp Wambe had made his small fire by the root of a dead mulga tree—a most unusual thing for a black to do; the fire ran up, burning the dry bark, and caught a small branch which burned like a lamp. Wambe drew our attention to the dim glimmering light, and exclaimed, "Now am a publican." My son (Algie) took a great interest in the poor black fellows, inquiring into their rites, customs, and language, and took much trouble to give answers to a list of questions printed for Mr. Carr, the Chief Inspector of Stock in Victoria, prior to the publication of his book. Like all savage tribes, they seem to believe that they can produce rain by performing certain elaborate rites. Whenever our supply of water began to fail, some of the men would come to us, to comfort us with the assurance that "by and by" they were going to make rain, but this was always followed by the injunction to keep their intention secret from the females. "Bael" (*no* or *not*) "you tellum lubra" was invariably enjoined. One day a black, known as Long Jemmie, appeared shorn of his whiskers and flowing beard, and, on enquiry, we learned that under the impulse of "an enthusiasm of self-sacrifice" he had parted with his ornaments to be used for the purpose of rain-making. On a fixed day all the principal men went away secretly to a spring called Bingywilpa to go through the necessary rites and incantations. No rain came. As an excuse, they pretended that the whole process had been rendered of no avail in consequence of the men having returned to their families, instead of remaining isolated for a period. Overseer Charlie, who was at a neighbouring station, was highly incensed when he learned the facts, and, splitting emu bones into thin sharp-pointed bodkins,

he tied them up in two bundles, and sent them to be distributed amongst the erring rain-makers. With these they were to perform an act of "self-sacrifice" by lacerating themselves. Some of the unfortunate creatures did this with too much "enthusiasm," and for some days were hardly able to move about. One of the blacks gave us an account of some of the rites performed in rain-making. The hair taken from a black's beard is cut into short lengths, and mixed with blood drawn from another's arm. The mixture is put into the water, and what they call a "rain-stone," suspended by a string, is dipped into the water. The true rain-stone is supposed to be a small pudding-stone, but the blacks seem to regard such as sacred and to be kept concealed. I was once shown what its owner called a rain-stone. I found it was the stopper of a decanter. Enquiring where he had got it, I could evoke no other answer than "me make um." In referring to drawing blood for rain-making purposes, it may interest the medical profession to state that the operation is identical with that practised by our surgeons. I may also mention here, that the blacks practise what is equivalent to cupping for the removal of internal pains. The only difference is that the mouth of the operator is used instead of a cupping glass. In cases of snake-bite, they always use this kind of cupping. If white men would follow their example fewer lives would be lost; but a very simple mode of cupping should always be resorted to in the bush. This consists in putting a square inch of lighted paper into an egg cup or wine glass, and instantly inverting it over the wound. If the wound has been inflicted by a snake, the partial vacuum, caused by the burning paper, serves to force the poison out of the wound. It is a fatal mistake to make an incision, or to scarify the part, for when the skin is broken only at one point the pressure of the atmosphere forces the poison out by it; whereas, if an incision is made, blood comes freely from the fresh made wound to fill up the vacuum, leaving the virus unmoved.

The following curious illustration of medical practice may be mentioned.

Our black fellow Wambe becoming unwell, we gave him some medicine. He got no better, but worse. An old black fellow took the case up. Tying a bandage round his own arm above the elbow, he opened a vein, and caught about a pint of blood in a panikin, giving it to the patient, who drank it off. At first I thought the object in giving him the blood to drink was simply to strengthen him but I learned afterwards that it was merely an emetic, which acted powerfully, and Wambe soon recovered.

Great disputes arose sometimes amongst the blacks at their camp. On one occasion a quarrel arose between two of the men about a female, and other men of the tribe were drawn into the dispute, till the following singular "incident" occurred between the younger of the claimants and an old man, in the presence of some of the white men, who had gone to the blacks' camp to learn the cause of the disturbance. The old man stood motionless, and the younger man approached him with a boomerang in his hand, and struck him on the crown of the head with the sharp edge, producing a severe cut. The old man, who could hardly see through the flowing blood, then struck the other in the same manner. This, it would appear, was some ordeal for the final settlement of the contention, for there was peace afterwards.

The early summer proved dry, and near the end of the year the station had to be abandoned through want of water; but the men had got only twelve miles away, when a great thunder storm, with heavy rain, enabled them to return.

At the beginning of May, 1881, five inches of rain fell in three days, and just before the first sheep arrived. From that date till the beginning of the present year no good rainfall took place. There was always rain to produce vegetation, but not to fill tanks. The terrible drought of the last three years then followed. At the beginning of 1882, in consequence of a great flood in the Bulloo river in Queensland, an immense body of water flowed over the boundary of Queensland into New South Wales, filling the Bullogurra claypan or basin, forming a sheet of water

about ninety miles long by thirty in width. This water came sixteen miles upon the station. The weather was fearfully warm, but by travelling the sheep by night they reached it; some of the men, however, could not follow, and nearly perished before they were rescued. There was still no local rain to fill the tanks, but in the winter of 1882, in company with my youngest two sons, we lived in tents on the edge of the great flood water and lambed the sheep there. When I think now of the troubles and hardships, and ever-recurring annoyances we were then subjected to, I often wish I could blot them from my memory. The only water we had for use was the thick white water of the great basin. This had to be cleared by burned gypsum according to the following process:—The gypsum was burned, pounded into powder, and half-a-pint of it was boiled in cleared water in a bucket, which was then emptied into a 400 gallon tank of muddy water and well mixed. In three or four hours the water was clear enough to use in cooking, or for making tea or coffee, but no one ever thought of drinking it. Our tents had been ordered from Wilcannia, and afforded little or no shelter from the slightest shower. Some storekeepers make great profits by keeping rubbish for sale in the distant interior.

Amidst all our troubles and difficulties, the Government appraiser arrived—one of those gentlemen who had undertaken, under the Act of 1880, to give a fair and honest appraisal of the true value of dry back country, “in its natural state.” Such appraisers raised the rents 1,000 per cent. The lessees, of course, were not consulted.

In the winter of 1882 stations far and near were running short of water. From some of them 12,000 head of cattle had been turned adrift to shift for themselves, and this immense herd came down upon us, amongst our lambing sheep. Everyone seemed to regard the great flood water as common property. Permission had been given to a lessee to bring 16,000 of his sheep to the margin of the water on the Salisbury Downs blocks, and this permission was soon after taken advantage of as giving him a right to open a stock-road

for his cattle on their way to Queensland. The fences were broken down and left unrepaired, and the cattle were driven into our tanks, destroying them and the water. The greatest enemies the pioneer has to beware of are white savages; when kindly but firmly treated the poor black fellows are gentlemen. It appears, moreover, that there is no redress to be obtained by lessees for such lawless acts, done by lawless individuals.

There is one very considerable source of trouble and loss in pastoral districts—the insecurity of boundary fences. A mere six-wire fence, between one station and another, is not sufficient to prevent sheep escaping into neighbouring flocks. Some stations lose hundreds of sheep annually, and others gain them. Where something like honesty is observed between stations, the majority of stray sheep are no doubt recovered, with much trouble and expense; but where there is an absence of honesty the fleece is either taken off by mistake, and the sheep returned to their owners, or they are shorn, branded, and turned out with the station sheep, and their rightful owner never sees them again. A secure boundary fence is urgently required, and the lessees might well offer a prize for a fence that would be secure without being too costly.

During the winter of 1882 a water tank, of 11,000 cubic yards capacity, when finished, was filled from the flood water. A drain three-quarters of a mile long had to be cut, and the tank was filled in three hours. A wide deep canal over five miles long was then excavated, to carry the flood water into a dry lake. The theodolite for taking the level had, however, been damaged on the way from Melbourne, and a correct level could not be taken.

When camping on the open level country by the canal, a young man who watched the contractor's horses by night informed me that a great comet was visible before sunrise. My youngest son had previously noticed the other comet. This great comet I had the pleasure of observing before it reached its perihelion. Its tail, then very short, came into view first, then the nucleus, followed by the sun. After it

had passed its perihelion the tail expanded in dimensions, till it became one of the most magnificent objects ever beheld. When the Melbourne papers reached us afterwards, I learned that some one suggested that it was identical with the comet seen in Australia in 1843. The comet of that year, however, had two tails, and, although it was a splendid object, it possessed not the gorgeous magnificence of the comet of 1882.

It has often been remarked that troubles never come singly. Some come as an effect of others. The unequal warfare with nature, and in protecting our interests, leading to personal exposure in camping out without shelter unexpectedly, was probably the cause of an attack of rheumatic fever happening to my third son in the month of November. When he could be removed I brought him to Melbourne, leaving the youngest on the station, much against my wish, but in accordance with his own. Four weeks after we left the station he too was attacked with rheumatic fever, and died ten days later with no one near him but strangers, in February, 1883.

The drought continuing, in September, 1883, we were suddenly informed that the water on the station was nearly all gone. Accompanied by my youngest surviving son, but contrary to my wish, for he had never fully recovered from the previous attack of rheumatic fever, we hurried up to the station. The sheep had before our arrival all been removed to a neighbouring station, belonging to Mr. Quin. A thunder-shower fell over one tank, enabling the unshorn sheep to return to the station, but the rains which usually fall in October did not come. On two occasions great thunder-clouds came up from the north-west. When they reached within four or five miles of us on the first occasion, they suddenly divided; the main body, going south produced a great flood at stations in that direction. On the second occasion a most extraordinary phenomenon was observed. Great black clouds were coming direct for us. There was vivid lightning and loud thunder. By the interval between the flash and the report the discharge of electri-

city could not be over four miles distant. I could see the rain falling to the ground in torrents. Suddenly a dense but isolated cloud of dust, which seemed to be raised by a descending wind, was swept up to the thunder-clouds. The lightning and thunder instantly ceased, and the clouds melted away—and our last hopes also. At that moment eight thousand sheep were standing crowded in and around a tank, where they had been immovable for twenty-four hours, and must have all perished there had the cool downward current of air not come. All this occurred, as usual in such cases, through indolence and mismanagement.

The drought had extended its ravages everywhere. There was no road passable through want of water, and all river frontages were without food. In company with my youngest surviving son I started for Wilcannia, however, to get a drover with horses to try to remove the sheep which had not already perished. When we reached Mr. Quin's Tarella station my son was again attacked with rheumatic fever. For several weeks I could not leave him. During this time the overseer and men in charge of the sheep abandoned them. Some of the men afterwards helped to collect them, and out of over 30,000 less than 9000 were mustered, and sold at 2s. 9d. a-head. On the very day these sheep crossed the Darling, rain fell on the station, giving abundance of water. When my son had recovered sufficiently to stand the journey, I brought him to Melbourne, in January, 1884. He never regained health, and died on May 15th of the present year.

I have thus given my experience as a pioneer in New South Wales. It is a dark picture, and full of regrets. It is a fearfully unequal contest for any man to engage in. The warfare with hostile natural laws is incessant—the help he can obtain in the shape of human labour is generally so unreliable and so worthless, that everything is liable to go wrong. A really efficient manager of such stations should possess nearly all the qualities of the general of an army. Meanwhile, to all the pioneer's troubles the Legislature is ever engaged in adding more

by changing the laws and increasing the rents. Thus for over two years all station improvements have been stopped, station property has been rendered unsaleable, and the value of stations is unknown till the enemy, the mortgagee, comes in like a flood, and then the pioneer is done for.

NOTABLE COACHING.

By J. H.

To "go gaily and glad of heart up and down through the world" is Shaksperian advice, which it were well if all could follow. If such prescription cannot always be taken, then the next best thing will be to take it as often as opportunity offers. Very little, however, of the gay and glad of heart travelling is to be done upon railways. We pay very heavily indeed for such expeditious mode of transit. But then as we have to pay, more or less dearly, for everything we willingly get in the world, we become reconciled to the imposition; or, what is the same thing in effect, we grow philosophic, not to say callous, about it. If we can see but little or nothing by the way when whirled along upon the rails, we get quickly to the journey's end. The time, if unpleasantly spent, has been shortened; and time of that sort cannot be too much shortened. The French aptly imply in their proverbial "bad quarter of an hour," the seemingly long suffering of an apparently short period.

To those disliking locomotion in any way, and there are many such, railway travelling is, in its speed, what Artemus Ward would call "a sweet boon." With such expedition there is, however, an end to the best that can be said of it. What remains in its praise is mere detail; it is "veni" and "vinci" truly, with the traveller by the rail, but not "vidi." He has come through, and so quickly, that time and space have been conquered in the journey; but little or nothing has been seen, and of what has

been seen there has been no admiration, nor any time for it. The Bird of Paradise, seen on the wing only, affords small opportunity in its rapid flight for admiring its plumage. We wish it to stay steady for a while, that we may see and admire it upon a tree. In railway travelling, we similarly see things upon the wing only, and are whisked past this, that, and the other, in a way that, when thought of afterwards, causes but regrets.

Those after regrets! how much we know of them—those lost opportunities which never come again! What remorse we feel when thinking of them. "I never will forgive myself for missing that sight, when I had such a good chance for seeing it!" is an expression of regret heard often enough. I have heard it more than once from one who, heedlessly passing through America *en route* from Australia to England, missed seeing Niagara. There was little excuse to be made, on the score of delay or expense, for so missing that one of the great sights of a lifetime. The delay would have been but of two days' duration, and of no consequence, and the extra expense was, admittedly, a mere nothing. Another returned colonist had gone through London by rail to a Lancashire destination, from which Liverpool was the sea-port when his returning time came. "What a fool I was to lose that chance of seeing London! I could have stayed, too, in company with those who wanted me to stay, and who could have shown me all the sights. I shall never again have

the opportunity, so lost!" If "a sorrow's crown of sorrow" is, as Tennyson tells us, the "remembering happier things," then the lesser coronet of trouble may be said to be the recalling of lost chances—lost by our own folly, or want of forethought, or of more thought, on the subject.

The railways have not as yet, however, destroyed the sight of all the good things which are to be seen when upon wheels. There are some notable coach drives yet to be taken in the world, which will repay in pleasure any and all trouble taken about them. For the present generation, accustomed from the cradle to be boxed up in railway carriages when travelling, it will be well for them that so much be remembered. The advantage of coaching lies mainly in the animal life of the whole journey. Humanity and horseflesh are more akin than man and the steam engine. There is affinity, companionship, fellow-feeling, and geniality in coach travelling, not to be found by us, when, tied to the tail of a locomotive, we are locked up in semi-canisters, and rushed along through cuttings, that are to passengers as dirty ditches, or as prison walls seen through barred windows.

The pleasures of the eye are all in all to the traveller. Missing that grand essential, travel becomes, as travel only, little worth the taking. To sit in a railway carriage and read, with the print shimmering and joggling about, is poor work for the eyes—poor, indeed, as a substitute for the scenic delights in which they should be revelling. Card-playing cannot always be substituted for reading; and, indeed, is not always a safe thing to indulge in when one's company is not known; or, as too often turns out to be the case, not sufficiently known.

"I wish I had got into your carriage," said a fellow-passenger from Sydney to me, when alighting at the journey's end. "I have been quite cleaned out at euchre among the fellows I got amongst!"

As substitutes for reading or card-playing in railway travelling, there remain but conversation and sleep. Those who can find good conversable company find a good thing, no doubt; but then good things are not

easily found, and, indeed, are proverbially scarce. To sleep it is necessary to have a where to lay one's head, and that natural want makes much trouble. Our companions upon the same seat, to right and left of one, object to have said head upon their shoulders, and our opposite neighbour equally objects to its falling upon his stomach.

It comes to this, therefore, that to go up and down the world, as Shakspeare advises travellers to do, with gaiety and gladness of heart, it is necessary that we should go occasionally in the fashion of his times. Seeing by the way, what the road opens up to view, is what I have been able to do only when upon coach journeys. It has fallen to my good fortune to have had several good things in the coaching way. I cannot say that the opportunities came to me, for in fact I went to them. He that makes his opportunities is said to do better than he who only takes advantage of what chance offers. If I went out of my way to do so, why then all the wiser on my part, if I know anything about the right use of life, or of money, or of time, or of travel. We are always going out of our way for something or other all through life, and, as often as not, profit by doing so.

I know that I profited muchly in the way of eyesight enjoyment when I took that coach drive of seventy miles from Galle to Colombo. A memorable drive indeed was that one, inasmuch as it made an Eastern world traveller of one who was going quietly away from Australia to England by the ordinary mail-steamer passage. It is a loss indeed to those who would see lovely scenery, that the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers no longer call at Galle. To make Colombo the port of call, now that the harbour has been made a safe one, may be, and I daresay is, good policy. Into all the calculations on the subject, however, there never likely entered a thought of the loss to passengers of the lovely Wakhwallah drive at Galle, and of all the beauty of the longer drive thence to Colombo. In matters of business the breaking of hearts is never reckoned on the *per contra* side, nor in changes of road are such matters

as the picturesque ever brought into account.

It was at Point de Galle that I was landed on a bright May morning, there to await until next day the leaving of the steamer, *en route* thence to Bombay and the Red Sea. The after-dinner drive around the Wakhwallah district opened one's eyes to astonishingly novel scenery—the scenery of the Eastern world. It was chiefly arboricultural and horticultural in character thereabout, but that was enough—it was so different in every way, and all ways for the better, from the gum-tree characteristics of Australia.

“Is there anything further in the way of such drives to be seen hereabout?” I asked.

“Yes, there's a drive of seventy miles from here to Colombo, through such scenery as you have been to-day for the whole way. The coach leaves Galle at nine in the morning, and gets to Colombo at seven in the evening, the horses being changed every seven miles.”

Such information sufficed. I took my portmanteau away from the steamer, and wished its people good-bye and a pleasant passage. The next steamer, or any one after that, would do just as well for me, if there were such beauties to be seen in Ceylon as my eyes had that day feasted upon. A ticket was got for a box-seat on the coach next morning, and I slept with the happy feeling that I had, favoured by fortune, got into a new and better world. It is a veritable Garden of Eden all around that Point de Galle end of Ceylon, or was at least so to eyes that for twenty-four years had been regarding only Australian scenery. Such scenery is no doubt very good, but the change to that of the tropics was certainly a variation with much of charm in it.

The little stage-coach, which runs through from Galle to Colombo, is accompanied on its seven-mile stages by the ostler or assistant ostler from the scene of the last change. All through the East, down to Egypt, this running-footman business seemed to be the fashion. At first it looked as curious and as cruel work as, when first seen, does riding in palanquins and

palkis. To be so carried about on the shoulders of one's fellow men, is what the white man does not expect to happen to him in his lifetime, or, at least, not while he remains unwounded. The running ostler is, however, similarly with the palki bearers, soon seen to be in no way distressed by his exertions, and his taking trouble, now and again, off the driver's hands helps to accelerate the journey.

The day's drive was one made over a smooth and level road, through a grove of tropical vegetation for the whole distance. All the way through to Colombo it ran, did this lovely road, within a hundred feet of the sea, the brightly green waters of which, tipped with whitening wavelets, were visible to us beneath the boughs of the cocoa-nut and the leaves of the banana and pine-apple trees. On the other side of the road ran a similar grand show of pine-apples, bananas, and cocoa-nuts—the cocoa-nut being king. This tree is very much in the kingly way, not only on this road, but all round the sea-coast of Ceylon, to which happy island it appears to be indigenous. The air is redolent of the smell of its oil, and of its burning shells. The hair of the natives, also, both men and women, between whom in appearance there is but little difference, shines with this cocoa-nut extract. Whether it be due to the effect of this or not, it is visible enough that the hair so anointed is very luxuriant. Outside of this grove of trees grows for many a mile the famous Ceylon cinnamon, which is indigenous to the island, whether the cocoa-nut, banana and pine-apple be so or not.

At the seven mile stages a quarter of an hour's rest enabled every traveller to get a cocoa-nut to himself. The drink thereout proved very welcome as the day warmed up, which it does, and very perceptibly too, towards noon. Only the natives can get the cocoa-nuts. They grow at the top of the trees, some forty or fifty feet out of reach; and the trees have no branches, and are not straight enough for supporting a ladder. The natives, however, climb them in a way learnt from childhood, which consequently gives them no trouble. Where there is

plenty there is sure to be waste, and it so seemed in the way these cocoa-nuts were thrown aside when the milk had been extracted, after the fashion in which eggs are sucked. The height and number of the tall cocoa-nut trees, and their umbrella-like tops, well shaded the road throughout this delightful coach drive.

There is more to be seen than the trees on this drive, as the huts of the natives nestle about or between the roots of them. The cocoa-nut tree is to them as the pig to the Irish cotter—it pays the rent. Cingalee and his family are to be seen in these huts at work on cocoa-nut products—extracting oil, and making coils of the fibre of the outer shell. To the other side of the road he is to be seen on the sea shore, or in his strangely shaped catamaran boat, fishing peacefully—when not swearing at the sharks for spoiling his sport.

If the homeward bound voyager from Australia will debark at Port Said at the end of the canal, a passage may be taken thence in another steamer, which in a further day's time will reach Beyrout. This pretty Syrian seaport lies at the foot of the Lebanon Range. Across this is the grand French Road, as it is called—having been made by a French company. On this road runs a six-horsed coach of extra large size and convenience for travellers. Everything is on a like grand scale—the Lebanon Hills—the wide road—the six horses and the capacious coach. The very sight of the road and this grand conveyance over it is cheering to one's spirits, as I mount to an outside seat beside the driver, on a lovely breezy morning.

My destination on this occasion is to Baalbec and its ruins, to reach which I shall leave the coach before the end of its journey, and go on the next morning by other conveyance. The road lies over easily accessible hills—there is nothing very mountainous about this part of Lebanon. As remarkable as its large area, stretching away far as the eye can see, is the excellence of the land and the good uses to which it is put. Lebanon gets its name from the whiteness of its chalky stone, of which its sides show so much. Among its

woods and willow groves, its olive and mulberry plantations, its vineyards, orchards, cornfields, and beehives, there is, spite of the many scores of villages scattered among its slopes, much of nature and its solitude all undisturbed. These "Delectable Mountains" are inhabited nearly throughout by two sects of Syrians—the Druses and the Maronites. They are strange folks in their ways, and not comfortable neighbours to each other, or to any other of mankind. Somewhat of the causes of the non-settlement of the unoccupied land is thus to be accounted for.

Vines and olives grow to perfection here. The vines are strangely left to lie upon the ground, quite unsupported. Every nation has its own way of rearing the vine. In Italy we see it carried along upon strings from one tree branch to another. In France it is, as in Australia, trained upon sticks. The mulberry tree comes after the olive and the vine in the attention it receives here—the silk being sold in its unspun or cocoon state. Our stages are fifteen-mile ones upon this journey, and at one stage of it we are favoured with the novel sight of a Druse wedding party. The women are of course veiled, in the prevalent Syrian fashion, but the veil with the Druses depends from a projecting horn, of unicorn shape, worn on the forehead, and called the "tantour." It is, we see, perpendicularly, angularly, and horizontally placed—denoting by such position whether its wearer be matron, wife, or maid. It has a practical use, therefore, this tantour, in addition to lending a dignity to the wearer's appearance, the which it certainly does. In this aspect of the matter it competes with, if it be not superior to, the gracefully worn head-veils of the ladies of Genoa.

This drive over the Lebanon is altogether a delightful one. The fresh air, the splendid scenery, and the novelty of what is seen, all help to make it so. There is a lively springing motion in a vehicle drawn by six good horses and going at a rattling pace, which helps much to exhilaration. Away to one side is seen a dark object, as of a cloud resting on the mountain side. This is one of the

few clumps of the famous cedars, still to be found hereabouts.

"The trees of the Lord—the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted"—is a remembrance from the Psalms, which increases our interest in these Bible-trees. If we begin Biblical quotations, however, as to these cedars, we may go on for long—so many are the scriptural references made to them. They seek solitary heights for their lonely grandeur, do these trees, which are gradually becoming scarcer, and so seemingly going heavenward as their earthly time closes. No other tree grows on these mountains at the heights to which the cedars attain. The Turkish rule dominates here, and where that power reigns all things of value are sacrificed. These splendid trees have thus gone for the Turks' profit, and no plantations been made to supply the place of those despoiled.

Our stage driver has sad tales to tell of the massacres which have occurred in the villages of these pleasant hills. To look upon them is to see nothing but what should bespeak an altogether different report. To dwell hereabout would seem to insure a healthy, happy, and peaceful life, away from the world and all its strife—its cares, troubles, and turmoil. So deceiving is it to judge by appearances, that the very opposite of such ideas is the real fact. The Maronites, Druses, Mohammedans, and Christians, make anything but a happy family. Religious discords breed quarrels, fighting, and foul massacres, and that by hundreds at a time, in these arcadian looking retreats. Women and children are then alike sacrificed—as many as three hundred having been killed in one village here, no further back than 1860.

From these Lebanon mountains run rills, that make in their courses rivers of immortal names. Of these are the Jordan, the Orontes, the Litany, and Abana—which, similarly with most of the rivers of New Zealand, are of no service to navigation. I am come to my limit, in this drive, at Sheturah—a caravanserai of a place in a pleasant mountain valley. My coach companions go on towards Damascus, whither I have been before by another route. Here I stay for the night, well

content with the excellent Lebanon wine and the mild Turkish tobacco, supplied by mine host and his many handmaidens, after a dinner eaten with the keen appetite sharpened by a day's drive in purest mountain air. The invalid seeking invigoration would do well, I think, to stay here for a month or so, in place of making such a fly-away visit as I am doing.

The tropical, scenic beauties of that drive through the grove of seventy miles length from Galle to Colombo are memorable matters. So also has been the very different scenery of this splendid drive over the Lebanon Range among out-of-the-world villages, in which the primitive fashions of the unalterable East are so conspicuously prevalent. But there is yet another grand drive to be told of, very different in character altogether from these two, and yet equally well worth taking. Indeed it has that spice of danger about it which would, with many, give an additional relish to its strangely wild scenery. Gordon, our Australian poet, has told us of the seasoning which is so given to adventure by such possibilities of danger:—

"That game was never worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
In which no accident—no mishap
Might ever mar the day."

Those who visit New Zealand go, for the majority of them, from Dunedin to Christchurch, and thence on by rail to Lyttelton and by steamship to Wellington. In so doing they miss a drive through the Switzerland of the south, and the seeing of Switzer-like scenery, equalling anything to be seen in Europe. This land of promise for optical delight lies on the West Coast and by the Otira Gorge Road thereto. A stage-coach leaves Christchurch twice or thrice a week, taking its passengers across the plains for the first day's drive. They are thus left at the foot of the mountain range—that backbone of New Zealand, equally dividing the width of its southern island.

It is of the drive of the next day, adown the western side of the mountains, that memory will take a hold which will be life-lasting. All the long length of this road—a day's drive from

the early morning—is cut out, shelf-like, by human labour, from the rocky mountain sides. Around these it winds and winds its way downwards, upwards, and onwards, in a curiously sensational fashion. The coach and its freight, as seen from any of the peaks of this mountainous road, away down below looks but as a fairy-little affair, drawn by four mice only. Through thick woods, and by many a waterfall, this dashing drive goes on and on, with precipices of frightful depth now and again to one side of it. To look down upon that prospect is not always done twice—the eyes prefer the aspect of the wood and the waterfalls to the other side of them. One who had seen danger behind has been told of as not again caring to look back upon it—

“Walking on in fear and dread,
Because he knew that a fearful thing
Did close behind him tread.”

Arrived now and again in the valleys between the mountains another sensation awaits the traveller, in crossing shallow but rapidly flowing streams, with their waters covering the floor of the vehicle. So tortuous are some of these mountain streams, that the coach will cross the same stream many times ere emerging from the valley, and again ascending the mountain road. All this western coast is thickly wooded, and much too thickly for those who desire to make clearances. The trees are often interlaced together by thickly-growing and rope-like vines, forming a barrier to all progress not made with the help of axes and hatchets. One of the surprises of this drive of many astonishments is the great contrast afforded between the West and East coast scenery. On the other side of the mountains, as seen on the preceding day's drive, nothing but plains were visible, with scarcely a tree to be seen as a relief from the monotonous level character of the country.

The bridges on this road are as curious as any of its wonders. Where the streams are too deep for the safe crossing of the passengers, the coach is taken over without them. They have then to walk upon a plank laid upon wires, with a wire to hold on to upon each side. The rushing mountain stream, a few feet below this

frail bridge and its one plank, gives a piquancy to the passage over such bridges, which is much relished by the young and the adventurous. To those weighted with fifty years and fifteen stone, the matter may, however, have a different aspect. But young or middle-aged, heavy or light, all are equally expressive in one way or another about their day's drive over the Otira Gorge Road—a road which, for Swiss-like scenery, cannot be surpassed in beauties and variations of the picturesque.

The three drives thus told of are of those which, when done, must be done by coaching. There is no railway, nor the likelihood of any, to supplant this mode of carriage, or give any option to the traveller. In the way of options, however, there is a goodly drive of three days' length to be taken in the North Island of New Zealand by those going northward from Napier. In place of proceeding thence by steamer, the coach may here be mounted for a fine cruise upon wheels, if the weather be fine also. The first day's drive lands one at Tarawera, the second at Taupo, and the third at Rotorua, its hot lake and boiling springs.

On the first day of this drive a very curious novelty awaits the tourist, and one the duplicate of which is not to be elsewhere found. It consists in the coach having to wade through one river, in its endless windings about the hills, no less than forty times, and all that in one hour. The count is carefully kept and compared by the passengers, as they splash through from side to side of this serpentine stream.

For a summer excursion—away from the Christmas heat of Australia—this North Island drive is a very commendable one. It may be made a five days' drive by beginning it from Wellington; or a four days' one by taking to the coach from Masterton. The three days' excursion from Napier will, however, suffice, and be least likely to tire. It is well to have enough—and only enough—of a good thing. At the end of the second day's drive the traveller is brought to Taupo and its grand lake. Above these tower the mountains of Tongariro and

Ruapeha, giving grandeur to the scene. In the neighbourhood are the natural wonders of Wairakei, which an off-day may well be spent in visiting. As a *finis coronat opus*, there is Rotorua and its wonders, for the end of the third day's ride, and more than those the tourist cannot well wish for.

It is a pity, save for expedition's sake, that a railway has been made—curious as is the Zigzag—over the Blue Mountains of New South Wales. To take the coach-road by way of Lapstone Hill, and thence to follow its course over the mountains to Bathurst, was once one of the memorable drives

of a lifetime. It is still to be done by those having the time and taking a conveyance of their own, and is well worth the doing. The best of the Blue Mountain scenery is only to be thus seen, and there is the health-giving addenda of three nights' rest going, and the same returning, in its appetising and invigorating air. A fortnight's journey may be well made of this excursion by a divergence, half way, to the Fish River caves. For a honeymoon trip, or a refresher for those seeking health and relaxation from city labours, this tour, in companionable company, is a drive worth noting by those in quest of novelty.

ONE DAY'S FISHING.

One morning, when spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens ;
Miss Bessie and I went fishing—

I in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sunshine's mercy ;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped—*vice versa*.

I with my rod, my reel and my hooks,
And a hamper for luncheon recesses ;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,
And I went fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the ight of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited ;
But the fish were cunning, and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time for departure came,
The bag was as flat as a flounder,
And Bessie had neatly hooked her game,
A hundred-and-eighty-pounder.

—*Boston Gazette*

OLD ENGLISH OPERA.*

By J. G. DE LIBRA.

II.—FROM 1695 TO 1778.

“ Some say, compared to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel’s but a ninny ;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange ! all this difference should be
’Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.”

—JOHN BYROM.

We are not concerned, in these articles, with the history of Italian opera in any country, interesting as the theme may be ; but it is necessary to allude to its introduction into England in so far as it affected the style of national composition. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, Italian singing came into vogue (introduced, apparently, by one, Reggio by name, about 1690) ; and it gradually led to the establishment of Italian opera. Purcell leaving no worthy successor in English dramatic composition, after his death in 1695 attention was naturally directed — partly through curiosity, partly *faute de mieux*—to the new style of entertainment. The first real opera in English upon an Italian model, with musical recitative for the dialogue and measured melody for the airs, was Thomas Clayton’s *Arsinoë, Queen of Cyprus*, translated from an Italian opera of the same name, composed in 1677 by Stanzani for the theatre at Bologna. It was performed at Drury-lane, by subscription, January 16th, 1705 ; but according to Dr. Burney, the translation was wretched, and was rendered still more absurd by the manner in which it was set to music. Mean in melody and incorrect in counterpoint, the treatment violated in every song not only the commonest rules of composition, but the prosody and accents of the English language. The following is a fair specimen of Clayton’s balderdash :—

“ Queen of Darkness, sable Night,
Ease a wandering lover’s pain ;
Guide me, lead me
Where the nymph whom I adore
Sleeping, dreaming,
Thinks of love and me no more.”

The second part of the air is on the last two lines, the usual *da capo* repeating the first four, so that the song finishes in the middle of the sentence on the words

“ Where the nymph whom I adore.”

We have no sympathy with the Wagnerian principle that in vocal music no portion of the words should be repeated ; but surely this beats Bunn and Fitzball in their very worst moments. Besides it gives no scope for “ French leave ” in matter of words, such as is taken, we believe, down to this day, at the *Grand Opéra* in Paris, where the opening chorus of *Robert le Diable* has been sung for half a century in the following eminently rythmical couplet :—

La sou- | pe aux choux | se fait dans la
mar- | mite,
Dans la | marmi- | te on fait la soupe aux |
choux.

Clayton also composed the music for Addison’s *Rosamond*, which was brought out in 1709, and failed.

Meanwhile, however, two of the greatest Italian operas of that age had been produced, partly in English and partly in Italian. In 1705 Giovanni Bononcini’s *Camilla*, composed at the age of eighteen, and performed at Vienna with immense success, was given at the Opera-house in the Haymarket ; and three years later Alessandro Scarlatti’s *Pyrrhus and Demetrius*, considered the finest of his operas, which number nearly 100, was

* Specially revised for *Once a Month* by the author, with permission of the proprietors of the *Sydney Echo*.

brought out at the same theatre with additional airs and an overture by Hoym, who was then the musical director. The music of *Camilla*, in particular, is said to have been very beautiful; and in 1610 the same composer's *Almahide* was produced, and was the first work performed in England wholly in Italian. These operas had created a temporary *fureur* for the music of Italy, and when Handel arrived in London the same year, Aaron Hill, who was then manager of the opera, instantly engaged him as composer. Born in 1684 at Halle, he was taught by Zuchau, the organist there, who judiciously made his pupil acquainted with the beauties of the most eminent composers, and left him to form his own style. Handel's first opera of *Almira*, though not performed till 1704, was composed before he was fifteen years old. Subsequently he visited, for the purposes of study, not only Berlin and Hamburg, but Florence, Venice, Rome, and Naples, and returning to Germany in 1710, was appointed by the Elector of Hanover (afterwards George I.) *Kapellmeister* to that Court, receiving at the same time permission to visit England, whither his great fame had preceded him.

On receiving his engagement at the Opera-house, Handel at once set to work, and in the short space of a fortnight composed *Rinaldo*, the first and one of the finest of the five-and-thirty Italian Operas he wrote in England, which was produced February 24th, 1711. The success of this and other works of the same class commended itself to the attention of the wits of the day; and Addison in particular, after the failure of his own *Rosamond* with Clayton's setting, published a series of strictures on the absurdities and incongruities of Italian Opera—intensely satirical and sarcastic, though never ill-natured, and enveloped in a garb of humour that renders them delightful reading to this day. We have not the space to make even the briefest quotations from them, but the articles are readily accessible in the volumes of the *Spectator* published about that date.

From 1717 to 1720 there appears to have been no performance of opera in

London; but in the latter year the Royal Academy of Music was instituted with a view to establish operatic entertainments permanently in England. Attilio, Ariosto, and Bononcini were appointed composers jointly with Handel—an arrangement that gave birth to quarrels between the two latter, which rose to such a pitch as to provoke the epigram, ascribed to Pope as well as Swift, with which we head this article. It is no part of our programme to trace the feuds, or the managerial disasters and the estrangement from Italian opera of the popular taste that ensued. Italian opera had exercised a great influence on English taste, partly imitative, and partly reactionary; and this was first evidenced in 1727 in the celebrated *Beggar's Opera*. In the course of a chat upon the musical topic of the day, Swift once remarked to Gay, "What an odd sort of thing a Newgate pastoral would be." The author of the *Fables* took the hint, and selecting a number of the tunes then most popular, wedded them to his satirical verse in the clever *pasticcio* that we know so well. The production of the *Beggar's Opera* was a distinctly marked event in the history of English music. Refused by Cibber for Drury-lane, it was accepted by his rival, Rich, for Covent Garden, and is reported to have "made Rich gay and Gay rich." It contained not a single new melody. Polly Peachum's song, "Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre," and Macheath's "Since I must swing," are set to Purcell's airs in *Bonducca*. "What shall I do to show how much I love her?" and "Britons strike home." Polly's "Cease your funning" is still instinct with vitality and *verve*; the Captain's air, "If the heart of a man is depressed with cares" survives as dance music in the third figure of the original set of the "Lancers;" and "How happy could I be with either" has been made familiar for many years in the old country by Mr. Sims Reeves' admirable singing of it as Macheath. Though dealing with highwaymen, thieves, and prostitutes—repulsive in the coarseness of its language, and fatal in its tendency to make vice alluring—the force and satire of the work are never-

theless amazing, and its original popularity was almost incredible. Never previously had a dramatic work proved so attractive, or been received with such immense applause. It enjoyed the then unprecedented run of sixty-three nights in London; the rage for it extended to all the great towns of England (in some of which it was played thirty or forty times), and in Bath and Bristol—then, like York, the provincial nurseries to the London stage—it was given as many as fifty. It made its progress to Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and drove Italian opera entirely out of England for the time. Thousands of copies of the music are said to have been sold, and ladies carried the songs about on their fans. The only honest character in the piece is Polly Peachum, but Gay endowed her with such superior charms, that every actress who sustained the part at the time made her fortune by marriage—Miss Fenton (the original Polly) becoming Duchess of Bolton. Ten years later, another work in the same style, written by Carey, composed by John Frederic Lampe, entitled *The Dragon of Wantley*, and produced at Covent Garden, ridiculed with peculiar happiness, and in a still more successful mock-heroic vein, the extravagance of contemporary Italian opera and the affected manners of the foreign singers. Though Handel was still composing for the Haymarket with his marvellous fertility, *The Beggar's Opera* and *The Dragon of Wantley* may be said to have jointly "snuffed out" Italian opera. In 1740 Handel gave up in disgust the composition of operatic works; and happily betaking himself to that of the great oratorios, on which rests his immortal fame, left the field of musical stage drama open to the English *maestro* who, next to Purcell, was its greatest exponent in the true old English school—viz., Dr. Arne.*

Thomas Augustine Arne was born at 6 King-street, Covent Garden, in March, 1710. He was intended for

the law, and sent to Eton; but even while at school his passion for music was so intense that he tormented his unhappy schoolfellows night and day with a wretched cracked old flute. When he left Eton he contrived to get lessons on the violin from Michael Festing, and would frequently borrow a servant's livery in order to obtain the privilege of admission to the upper gallery of the opera. He also managed to secrete a spinet in his room, on which, after muffling the strings with a handkerchief, he practised at night, when the rest of the family were in bed and asleep. Finding at last that Master Tom's talent lay rather in the direction of catgut than of parchment, his father allowed him to study openly, when he very soon bewitched the whole of the family with his playing. His sister possessed a voice as sweet and tuneful as her musical taste was refined. Arne consequently took her in hand, taught her, and brought her out at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in Lampe's opera of *Amelia*. Soon afterwards he resorted to music for her Addison's *Rosamond*, which was performed at the same house March 7th, 1733. He next tried his hand at a burletta (after the Italian manner) on Fielding's *Tom Thumb*, which was produced at the new theatre in the Haymarket, and still remains a model of that style of entertainment. In 1738 he composed the music to Milton's *Comus*, in which he introduced a style of light, airy, original, and pleasant melody, wholly different from that of Purcell or Handel. For a considerable time he then devoted his talents to writing for Vauxhall; the masque of *Alfred* (1740) being still memorable, as it will ever remain, through containing our spirit-stirring "Rule Britannia."

But soon after the doctor had passed his fiftieth birthday he began to modify his style of melody, and, adapting for the first time many of the best but most difficult passages of the Italian school to our own language, he brought out, in 1762, his most widely known opera *Artaxerxes* on a bald translation of that of Metastasio, which produced so rapid an effect on public taste that it quickly stimulated to imitation all who had good ears and flexible voices, and led to Arne's writing the *Olympiade* in

* Those who would readily know something more of the incomparable composer of *Israel in Egypt* and the *Messiah* cannot do better than consult the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to which we alluded in our Literary Notes for June.

1765, which, as far as we can gather, was the first entirely Italian opera ever written by an Englishman, and certainly achieved a great success.

We have not the space for further details respecting the life and works of this truly delightful and eminently melodious musician, who died in 1778 in his sixty-ninth year. His merits as a dramatic composer have been variously appraised, and not always, we think, with justice, to say nothing of generosity. The late Henry Chorley—perhaps the most distinguished musical critic of the last two generations—accused him of plagiarising everything Italian that he could lay his hands on, in order to enable the English singers to hold their own against the foreigners. This appears to us a very one-sided statement of the truth. But Chorley, with all his extensive knowledge of the divine art, and his undoubted critical ability, frequently *was* one-sided; and during his later years he became so crotchety, and so intolerant of what did not precisely jump with his humour, that the last volumes of the *Athenæum*,

which the old gentleman wrote for, became a byword in London for musical prejudice and washerwomanly want of catholicity. Arne's fame rests on a far wider basis than Chorley's dicta. Like every true artist, he marched with the times. But much as he engrafted Italian music on that of the Anglican churchmen, he left his own true English stamp on everything he touched. His *Comus* music and his Vauxhall songs occupy an honoured niche in our great and wealthy national storehouse; "Pray, Goody," from the burletta of *Midas* (the music of which he partially wrote and partially adapted for Covent Garden), would have become immortal had that feminine Adonis, Madame Vestris, never donned the pink silk "tights" to play Apollo; and such Shakspearian lyrics as "Under the greenwood tree," "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," and "Where the bee sucks" will live as long as men believe, with the great poet of Avonside, in the matchless power of true and genuine music.

(To be continued.)

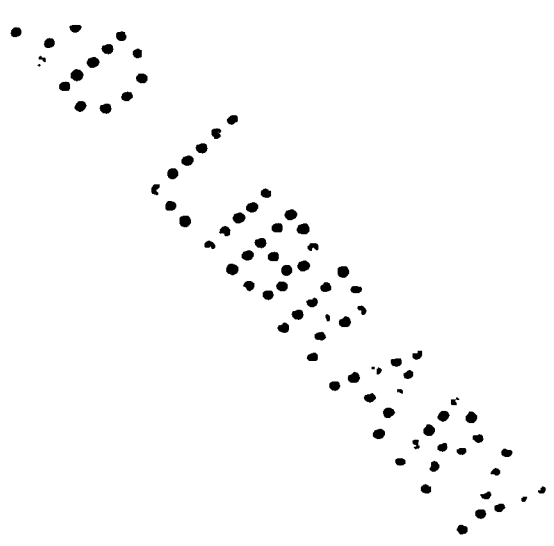
MAIDEN AND BUTTERFLY.

A maiden idly wandered
Through wood and cool retreat,
And as she stooped to gather
A nosegay from the heather,
A butterfly passed by her,
And kissed her lips so sweet.

"O! pardon," said the rover;
"O! pardon, maiden fair,
I sought among the flowers
The honey that is ours,
And took your red lips blooming
For roses growing there."

"For this time," said the maiden,
"Forgiveness—it is by;
But I must beg to mention,
And press on your attention,
These roses are not blooming
For every butterfly."

—From the German





STRAY LEAVES FROM UPPER MACEDON.

By "SAPPHIRE."

A long pull for the horses from the railway station, at Upper Macedon, brings us near "the Mount," and we are soon located within a "climb" of the things to be "done" at Macedon. The next day's idle wandering, and a stroll in the evening to "The Waterfalls," make us familiar with the chief tracks leading to open views of the country round. With a whole day before us, we start in the morning to picnic at the "Camel's Hump." Up-hill and through bracken, we reach a lovely avenue of Australian lilac, at the time of our visit in full bloom. The sweet scents, and the sounds of the woods, bring to us dreamlike recollections of long ago. But the shrill call of the parrots, and the clear note of the magpies, bring our thoughts back at once to Australia; and we enter into the fun with the children, oft scampering, now crawling, with an occasional friendly push behind, to the "Camel's Hump." The view here is well worth the labour of the ascent; and amid much laughter and chatter, we thoroughly enjoy our lunch—congratulating ourselves that the baskets will not be so heavy for the scramble down.

Next day, after camping half-way to the Camel's Hump aforesaid, we turn downwards to "Chinaman's Gully." We think the place too charming for this prosaic name. Some one suggests, as an improved translation, "The Celestial Regions;" but we decide to ignore China, "Flowery Land" though it may be, and to call it "The Happy Valley." To our hearts' content we revel in the ferns to be found here; the tree fern, in all its magnificence, imparting scenic effects, unexpected and delightful; other varieties, with numerous lichens and mosses, carpeting the way, as we scramble over trees, under trees, through bush, through briar, some ruddy, some golden, with

the tinge of an early autumn. Old and fallen monarchs of the forest bestrew the way at every turn, impeding progress, though we are grateful for the bridge-like disposition of some of them, when crossing the gullies. Going up the creek we find the ferns more lovely than ever—the varied greens of those growing in shady places in happy contrast to the hue of the sun-enduring plants higher up. Is there a sun? These cool, inviting shades have brought us to another climate; and we are almost glad to ascend out of it to the certainty of warmth and light. The luncheon we left at the head of the valley, is well earned and enjoyed on our return; and, after another ramble, we retrace our path through the lilac avenue, which is reached after many a slip, and many a stumble. The trees, which we trust with friendly grasp, are treacherous, and either snap asunder, or leave the soft, wet soil, rather to our discomfort. Having just taken hold of a stout-looking young tree, which performs this antic, we slip suddenly down, tree in hand. The aid of one's stick (which we dignify with the name of "Alpenstock") prevents serious disaster, and on we go, receiving laughing congratulations that there are no dislocations through this fall. "Alpenstocks," which the boys cut for us, are invaluable and indispensable, and prevent many a rough tumble. Another diversion, on the way home, is caused by the discovery that we have brought more than ferns from the creek; and little tree leeches are then and there demolished. These little pests appear only in the low localities of our "Happy Valley," where, truly, we would rather leave them.

Through the wood we ascend next day to Mount Macedon, a steep and long climb, only interrupted to rest, admire the view, or burden ourselves with the irresistible wild flowers, which share the fate of "shells of ocean,"

for there are few to show when we reach the Mount. The view here is enchanting! the different homes below, and cultivation patches, lending variety to the grand natural scenery. The train appears a mere toy in the distance, winding its way to the foot of the opposite ranges.

Again to our pet resort—"The Waterfalls!" There one goes easily to and fro, without steep climbs, and as it is the chief place for "Maiden Hair," our visits are frequent. There is nature under a different form—continuous waterfalls and sloping banks; still the eucalyptus (as all over Upper Macedon) abounds, and Mr. Bosisto's supplies of leaves for his extracts need never cease. Why has no one found out what to do with the bark of these eucalypti? They shed their ragged coats so plentifully, that, when assuming a new garb, the old dress might, with advantage, be carted away for some "manufacturing purpose" or other. Yet here they lie in wasteful abundance, like other neglected products of our country, while the cry is ever—"Promote native industry!" We found here a little bright scarlet insect, and wondered if it might be the "Cochineal." Oh for more Bosistos! At present, however, we are at the Falls, and will forget political economy. Children delight in this ramble. The continuous fall of waters gives an idea of life and movement to a scene otherwise so still. The lower falls are interesting from their resemblance to some of the trout-streams in the "Schwartzwald"—the German "Black Forest." Impressed by the soothing solemnity of the surroundings, we involuntarily exclaim, "Oh, ye mountains and hills! may the grandeur of Nature here impress on our hearts a higher tone, and greater affection towards each other!" Through bracken higher than our shoulders, looking aloft at trees towering giant-like and majestic, we feel how small and insignificant a thing is man, and what an ant-like existence is ours in this vast creation, pushing and jostling each other for a place.

Cold and wet weather has injured many a good crop here, and we are

told that the mountaineers will be heavy losers this season. There are numerous market-gardens; and when going through one, we see the raspberry-pickers in amongst the canes, with merry voices and busy fingers, filling buckets with the delicious fruit for the jam manufactured here (T. Christian's). The process of preparation is excellent; fruits fresh from the garden being prepared in immense copper boilers, heated by steam—a small hydraulic engine standing near. The fruit by this process retains its full colour and flavour. There were immense cooling jars also, and tray upon tray of assorted jams and jellies, waiting covering and packing. Taylor and Sangster's garden is highly picturesque, the natural advantages of the place having been well considered and utilized.

Now for a brief notice of the places to stay at. First, Heely's Waterfalls Hotel, with *pension* semi-attached. Some would prefer the attachment more complete as regards the cuisine, as it is so far to bring the daily fare through cold and rain. In the usual warmth of summer this objection, however, would not hold; and no doubt it is pleasant to be away from the hotel, and in a large roomed and lofty private house. A little below the Waterfalls Hotel is a private boardinghouse (Mrs. Smart's) which looks comfortable; higher up are, amongst others, Mrs. Morrison's, Mrs. Gracie's, and Mrs. Allen's, all three being good places to stay. Whenever one goes, a thorough understanding by letter or messenger beforehand is necessary, both as to accommodation and as to terms. On no account should invalids remain in doors, if at all able to walk; the slopes on either side the falls will afford warmth in winter and shade in summer; and the perfume of luxuriant blossom and leaf is in itself health-producing.

Now must we leave high mount and shady valleys, sweet leaf and blossom, for the prosaic walks of the city, and with kind "good-byes" to those who have shared our wanderings, we gather up our "stray leaves."

MARY MARSTON,*

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RESULT.

Letty would never perhaps have come to herself in the cold of this world, under the shifting tent of the winter night, but for an outcast mongrel dog, which, wandering masterless and hungry, but not selfish, along the road, came upon her where she lay seemingly lifeless, and, recognizing with pity his neighbour in misfortune, began at once to give her—it was all he had that was separable—what help and healing might lie in a warm, honest tongue. Diligently he set himself to lick her face and hands.

By slow degrees her misery returned, and she sat up. Rejoiced at his success, the dog kept dodging about her, catching a lick here and a lick there, wherever he saw a spot of bare within his reach. By slow degrees, next, the knowledge of herself joined on to the knowledge of her misery, and she knew who it was that was miserable. She threw her arms round the dog, laid her head on his, and wept. This relieved her a little: weeping is good, even to such as Alberigo in an ice-pot of hell. But she was cold to the very marrow, almost too cold to feel it; and when she rose, could scarcely put one foot before the other.

Not once, for all her misery, did she imagine a return to Thornwick. Without a thought of whither, she moved on, unaware even that it was in the direction of the town. The dog, delighted to believe that he had raised up to himself a mistress, followed humbly at her heel; but always when she stopped, as she did every few paces, ran round in front of her, and looked

up in her face, as much as to say, "Here I am, mistress! shall I lick again?" If a dog could create, he would make masters and mistresses. Gladly would she then have fondled him, but feared the venture; for, it seemed, were she to stoop, she must fall flat on the road, and never rise more.

Slowly the two went on, with motion scarce enough to keep the blood working in their veins. Had she not been, for all her late depression, in fine health and strength, Letty could hardly have escaped death from the cold of that night. For many months after, some portion of every night she passed in dreaming over again this dreariest wandering; and in her after-life people would be puzzled to think why Mrs. Helmer looked so angry when any one spoke as if the animals died outright.

But although she never forgot this part of the terrible night, she never dreamed of any rescue from it; memory could not join it on to the next part, for again she lost consciousness, and could recall nothing between feeling the dog once more licking her face, and finding herself in bed.

When Beenie opened her kitchen-door in the morning, to let in the fresh air, she found seated on the step, and leaning against the wall, what she took first for a young woman asleep, and then for the dead body of one; for when she gave her a little shake, she fell sideways off the doorstep. Beenie's heart smote her; for during the last hours of her morning's sleep she had been disturbed by the howling of a dog,

* Reprinted by special arrangement.

apparently in their own yard, but had paid no further attention to it than that of repeated mental objurgation: there stood the offender, looking up at her pitifully—ugly, disreputable, of breed unknown, one of the *canaille*! When the girl fell down, he darted at her, licked her cold face for a moment, then stretching out a long gaunt neck, uttered from the depth of his hide-bound frame the most melancholy appeal, not to Beenie, at whom he would not even look again, but to the open door. But when Beenie, in whom, as in most of us, curiosity had the start of service, stooped, and peering more closely into the face of the girl, recognized, though uncertainly, a known face, she, too, uttered a kind of howl, and straightway raising Letty's head, drew her into the house. It is the mark of an imperfect humanity, that personal knowledge should spur the sides of hospitable intent: what difference does our knowing or not knowing make to the fact of human need? The good Samaritan would never have been mentioned by the mouth of the True, had he been even an old acquaintance of the "certain man." But it is thus we learn; and from loving this one and that, we come to love all at last, and then is our humanity complete.

Letty moved not one frozen muscle, and Beenie, growing terrified, flew up the stairs to her mistress. Mary sprung from her bed, and hurried down. There, on the kitchen floor, in front of the yet fireless grate, lay the body of Letty Lovel. A hideous dog was sitting on his haunches at her head. The moment she entered, again the animal stretched out a long bony neck, and sent forth a howl that rang penetrative through the house. It sounded in Mary's ears like the cry of the whole animal creation over the absence of their Maker. They raised her, and carried her to Mary's room. There they laid her in the still warm bed, and proceeded to use all possible means for the restoration of heat and the renewal of circulation.

Here I am sorry to have to mention, that Beenie, returning, unsuccessful, from their first efforts, to the kitchen, to get hot water, and finding the dog sitting there motionless, with his face

turned towards the door by which they had carried Letty out, peevish with disappointment and dread, drove him from the kitchen, and from the court, into the street, where that same day he was seen wildly running with a pan at his tail, and the next was found lying dead in a bit of waste ground among stones and shards. God rest all such.

But as far as Letty was concerned, happily Beenie was not an old woman for nothing. With a woman's sympathy, Mary hesitated to run for the doctor: who could tell what might be involved in so strange an event? If they could but bring her to first, and learn something to guide them! She pushed delay to the very verge of danger. But soon after, thanks to Beenie's persistence, indications of success appeared, and Letty began to breathe. It was then resolved between the nurses that, for the present, they would keep the affair to themselves, a conclusion affording much satisfaction to Beenie, in the consciousness that therein she had the better of the Turnbolls, against whom she cherished an ever-renewed indignation.

But when Mary set herself at length to find out from Letty what had happened, without which she could not tell what to do next, she found her mind so far gone that she understood nothing said to her, or at least could return no rational response, although occasionally an individual word would seem to influence the current of her ideas. She kept murmuring almost inarticulately; but, to Mary's uneasiness, every now and then plainly uttered the name *Tom*. What was she to make of it? In terror lest she should betray her, she must yet do something. Matters could not have gone wrong so far that nothing could be done to set them at least a little straight! If only she knew what! A single false step might do no end of mischief! She must see Tom Helmer: without betraying Letty, she might get from him some enlightenment. She knew his open nature, had a better opinion of him than many had, and was a little nearer the right of him. The doctor must be called, but she would, if possible, see Tom first.

It was not more than half an hour's walk to Warrender, and she set out in haste. She must get back before George Turnbull came to open the shop.

When she got near enough to see Mr. Wardour's face, she read in it at once that he was there from the same cause as herself; but there was no good omen to be drawn from its expression: she read there not only keen anxiety and bitter disappointment, but lowering anger: nor was that absent which she felt to be distrust of herself. The sole acknowledgment he made of her approach was to withdraw his foot from the stirrup, and stand waiting.

"You know something," he said, looking cold and hard in her face.

"About what?" returned Mary, recovering herself; she was careful, for Letty's sake, to feel her way.

"I hope to goodness," returned Godfrey, almost fiercely, yet with a dash of rude indifference, "*you* are not concerned in this—business;" he was about to use a bad adjective, but suppressed it.

"I *am* concerned in it," said Mary, with perfect quietness.

"You knew what was going on?" cried Wardour. "You knew that fellow there came prowling about Thornwick like a fox about a henroost? By heaven! if I had but suspected it—"

"No, Mr. Wardour," interrupted Mary, already catching a glimpse of light, "I knew nothing of that."

"Then what do you mean by saying you are concerned in the matter?"

Mary thought he was behaving so unlike himself, that a shock might be of service.

"Only this," she answered, "—that Letty is now lying in my room, whether dead or alive I am in doubt. She must have spent the night in the open air—and that without cloak or bonnet."

"Good God!" cried Godfrey, "And you could leave her like that!"

"She is attended to," replied Mary, with dignity. "There are worse evils to be warded than death, else I should not be here;—there are hard judgments and evil tongues. Will you come and see her, Mr. Wardour?"

"No," answered Godfrey, gruffly.

"Shall I send a note to Mrs. Wardour, then?"

"I will tell her myself."

"What would you have me do about her?"

"I have no concern in the matter, but I suppose you had better send for a doctor. Talk to that fellow there," he added, pointing with his whip towards the cottage and again putting his foot in the stirrup. "Tell him he has brought her to disgrace—"

"I don't believe it," interrupted Mary, her face flushed with indignant shame. But Godfrey went on without heeding her.

"—And get him to marry her off hand, if you can—for, by God! he *shall* marry her, or I will kill him."

He spoke looking round at her over his shoulder, a scowl on his face, his foot in the stirrup, one hand twisted in the mane of his horse, and the other with the whip stretched out as if threatening the universe. Mary stood white but calm, and made no answer. He swung himself into the saddle, and rode away. She turned to the gate.

From behind the shrubbery, Tom had heard all that passed between them, and meeting her as she entered, led the way to a side walk, unseen from the house.

"Oh, Miss Marston! what is to be done?" he said. "This is a terrible business! But I am so glad you have got her, poor girl! I heard all you said to that brute, Wardour. Thank you, thank you a thousand times, for taking her part. Indeed you spoke but the truth for her. Let me tell you all I know."

He had not much to tell, however, beyond what Mary knew already.

"She keeps calling out for you, Mr. Helmer," she said, when he had ended.

"I will go with you. Come, come," he answered.

"You will leave a message for your mother?"

"Never mind my mother. She's good at finding out for herself."

"She ought to be told," said Mary; "but I can't stop to argue it with you. Certainly your first duty is to Letty now. Oh, if people only wouldn't hide things!"

"Come along," cried Tom, hurrying before her; "I will soon set everything right."

"How shall we manage with the doctor?" said Mary as they went. "We cannot do without him, for I am sure she is in danger."

"Oh, no!" said Tom. "She will be all right when she sees me. But we will take the doctor on our way, and prepare him."

When they came to the doctor's house, Mary walked on, and Tom

told the doctor he had met Miss Marston on her way to him, and had come instead; she wanted to let him know that Miss Lovel had come to her quite unexpected that morning; that she was delirious, and had apparently wandered from home under an attack of brain-fever, or something of the sort.

(To be continued.)

"OUR DOCTOR."

By "IATROS."

HINTS TO DYSPEPTICS.

Dyspepsia, partly because it is such a common malady, and partly because it does not exactly kill, seldom attracts much sympathy. But, nevertheless, there can be no doubt about the suffering entailed. In nine cases out of ten the dyspeptic is the author of his own miseries. The causes of dyspepsia are very numerous, and will, of course, vary in respect to different individuals.

Food is necessary to repair the continual work going on in the various tissues of the body; and the more rapid the work the greater the need will there be for replenishing. Thus, young people require more food than old ones. But such persons should study the quantity and the kind of food which suits them best. One person may eat with impunity an amount of a certain kind of food which would prove fatal to another.

There is one great fault with regard to the relative amount and distribution of meals in this country. The disastrous results following upon taking a light breakfast, and allowing the stomach to go all day on this light meal—with a still lighter luncheon—until late dinner in the evening, when

solid food is taken for the first time in the twenty-four hours, are well known to the members of the medical profession. Where a light breakfast is taken, a solid meal is requisite in the middle of the day; because when the digestive organs are left too long unemployed they secrete an excessive quantity of mucus, which greatly interferes with digestion subsequently. One meal has a direct influence on the rest; and a poor breakfast leaves the stomach over active for dinner. This is the secret of much excess in eating, and arises from insufficient quantity and bad quality of the gastric juice. The point to bear in mind, therefore, is that not to eat a sufficiency at one meal makes one too hungry for the next, and that, when too hungry, one is apt to overload the stomach and give the gastric juice more to do than it is capable of performing. To eat too often, and to eat irregularly are other causes of indigestion. People who dine at uncertain hours, and eat one meal too closely upon the last, must expect the stomach to retaliate in the long run.

Another fruitful source of indigestion is imperfect mastication. Nervous

people nearly always eat too quickly, and as nearly always are the victims of nervous irritability produced by dyspepsia.

Sitting much in one posture interferes with the proper action of the stomach. Thus in some trades the pressure of certain implements upon "the pit of the stomach," as in the case of curriers, bootmakers, and weavers, produces severe dyspepsia.

Another common cause of dyspepsia, and more especially among women, is the continual tipping of strong tea.

These are a few of the causes. To follow closely all the varied symptoms of dyspepsia would here be out of place, but we will notice a few of those most prominent. First among them is flatulency, which is an exaggeration of the natural gaseous condition of the stomach. A condition varying from mere uneasiness to intense pain coming on shortly after taking food is another prominent symptom. There is usually loss or depravation of appetite, often a good deal of thirst, headache, and languor. The tongue is broad, whitely furred, and flabby-looking. There are many other symptoms referable to indigestion, some of them curious and often borne with unconsciousness of the cause. One of them is an irritable, restless state of the body, frequently coming on after dinner, and for which no relief can be got except by going to rest; and soon then "the Hag Dyspepsia" frequently possesses her victim. Another queer symptom is fancied unnatural size of the limbs—the leg or arm, foot or hand, often seem to have grown to a colossal size. But the most painful form of dyspepsia is that which re-acts upon the mind, and produces what is so sadly frequent—mental depression. People of the so-called nervous temperament are peculiarly susceptible to this form, which arises in them from the imperfect and distorted impression produced by impure blood passing through the brain. This impurity of blood is owing to indigestion, which poisons the blood, giving rise to gloomy fancies of all kinds, and the greater evil, maybe, of hypochondriasis.

Then as to treatment. To overcome this terrible malady considerable courage and self-denial are essential.

To ensure success in treatment strict adherence to the dietary formulated by the medical man in attendance must be enforced. It is much better to have the advice of a medical man with respect to diet, because it will vary in quality and quantity according to the age, dietetic peculiarities, and present condition of health of different individuals. The old maxim, "One man's meat may be another man's poison," is especially true in respect of dyspepsia. We have already alluded to the evils resulting from not supplying the stomach at breakfast with substantial food. Good black tea is recommended as a suitable beverage, but coffee may be taken if preferred. Cocoa, if properly prepared, may be taken by those whom it suits, but the use of chocolate is to be deprecated. Bread eaten by dyspeptics should be absolutely pure, and never taken when new. Muffins, buttered toast, and all greasy preparations are to be carefully avoided. But to go through the category of what should and what should not be eaten would be tedious; we will, therefore, content ourselves by laying down a few general rules with respect to the dietary of dyspeptics.

Strive in diet to combine always the greatest nutriment with the least bulk, as we live by what we digest, and not by what we eat. The food should be chewed carefully and slowly. A faulty state of the teeth is a potent cause of dyspepsia. If the natural teeth are faulty, artificial ones should be employed; or, if these cannot be tolerated, the food should be minced. Regularity in the hours of meals cannot be too strongly insisted upon. The stomach ought not to be disappointed, for, if it is, a diminished amount of food will probably be taken later on without appetite. If this often happens the secretions become defective in quality, deficient in quantity, and the muscular action of the stomach, so necessary for complete digestion, becomes impaired.

As to food, hot meat is more easily digestible than cold, and under-done more so than over-done. The flesh of young animals is less digestible than that of full-grown ones. The flesh of wild is more digestible than that of domestic animals. With the exception of the

"sweet-bread," visceral parts of animals are difficult to digest. White-fleshed fish is easier to digest than red. Shell-fish are to be avoided. Fried food must not be taken; broiled, roast, or boiled is all that is admissible. Hashes, stews, and made-dishes are to be avoided. Other prohibited articles of diet are pastry, sweetmeats of all kinds, and sugar. We have enumerated a somewhat lengthy list of substances to be avoided by the dyspeptic, and we fear

that many sufferers would rather go on suffering than deny themselves so many luxuries; but to fight a foe with his own weapons, one must be as relentless as that foe. We have written for those who are earnest in preferring a happy mind to the pleasures of the table; and if we have succeeded in pointing out to one dyspeptic martyr the right road to recovery we shall be glad for his sake.

"OUR GARDENER."

By D. A. CRICHTON.

A flower garden should be made as attractive as possible at all times, but owing to defective arrangement or management, many have a somewhat dull and naked appearance during the winter months. Much may be done by a judicious arrangement of ever-green trees and shrubs and neatly-trimmed lawns, but the effect will be much better if the gardens contain a good proportion of plants in bloom. There are many very attractive shrubs and herbaceous plants that yield their flowers in profusion in the winter, and therefore those who delight in the gay appearance of their gardens have no difficulty in gratifying their tastes. Among shrubs that should always find a place are the *Habrothamnus*, whose brilliant coral red tubular flowers are produced in profusion, through not only the winter months, but the greater part of the year. There are several desirable species in cultivation, all equally attractive. *Cestrum aurantiacum* is somewhat similar in habit to the *Habrothamnus*, but has deep orange flowers that are very showy. The *Abutilons* include a large number of very attractive species and varieties, and should be freely used in gardens. Many of the *Ericas* bloom during the winter months, and their compact masses of flowers are no mean attraction

in miscellaneous beds and borders. Among the family may be found nearly every shade of colour, from the purest white to the deepest crimson, purple, or yellow, and some of the kinds continue in flower for a great length of time. *E. Bowiciana*, a very popular species with pure white flowers, will remain in bloom the greater part of the year. *Bouvardias* deservedly occupy a high position among winter blooming border plants, their brilliant coloured, but neat flowers being freely produced in succession for several months. There are a number of species and varieties in cultivation with flowers of various shades of red, scarlet, pink, and white, and some kinds are very fragrant. Every garden should possess a few free blooming *Roses*, whose flowers are especially welcome at this period of the year. The *Narcissus* family embraces a large number of very interesting and useful bulbous plants that are invaluable for border decoration during the winter and spring months. The family is divided into several classes or groups, of which the principal are the *Daffodil* (*N. pseudo-Narcissus*) an old British favourite, *Jonquil*, *White Narcissus*, and *Polyanthus Narcissus*. The *Jonquil* section includes many interesting species and varieties, with both single and double flowers.

In the class known as White Narcissus there are many handsome and popular kinds—both single and double. The Polyanthus section is a large and popular one, and it embraces a great many showy species and varieties, bearing from six to ten flowers upon each stem. Generally speaking this family will thrive in almost any soil or situation, but, as a matter of course, they come to the greatest perfection under liberal treatment. They will also stand out during summer remarkably well, and require but little care after they are planted. Many of our old favourite spring flowers, such as Violets, Primroses, Polyanthuses, Pansies, Anemones, Snowflakes, and a few others will also soon help to make gardens attractive, and, if a stock of plants has not already been obtained, no time should be lost in getting them. The planting of Pinks, Carnations, Perennial Phloxes, and all kinds of herbaceous plants, should be finished as soon as possible. Ixias, Sparaxis, and other early flowering Cape bulbs should be planted out before the end of the month, as also Lilioms and the Amaryllis family. Seed of Campanulas, Lobelias, Dianthus Heddewiggi, Sweet Williams, Stocks, Wall-flowers, Mignonnette, and all hardy perennials and annuals may be sown. The most certain and economical way of raising young plants is to sow in frames, boxes, or pots, and transplant afterwards. Begonias, Clematis, Jasmines, Wisterias, and other strong growing climbers should now receive any necessary pruning. Trees and shrubs, either evergreen or deciduous, should also receive any pruning that may be requisite. Deciduous trees and shrubs may be planted, but unless there is a necessity for getting the work done at once, there need be no hurry, as the plants will do just as well if shifted a few weeks later, and be less liable to suffer. The planting of evergreens should be postponed to the latter end of next month, unless they have been grown in pots, when they may be shifted at any time. As a general rule planting should never be done when the ground is soddened, as it is not easily worked in that condition, and the plants suffer from excess of moisture at their roots. Advantage should be

taken of fine weather to finish the digging and trimming up of borders and beds, as it is desirable that this work should be done early in the season. Care should be taken in digging not to cut or bruise the roots more than can be avoided, as many plants of a delicate nature, such as Ericas for instance, are very liable to injury in this way.

Pot plants, as a general rule, require extra attention at this time of the year, whether they are occupants of glass houses, brush shelter-sheds, or are fully exposed to the weather. Many amateur gardeners lose plants in the winter which might be saved by a little more care in studying their requirements. Losses chiefly occur through cultivators not supplying water to the plants according to their wants. Plants are too frequently watered indiscriminately, without regard to their individual requirements. The result of such treatment is that, very frequently, the roots get soddened, and the plant either perishes at once or becomes unhealthy. Cultivators would do well to bear in mind that in the winter months plants generally do not require near so much water as at other periods of the year. They should also remember that robust quick-growing plants require a great deal more water than those that are making but slow progress. Neither must it be forgotten that a plant that has well filled its pot with roots will absorb a larger quantity of water than one that has not so large a proportion of roots. Plants under glass should be supplied with air whenever the weather is favourable, but care must be taken not to expose to the action of strong draughts those that have tender foliage. The plants should not be crowded together, as light is essential to their well-being. In bush houses the covering should not be too heavy, as if the plants are not freely supplied with light and air they will make a drawn and weakly growth. As a general rule pot plants should be turned partly round every few days, so as to present each side in rotation to the strongest light, in order to secure compact and uniform growth. At this time of the year it is not advisable to re-pot plants unless they absolutely require shifting. This is more especially the case when

the plants are not sheltered in houses or sheds. Young plants from seed or cuttings should be potted off before their roots get matted together, as when left till they get into that state they are apt to be injured in separating them. On the other hand care must be taken not to pot them off before they are fairly rooted, as when shifted at this stage of growth plants are likely to receive a severe check. After plants are re-potted they should be watered rather sparingly until growth becomes vigorous. Begonias are a very beautiful and useful class of plants for conservatory or window decoration during the winter months, and should be well represented in every collection. There are a large number of handsome species and varieties in cultivation, some being remarkable for their fine foliage, and others for the brilliancy of their flowers. Many of them continue in bloom for a very long period, and produce their flowers in profusion. The tuberous rooted kinds are especially valuable for pot cultivation, as, with good management, they may be had in perfection all the year round. This section has been greatly improved during the last few years, and now includes an immense number of beautiful varieties, with large showy flowers of nearly every shade of colour. Begonias are not difficult to cultivate, but at this time of the year they should be kept moderately warm, in order to secure strong and steady growth. Being strong feeders plants of this family require a rich compost, and liquid manure may occasionally be given with advantage. Bouvardias are a class of plants that should be generally cultivated in pots, as they are admirably adapted for the purpose, their flowers being very attractive, produced in abundance, and lasting for a considerable period.

In the fruit-growing department of the garden the principal work for the next few weeks will be pruning and planting. As a general rule the pruning of deciduous trees should be finished before the sap becomes active, as when cut after it is in full motion trees often bleed freely, to their detriment. The objects to be attained by pruning are various, and the operator should understand clearly what the trees re-

quire, and how his treatment will affect them. The theory of pruning is to increase development in one direction by checking it in another. There are two ways by which this may be done, one being the curtailment of the branches, and the other the roots. One method will produce quite opposite results to the other, and therefore both cannot be practised at the same time. In the case of young fruit trees the main object of the cultivator should be to induce a strong growth of well-distributed wood. The removal of a portion of the branches will necessarily add to the vigour of those that are left, and consequently the trees will increase in bulk more rapidly than if all the shoots were allowed to grow. When trees arrive at maturity the principal object in pruning is to increase their fertility, and improve the quality of the fruit. If trees are making a strong growth of wood and produce little fruit, the cutting away of a portion of the branches will only increase the evil, and root pruning will be the remedy required. On the other hand when trees bear freely it is often necessary to remove a portion of the branches in order to divert the strength of the plants into fewer channels. Different methods must be adopted according to the nature and condition of the trees, and the peculiar circumstances of each one should be carefully considered by the operator. When trees receive their winter pruning it will be advisable to try to check any insect or fungoid pests that may have attacked them. By dressing the trunks and main branches with a solution of lime, sulphur, soft soap, and water, many troublesome insects and their germs will be destroyed. Orange and other trees of the Citrus family, when affected by the scale insect may also be dressed with the solution.

The secret of success in growing vegetables by non-professional cultivators, is to have the ground always well occupied, and to be constantly putting in seasonable crops. Though under this system failures will often occur, as a matter of course, yet better average returns will be obtained by following this plan than any other. A sowing of Cabbage seed for an early summer crop

should be made, giving a preference to the St. John's Day, or the local variety known as Woodmasons. Another small sowing of Cauliflower seed may also be made. In mild localities a sowing of Early Horn Carrot may be got in for a first crop. This is an early maturing and excellent variety for amateur cultivators, though too small for market purposes. Towards the end of the month, or the beginning of August, the later kinds may be sown, as also Parsnips and Red Beet. These crops all require deep and thorough cultivation, and when manure is used it should be buried deeply. A crop of Turnips should be got in at once, to keep up a succession. White or Silver Beet may be sown for summer use, as also Spinach. Lettuce, Radish, and other salad crops should be sown every fortnight, in order to keep up a regular supply. Peas should, in mild localities, henceforth be sown in successive crops, it being a fairly safe rule as soon as one lot is well above ground to get in another. Another crop of Broad Beans may also be got in if required. Onions should be sown without delay, if not already provided for, and early crops must be thinned out and transplanted as soon as they are large enough to handle.

Tree and Potato Onions, also Shallots and Garlic should be planted at once. There should be no further delay in making new plantations of Asparagus or Horse-radish. If necessary Globe Artichokes should be divided and replanted, as also the various culinary herbs. Jerusalem Artichokes may also be planted in rows, not less than six feet apart, or more in very rich soils, in order to allow ample room for development. If early Celery is required a little seed may be sown in a pot, box, or frame, where it can be sheltered and cared for without much trouble. Rhubarb should be planted out at once, except in very wet soils. Cucumbers, Vegetable Marrows, Capsicums, and Tomatoes, if required early in the season, must be forwarded in hot-beds; directions for making these being given last month, there is no occasion to repeat them. The temperature of hot-beds should be kept as regular as possible by lining them with fresh material in an active state of fermentation. Though all favourable opportunities for preparing ground and getting in crops should be made use of, yet it will not be advisable to attempt to work land when it is saturated with moisture, and clogs the cultivating implements.

"OUR COSTUMIER."

By "LUCIA."

In the present month we may consider ourselves fairly launched in the winter season, and consequently winter fashions are quite established for this year. Fortunately for us Dame Fashion has been particularly mild in her decrees this season, and the present styles are by no means loud or *outrés*. Certainly we do read of instances of bad taste prominent in some of the American and Parisian *modes* this year, but we may congratulate ourselves that they have not made their way to our Australian shores. Perhaps it is owing

to the fact that, like the Queen of the Fairies in *Iolanthe*, we have at our command "the hose of common-sense." At any rate let us hope so.

The cold weather with which we have been favoured of late, renders the popular woollen materials particularly *bien à propos*; and the mantles, ulsters, and jackets displayed just now in the shops are also most seasonable. Tailor-made costumes, jackets, and cloaks are *le grand genre*, and braiding is *the* trimming of the season. The short, smart jackets so much in vogue, are

both neat and stylish in aspect, some of the nicest being trimmed with Astrachan fur and the *soutache* or military braiding. Jerseys have been, and are still, the rage, and their name is legion. Made in every conceivable colour, their styles are equally diversified. Some are braided, others are beaded, and still another variety are adorned with gorgeous waistcoats, plain or embroidered. *Apropos* of waistcoats I may mention that many of the jerseys and even some dress bodices have kid vests of a contrasting or corresponding colour. The kid is supposed to give to the shape of the figure as it does in gloves to the hand.

The mantles, which are as varied as they are numerous, are chiefly composed of very rich materials, such as embossed plush or brocaded velvet. Indeed both these fabrics are extensively worn this season in all varieties, whether plain or *broché*, and are to be seen in all departments of dress, including mantles, costumes, and millinery. Velvet may be used for day or evening wear with equal success, and bodices made of it are most fashionable for ball dresses, often surmounting skirts of the airiest and most gauzy description.

Furs, always in vogue in winter, are even more so than usual this season, and are worn not only as trimming but also in sets. Sealskin is, of course, always fashionable, but this year beaver seems to be almost the favourite. The old-fashioned boa so much patronised by the last generation has been revived, and may be had in various sorts of fur.

I cannot on the present occasion do adequate justice to the millinery of the day, as it presents such a wide field for comment. It has been said that there is no item of dress so important to a woman's looks as her bonnet. Well, I am not prepared to discuss that question, but I must say that a woman's headgear certainly does play an important part in her appearance. The hats and bonnets this season are all very high, and are worn by tall women and short ones indiscriminately. Why is it that a little creature of five feet nothing will don a cumbersome hat which adds about ten or eleven inches

to her height, but at the same time has the effect of rendering her supremely ridiculous? It must surely be for want of that "giftie" which Burns coveted for the human race. Well, to return to our bonnets. There are so many various styles that I can hardly single out any one in particular as being the most fashionable. If there is one which has the right of pre-eminence it is a sort of Parisian poke, pointed in front and pinched in closely at the sides to suit the formation of the head. Almost any shape may be worn, as it is quite allowable to bend them to suit the face, or a small twist of velvet may be cunningly introduced to fill any vacuum which proves unbecoming. Close shapes of the *togue* species are the favourite style of hats for young ladies, and there is a singular absence of Gainsboroughs or any large, broad-brimmed sorts.

Enough for the millinery, let us glance *en passant* at the dress department. Woollen fabrics are in great demand, and this year is characterised by an epidemic of spots in nearly all the materials. Velvet, chenille, or embroidered spots, square, oblong or round; large or small, it matters not, they are all *à la mode*. Waistcoats are a prominent feature in all the costumes, and are equally fashionable, plain or full. Of course all who are inclined to *embonpoint* patronise the former, while slim figures adopt the latter. In the style of making gowns there is little that is new, the short-pointed bodices over pleated skirts with full drapery being the most popular. The only outlet for novelty or individuality lies in the drapery, as it can be arranged according to fancy. For ball toilettes diaphanous materials are the favourites, among which tulle and net, plain and spangled, rank foremost. The gay season has just commenced, and many ball gowns are in course of preparation. They are nearly all being made low-necked, and mostly of the materials I have mentioned, tinsel of all kinds being much used. Fancy bodices of velvet or *broché* are made to wear with light skirts, so that by this means the costume may be *décolleté* or not as the wearer pleases. This style is to be recommended on the score of economy

to those whose means are not boundless, as it gives two gowns for little more than the price of one. Feathers are much used for adorning ball toilettes, generally taking the form of *aigrettes*. The opera-cloaks or *sorties du bal* are particularly handsome this season, notably those of crimson, or some other rich shade of plush. Very nice ones are also made of cashmere, and whatever the material they are generally adorned with feather-trimming matching in colour. Black lace evening toilettes are exceedingly popular this season, and nothing is more useful. Many of them are made over a coloured foundation, but an all black one is more

useful, as it may be diversified at various times with different colours.

Jet cannot be too lavishly used to suit the fashion, and *passementerie* appears on day and evening costumes alike. Whole fronts of dresses are formed of it, and jet ornaments are employed in every available way. White and cream gloves are once more *de rigueur* for evening wear, though many seem loath to part with the tan glove, which, if not "a thing of beauty," is decidedly serviceable. Silk gloves are very much worn, but they never look as nice on the hand as a well-shaped, tight-fitting kid glove.

MONTHLY NOTES.

SCIENCE.

By R. L. J. Ellery.

OUR ATMOSPHERE.—The remarkable sunsets which occurred just after the Krakatoa eruption, and which were very generally attributed to that phenomenon, still occasionally appear, as they did *before* the eruption, but a satisfactory explanation of their frequency and intensity about the time, and for a long period after that occurrence, has not yet been advanced. Those who gave Krakatoa the credit are, I believe, lessening in numbers, while those who sought to account for them on the more ordinary supposition of some slight modification of the envelope of air, dust, vapour, and ice-dust, which surrounds our earth like a gaseous ocean, are probably on the increase; and some recent contributions to knowledge of our atmospheric surroundings may perhaps lead us a step further towards the truth.

About the time of these coloured sunsets it was reported the sun had been seen in some localities in India of a decidedly *green* colour, while some travellers on the Pacific Ocean reported that during one whole day it appeared of a *steel blue* colour. We know that often, when the air is full of smoke from bush-fires, a low sun takes on all shades of red and carmine, from a rich rose tint down to a lurid blood colour. Through a dusty atmosphere on hot wind days it appears red and lurid,

even near the meridian, and those who have seen the various tints in which it appears through a thin London fog, will at once admit the possibility of its appearing of almost any colour in the spectrum, with simply modified states of the air.

The earth is enveloped in an aerial ocean, probably of some hundreds of miles in depth: this ocean—as has been shown by Professor Tyndall, Professor Lodge, and others—is not the pure limpid transparent atmosphere we are apt to regard it, but a gaseous mixture holding suspended an immense amount of solid matter in the shape of dust, motes, water dust or vapour, ice dust, and, near the surface, all kinds of finely-divided dirt, so that on the clearest day, when the sky looks the bluest, as we look through it at the sun or other heavenly body, we see that body through an enormously deep and somewhat turbid ocean. We shall presently find, however, that while this turbid aerial sea most seriously interferes with our knowledge of the true and actual appearances of celestial objects, it is the one great condition that renders our earth habitable.

Very recently Professor Langley of the Alleghany Observatory, recounted to a London audience, at the Royal Institution, the results of some observations he has made in America on Mount Whitney, one of the peaks of the

Sierra Nevadas, about 15,000 feet high. Professor Langley went there to ascertain, among other things, the difference of intensities of the various solar rays when measured at the base, and the summit of a very high mountain; sufficiently high to reduce the interfering influence of the atmosphere to nearly one half its ordinary effect. To do this he had recourse to the most refined physical methods and appliances of modern investigation. (A perusal of his lecture would amply repay those specially interested in the subject, if only to show to what exquisite refinements such investigations can now be carried). One of his investigations was to ascertain what effect a layer of this turbid atmospheric envelope, 15,000 feet thick, had in respect to the heat and colour of the solar rays, and hence to deduce a new estimation of the amount of solar heat coming to the earth's surface. At both the base and summit of the mountain he passed a small beam of light through prisms, and thus spread it out into a spectrum, where each ray is separated out one from another in the order of their wave lengths, and, by most delicate and cleverly devised apparatus, measured the small differences of temperature between each part of the spectrum. The differences found at the base of the mountain, compared with those measured at the summit, afford the required data. To measure the small differences of heat between the various parts of the spectrum, Professor Langley used a very ingenious method, originally used in another form by the late Dr. Siemens for ascertaining the temperature at great ocean depths. It depends on the fact that an electric current will pass more readily along a cold than along a warm conducting wire, and as the resistance offered to the passage of an electric current through a wire can be measured very minutely, the slightest variation in the temperature of the wire can be accurately determined. A fine platinum wire placed to coincide with any desired part of the spectrum was warmed or cooled by that particular solar ray, and the amount of heating or cooling measured by the electric current.

The results of Professor Langley's experiments so far may be briefly summarized thus: Our atmosphere, to use his own words, acts

as a *blanketing* to the earth with respect to the heat rays, which it diffuses, keeps back, and modifies, and so makes habitable our earth, which without would be as desolate as the lunar surface; for Professor Langley stated that "if our planet were allowed to radiate freely into space without this protecting veil, its sunlit surface would probably fall, even in the tropics, below the temperature of freezing mercury." The modifying power of this "blanket" is apparent to any one ascending high mountains, and Professor Langley found that, although the skins of the travellers had been tanned hard enough by the travel over the hot Arizona deserts—the sun at these great altitudes "seared like a red-hot iron"—as they went higher and higher the colder it grew, but more and more fiercely did the sun blaze down on them.

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Sierra Nevadas, about 15,000 feet high. Professor Langley went there to ascertain, among other things, the difference of intensities of the various solar rays when measured at the base, and the summit of a very high mountain; sufficiently high to reduce the interfering influence of the atmosphere to nearly one half its ordinary effect. To do this he had recourse to the most refined physical methods and appliances of modern investigation. (A perusal of his lecture would amply repay those specially interested in the subject, if only to show to what exquisite refinements such investigations can now be carried). One of his investigations was to ascertain what effect a layer of this turbid atmospheric envelope, 15,000 feet thick, had in respect to the heat and colour of the solar rays, and hence to deduce a new estimation of the amount of solar heat coming to the earth's surface. At both the base and summit of the mountain he passed a small beam of light through prisms, and thus spread it out into a spectrum, where each ray is separated out one from another in the order of their wave lengths, and, by most delicate and cleverly devised apparatus, measured the small differences of temperature between each part of the spectrum. The differences found at the base of the mountain, compared with those measured at the summit, afford the required data. To measure the small differences of heat between the various parts of the spectrum, Professor Langley used a very ingenious method, originally used in another form by the late Dr. Siemens for ascertaining the temperature at great ocean depths. It depends on the fact that an electric current will pass more readily along a cold than along a warm conducting wire, and as the resistance offered to the passage of an electric current through a wire can be measured very minutely, the slightest variation in the temperature of the wire can be accurately determined. A fine platinum wire placed to coincide with any desired part of the spectrum was warmed or cooled by that particular solar ray, and the amount of heating or cooling measured by the electric current.

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some two years ago, since which time it has been in the hands of the celebrated etcher, Mons. Rajon. The portrait appears to be extremely life-like, and as a work of art is full of excellent points.

On the eve of the return of the New South Wales Contingent of troops from the Soudan, the *Sydney Bulletin* published an extremely clever satirical skit on the "Roll Call," drawn by Mr. Livingstone Hopkins. The officer on horseback—on such a horse!—is Mr. Dalley, with a monstrous "button-hole," and as proud as a peacock; His Excellency, with a cock between his feet, is calling the roll; the fallen man has fallen in liquor; and the woe-begone, bandaged-up rank-and-file are portraits of some of the most prominent members of the Contingent. Before noon on the day of issue, every copy of the *Bulletin* was sold out, and fetching double prices in the city; and a day or two later the illustration was re-published in a separate form, printed upon superior paper.

Some time ago, the proprietors of the *Town and Country Journal* instituted an art-competition, and offered three prizes of £70, £50, and £25, for pictures most suitable for chromolithographic reproduction in the paper. The proceeding was a truly public-spirited one, and demands full recognition at the hands of artists; but we regret to say that it was very poorly responded to in the exhibition recently held in the Art Society's Rooms. Some half-a-dozen paintings by Messrs. Sayer, G. R. Ashton, P. Fletcher Watson, and others, and Mr. Julian R. Ashton's pretty little sketch of a child-girl "Gathering Christmas Bush," (which took the third prize), were about the only presentable works. The first prize was awarded to Mr. W. Macleod, an artist who is credited with some ability, and whose "Castles in the air" certainly came out effectively at Mr. Sands' hands in the last Christmas number of the *Town and Country Journal*. But his "1770—Captain Cook landing in Botany Bay" was an utter failure, and we shall watch with interest, when it is published as a "chromo.," how much of the work is the artist's, and how much the lithographer's. Mr. Blayden Chambers's "Missing Friends" (second prize) was little better, and all the rest of the fifty odd exhibits, were utterly beneath criticism. Even Mr. W. C. Pignenit's view of the "City of Hobart" is quite unworthy of the artist whose "Australian Mangrove" now hangs in the Art Gallery, between Bavarian scenes by Lanckow and Carl Heffner, and close to Vicat Cole's grand "Arundel."

MELBOURNE.

By E. A. C.

One of the principal events this month to the artistic portion of our community, is the arrival at Mr. Fletcher's gallery of a large painting by John Faed, R.S.A. The scene is that of a "Hiring Fair," when girls and young men attended with the view of going into service. One of "Johnny Ludlow's"

charming sketches is based upon a similar gathering, and two of the prominent figures, a country squire and his son, remind the gazer very much of Johnny and Squire Todhetley. Innumerable stories may be woven out of the thirty and more figures grouped about, from the ones seated at dinner in the shadow of the beautiful ivy-covered church, to the girl talking to the stalwart young farmer in the foreground. The old woman trying to sell her wares to the comfortable-looking grey-haired yeoman, is one of the best bits in the work; her aged face, with its pallid, worn look, is in fine contrast to the ruddy countenance and sturdy limbs of her listener, seated on a bench near at hand, one hand holding the pipe he has just removed from between his lips. The child coaxing her grandfather to purchase a "fairing" for her; the pretty girl whose thrifty habits teach her to continue her homely knitting until her turn to speak arrives; the strong healthy lad who stands beside her, his whole heart in the gay scene around him; the kindly-looking squire, who has just engaged a maid-servant, are all depicted with life and vigour; indeed, the several groups stand out in such individual interest as, for the time being, to attract the attention wholly to themselves. The various fabrics employed are treated with the greatest skill; the cottons and calicoes of the girls, the coloured stuffs of the elder women, and the velveteens and cloth of the squires' and other men's coats, are admirably wrought out, and may be minutely examined; every inspection only showing something more to be admired.

The scene is laid in Gatehouse-of-Fleet, in Galloway, Scotland, and, being the birthplace of the artist, is doubtless, in many portions of it, a true representation of what must have often met his gaze in early life. A country-road is seen on the right, winding away into the distance, and behind the crowded fair rises the tower, as already mentioned, of Gatehouse Church. It is a picture to return to over and over again, and it is to be hoped it will find a permanent resting-place upon the walls of our National Gallery. It is not a recent work of this favourite artist, as some years ago it was shown throughout Great Britain and much admired, but it will not be the less welcome here on that account, for the subject is so pleasant a one, and the treatment so admirably good, that no one, even though unacquainted in any degree with art, but must look on it with feelings of satisfaction.

"An Approaching Storm," by A. Williams, is a fine work vigorously treated, and showing a number of rough, wild-looking Highland cattle drawn up on an exposed portion of the moors, whilst some men appear consulting as to what is best to do. The gathering blackness of the sky is finely rendered, indeed the atmospheric effects are one of the chief features in this clever piece of work.

MME. MOUCHETTE'S EXHIBITION.

The annual exhibition of the students of the above-named artist, took place on the 23rd of June, the opening ceremony being performed

by Lady Loch, who also awarded the successful exhibitors their handsome silver medals. Amongst the young ladies so distinguished were the Misses Thomas, E. Sandford, L. Rigby, Sothern, and Mlle. Durêt. To the latter young lady were accorded two, for painting on tapestry, and china; and the same proofs of excellence were obtained by the Misses Sandford and Rigby.

The exhibits were varied in style and very numerous, amounting this year to 206; a great improvement was visible in the work shown, some being far above the average. Space will not allow of detailed notice of the exhibition, but sufficient may be written to prove that progress of a good stamp is being made in Mme. Mouchette's studio. The paintings were in oils and water-colours; and exhibits on china, terra-cotta, silk, wood, etc., were all to be seen.

Miss Hedderwick sent in four, each showing great artistic taste; a composition in water-colours of single dahlias from nature was very meritorious, the great Indian jar and the harmonious colouring in the pale lilac blossoms and deep blue velvet curtain, being specially noticeable. A small vase, also in water-colours, was by the same young lady, and was one of the cleverest exhibits in the room, and a shell from nature, in the same style, deserved commendation.

What, however, may be termed by far the finest bit of work in the exhibition, was Miss E. Sandford's oil-painting of Ariadne, from a cast (91); it was exceedingly good in treatment, and stood out with great effect from the foliage surrounding it. A composition (92) of some figured silk, a banjo, and a casket with rows of beads hanging from it, was well-grouped and executed; and some pine-apples (93) from nature, testified to Miss Sandford's skill in another style. In 83, Miss E. Ridge showed some chrysanthemums from nature, in oils, which were very pleasing, and the rich, soft tones of the large Indian jar, in which they were placed, were effectively brought out. Miss L. Rigby showed an amount of patience in her large piece of tapestry-painting (84) representing "Alexander in the Tent of Darius," and amongst other exhibits of merit, forwarded a water-colour drawing of Heidelberg scenery (85), and a china plaque (87), with some well-grouped anemones on it. Miss Adderley, of South Yarra, showed numerous exhibits, several being in charcoal drawing; a successful one in the latter being a hand from a cast (7). The colouring in No. 8, a composition of roses on a china plaque, by Miss Briggs, was very pleasing, as was also one of stags, by the same student, which showed a fair amount of clever work. Mlle. Durêt, of Albert Park, who has been one of Mme. Mouchette's most constant pupils, has made very

great progress in her work, as may be seen by close examination of her two china plaques, "Music" (26), and "Paul and Virginia" (25); the border in the former being remarkably good. Some flowers from nature (27) were gracefully grouped, and a screen (24) with sprays and branches of various blossoms, in water-colours, was an effective exhibit.

Two china plaques (20 and 21) were the work of Mrs. Currie, and repaid notice. Some delicate painting was to be seen in some china cups and saucers and a plaque of the same (48) by Miss Gregory, a pupil of Mlle. Lion, Mdme. Mouchette's sister; the latter showed a bit of Fernshaw scenery, and the former had figures joined by wreaths of flowers. Both exhibits did credit to teacher and student. A nice bit of treatment was to be noticed in (58) a china vase forwarded by Miss Hammill.

A flower-group for the top of a table was prettily-executed by Miss Parker, and a charcoal drawing of a Japanese vase (100), the work of Miss Bessie Colin Simson, of Toorak, was sure to win the attention of an appreciative visitor; this student also exhibited a water-colour painting on silk for a screen (97), some poppies from nature (98), and a very large white fan with anemones (99). The cleverest bit of work amongst them was, however, the charcoal drawing already named. A cachepot in water-colours (119) was by Miss E. Smith, and had the double advantage of being both effective-looking and useful. Another student who had made admirable progress was Miss Thomas; amongst her numerous exhibits may be named a bracket with azalias in water-colours (123), which was painted with great delicacy of touch.

Numerous schools were represented in the Exhibition, but the limits of "Art Notes" will not allow of the works being mentioned in detail, and the same reason must apply to many other good exhibits by older students of Mme. Mouchette.

One or two, however, of the pupils belonging to the Ruyton Ladies' School, Studley Park, showed some very pleasing work, notably some belonging to the Misses E. and M. Henty. Two very charming exhibits of palettes with flowers were shown by the Misses Sievwright and E. Cunningham, and some good faïence-work was by Miss Monaghan. Miss Coates also kept up the clever reputation she had gained previously by her jardinière. Miss E. Clarke showed some work of good promise.

Altogether, the Exhibition was one well worth a visit, and must have given the greatest satisfaction to Mme. Mouchette and Mlle. Lion, both of whom are so deservedly popular with their students and the public.



LITERATURE.

By "Gleaner."

Mr. Murray, of London, announces for immediate publication a volume of letters written by the late Earl of Beaconsfield to the members of his family.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. announce that they will issue a series of popular standard works in monthly volumes, under the title of "Cassell's Red Library." The volumes will be well printed and published at a moderate price.

Dr. Newman Smyth recently delivered three discourses on the labour problem: the relation between capital and labour, and kindred topics. The discourses attracted the eager attention of workingmen, and have been published in three successive numbers of the *Andover Review*.

Dr. James Martineau's recently published volume "Types of Ethical Theory" has met with a cordial reception and been very favourably noticed by many of the best English journals. It is a book for thoughtful, patient, earnest readers.

The American volume of stories published under the title "In the Tennessee Mountains," by Charles Egbert Craddock (now known as a young lady, Miss Murfree), has reached a ninth edition. The novel now appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly* entitled "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," is nearing completion, and will be published shortly in book form. It is very powerfully written, and is sure to attain a wide circulation.

The new poem "Marino Faliero," by Mr. A. C. Swinburne, it is stated depicts life in Venice in the fourteenth century.

Among the new works announced by Messrs. Appleton and Co., of New York, there is one entitled, "An Inglorious Columbus: or, Evidence that Heiví Shan and a Party of Buddhist Monks from Afghanistan Discovered America in the Fifth Century." The author of the work is Mr. Edmund P. Vining.

Messrs. Longmans, of London, announce a new addition of the "Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works of Henry Thomas Buckle." The writings of Mr. Buckle thus designated were collected by Miss Helen Taylor, and published in three volumes in 1872. The new edition will be published in two volumes, revised and condensed by Mr. Grant Allen.

The learned and venerable historian, Professor Ranke, recently received hearty congratulations from the learned world of Germany on attaining his ninetieth birthday.

"The Origin and Progress of the English Reformation from Wicliffe to the Great Rebellion" is the title of a new work announced by Mr Murray, the London publisher. The book contains a course of lectures delivered in the University of Dublin by the late Bishop of Killaloe, and is edited by the Rev. W. Fitzgerald and Dr. Quarry.

The new novel by Mr. Meredith, "Diana of the Crossways," which originally appeared

in *The Fortnightly Review*, in its book form has been very successful. The first edition of 1000 copies was soon sold, and the publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, announce the issue of a second edition.

The Rev. T. C. Finlayson, of Manchester, favourably known to many readers from his volume of Sermons published some time ago under the title of "The Divine Gentleness, and other Sermons," has just issued through Messrs. Brook and Chrystal, of Manchester, a new volume entitled "Biological Religion." The work is a reply to Professor Drummond's popular volume, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

"The Life of General Gordon" recently published in Dutch, is stated to have reached a sale almost unprecedented in Holland. The London *Literary World* mentions that the author, Rev. C. S. A. van Scheliema, is a clergyman of nearly eighty years of age, whose whole life has been devoted to philanthropic labours.

A second edition of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cox's valuable "Commentary on the Book of Job" has just been published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., London. A large portion of the volume originally appeared in the *Expositor*, so long and ably edited by Dr. Cox, and the fact that, in book form, the Commentary has already reached a second edition is decisive proof of its worth. It is to be regretted that its high price places it beyond the reach of many ministers to whom it would be invaluable.

Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. announce that they will issue shortly an English edition of the "Life, Letters, and Journal of the late Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," by his brother. The work will be issued in two volumes.

Messrs. Trübner and Co., London, recently published two volumes of much interest in many respects, especially to theologians. The title is "Synagogue Sermons." The sermons were delivered in the West London Synagogue of British Jews, by Professor Marks, minister of the congregation. The sermons are marked by considerable power and eloquence, but their chief value to Christian readers is the information they convey in reference to the doctrinal opinions of the preacher, and, we suppose, of the generality of his hearers. An English reviewer, in closing his notice of the sermons, says:—"We earnestly advise preachers to study them, especially if they be preachers who appeal to the understanding of people, and are content to leave to empty-headed charlatans the follies and devices by which they seek to fill their churches or their chapels."

Among several new books of interest recently published by the Religious Tract Society we commend to the notice of our readers the handsome volume entitled "New Guinea," by the Revs. James Chalmers and

W. Wyatt Gill, B.A. It is a book crowded with interesting and reliable information respecting the great island which of late has awakened so deep an interest in Australia. The volume is beautifully got up both externally and internally, and is copiously illustrated. Our readers will also find the sixth volume of "Present Day Tracts" just issued by the same society worthy of attention. It is uniform in size and price with the preceding volumes of the series.

The "Story of the Nations" is the title of a new series of books announced by the Messrs. Putnam, of New York. The design is to present to the young the stories of the different nations that have attained prominence in history. A number of volumes are now preparing by well known writers. The series will extend to a large number of volumes, and form together an excellent historical library for young people.

The London *Literary World* states that a scheme is on foot to issue a translation of the New Testament into modern English as distinguished from that of the time of James I. It is contended by the promoters of the undertaking that the time has arrived when such rendering is needful to familiarize the working classes of the country with the teachings of our Lord and His apostles, and that the New Testament should be placed before them in a language they can understand, in order that the Divine Word may appear to them with the same advantage which similar writings have in this respect. From the same source we learn that a Mr. Farrar Fenton has made a translation of which it is proposed to publish an edition of 10,000 copies, and the assistance is sought of those who are favourable to the undertaking. No information is given respecting the scholarship of Mr. Fenton, or his fitness for such a work, but application for particulars is to be made to Mr. Fenton, care of Mr. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row, London. We insert this paragraph as likely to interest some readers.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co., of London, announce they will shortly publish a volume of poems and stories by Mr. William Black. The title will be "The Wise Woman of Inverness." The story thus named has recently appeared as a serial in several journals.

Messrs. Goupil and Co., of Paris, have in preparation a history of the French Army, which is to be issued in the most sumptuous style. The work will contain 450 illustrations by Detaille, depicting the types and uniforms of French soldiers for nearly one hundred years, the period covered being the years from 1789 to 1885. The first part will be issued in October. The announced price will place it beyond the reach of all but the wealthy.

The Rev. Washington Gladden, widely known as the author of "The Christian League of Connecticut," has just published, through Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, a volume containing nine sermons on "Working People and their Employers." The faithful and eloquent preacher goes to the very heart of the great social difficulties which now beset the church and the world. Dr. Gladden, in one of the discourses, deals with the question

of "Capital and Labour," and urges co-operation as a Christian elixir for the sickness of the times.

The writer of "The Tennessee Mountains," now known, not as Charles Egbert Craddock, but as Miss Murfree, is particularly described in some of the American journals as being about five feet four inches in height, and slender. Her features are all quite prominent, her forehead square and projecting, eyes grey and deep set, nose Grecian, chin projecting, and mouth large, complexion blonde, and hair light-brown, almost golden. Her conversation is animated, the sentences full of italics. She is a wonderful story teller, and is said to find more enjoyment in a small boy, or a darky, than in anything else.

Under the title of "The Home Beyond; or, Views of Heaven and its Relation to Earth," a very beautiful volume has recently been published. The volume contains selections from over four hundred preachers and authors, bearing on the various aspects of the subject set forth in the title. The collection is made by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Fellows, Bishop in the Reformed Episcopalian Church, United States, and the work is published by Mr. E. B. Treat, of New York.

Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel, "Zoroaster, the Prophet," is announced by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., of London. The scene is laid in ancient Persia.

Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, of Edinburgh, recently published a small volume, entitled "Can the Old Faith live with the New? or, the Problem of Evolution and Revelation." The author, the Rev. Dr. Matheson, is a well-known minister of the Established Church of Scotland, and belongs to the liberal and advanced party in that Church. The volume has excited considerable interest among theologians, and has been favourably reviewed in several journals and magazines. The object Dr. Matheson has in view is to prove that science and revelation are not antagonistic, and that "should the doctrine of Evolution be established, Christianity will not die." Whether the able writer is successful or not our readers must judge for themselves. The work is ably written, and it requires on the part of the reader attention and thought to follow and to grasp the meaning of the writer.

A work of great interest has recently been published by Mr. Murray, of London, under the title of "Prehistoric America." The volume is a translation from the French, and its author is the Marquis de Nadaillac. A vast amount of curious and interesting information is contained in the book, and its value is increased by the numerous illustrations.

Mr. George Augustus Sala's new volume, "A Journey due South," may be commended to the notice of all who enjoy an hour or two of pleasant reading in the evening after the toil and anxieties of the day. The contents of the volume originally appeared in the London *Daily Telegraph*. Among the places visited and described by Mr. Sala may be named Paris, Marseilles, Genoa, Bastia, Venice, Rome, Naples; and of what he saw and heard and experienced in these and other places he writes as only Mr. Sala can write.

Two very interesting and instructive books on China have been recently published entitled "The Chinese Painted by Themselves," and "Child Life in Chinese Homes." The first-named volume is by Colonel Tcheng-Ki-Tong, Military Attaché of China at Paris. This Chinese officer, for many years a resident in Europe, found great ignorance prevailing as to China and the life of its people, and wrote this volume to correct mistaken conceptions and to convey reliable information. The volume has been translated from the French by Mr. Millington, and is sure to attract much attention and delight a multitude of readers. The second volume is also very interesting. The writer—Mrs. Bryson—is connected with the London Missionary Society, and was several years a worker at the Mission Station, Wuchan. Mrs. Bryson's volume is designed specially for the young, but the perusal of it will gratify any reader. In Colonel Tcheng-Ki-Tong's book there are many specimens of national proverbs and poetry given, and the second part of Mrs. Bryson's volume is filled with interesting stories of Chinese boys and girls. We mention this as likely to render the book more acceptable to young people generally. The illustrations are numerous and good. Both works are well got up, and are published at a moderate price. Mrs. Bryson's volume, published by the London Religious Tract Society, should have a place in every Sunday School library.

Among many able articles in the latest number of *The Edinburgh Review* there are two of special excellence. The first is "Prince Bismarck, sketched by his Secretary." The article is a review of the two volumes recently published, entitled "Our Chancellor," by the Private Secretary of Prince Bismarck. The volumes are large and expensive, but all who are desirous of information respecting the private and public life of the great German statesman, and have neither leisure nor opportunity to read the volumes will find in this article a vast amount of information, in short, it may be said, a summary full and complete of the work. The second notably able article is that which reviews at great length Mr. Cross's "Life and Letters of George Eliot." Of the many lengthened reviews and briefer notices which have of late appeared on the same subject we have nothing superior to this article. It has no fulsome admiration, it is discriminating and just, and in style, clear, fresh, and vigorous.

The last number of *The London Quarterly Review* has many excellent articles. We name the following, as suited to the majority of readers, "Khartoum and General Gordon," "Thomas Carlyle," "Miss Gordon Cumming's Visit to the Temple of Heaven at Peking," and to theologians the article entitled, "The Last Testimony to the Atonement." This ably conducted quarterly is specially distinguished for its brief and well written notices of new books in all departments of literature, and

such notices, while interesting to many, are especially so to those who like, amid the pressure of daily toil and business, to know what is going on in the literary world. To students the summaries of foreign periodicals are valuable and instructive.

The Boston *Literary World* states that the *Princeton Review*, which was recently discontinued, will be revived, and that President M'Cosh, of Princeton College, will assume a prominent position in the management of the periodical. It is not proposed to make the *Review* an organ of any particular school of thought. The field which the *Princeton Review* would naturally occupy, if this were the plan, is already well filled by the *Presbyterian Review*. It will print instead, papers on topics of the times, in art, literature, history, and politics, and its connection with Princeton College will be more close than hitherto.

The May number of the *North American Review* has several excellent articles, two of which are worthy of special mention. The first is on the question "Has Christianity Benefited Woman?" A lady, E. C. Stanton, answers the question in the negative, and Bishop J. L. Spalding in the affirmative. Both writers present many very interesting facts, and have evidently given much attention to the important and interesting subject. The second article is written by Mr. David Dudley Field, and deals with the important topic of "Industrial Co-operation." Under the title of "The New Buddha," Mr. Robert Buchanan contributes a long poem which has for its theme Arthur Schopenhauer and his creed.

The attention of theologians and Bible students may be directed to an article in the April number of the *British Quarterly Review*, on "The Alexandrian Type of Christianity." The article is profoundly interesting, and is literally crowded with information respecting the two early Christian Fathers, Clement and Origen. Their doctrinal views are fully and clearly set forth, and the writer shows how these two great men of old held and taught in the third century most of the opinions which have of late called forth so much discussion. The *Review* has also a most interesting article on the recently-discovered ancient document, "The Teaching of the Apostles," and copious quotations are given.

A large portion of the May number of *Harper's Magazine* is devoted to fiction, but there are several very interesting articles, among which may be named specially "A Wild-Goose Chase," and "Through London by Canal." In the *Atlantic Monthly* there is a great variety of interesting reading, and the three great serial stories are continued. The chief feature in the *Century Illustrated Magazine* is, as usual, the continuation of the war series. Of the May number an edition of 250,000 copies has been issued.



CURRENT EVENTS.

By E. A. C.

The annual distribution of Medals and Certificates, given by the Royal Humane Society of Australasia, attracted a large gathering at the Melbourne Town Hall on the 22nd of last month. Between seventy and eighty awards were made, eight of which were received by very young children. The distribution was performed by his Excellency the Governor.

"Microscopic Marvels" was the title chosen for his last but one address by the popular lecturer, Dr. J. E. Taylor, and the usual interest was shown by the attentive listeners, as the Doctor pointed out what wonders had, in this way, been revealed to the naturalist. "Earthquakes and Volcanoes" formed the subject of his final theme before leaving for the sister colony.

Numerous audiences have attended all the lectures given by Dr. Taylor, whose pleasant, conversational style of address has most favourably impressed the community. The daily press is loud in admiration of our latest distinguished visitor.

The great event of last month in the musical world was the arrival of Mr. J. S. Kruse, the Berlin "concert-meister." On the afternoon of that day he was received with great cordiality by various leading members of the profession, and in the evening a serenade was given by some of the Turn Verein Society and other members. Mr. Kruse, who appeared much pleased by the attention, made a suitable reply.

Especial interest was displayed in the monthly meeting held on the 10th of May by the Field Naturalists' Club, at the Royal Society's hall, as amongst the visitors on the occasion was Dr. J. E. Taylor, F.G.S., etc.

A most cordial reception was awarded him on his introduction by the president, the Rev. J. J. Halley, and in his reply he acknowledged it with thanks, pointing out at the same time the great opportunities afforded in Australia for the discovery of "missing-links," adding, however, that those who had hitherto found them, "never knew where to place them!" Ten new members were elected, and others nominated for election. Very interesting exhibits were shown by Messrs. Kershaw, Best, Coles, French, Campbell, etc., belonging to all departments of natural history; and special mention must be made of one shown by Mrs. R. Simson, of Toorak, which was most beautiful and unique, consisting of a small, well-executed painting upon a *cobweb*! It had been brought by the exhibitor from the Tyrol, Austria, where only one family know how to perform this wonderful feat. The manipulation of every detail in the human figures, as well as in the dog, was most artistically worked out, and visible with perfect clearness on each side of the cob-web. Mr. T. A. Forbes-Leith exhibited a series of eighty-four Victorian birds, representing thirty families; and fossils and fungi from Lilydale were shown respectively by Miss Campbell and the Rev. A. W. Cresswell.

On another page will be found an advertisement introducing Warner's Safe Remedies to the Australian public. The success of these remedies in the United States, Canada, and England, has been phenomenal. They are simple herb preparations, and in their simplicity lies their power over various forms of diseases of the kidneys and liver, for which they are especially prepared.

C H E S S.

By G. H. D. GOSSIP,

Author of "Theory of the Chess Openings," "The Chess Player's Manual," etc.

Solutions of Problems, applications for the "International Chess Magazine," and all communications on Chess should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

(FROM THE "INTERNATIONAL CHESS MAGAZINE").

"Once in an animated discussion on politics, my opponent, being pressed hard, fancied he made a great hit by remarking to some bystanders: 'He thinks he understands politics, because he can play chess.' 'And you think,' I answered, 'that you understand politics because you can't play chess.' On similar credentials some chess critics actually claim a

superior authority on the game. This is laughable, but there are also some charlatans who have never had even the honour to fail, and who pose as analytical masters because they never tried critical conclusions over the board. Such impostors, actuated merely by personal spite, have attempted systematically to retard the modern progress of our game. But it is ludicrous to see the miserable bungling into which they drift when they endeavour to produce any scientific proof for their dicta.

"A mishap of that sort occurred to Zukertort's sleeping partner (Mr. Hoffer) in the London *Chess Monthly* who, in the absence of his master, and throwing all the claims, even of his *associé* overboard, proclaimed the 'towering

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, *March 14th, 1885.*

Once a Month, an Australian magazine, has the merit of savouring of the soil. Everything is really indigenous, from an interesting sketch of the Premier of New South Wales to a description of Christmas in the bush, and a rough, hearty ballad on sheep-shearing.

THE BOOKSELLER (London), *March 5th, 1885.*

Once a Month.—The first number of the second volume of an Australian Magazine, published in Melbourne by Messrs. Wm. Inglis and Co. Its leading article is a biographical sketch of the Hon. James Service, the Premier of Victoria, accompanied by a lithographic portrait. The fiction provided for the entertainment of its readers seems of excellent quality, and the general tone of its articles quite equal to that of its contemporaries this side of the equator. Many of its articles are illustrated either by lithographs or engravings.

PUBLISHERS CIRCULAR (London), *April 15th, 1885.*

From Messrs. W. Inglis and Co., Melbourne.—Although we are usually able to notice the magazines immediately after publication, an exception must be *Once a Month* which hails from the Antipodes. The part dated the 15th of December, 1884, is now before us, showing a pleasant collection of matter, including some very fair Christmas stories.

THE ARGUS, *March 23.*

* * * * The miscellaneous contents of the magazine are varied and interesting.

AGE, *June 15th, 1885.*

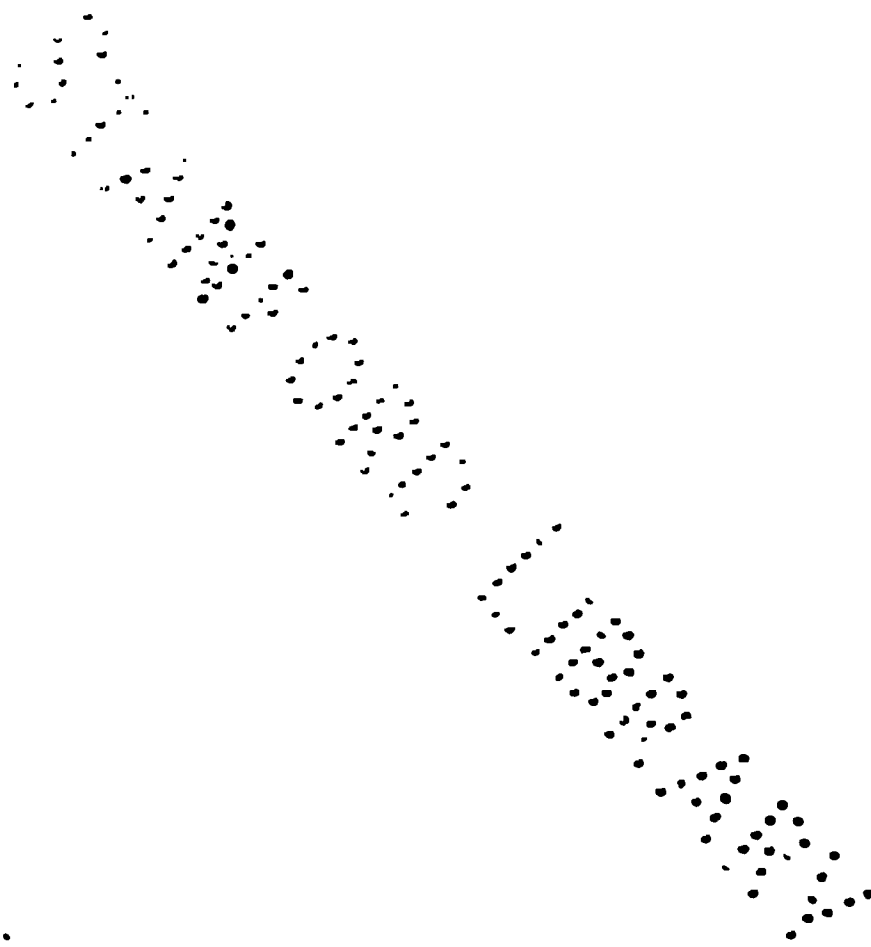
We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Wm. Inglis and Co., *Once a Month* for June. It contains a biographical sketch of Mr. Adye Douglas, Premier and Chief Secretary of Tasmania; an article entitled "Sounds and Sandflies," by "J.H.," descriptive of the West Coast Sounds of New Zealand; the commencement of a series of articles on the Old English Opera; the continuation of the serial stories—Jacobi's Wife, By Sea and Lake, and Mary Marston; and a selection of instructive and entertaining matter. The illustrations comprise a portrait of Mr. Adye Douglas, and views in the West Coast Sounds and in Southern Tasmania. The whole is produced in excellent style.

DAILY TELEGRAPH, *June 13th, 1885.*

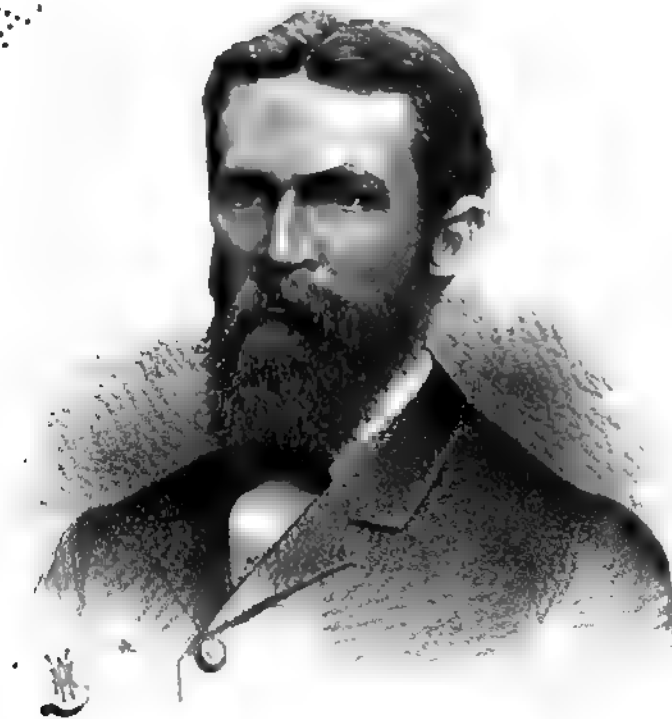
We have received the June number of *Once a Month*, which fully maintains the high reputation which this magazine has achieved. A portrait is given of the Hon. Mr. Douglas, the Tasmanian Premier, with a sketch of his life. The general contents of the magazine are varied and interesting.

LEADER, *June 20th, 1885.*

Once a Month for June (W. Inglis and Co.) contains a good likeness of Mr. Adye Douglas, Premier and Chief Secretary of Tasmania, with a brief sketch of his public career. There is also an illustrated article on Southern Tasmania, with the usual liberal supply of novelette matter, which for the most part is thoroughly readable.



WALKER GRIFFITH



THE HON. SAMUEL WALKER GRIFFITH, Q.C.
PREMIER & COLONIAL SECRETARY OF QUEENSLAND

FROM A PHOTO BY MATHEWSON & CO

ONCE A MONTH.

No. II.

AUGUST 15, 1885.

VOL. III.

GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. IX.

THE HON. SAMUEL WALKER GRIFFITH, Q.C.,

PREMIER AND COLONIAL SECRETARY OF QUEENSLAND.

By W. KINNAIRD ROSE,

Barrister-at-Law.

Integer vitæ ecelerisque purus . . .

Est animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua fidesque.
—*Horace.*

Few there be who doubt that Australia must, in the immediate future, take her place as one of the Great Commonwealths of the Earth. A free people, mainly of Anglo-Saxon blood, endowed with self government, located on a vast continent of unlimited material resources, must, from the necessities of ethnological evolution, consolidate into a nationality; a living race-force, having ideals of government and policy born of its surroundings; laws, the outcome of local requirements; and institutions, the growth of social and spiritual environment.

But while principles which are interwoven in the life of humanity are operating towards that end, "hedging in our course, rewarding duty, executing vengeance on unrighteousness, causing peace and health and wealth to follow in the steps of national virtue and in-

tegrity, and decay and ruin to track—silent and sure—the path of vice and wrong," men must arise from the people to give voice to national aspirations, and to crystallize these in laws and institutions which shall advance the happiness and well-being of the body politic.

Australasia, though as yet only at the very dawn of its national life, has already given birth to many men who may be ranked among what Carlyle would have called the prophet-politicians of society. And amongst these the Hon. Samuel Walker Griffith will take no mean place. A lawyer and statesman, he has already left his impress for good on the statute-book of one of our largest colonies; he has inaugurated great political and social reforms; he has devised schemes to meliorate the conditions of existence of the wealth-producers of the land; and he has accomplished much which will influence, for all time, the development of Australasian national life.

Although a native of Wales, Mr. Griffith is by education, training, sympathy, and bent of genius, thoroughly Australian. The son of a Non-conformist Minister, Samuel Walker Griffith was born at Merthyr Tydvil, on June 21st, 1845. His father, the Rev. E. Griffith, emigrated to Australia in 1854, and was inducted to the charge of the Congregational Church at Ipswich, whence he removed to Maitland, and afterwards to Brisbane; where he has laboured with success for more than a quarter of a century, and secured the love and honour of one of the largest congregations in the capital city of Queensland. Young Griffith's primary education was received at the academy of Mr. R. Horniman, Sydney, from which he passed to the High School of Maitland; where he laid the foundation of a sound classical training, and gave first promise of that intellectual ability to which his subsequent success is so largely due. In 1860 he went to Sydney, and entering the University, soon became a prominent figure in the collegiate classes. An eager student, an earnest reader, he was yet no misanthrope. He shared the fun and frolic of University life, though he subordinated that to mental discipline and culture. At college he became acquainted with and formed a fast friendship for Charles Stuart Mein, a friendship to which touching allusion was made on a recent occasion, when Mr. Mein was elevated to the Bench of the Supreme Court of Queensland.

Returning to Queensland in 1863, Mr. Griffith chose the profession of the law, and was articled to Mr. Macalister, the leading solicitor at that time in Brisbane, and an ardent politician. Undoubtedly from his master in law Mr. Griffith likewise imbibed his first lessons in practical politics. While yet an articled clerk he secured the Mort travelling fellowship from Sydney University; and in fulfilment of the conditions of the foundation, he cultivated his understanding, his faculty of observation, and his knowledge of men, by a trip to Europe. After completing his articles, Mr. Griffith joined the Queensland Bar in October, 1867. Possessed of all the qualities of a first

rate advocate—sound judgment not untinged with combativeness, the gift of fluent speech, and an instinctive insight into motive—Mr. Griffith speedily acquired a large practice as a barrister in the Queensland Courts. Thoroughly acquainted with the principles of jurisprudence, which must be sought for in the Law of Nature, Mr. Griffith is distinguished for his profound knowledge of the Common Law. As a pleader he is characterised by keen analysis, by logical arrangement of facts, and by the lucidity of his argument, which he presents in clear-cut and telling sentences. He has a perfect mastery of the rare art of discriminating between what to leave unsaid and what to force home to the attention and mind of the Bench. In jury cases, his address is marked by calm precision of statement, and sledge-hammer strength in demolishing the plausible rhetoric of an opponent. He is also singularly free from the too often false glitter of impassioned oratorical flights. He appeals to reason, not to sentiment; and brings conviction irresistibly in cases where adept phrase-mongering or linguistic fireworks would defeat the end in view. Possessed neither of the persuasive eloquence of the silver-tongued Coleridge, the flowing and polished declamation of the late A. M. Sullivan, nor the sparkle of Serjeant Ballantine, Mr. Griffith most nearly resembles Hope Scott of the great advocates of the modern English bar, in his grasp of principle, his clear appreciation of the utmost niceties of the case in hand, his intellectual force in statement, his acute perception of his own and his opponent's weakness, and his subtle yet precise distinctions.

But it is as a politician that Mr. Griffith is best known; and it is on his statesmanship that his fame will rest both within and beyond the bounds of Queensland. He first entered Parliament in March, 1872, when he was returned to the Legislative Assembly for the electorate of East Moreton. His ready and convincing speech speedily secured for him an attentive hearing in debate; and after the dissolution of 1873, he was elected for the newly created seat of Oxley. During

the first two years of his Parliamentary career, he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the forms of the House and with the rules of procedure—a knowledge which has oftentimes stood him in good stead in subsequent sessions, when he became leader of the opposition, and afterwards Premier of the Colony. In August, 1874, he was appointed Attorney-General in the Macalister Administration, and in the following year he exhibited much tactical skill in piloting several measures through the Legislative Assembly. The most important of these was the State Education Bill, which provided for the appointment of one of the responsible Ministers of the Crown as Secretary for Public Instruction, for the institution of a Girls' Grammar School, and for the equipment of every child in the colony with a free primary education. Early in 1876, Mr. Macalister retired from the premiership, and was succeeded by the Hon. George Thorne, under whom Mr. Griffith was appointed Secretary for Public Instruction—a post for which he was well fitted alike from his scholarship, from the deep interest he had exhibited in educational matters, and as the author of the bill which created the office. In the parliamentary session of that year he made his mark as a legal reformer, for he succeeded in passing an amendment of the law of criminal practice, and the Judicature Act, meant to secure the administration of a uniform system of law in all courts of justice, and to simplify and amend the practice of the Supreme Courts. Others measures which he introduced and passed that session were the Oaths Amendment Act, by which a declaration made in a Court of Law should have the same validity as an oath; and the Department of Justice Act, which amended the laws relating to the office of Attorney-General, and provided for the appointment of a Minister of Justice. In 1877 he still further exhibited his zeal as a legal reformer by passing the Jurors' Bill; while as Secretary for Public Instruction he attempted, but failed in his efforts, to carry a measure for the promotion of Secondary Education. His object was, in the absence of University training in the colony, to enable

children of "pregnant parts" to climb from the elementary to the highest rung of the secondary educational ladder. Later in the year, Mr. Griffith became Secretary for Public Works in the Hon. John Douglas' administration—being succeeded as Attorney-General by Mr. J. F. Garrick. In the session of 1878, Mr. Griffith introduced and passed one of the most valuable measures of local self-government to be found on the Statute Book, since the erection of Queensland into a separate colony. It was the Act which placed on a sound basis the whole of the municipal institutions of the country, which are the nurseries of public spirit, and the best conservators of freedom against the narrowing tendencies of centralization. Another measure with which he was identified that year was the Act for the resumption of land for public purposes. Then followed the general election, when Mr. Griffith, who had by this time from his force of character, his skill as a lawyer and practical legislator, and his powerful debating ability, become one of the leading politicians of the country, boldly contested the metropolitan constituency; for which he was returned at the head of the poll, the Hon. A. H. (now Sir Arthur) Palmer, who had been leader of the Opposition, being second. When the new Parliament met in January, 1879, Mr. (now Sir Thomas) McIlwraith moved a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry, and the resolution being carried by thirty-two votes to twenty, the Douglas administration resigned. Appointed leader of the Liberal minority, Mr. Griffith for nearly five years sat in the cold shade of Opposition—ever watchful for mistakes on the part of the Government, exposing what he deemed their faults, and, where longer resistance could only have degenerated into obstruction, doing his best—as he himself has described it—"to mould and improve ministerial measures on the floor of the House."

It was during this period that the scheme of the Trans-Continental Land-Grant Railway, and the proposal to introduce coolie labour from British India for the sugar plantations of Northern Queensland, were developed by the McIlwraith administration.

Both these plans were denounced by Mr. Griffith; and not only did he succeed in arresting them for the time being in the House, but in thoroughly rousing the country against them. At last Sir Thomas McIlwraith was compelled to appeal to the judgment of the constituencies in November, 1883, but the verdict was against him; and following the precedent set by Mr. Disraeli in England, Sir Thomas resigned without waiting for the meeting of Parliament and an adverse vote of Assembly. Mr. Griffith had been re-elected for North Brisbane by an immense majority; and public opinion, no less than the commanding position he had taken in guiding the fortunes of the Liberal party, pointed to him as the only fit man to form a ministry. This he did, undertaking himself the offices of Premier, Colonial Secretary, and Secretary for Public Instruction.

Amongst the first duties which fell to Mr. Griffith as Colonial Secretary was to take part in the Convention of representatives of the Australasian colonies at Sydney, in December, 1883. At this important meeting, which marked a new era in the history of Australian national life, the Hon. S. W. Griffith displayed broad and enlightened views as to Federation; and we believe that he drafted the major part of the resolutions which were adopted by the Convention.

Colonial politics have too often with truth been sneered at as parochial; but late events have shown that to true government of any of the Commonwealths which have arisen beneath the Southern Cross, there must be brought views of imperial grasp, a wide survey of the forces at work not only on this continent, but elsewhere, and an intelligent conception of the polity of European nations; whose aim in these latter days is colonial expansion, and whose interests may become, if not hostile to, at least competitive with, those of the Australasian colonies. That Mr. Griffith has acquired the art of statecraft, and a firm grip of the political movements of the time, with the direction in which they are tending, is exhibited by two notable State Papers recently published; viz., that on New Guinea in its relation to England,

Germany, and the Colonies; and that containing his proposal for a Federal Navy, which shall perform a function for the whole of Australia similar to that which the Channel Fleet effects for the protection of Great Britain.

As a parliamentarian and legislator, Mr. Griffith has, since his accession to office in 1883, earned new laurels. Speaking generally, he has, like Mr. Gladstone, a high ideal of public duty, and cannot conceive the possibility of a divorce of ethics from politics. He had to formulate a policy, which, while acceptable to the great body of the working men of Queensland, who had been largely instrumental in returning him to power, would not too violently excite the hostility of the diverse interests which would certainly combine in opposition. Almost the very first measure which he passed was an amendment of the Pacific Island Labourers' Act, in which he attempted to correct the abuses of the Polynesian labour traffic, and also to prevent competition of the islanders with white labour, except in purely tropical or sub-tropical agriculture. He effectually succeeded in the last-named object; he has himself admitted that he failed in the first, and has not too obscurely hinted that he will abolish in the near future the traffic altogether. He has by this, and by firmly resisting all demands for the importation of coolies, incurred the displeasure, if not the vehement opposition of the planters, who allege that Mr. Griffith has ruined the sugar industry, and arrested the prosperity of the colony. It is not for us to judge between the one side and the other; but, granting Mr. Griffith's premises, there is something to admire in the bold and heroic measures which he has taken to wipe out what he considers the foul stain which has been cast on the fair fame of Queensland. Apart from its economic aspect, with which we have nothing here to do, there was a magnanimity and a daring humanity in returning to their homes, at the expense of the colony, the whole of the islanders, whom the Royal Commission appointed by him declared to have been illegally recruited, albeit passed by Government agents and Government inspectors. Arising in

great measure out of the labour difficulty, the cry of separation has gone forth in the North, and Mr. Griffith has had to deal with the question in a despatch to the Colonial Office in London. In that paper he displayed all his acknowledged acumen, sharp criticism, intelligent comprehension of motive, and clear demonstration of facts; and separation will not be accomplished yet awhile.

During the two sessions of Parliament since his return to place and power, Mr. Griffith has introduced and carried several measures of purely domestic policy, which are bound to have a great influence on the future of Queensland. The Public Health Act is an attempt to grapple with the problem of sanitation in a new and only partially developed community. It is hoped that the Loan Act, by which the Government are authorised to borrow ten millions for public works, will bring to Queensland increased industrial and commercial activity, which had been somewhat crippled by the long and disastrous drought. The Defence Act is acknowledged to be one of the best passed in any of the colonies, and during the recent war fever it worked not only smoothly but efficiently. By it the complete defence of the colony is adequately provided for, should occasion ever unhappily arise for calling the youth and manhood of Queensland to arms for the protection of their hearths and homes. Last of all is the Land Act—the principles of which are the preservation of the public estate to the community, the close settlement of the agricultural and pastoral lands of the colony, and the prevention of the accumulation of large properties in the hands of individuals and syndicates, for the most part absentees.

Mr. Griffith is not a Parliamentary orator, in the sense in which Mr. John Bright, the Marquis of Salisbury, or Mr. Sexton is. He is a ready debater, incisive in his diction, and logical rather than argumentative. On occasion, however, he has delivered speeches which for close reasoning, apt illustration, and sustained power, would rank high in any of the great legislative assemblies of the world. Standing in an easy, almost careless attitude, in

front of his despatch box, placed not on the table, but on the bench whereon he sits, he addresses himself alternately to the Speaker and to the front opposition bench, in quiet, even tones. His utterance is rapid but clear, and when goaded by the taunts and jeers of political opponents, his hard though not harsh voice is capable of exceedingly scornful modulation, emphasized by a contemptuous wave of the hand in which he holds his papers—the only gesture in which he indulges. He is never caught napping or tripping. We have seen him leaning back on his bench apparently asleep, or sitting at the table writing letters, as if he were oblivious of the course of the debate. But not a point of the opposition argument had been lost. He would jump to his feet, and take up and powerfully reply to every statement which had been made against him or his policy.

As a Parliamentary tactician he has no equal in the Queensland legislature. His capacity in this respect was never more fully manifested than in his conduct of the Land Bill through the Assembly, in the face of a compact, well-organized, and persistent opposition; and in his conciliatory attitude in the Conference between the Council and the Assembly, when there was a possibility that a too unyielding stand might destroy the whole work of the session, and lose the measure on which he had evidently set his heart. His skill won for him the admiration, not alone of his followers, but of the Opposition; and we know of nothing finer in political warfare than Mr. Hume Black's ungrudging testimony, at the close of last session, to the consummate ability of the man whom he had so determinedly opposed at every hand for over six weary months. "We are all proud of him; Queensland is proud of him; Australia ought to be proud of him," said Mr. Black. As a capable administrator, Mr. Griffith has few equals. His power of work is phenomenal. He has the knack of reading the dryest of blue-books at a glance, and picking out the salient points. Nothing escapes him in administrative detail; his grasp of political principle enables him to to generalise accurately and swiftly,

from the most minute and oftentimes discordant particulars.

In personal appearance Mr. Griffith is tall and fair, with sharply cut and not unhandsome features. His expression is self-contained, approaching to hardness. His manner is cold and unsympathetic. He is as reticent as Lyndhurst, as impassive as Disraeli. It is said, however, that when in the society of intimate friends his constrained demeanour disappears, and that he becomes genial and pleasing. He is nothing of a conversationalist, but has a grim sense of humour though he

never personally indulges in it. Finally, it is alleged that he is of that temperament which readily takes men as they seem; but that when once suspicion is roused he has too little regard, in his judgments, to the inherent weaknesses of human nature. These faults, if faults they be, are but the specks which by contrast enhance the purity and brightness of the amber. Mr. Griffith is a strong and commanding personality, destined to attain to yet greater triumphs, and to sway in no inconsiderable degree the future of Australia.

AN AUSTRALIAN LADON.*

By MACMARSAIN.

"Seen many snakes?" why, yes, a few,
All sorts and sizes, and killed them too;
No, never saw anyone get a bite,
Though I've seen lots of chaps get a jolly good fright.
But the rummiest start I saw one get—
It makes me laugh when I think of it yet—
Was out on the gold-fields, long ago—
I'll spin you the yarn, if you'd like to know—
'Twas a carpet-snake that caught a thief;
And didn't he think he had come to grief?

In the barque I belonged to, every man Jack
Had signed for the voyage out and back;
But we got the gold-fever so awfully bad,
To be off to the diggings we were all mad,
And the ship had been hardly three days moored,
When there wasn't a soul of us left on board.
Well, two of my mates and I got there,
And took up a claim that promised fair,
When, one day, there came a chap we knew,
One of the same old barky's crew;
He wasn't much good, far as digging went,
But we hired him to cook and mind our tent.

We'd bottomed our shaft before he came,
And struck a lead that went through our claim,

* LADON was the dragon that guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides.

Some nuggets we got, from an ounce to five,
And to follow it up we began to drive.
On the Saturday nights we worked till dark,
And then went out for a bit of a lark ;
So on Sundays we didn't get up so soon,
And we washed our clothes in the afternoon.
But now we agreed we must watch our claim,
Watch and watch, cook and all the same,
And cook had the morning watch, for he
Wasn't worked so hard as the rest, you see.

Early on Sunday, then, cook went out,
Looked round to see there was none about,
Let the rope off the windlass as far's 'twould go,
And slid down to fossick a bit below,
Thinking to prig a nugget or two,
And shin up again before any one knew.
When he got to the bottom, there in the drive
Lay a snake—a monster ! he made a dive
At an axe in the corner, and struck, but missed ;
The brute next moment reared and hissed,
Twined round his legs, and squeezed him tight,
And he roared blue murder with all his might,
Grabbed to the rope, and with one wild sprawl
Got his feet on the bucket, snake and all.

His awful yells brought the whole camp out,
And we ran to see what 'twas all about ;
Some thought there was murder somewhere round,
But soon to our shaft we traced the sound.
'Then we fancied a man had tumbled down,
And smashed his bones, or broke his crown ;
So we called " What's up, mate ?" he roared " A snake !
Pull me up ! pull me up, for mercy's sake !"

When we got him up, and hauled him out,
Wasn't there just a tremendous rout !
Half of the fellows cut and run,
But one of my mates had brought his gun,
And he put it close to his snakeship's head,
Gave him both barrels, and nailed him dead.

Cook tumbled over—'twas only fright—
That kind of snakes, they say, don't bite ;
Then we pulled off his legs the wriggling brute,
And found he measured nigh twelve foot.

When we got to our tent, in his funk cook told
He had gone down the shaft to look for gold ;
If we'd just let him off for once, he swore
He'd never do so all his life no more.
So we told him to take his swag and go
Before the others should come to know ;
And he went that night—we didn't hear when,
But he never showed up on those diggings again.

JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

CHAPTER XIX.

SIR WILFRED'S DAUGHTER.

"Where is Clarice?" said Sir Wilfred.
 "Let her be called immediately."

He was seated in the library at an earlier hour than usual. Jacobi had got him downstairs by eleven o'clock on the plea of important business. A bright wood fire was burning in the grate, for Sir Wilfred found the September mornings chilly, but to people in ordinary health the room might have seemed close and hot.

Mrs. Danvers sat beside the table, looking peculiarly pensive and resigned. Jacobi was in his favourite position—leaning over the back of his master's arm-chair—where he could make suggestions, if necessary, that should reach Sir Wilfred's ear alone. Upon a small table at Sir Wilfred's side was spread out a crumpled sheet of foreign newspaper, partly covered with writing in a small but beautiful hand.

"Miss Vanborough seems nervous and excited this morning," said Mrs. Danvers. "I had some difficulty in inducing her to rise at all. Perhaps I had better go and see whether she is ready or not."

"You are too kind, Mrs. Danvers," said Sir Wilfred, with a courteous inclination of his head. Mrs. Danvers responded by a graceful, half-foreign, little curtsy, a sign of deference from her which always pleased the old baronet.

"An invaluable woman, Jacobi," he said, when she had gone. "I do not know what I should do without her and you, to watch over that poor, unhappy girl of mine. What is to become of her when I am gone?"

"Pray do not speak in that way, sir," murmured the faithful secretary, with a

sigh. "You will be here for many years, I trust, to guard her yet. And she may marr—or she might be placed under proper guardianship——"

"I should be sorry for the man who married her, I confess."

"It should be a man who understood the weaknesses of her character as well as its beauties," said Jacobi, in slow dulcet tones. "Many men would fear to run the risk. Few would, like myself, distinguish the finer qualities of her nature from the faults which hide and overlie them. It would be a noble task to subdue that wild spirit and teach that stubborn heart to love!"

"You think so?" Sir Wilfred's eyes sought the fire thoughtfully. "If you were an Englishman, Jacobi——"

He did not finish the sentence. At that moment the door opened to admit Mrs. Danvers and Clarice Vanborough.

The girl was leaning on her companion's arm. She looked as if she could not have walked a step without support. Her hair was loosely fastened, and its dark tendrils lay tenderly over her blue-veined forehead and shell-like ears in confusion, which heightened the pallor of her complexion and the violet circles round her eyes. Even the expression of her face was changed. Defiance and pride had given way to a look of pain and terror.

The light fell full upon her countenance as Mrs. Danvers placed her in a low, cushioned seat opposite Sir Wilfred, and she saw that Jacobi was almost startled by it. He stood erect, and looked anxiously at the companion. She was calmly adjusting a cushion behind Clarice's head. The girl closed

her eyes and took no notice of anything before her.

"Is she ill?" said Sir Wilfred. His sight was failing, and he was less struck by her appearance than was Jacobi, but he gathered from her attitude and her silence that something was amiss.

"Miss Vanborough seems to have been taken ill in the night," said Mrs. Danvers, in a cool, indifferent tone. "I heard a sound in her room about two o'clock, and went in to see what was the matter. I found her on the floor in a fainting condition, and got her to bed. She was soon better; but she seems to have had nightmare, and talks about being fastened within her room."

"What folly is this, Clarice?" Sir Wilfred asked, angrily.

At the sound of his voice a shiver ran through the girl's frame. She unclosed her eyes and spoke almost inarticulately.

"What does she say?" said her father.

"She says," Mrs. Danvers answered, "that she is certain that she was locked within her own room. Now, that is impossible, for I opened the door myself quite easily, and the key was inside. Collect yourself, Miss Vanborough. You were half asleep, and imagined that you could not open your door, and then turned faint. That was all."

"I called for help," said Clarice, in a clearer voice. "I screamed; I shook the door. Nobody came."

"It is rather strange," said Mrs. Danvers to Sir Wilfred, "that I should not have heard Miss Vanborough if she had made the disturbance of which she speaks."

"I," said Jacobi, "was reading late in the library last night, and never heard a sound."

"May I ask what you mean, Clarice," said Sir Wilfred in his severest voice, "by trying to deceive us with so mad a story as this?"

The girl looked from one to the other of the unfriendly faces before her, wrung her hands together with a sharp, quick motion, and burst into tears.

"Good heavens!" said her father, in a low voice, turning to Jacobi with a startled face, "is she going out of her mind?"

There was a short silence, broken only by the girl's short, passionate sobs. She had caught the words, however, and presently commanded herself sufficiently to say, piteously—

"It is you who are all driving me mad. I can't help it. Why—why are you so unkind to me?"

"This, you see," said Jacobi, in Sir Wilfred's ear, "is the charge she brings against us in her letter to Captain Vanborough. She may really do serious harm if she is not checked at once."

Sir Wilfred assented feebly. He looked to Mrs. Danvers for assistance.

"Ask her whether she wrote this letter," he said.

"That letter?" said Clarice, drying her eyes, and sitting up with new feverish vigour. "Yes, I wrote it. It is my letter to Geoffrey."

"A letter," said Jacobi, softly, "in which you complain to your brother—of us."

"Not of my father," said Clarice. "Of you—and of Mrs. Danvers—yes."

"As you have nothing to complain of, and are treated in this house with every kind of consideration," said Sir Wilfred, in an incisive tone, "the fact of your making complaints at all is an insult to me. You will henceforth write to Captain Vanborough—if you write at all—under strict supervision. You will show all your letters to Mrs. Danvers or to me. Mrs. Danvers, you will be kind enough to see that my daughter holds no correspondence with any person which you do not oversee, and you will make any arrangements that may be necessary for the carrying out of my wishes. It is very plain that she will not obey me without strict surveillance."

"I will do my best, sir," said Mrs. Danvers, glancing at Clarice.

The girl turned red and then white; she clasped her hands convulsively together, and seemed about to speak, when an interruption occurred which caused the words to die upon her lips. The door opened, and Gilbert entered.

He looked inquiringly at the party before him, came forward and greeted his father and Mrs. Danvers; but when he turned to speak to Clarice, with some slight remark on her paleness,

she suddenly rose and threw herself into his arms with a low wailing cry.

"Oh, Gilbert, Gilbert! take me away from them, or tell them to be good to me. I do not deceive them—I was only writing the truth to Geoffrey."

Gilbert looked at his father for an explanation. Mrs. Danvers took Clarice almost forcibly from her brother's shoulder, and placed her in her chair.

"You must be less violent, Clarice," said Sir Wilfred. "Either keep silence or leave the room." And then he put her unfortunate letter into Gilbert's hands.

Gilbert changed colour as he read it. The paper trembled in his hands as he replaced it on the table. He did not raise his eyes.

"I think Mr. Vanborough will agree with me," said Jacobi, softly, "that Sir Wilfred is right in refusing to let Miss Vanborough send this letter to Captain Vanborough at present."

The gentleness and extreme formality of this speech did not disguise to Gilbert's ear a certain threatening tone which Jacobi could use at times with great advantage. He bit his lip and answered hastily—

"Yes, yes, of course, such a letter must not be sent."

"And Miss Vanborough's correspondence had better be overlooked by Sir Wilfred himself or by Mrs. Danvers for the future."

"Gilbert!" Clarice cried, passionately, "you will not say that you approve of *that* measure!"

He looked at her and then at Jacobi. His eyes fell again; his mouth twitched beneath the silky moustache. Sir Wilfred frowned at his delay.

"Suppose," said Jacobi, "we try to make the matter fair and just even in Miss Vanborough's eyes. She knows—she believes—that her brother loves her and is anxious for her welfare. Let us accept his decision. If he thinks she may be trusted to correspond freely with the poor erring man to whom she clings so fondly in spite of all his faults—I should be sorry to say his *crimes*—I will bow to his judgment. And so I am sure, will Sir Wilfred. The heir of Charnwood has a right to decide a matter affecting so closely the honour of his house.

So saying, he laid one hand on Sir Wilfred's arm in order to entreat compliance with his proposition, and fixed his dark eyes steadily upon Gilbert Vanborough's face. Clarice dared not speak; she only clasped her hands and leaned forward, mutely pleading for her brother's help with parted lips and heavy, beseeching eyes.

Now was the time, though late, to break Jacobi's bonds and tell the truth. A refusal to comply with his present demand for support (which Gilbert thoroughly understood) would at once bring about the catastrophe which he had been striving for the last sixteen months to avoid. For a moment Gilbert thought he would brave all, would defend his sister, would clear his brother's name, would turn Jacobi and Mrs. Danvers out of the house, and then go away with Merle and never set foot on English soil again.

But there came in the torturing doubt of Merle's faithfulness to him under these circumstances. Would she indeed stand by him when all the world had fled?"

He could not risk it. He looked up with the cold drops standing on his brow and said slowly—

"I agree with my father. Clarice must not write letters that cannot be shown to him or to Mrs. Danvers." And then he sat down, shading his eyes with his hand, and wondering bitterly where his degradation was going to end.

Clarice started up. "So you have turned against me too!" she cried as she walked to the door with something of her old haughtiness. But she was not suffered to go alone. At an almost imperceptible sign from Jacobi, Mrs. Danvers followed her out and took her arm. At the touch the girl's strength and spirit forsook her. She hung her head; her limbs trembled; the tears began to run down her white cheeks. Mrs. Danvers had to summon a servant to help her up stairs; and upon her bed she lay without motion or speech for the rest of the day.

Mrs. Danvers remained with her almost entirely, and when she left the room her place was supplied by one of the servants, a rough country girl called Betsy Blane, already mentioned, whose

stupid fidelity Mrs. Danvers had secured by a skilful blending of presents, promises, and threats. Betsy Blane sat by the window knitting a rough stocking in Mrs. Danvers' absence, and did not disturb her young mistress by any attempt at speech.

There was some altercation going on downstairs. The very servants were aware of it, and speculated as to its cause. Mrs. Danvers, excluded from the library, allowed herself when quite alone to look uneasy, and to pace her room with tightly-clasped hands and knitted brow. "He is going too fast—too far," she murmured to herself. "He was always either rash or cowardly." Then she entered Clarice's room and stood for a moment with her eyes fixed on the half-unconscious girl. "Sorry for you?" she muttered, as if replying to some suggestion from without. "Yes, I am sorry. What does that matter? One is sorry for the moth that burns itself in the candle, for the buzzing insect that one crushes, although it has done no harm; but one's sorrow makes no difference. Poor, pretty moth!" She smoothed back the curling hair from the pale forehead with a very gentle touch; but the muscles of her face did not relax from the hardness of expression. Her mouth was as rigid as if it had been carved in stone.

She turned away and went out into the corridor. In the fading light of the autumn day it made a good promenade. She walked up and down for some little time, until, in fact, she heard the library door thrown open, and some one begin to mount the stairs. It was Gilbert, and at the head of the staircase she met him face to face, and looked at him curiously.

He hardly seemed to see her. He looked like a man stunned by a heavy blow. His eyes were dull, his brow was contracted, his face pale. There was also a mixture of sullen rage and shame in his expression which struck Mrs. Danvers as new and rather startling. She let him pass her, and went downstairs. But the library door was shut. Sir Wilfred and Jacobi were still engaged in earnest conversation, as she could tell by the sound of their voices. There was no good in linger-

ing; she was sure to hear the result of these lengthy deliberations in course of time. She went back to Clarice's room, dismissed Betsy Blane, and sat down by the bedside, with folded hands, in an attitude of grave expectancy.

She met Sir Wilfred and Jacobi at dinner. Gilbert sent word that he was ill, and would not dine downstairs. But as Jacobi looked supremely contented, Mrs. Danvers understood that this message did not imply any quarrel or serious opposition to his plans.

She met him in the library at eleven o'clock, as she often did. His face was unusually flushed, his eyes bright; his utterance was so husky that Mrs. Danvers guessed at once that he had been drinking since he left Sir Wilfred.

"It is all right, so far," he assured her, twisting his long fingers in and out of each other in his satisfaction. "I am to have the felicity of calling Sir Wilfred Vanborough my father-in-law, and Geoffrey Vanborough my brother. Gilbert Vanborough, too! If little Clarice were twice the demon she is, it would be worth while securing her for the sake of giving some pain to those precious brothers of hers.

Mrs. Danvers had composedly seated herself in Sir Wilfred's chair, and spoke coolly.

"If you have got their consent, you will want my influence with Clarice."

"Of course I shall. You are not going to fight shy of the matter now, are you, Antonia?"

"No. But I have found out by degrees that you told me only half the story when I met you by accident in London, and heard that you wanted a companion for a girl in the country."

"I told you enough for all practical purposes," said Jacobi, frowning, and rolling his wild, dark eyes.

"I think not. You told me simply that you had established yourself in a country house as secretary to an old man, over whom you had obtained great influence, and that you thought you might succeed in marrying the daughter if you played your cards well. Her brothers seemed to me to present difficulties, but you assured me that you had a hold upon the younger one

on account of some money matters in which you had been concerned together (you did not specify what), and that the elder——”

“Surely you need not rehearse all this, Antonia,” said Jacobi, impatiently. But some uneasiness was visible beneath his impatience. She went on as if she had not heard him.

“That the elder brother had quarrelled with his father, and had gone to South America with the girl’s lover, and that as long as they stayed away you did not fear them; but that the girl wrote to the brother—perhaps also to the lover—and that the correspondence must be watched, stopped, or intercepted. I consented to help you—on condition of sufficient payment; but I did not bargain for half-a-dozen mysteries to which I had no clue. Trust me altogether, or I shall throw up the game.”

“The game is in my own hands now,” said Jacobi, with a scowl.

“No, it is not. It is in mine, because I knew you twelve years ago in Paris with your wife. Where is your wife, by-the-by? I suppose she is not living still?”

“She died some years ago,” said he, sulkily. “Your knowing me in Paris—where you did not lead the most respectable of lives yourself, Antonia—would involve no danger to me. I could do you as much harm as you could do me.”

“No,” said Mrs. Danvers. “*I* was never committed to a French prison for stabbing——”

He stopped her by a cry of rage. He stood up, his eyes flashing, his face livid, his hands clenched.

“You know *that*?” he said. “If you say another word, I swear I’ll—I’ll—kill you!”

She looked at him with cool contempt.

“You are a fool, Constantine. You pretended that you wanted me to act as a friend, on the strength of our old acquaintance. You did not ask me how much I knew about the old life. I’m willing enough that you should have some good fortune now. But if I am to work with you at all you must put a little more confidence in me than you have been doing of late.”

The man’s hands had unclenched themselves, but his face did not at once recover its natural colour. He laughed a little nervously, his lips working and his eyebrows twitching as he did so.

“You say such strong things sometimes, Antonia,” he said, “that you put me into a rage. You are quite mistaken about the prison, however—quite mistaken. But what do you want to know?”

“I want to know first why Sir Wilfred quarrelled with his son Geoffrey.”

“I can scarcely tell you that,” he answered, and proceeded forthwith to give her the true history of the stolen cheque, and of the way in which Gilbert dreaded its becoming known.

She listened silently, and nodded when he had finished.

“Now,” she said, “I begin to understand. But how did you get to know all this?”

Jacobi hesitated, then came to her side and spoke with bated breath.

“You read Geoffrey Vanborough’s letters,” he said. “You saw that he mentioned a Sebastian Vallor who had attacked Tremaine?”

“You were that Sebastian Vallor,” said Mrs. Danvers. “Of course I knew that when I read the letter. You did not manage to obtain Geoffrey Vanborough’s confidence, I should imagine?”

Rather reluctantly he accounted for his knowledge by the story that he had “accidentally” overheard his conversation with Nigel. Mrs. Danvers heard his explanation, and took the liberty of thoroughly disbelieving it. She questioned him closely concerning the attempt at robbery, and arrived at a tolerably clear understanding of that part of the story. He could hardly mention Geoffrey Vanborough’s name without a curse as he told of his own capture and—something, not all—of his punishment.

“And did you come to England with the intention of making money out of that story?” asked Mrs. Danvers.

“I thought it might be useful. It has been useful,” said Jacobi, with a slight smile.

He had not been quite master of himself throughout the whole interview,

and now he was beginning to wish that he had guarded his secret better. But he was sure that if he kept Antonia in a good temper she would not betray him.

"You had no other reason for coming to England?" she said, pertinaciously.

"Oh, dear, no. None at all," said Jacobi, thinking it best to say nothing about his connection with the Darenths.

And again Mrs. Danvers disbelieved him. But they separated upon the best of terms.

Gilbert went back to London on the following day without attempting to see his sister again. Clarice lay for nearly a week in the same listless state, and Mrs. Danvers and Betsy Blane mounted guard over her. Jacobi would not hear of any summons being sent to Dr. Ambrose; he himself would prescribe for her, he said, if she wanted medical advice. But Mrs. Danvers told him that he had better leave the girl alone.

The time came, however, when she was able to sit up and be dressed and carried into the sitting-room. She was as weak as though she had gone through a long illness; and manifested no surprise, no rebellion, upon finding that she was not allowed the use of writing materials or the visits of any friends. Mrs. Danvers and Betsy Blane were her sole companions. Sir Wilfred sat with her once for a few minutes; Jacobi came every day to the door of her room with fruit and flowers. She hardly ever spoke. Sometimes Mrs. Danvers saw tears coursing down her pale cheeks, tears that she seemed too listless and weary to wipe away. In short, as her companion told Jacobi warmly, the girl would soon be melancholy-mad, if she were not roused from her present condition.

"Would it rouse her, do you think," said Jacobi, with the old evil triumph in his look and smile, "if she were told that she had a lover at her feet?"

CHAPTER XX.

AN ENGAGEMENT OF MARRIAGE.

"Well, Clarice," said Sir Wilfred, taking the girl's wasted hand in his as she lay amongst the cushions on a sofa

in the drawing-room one October afternoon, "I am glad to see you down stairs again."

"Thank you, papa," The answer was very faint.

"I wanted to speak to you on various matters—matters relating to your health and to other things," Sir Wilfred continued. "I have been, and am still, very anxious about you."

As Clarice's only answer was slowly to withdraw her hand from his, and to hide it beneath the silken coverlet which Mrs. Danvers had thrown over her, Sir Wilfred proceeded without interruption—

"I am growing old. I am not so strong as I used to be. Your brother Gilbert's delicate health makes me unwilling to throw any burden upon him. You have no other relation who can be trusted to protect you and your interests. The estate is so much encumbered that I fear that I cannot leave you so well provided as I expected to do. You understand all this?"

She moved her lips, but no sound came from them. An expression of terror was stealing into her hollow eyes.

"Your own health," said Sir Wilfred, looking away from her as if to avoid seeing her face, "has lately been in a most frail condition; so frail that strangers, if you had been among strangers, would probably have considered that your intellect was affected, and might have acted accordingly. If you had not been my own daughter I should have sometimes considered that you stood in need of—of restraint; your words have been so unguarded, your actions so violent. The crisis is now, I trust, past; but it is my duty to warn you that your ungovernable temper and habits of self-will, if not rigorously guarded against, may yet induce other attacks of nervous excitability which might end in—in—permanent brain disease."

Then, seeing that the tears were forcing their way from beneath the girl's heavy eyelids, he laid aside a little of his pomposity and added, with a touch of kindness—

"I tell you this for your own good, Clarice. I am not angry with you; I only wish to protect you from the consequences of your own weakness."

"How?" she asked, nerving herself for the question.

"In a way that, I hope, will not prove unpleasant," said her father, solemnly. "In a way which is the mere fulfilment of all girlish dreams and womanly ambitions. In short, my dear child, by marriage with a man who will save you from misapprehension and from enforced seclusion——"

"Marriage!" she ejaculated, without waiting for the conclusion of his sentence. "With whom?" A faint colour stole into her cheeks; she held her breath to hear his answer.

"With one who has proved himself ever faithful to my interests," said Sir Wilfred, impressively, "a man who has ever been honest, true, conscientious, who possesses great talents and many accomplishments, who is not biased by any selfish views, but capable of a life-long and most generous attachment — my secretary, Constantine Jacobi."

A wild shriek of laughter rang through the room. She threw up her arms as if struggling for breath, then burst again and again into strange paroxysms of ghastly mirth, belied by the expression of pain in her pathetic eyes.

Sir Wilfred, much alarmed, hastily rang the bell, and left her abruptly to the care of Mrs. Danvers, saying only as he retired,

"I have told her what she is to do. Pray make her listen to reason."

Mrs. Danvers took a glass of cold water from the table and looked into Sir Wilfred's eyes, as if she meant to dash it over the girl's shrinking figure, but when the door was closed she laid it down again, for she saw that the laughter was already dying into strangled sobs and tears. She made her drink some sal-volatile, and applied strong smelling salts to her nostrils, but not until she was calmer did Mrs. Danvers sit down beside the sofa and suddenly draw the girl to her bosom and press her lips upon the throbbing forehead so tenderly that Clarice shrank back amazed.

"Are *you* sorry for me?" she said, her poor quivering mouth hardly able to shape the words. "Then I must be miserable indeed."

And with that she shed a few honest and natural tears, which Mrs. Danvers did not seek to check, and then lay quiet among her cushions for a long time, shivering now and then as a fresh thought struck her, and grasping tightly at the hand of the woman who had been given her as a spy and jailor, and who seemed at that time to be her only friend. But it was not the first time that she had met with unexpected gentleness from Mrs. Danvers, and therefore it did not surprise her quite so much as it might have surprised Constantine Jacobi had he entered at that moment.

"Did you hear what he said?" Clarice asked, at length, in a low voice.

"What Sir Wilfred said? No; but I think I know."

"But he can't mean it. He can't think that I would ever marry a man like that. Besides, he knows—he knows—that I love Nigel with all my heart and soul. Oh, Nigel, Nigel, why don't you come and help me?"

"My dear, you must not excite yourself."

"I can't help it."

"Do you know what they will say if you do not keep quiet and composed, and consent to what they propose?"

"Yes, I know," said Clarice, turning her face to the wall. "Papa told me. They say I am going out of my mind. Do you think I am?"

"And do you know what that signifies?" said Mrs. Danvers, steadily pursuing her argument. "It means that you might be taken away from Charnwood Manor and locked up by your friends and guardians for months and years in a madhouse. That would surely be worse for you, poor child, than giving your consent to a proposed marriage which may, after all, be averted in a thousand ways! Better to yield; better go with the current, and save yourself in that way."

Clarice gazed at her with horror-stricken eyes.

"Do you think," she said, slowly, "that they mean to do that? Must I consent, or will they be so cruel?"

"You must consent," said Mrs. Danvers, firmly.

"But Nigel—Nigel! I have promised to be his wife."

"You will never be his wife if you are shut up in a lunatic asylum," said her companion. "He would never be able to find you there. Do you know what a private lunatic asylum is like? You are quite sane enough at present to be guided by a sensible person; but, of course, if you were shut up in a madhouse there would be no chance for you. In six weeks you would be a raving lunatic. Your mind is not strong enough to bear continued contact with mad people."

Clarice closed her eyes tightly, as if to shut out the fearful vision conjured up by these words.

"Believe me," said Mrs. Danvers, earnestly, "I am counselling you for your own good, Clarice Vanborough."

The girl opened her eyes wide, and fixed them on Mrs. Danvers' face.

"Can anything be for my good," she wailed, "when everybody I love is torn away from me? First my mother and my little sister; and now both my brothers—for Geoffrey will never come back, and they say that he is wicked, and Gilbert has cast me off! And now you are taking Nigel from me, and I shall never, never be his wife."

She said no more, and Mrs. Danvers thought it better not to press the subject.

It remained in abeyance for several days. She seemed to be making an effort to gain assistance from the outer world, and Mrs. Danvers found it necessary to guard her very closely. Twice, in her desperation, she obtained pen and paper, and wrote to Nigel and Geoffrey, bribing Betsy Blane to post the letters for her. But Betsy Blane placed them in Mrs. Danvers' hands, whence they found their way to the flames. She was warned that any other letters would be shown to Sir Wilfred, if discovered, and after these attempts she made no more.

She tried hard, however, to get a word with Joan Darenth, or with the clergyman of the parish. But admittance to Charnwood Manor was denied to Joan; and when Mr. Hilton visited her, she saw him in the presence of her father and of Mrs. Danvers, and dared not say a word. And at the expiration of a fortnight, Jacobi took matters to some extent into his own hands.

"Look here," he said to Mrs. Danvers, "I think it is time I had a word with Miss Vanborough."

A peculiar expression flitted over the woman's face. She hesitated. "Don't drive her mad outright," she said.

"Is it likely—before the marriage? You seem to be growing a deal too fond of the girl, Antonia. You'll have to turn out on the wedding-day, you know."

"Forewarned is forearmed," said Mrs. Danvers. "Shall I tell her you want to see her? She is in the drawing-room."

"I'll announce myself," said Jacobi. "Stay near the door, and come if I ring or call."

He entered the room by the dining-room doors, and closed them behind him. Mrs. Danvers went round to the empty library, found the door between it and the drawing-room ajar, and stationed herself behind it. She heard Clarice utter a startled exclamation as Jacobi advanced towards her, but his first words seemed to betoken respect and consideration.

"I hope I do not intrude upon you," he said, in the sweet, silvery tones which he could assume so well. "If you are not very much occupied I would beg a word with you." Then, as Clarice did not reply, he continued—"I am in a most unfortunate position. I came here with the hope of being useful to Sir Wilfred—not knowing what a terrible risk I ran—finding out slowly and sadly that I had met at last the ideal of my dreams—the only woman that I had ever loved—the only woman I could love. I should have gone away silent, but I could not bear to leave the house while you were ill and weak; and then Sir Wilfred—your father—discovered this fatal weakness of mine—and seized upon it as a means of guarding his child from calamity. Need I go on, Miss Vanborough? Do you think that I could refuse his prayer, when he begged me to do what my heart told me would bring home to me the greatest joy, the greatest comfort of my life?"

He was a good actor. His voice was perfect; his attitudes graceful; but he was too fluent. Mrs. Danvers smiled to herself behind the door. "Well

learned, Constantine," she said to herself. "And now, Clarice, it is your cue to reply."

But Clarice did not reply. By shifting her position a little, Mrs. Danvers could see the girl sitting pale, upright, her eyes fastened upon Jacobi's face, as if fascinated by something that she found in its features and expression. Her gaze confused him a little. The watcher saw that he looked perplexed and uneasy.

"I assure you, Miss Vanborough," he said, bowing and laying his hand upon his heart, "that you will nowhere find so true a friend, lover, or husband as I shall prove. Allow me." He took a ring from his pocket—the diamonds flashed as the firelight fell upon them—and tried to take her hand in his. "I could not measure your finger, but I think this ring will fit. Accept it as a token of my devotion."

"Is the devotion worth much," said Clarice, in clear tones, "that would shut a woman up in a madhouse if she did not love you?"

He had heard her voice so seldom for the last few weeks, that its strength fairly staggered him. He withdrew his hand and left the ring in her lap. She did not appear to notice it. His tone changed when he spoke again.

"It is to save you from a madhouse that I would marry you," he said. "What chance have you against your father and me together, if we choose to shut you up? He could easily get a certificate of your insanity from a couple of doctors. And if your father were to die, don't you know that he has made me and Gilbert your guardians until you are five-and-twenty? What is the use of opposing us?"

Clarice sighed and moved her head. She was beginning to understand the fruitlessness of resistance.

"It's no good," said Jacobi, assuming an easier and more familiar tone. "You had better not hurt your wings by beating against the bars of your cage, my pretty bird. You are caught this time and need not think you'll get away."

Again he tried to seize her hand, but she repulsed him with a quick, frightened gesture, and before he could arrest her movements, had fled from

the room almost into the arms of Mrs. Danvers, who was still behind the library door. Eluding her grasp, she ran upstairs and shut herself in her room, where she burst into an agony of tears.

"You were too quick with her," said Mrs. Danvers, coming into the drawing-room, and picking up the ring from the hearthrug, "you should have kept the respectful tone a little longer."

"Oh, you were listening, were you?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Danvers. "I knew you would not treat her in the right way, and I expected a faint or a fit of hysterics every moment."

"Give me that ring," said Jacobi, savagely.

"No. I'll send her down to dinner with the ring on her finger. I can manage her better than you. Sir Wilfred expects her to wear it, I suppose?"

Jacobi nodded assent. He was sulky at his failure to conciliate Clarice with all his carefully-prepared speeches. But Mrs. Danvers showed that she knew how to deal with the girl. Clarice came down to dinner deathly pale, and with a scared look in her great dark eyes, but with the ring on her left hand. Whether she had been coaxed or frightened into wearing it Jacobi did not care. She let him take her in to dinner, and accepted his attentions for the rest of the evening in passive silence. She did not even look up or wince when Sir Wilfred solemnly kissed her on the forehead, and told her that he hoped soon to see her a happy wife. She was subdued at last, and her father took an early opportunity of dictating a letter to Gilbert in order formally to announce the engagement.

Gilbert and Merle had returned about six o'clock one cold November day from a morning concert. Merle was pouring out tea into daintily-painted cups, and Gilbert was carelessly playing with one hand on the piano the notes of a song of which he was very fond. The light was subdued—Gilbert hated a strong light—and the flickering glow of the fire brought out now and then into striking prominence some touch of colour in the twilight room—some bit of pottery in Venetian red or peacock

blue, some elaborate lacquer-work upon the ebony cabinets, some Indian embroidery with golden threads shining through the duller warp or woof—or rested for a moment upon Merle's slender, graceful figure and shining hair, only, when it died away, to wrap the place in a deeper gloom. A wax candle beside the piano threw a steadier radiance upon Gilbert's face, and showed it, in that moment of pleasurable absorption, to be beautiful and refined as ever, though a brighter light and a more practical occupation might have made manifest the facts of sharper lines in the features, deeper hollows in cheek and temple than a friend would have cared to see.

"'Hands used to grip the sword-hilt hard framed her face,'" quoted Gilbert, presently, rising and advancing towards the tea-table. "What a picture that would make! I must paint it, Merle, some day."

"Yes, do," said his wife, delighted to hear him talk once more of his painting, which lately he did not seem to have had sufficient strength or energy to pursue. "You can finish it in time for the summer Exhibition. How I should like to see you an Academician, Gilbert."

"They hang very bad pictures at the Academy sometimes," said Gilbert, establishing himself in a deep lounging chair before the fire, and smiling as Merle came up to him and laid her hand caressingly upon his head.

"I know. But yours would not be bad. Think how successful your 'Imogene' was this summer," she said, alluding to the last painting that Gilbert had finished, and which had been sold at rather a high price. "People said such pretty things to me about your talent and cleverness. And the critics were very favourable. You must begin a sketch to-morrow, Gilbert. What lines of the poem shall you take?"

He was silent, a half smile curving his lip, a dreamy light in his eye. At such a moment, when he could shut out the world and all its anxieties, when, selfishly content with the delights of love, and art, and music, he could forget that his brother toiled in a far-off land that all these blessings might be his without stint, then he

was indeed supremely happy. Such moments were, however, rare; for his enjoyment of Merle's trustful affection and the inspiration of his art would, at their culminating point, be checked by a thrill of fear, or hatred, or shame for the fatal weakness which had made him lay upon another the burden that he ought to have borne himself.

But now no disturbing thoughts visited him. He murmured half-aloud the words of the poem that had struck his fancy.

"Play it, Merle," he said. "Don't sing it; let me hear the weird, exquisite harmonies once more without a voice."

As she complied he threw himself back in his chair and closed his eyes.

Merle touched the notes very softly. She was accustomed to his fanciful moods, and tenderly proud of the imaginative faculty which seemed to induce them. The words were those of William Morris's "Golden Gwendolen," the music by Miss Carmichael.

"'Twixt the sunlight and the shade
Float up memories of my maid;
God remember Gwendolen.
Gold nor gems she did not wear,
But her yellow, rippling hair
Like a veil hid Gwendolen.

'Twixt the sunlight and the shade
My rough hands, so strangely made,
Folded golden Gwendolen.
Hands used to grip the sword-hilt hard
Framed her face, while on the sword
Tears fell down from Gwendolen.

Gwendolen now speaks no word,
Hands fold round about the sword,
Now no more of Gwendolen.
Only 'twixt the light and shade,
Floating memories of my maid
Make me pray for Gwendolen."

Merle played the dreamy notes of the last lines with long-drawn harmonies which died away into suggestive stillness. As she sat with her hands resting on the keys, and he, leaning back, still seemed to be repeating to himself one of the lines, "God remember Gwendolen," the postman's double knock echoed with marked distinctness through the quiet house. Merle started, she hardly knew why; but Gilbert, abstracted and absorbed, noticed neither the start nor the cause of it.

"I have it, Merle," he said, with a sort of subdued enthusiasm in his voice. "The knight in armour, ready for the

fight, stands with his hands clasped round her face, her golden hair covers her like a veil, and her tears drop down upon the sward, the faint light of evening just touches the western sky——”

He broke off abruptly. His servant had entered with a letter. Only one for him; nothing for Merle. He took it in his hand and let it drop carelessly; there was sure to be nothing in it to equal in interest the composition of his picture of “Golden Gwendolen.” But Merle picked it up, and looked at the address with wifely freedom.

“From Sir Wilfred, Gilbert. Do open it; I want to know how poor Clarice is. She seemed to be really ill when we heard last.”

“Oh, there is sure to be nothing important in it,” said Gilbert, eyeing the letter with dislike. “I’ll open it presently. I want to talk about my picture,” he added, with a smile so sweet and a tone so coaxing that Merle was forced to let him have his way.

But when half an hour had gone to the discussion of that projected picture, when he had even caught up a scrap of drawing-paper, and showed by a rough pencil sketch the position of the figures as he meant to draw them, and when he had declared with an unusual air of animated decision that he would set about the design on the morrow, Merle thought she was justified in saying, laughingly—

“And now the letter. How is Clarice?”

Gilbert smiled, looked half annoyed, half amused, took the letter from her hand, and asked her to bring the candles nearer to his chair. Then he opened the letter and read it through without a word. But she noticed that the smile faded from his lips, and his brow contracted, and that when he had finished it, instead of offering it her to read, he crushed it a little in his hand with a quick nervous movement, and looked away into the fire.

“Is she worse?” Merle asked presently, below her breath.

“No I think not. I—well, Merle, —I don’t know how to tell you. You

had better read the letter for yourself.”

He rose, put his arms upon the mantelpiece and leaned his head upon them, so as to conceal his face completely. Merle read the letter, and, as she read, a cry of indignation escaped her lips.

“Oh, Gilbert! how can Sir Wilfred allow it? Why, he speaks as though he were pleased? And how can Clarice tolerate that horrible man? And when she was engaged to Mr. Tremaine, too!”

“That engagement was broken off, you know,” said Gilbert, with some hesitation. “My father said he would never permit it.”

“And so did Aunt Janet say she would never permit it,” said Merle. “And look how our engagement ended! O, Gilbert, you will go and protest, will you not? But—he seems to speak as though you had known it all along?”

“I—I heard something about it when I was at Charnwood before.”

“Oh, that was why you looked so worried when you came home, poor darling! Why did you not tell me? We would have made a stand together! Clarice cannot possibly care for that dreadful Mr. Jacobi! What shall you do, Gilbert?”

“I don’t see my way to do anything,” said he, helplessly.

She looked at him in some surprise.

“We might go and see them,” she said. “I will sound poor, dear Clarice, and inspire her to rebellion, if you like! I am sure she has been led into this engagement against her will.”

“Do not run away with such absurd notions, Merle,” said Gilbert, speaking as if he were now thoroughly roused. “Nobody would coerce Clarice into doing what she does not wish to do. We may not like this engagement, but we need not oppose my father’s expressed wishes. I beg that you will not interfere.”

He went out of the room as he spoke, leaving Merle alone with her indignation and surprise.

(*To be continued*).

VICTOR HUGO.

By G. H. D. GOSSIP.

The greatest French poet of the age—perhaps of any age, is dead ; and the Panthéon, that splendid national mausoleum, with its noble and appropriate dedication inscribed in huge gilded letters over its portal—“*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante*”—enshrines his ashes, among the illustrious dead of France. No more fitting receptacle could they have found. Though a Deist, yet a believer in the immortality of the soul, he has earned that sublunary immortality which is the meed of those who, like him, have left “footprints on the sands of time.”

His father, Joseph Léopold Sigisbert Hugo, descended from an old Lorraine family, was one of the great Napoleon's most distinguished generals. He had the misfortune to lose five of his brothers, who were all killed at Weissembourg. A great friend of Kléber and Desaix, he distinguished himself in the Vendean war, served in Spain and Italy under King Joseph, and captured the famous brigand—*Fra Diavolo*—the hero of Auber's opera—in Calabria. His defence of Thionville against the allies, when they marched on Paris, excited the admiration of his enemies. Joseph Buonaparte, when King of Spain, presented General Hugo with a million of reals (£10,000) which he invested in an estate, which was confiscated on the restoration of Ferdinand VII., so that he did not benefit by this mark of royal favour. He was for the Republic and the Empire, whereas Madame Hugo loved ardently the Bourbons, never swerving in her attachment to them, even when Buonaparte was at the zenith of his power. In religious matters she and General Hugo agreed (both being Voltaireans); in politics they diametrically differed.

Although born at Besançon—an old Spanish town—as he himself styles it,

Victor Hugo was, so to speak, a child of the sunny south ; * for he spent his boyhood in Elba, Calabria, and Spain, and “a boy's thoughts are long thoughts.” In his petulant vivacity he was thoroughly meridional and Burgundian. With his mother he visited Madrid, Valladolid, and many other Spanish towns. Segovia, with its sculptured houses, its palaces of jasper and porphyry, its Gothic and Moorish architecture, remained in his boyish imagination like a dream. The romantic nature of his early surroundings, the historical associations connected with the places he visited, and the grandeur of the scenery of Calabria and Spain, doubtless tended to develop his poetical genius. King Joseph admired him, and intended him for one of his royal pages ; but fate had a higher destiny in store for him. The Peninsular war caused his return to Paris with Madame Hugo, with whom he lived till her death in 1821, and in the following year he published the first volume of his odes.

At nineteen he lived on about twelve shillings a week, and often went without a meal, preferring to be starved rather than get into debt. His father offered to support him if he would adopt any other profession than that of literature ; but he wisely declined the offer. Louis XVIII. granted him a yearly pension of 1000 francs, and it was on this meagre income—passing rich on Goldsmith's forty pounds a year—that he married Mademoiselle Adèle Foucher. His genius soon attracted the attention of Lamartine and Chateaubriand (French Ambassador at Berlin, who mortgaged his corpse

* The south of France, Northern Italy, and Corsica, have produced a remarkable number of great men, Thiers, Garibaldi, Masséna, and Gambetta being all born at Nice, whilst Columbus was a native of Genoa, and Napoleon was born at Ajaccio.

during his lifetime and died poor) by whom he was greatly admired.

Poet, dramatist and novelist *à la fois*, he rapidly produced *Han d'Islande* (of which he sold the first edition for £40 to M. Persan—a ruined Marquis, who had turned bookseller, as also the second edition of his odes), *Bug Jargal*, *Le Roi s'amuse*,* *Lucrèce Borgia*, or *Le Souper à Ferrare*, *Ruy Blas*, (in which the great actor, Frederick Lemaître, played a part), which he sold to M. Delloye for £9600, *Marion de Lorme*, first played at the Porte St. Martin, *Hernani*, and *Notre Dame de Paris*. He then wrote *Les Misérables*, by which he realised no less than £20,000. In

his ode, *A la Colonne*, he illustrated all the glories of France. Louis XVIII. used often to recite his lines :—

“Monarque en cheveux blancs, hâte toi, le
temps presse ;
Un Bourbon,” etc.

His poetical definition of life as *le rêve d'un ombre*, of *La Marseillaise* as *l'âme du monde*, and of Shakspeare as *l'homme*, deserve to be recorded. Sometimes he soars ; the following lines on the “Retreat from Moscow” in 1812, which excited the enthusiastic admiration of Dumas, will, we think, for sublimity and pathos, bear comparison with Byron's “Sennacherib :”—

“On ne connaissait plus les chefs ni le drapeau ;
Hier, la grande armée, et, maintenant, troupeau !
On ne distinguait plus les ailes ni le centre.
Il neigeait ! Les blessés s'abritaient dans le ventre
Des chevaux morts ; au seuil des bivacs désolés,
On voyait des clairons à leur poste gelés,
Restés debout en selle, et, muets, blancs de givre,
Collant leur bouche en pierre aux trompettes de cuivre !
Boulets, mitraille, obus, mêlés aux flocons blancs
Pleuvaient ; les grenadiers, surpris d'être tremblants,
Marchaient pensifs, la glace à leur moustache grise.
Il neigeait, il neigeait toujours ! la froide bise
Sifflait ; sur le verglas, dans des lieux inconnus,
On n'avait pas de pain, et l'on allait pieds nus.
Ce n'étaient plus des cœurs vivants, des gens de guerre :
C'était un rêve errant dans la brume, un mystère,
Une procession d'ombres sur le ciel noir.
La solitude, vaste, épouvantable à voir,
Partout apparaissait, muette, vengeresse.
Le ciel faisait, sans bruit, avec la neige épaisse,
Pour cette immense armée un immense linceul ;
Et, chacun se sentant mourir, on était seul.” . . .

No Frenchman, perhaps, except Voltaire, has lived to such an age, and enjoyed, during his life-time, such fame, popularity, and success, as Victor Hugo, whose pensive face was to be seen in every photographer's shop window in Paris. Elected *Membre de l'Institut* in 1841, he was created a peer of France by Louis Philippe, and represented *La ville de Paris* in the National Assembly after the revolution

of 1848, under the *régime* of the poet President Lamartine.† Reared in the traditions of the First Empire, he at first favoured the candidature of Louis Napoleon for the Presidency. But the iniquitous *coup d'état* of December, 1851, revolted him, and he became thenceforward the irreconcilable enemy of the Emperor, by whom he was banished from France.

“Tremble ! Voici l'instant où ta gloire odieuse,
Subira du destin la main victorieuse,
Sombre, inquiet, en proie aux remords déchirants,
Aux remords qui toujours poursuivent les tyrans,
Tu voulus tout dompter dans ton brûlant délire,
Et pour mieux l'affermir tu perdis ton empire !”

* Both under Charles X. and Louis Philippe his plays, *Hernani* and *Le roi s'amuse*, were objected to by the Ministers, and it was in consequence of such an objection that he refused a pension of 4000 francs from Charles X.

† *Pictoribus atque poetis quidlibet audendi*

semper fuit æqua potestas seems applicable to Lamartine, poet and President of France, who married Miss Birch, an English heiress and the daughter of a wealthy confectioner ; yet always proclaimed the towering superiority of the Latin to the Anglo-Saxon race, whose cold selfishness he asserted and denounced.

Although addressed to Napoleon the Great after Waterloo, these lines were equally applicable to Napoleon the Little after Sedan. Hugo could never forget or forgive the execution of General Lahorie—his tutor and his father's friend.

Disgusted, like all honest patriotic Frenchmen, by the corruption and immorality of the Court of the Tuileries, he clearly perceived the rottenness of the fabric on which the Napoleonic dynasty reposed. With Jules Grévy and Renan he formed the Triumvirate of scorn and contempt for "that thing," as Kinglake terms it, the Empire—doomed to perish so ingloriously at Sedan. Like Louis Blanc, he refused to avail himself of the amnesty proclaimed by the Emperor in 1859, and again in 1869, preferring to remain in an honourable exile. Grévy, although offered a Minister's portfolio by Napoleon III., refused it, saying "*Je ne veux être ni complice ni dupe.*" Renan had been deprived of his Professorship of Hebrew in the University of France, and when the Emperor, yielding to popular clamour, offered to reinstate him in his Professorial Chair, he proudly declined the offer with the words—"Cæsar, take back

thy money!" All three have had the satisfaction of witnessing the downfall of the Empire, and their honesty, patriotism, and conscientiousness, have been fully rewarded; Grévy being now President of France,* Renan having a world-wide fame, and Hugo having died full of years and honours. Thus the great poet's prediction to Sainte Beuve, "that they would live to see the Republic," has been fulfilled.

After his banishment he went first to Brussels, where he wrote *Napoléon le Petit*, and thence to the island of Jersey—that little gem set in the deep blue sea—a truly fitting *séjour* for a poet.† Thence he proceeded to Guernsey, where he lived at Hauteville House until the fall of the Empire. This was his "Abbotsford," where he wrote many of his celebrated romances—*Les Travailleurs de la mer*, *Les Misérables*, *L'Homme qui rit*, *Les Contemplations*, etc. There are many striking points of analogy between Victor Hugo and Sir Walter Scott. Like Scott—*l'enchanteur Ecossais*—he had, strange to say, no ear for music. Like him, too, he was both poet and romancer; and, like him, he also loved to surround himself with antiquities, Hauteville House being a veritable museum. Here, like

* We well recollect the time when, under the Empire, Jules Grévy, dressed in a plain black alpaca coat, used to play chess at the Café de la Régence, in the Rue Saint Honoré, Paris, with our old friend M. Prédi, and drink his *consommation* like the most humble *habitué*. His large intellectual forehead, firm mouth, and clean shaved face, gave him a marked personality, though we then little dreamed that we were sitting next the future President of France, or that Napoleon III., would end his days in exile. Grévy was a quiet, reserved man, with a certain *noli me tangere* air, as if conscious of his own merits, and his habitual taciturnity contrasted strangely with the volubility of the great sculptor Lequesne and other loquacious Frenchmen, who frequented this resort. In those palmy days of the Empire, the Café de la Régence was frequented by a host of celebrities, viz., Prince Galitzin and Captain Bingham (author of the "Marriages of the Buonapartes"), with both of whom we had often the honour of playing chess; the Russian poet, Ivan Tourgeneff; the Admiral de St. Bon—then captain of an Italian frigate—since Italian Minister of Marine, who gave Italy her first 100-ton gun, and received the Prince of Wales on his return from India; Blount of the Pontifical Zouaves, and others. This is the Café, too, where Napoleon I., when First Consul, used to play chess, and the marble

table on which he played is still preserved, an inscription on it recording the fact. There, too, we have met in 1880, Young, the translator of Béranger into English verse; O'Galleghan, war correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* with the army of the Loire in 1870; Bowles, war correspondent of the *Standard*; and Ottomar Haupt, the financier, whose name figured recently in the *Australasian Banking Record*.

† In all our travels we have never seen prettier or more diversified scenery than that of Jersey, with its steep and romantic glens, its rugged precipitous cliffs, and grand wild scenery at Gronez, its beautiful, ferny cove of Grève-de-Lecq, Montorgueil Castle frowning from its lofty height, from which Coutances on the French coast, and its fine old Cathedral, can be clearly seen; its picturesque Valley of St. Peter's, Elizabeth Castle, St. Brelade's ancient church, built A.D., 1111; the tiny bay of St. Aubins with its old fort—a miniature Bay of Naples—and its deep blue sea and sky. In summer over the narrow roads the foliage of the trees on each side intermingles, forming a continuous arbour in many places. Jersey possesses also many interesting historical associations. Montorgueil Castle was the refuge of the fugitive Stuart, Charles II., who was proclaimed King by the States of Jersey, on the 27th February, 1649; and Elizabeth Castle sustained a long siege by the Parliamentarians.

Scott, he held his little court, visited by many literary celebrities. Honest also, like Scott, he was ever charitable and benevolent, especially to distressed literary men, like Balzac, whom he often liberally assisted, and he used constantly to give treats to the poor children of the island.

After his return from exile, he was elected Député for the Seine in the National Assembly early in 1871; but the régime of the Commune drove him for a while to Brussels and Luxembourg, whence he returned once more to Paris after the suppression of the Communist disorders. It was during this period he wrote *L'Année Terrible* and *Quatre Vingt Treize*, besides completing his *Histoire d'un Crime*. He presided over the International Literary Congress in 1878, and on his eightieth birthday, in February, 1881, all Paris was *en fête*, and the illuminations reminded one of those of the 15th of August under the Empire. M. Ferry, on behalf of the Government, publicly presented him with a congratulatory address and a magnificent vase of old Sèvres. This festival on his eightieth birthday was the greatest manifestation of popular feeling that had occurred in Paris since the return of the victorious legions from Magenta and Solferino in 1859, when 100,000 men were reviewed on the Champ de Mars.

The implacable enemy of despotism and tyranny, he always exerted his influence against the oppressor, and that influence was great. When the Russian Government demanded the extradition of Hartmann, who was accused of complicity in a plot for the Czar's assassination, and the French Cabinet was hesitating whether to comply or not with this demand, it was owing chiefly to his intervention that the surrender was refused. His energetic letter of remonstrance addressed to the Ministry, and his "*Allons ! vous ne livrerez pas cet homme !*" were decisive. The Government durst not, even to please the Czar, face the storm of popular indignation, and Hartmann was saved.

Victor Hugo out-lived all his family except a daughter, who is insane, to whom he has left half his fortune, viz., four millions of francs (£160,000). In 1837 he lost his brother Eugène, who died insane. His daughter, Madame Vacquerie, was drowned at Havre in 1843; in 1871 his son Charles died at the outbreak of the Commune, and his other son and his wife died within the next two years. He bore all these bereavements with fortitude and resignation.

Such is a brief sketch of the career of one of the greatest—perhaps the greatest literary man—of the century.

TRUE LIBERTY.

True liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinned, and from her hath no dividual being :
Reason in man obscured, or not obeyed,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free.

—Milton.

WANDERINGS IN THE FERN COUNTRY.

By T. L. GRACE DUMAS.

"In the Spring, when the wattle-gold trembles
'Twixt shadow and shine.
When each dew-laden air-draught resembles
A long draught of wine,
When the sky line's blue burnisht resistance
Makes deeper the dreamiest distance" . . .



"WHAT are your plans for the next week or two, Val?"

Accustomed to have my twilight musings interrupted by the owner of the voice that broke in upon them now, I resigned myself to the inevitable with a half sigh. In another moment my sister reached

my side, and together we strolled slowly up and down the verandah of her beautiful home at St. Kilda.

Divining, from the eager tones, that some cherished scheme was developing itself in the little head that bore so lightly its crown of wife and motherhood, I smiled as I answered indifferently, "I have formed no special plans, Dolly. Why do you ask?"

The eager rejoinder I anticipated was long in coming, and struck by the dejected droop of the little figure by my side, I asked in surprise, "What is the matter, old woman? Has anything gone wrong?"

"Much, Val," was the pettish response; "I am fretting for the brother I have lost—the cheery old comrade who used to enter into all my plans. I cannot recognise my light-hearted Val in the gloomy abstracted man by my

side. You are so handsome, too, you unsatisfactory fellow," she continued petulantly, "with your grave dark eyes and lordly mien, that you would be a general favourite, if you would only appear at tennis, and all our little social gaieties."

Half touched, and half amused at my spoilt sister's lecture, I answered sadly, "The years that have passed so lightly over your bright head, dear sister, have brought their burdens to chill my heart and spirit. But tell me what is the 'plan' in which you are interested at present, and I will promise to enter into it as heartily as of yore."

"Spoken like my own dear Val," replied Dolly more cheerfully. "Well, as you have brightened up a little, I will tell you of my grand scheme—of a 'holiday trip' from Lilydale to the Black Spur—a tour on wheels. During the three months of your sojourn here you have seen little or nothing of Australian scenery. This will be an excellent opportunity of showing you some of its most charming features, and at the same time will be a novel and delightful holiday trip.

"And what does Tom say to lending you any of those valuable animals of his for the occasion?"—I was beginning doubtfully; when my brother-in-law's good-humoured voice broke in meekly, "Tom says what he always does when his spoilt wife's whims are in question—that he is the most down-trodden husband in the world. What mischief

is my old woman brewing just at present?"

"A most charming pleasure-trip, to show Val the beauties of Fernshawe," replied Dolly, coaxingly; proceeding to unfold the details of her plan, evidently carefully considered before being submitted to the higher powers. "H'm, Madame Dolly," replied Tom, drily, when his little wife had unfolded her arrangements. "One for Valentine's benefit, and two for your own pleasure, I can plainly see. And who are to be your companions in this precious pilgrimage? I would have you remember that, roomy as our trap is, its accommodation has its limits."

"Oh, nobody minds a little crowding on a pleasure-trip," replied Dolly, cheerfully. "Ned could ride his pony, and I thought of asking Miss Demaine, Mr. Moffat, and—and—Clare Cavendish to join our party."

Mysister's and brother-in-law's merry chatter regarding the friends upon whom the former's choice had fallen fell unheeded on my ears. They were filled with the gladsome tune to which my heart had set the words—"and—and—Clare Cavendish."

After a few amendments, Dolly's plan was adopted; or, as its originator facetiously observed, "Passed the House of Lords without an adverse vote." The week that elapsed before the date fixed upon for our trip was filled with bustle and excitement to Dolly, who made preparations for a picnic on a gigantic scale, in spite of Tom's assurances that the inns along our route would furnish all we could require.

My sister and her husband—easy-going sensible people, who took the blessings of life as they came, in the fullest enjoyment, and most perfect moderation, with no mission to set other folks to rights—looked forward to their pleasure-trip with the light-hearted delight of children. To me, however, it bore a very different aspect. In spite of the prickings of conscience, and the instinctive realization of the after-bitterness which must attend the halcyon days spent in such close companionship with the only woman I had ever loved, I looked forward to the tour with a rapture that yet bordered closely on despair.

The morning of our departure dawned clear and bright, after a few spring showers that freshened the face of Nature into more vivid brilliance. Our journey was to be accomplished with two horses, a beautiful pair of bays, dignified by Tom with the high-sounding titles of Mars and Jupiter. Before noon a merry group was gathered on the verandah, only awaiting one addition to their number, before taking their places in the roomy trap drawn up upon the gravelled drive.

As we lingered in the spring sunshine, I let my gaze wander over the animated group, so bright a feature of the fair scene. My regard rested first on my stalwart bushman brother-in-law; then on Dolly, looking so *piquante* and pretty in the travelling dress of navy blue serge and velvet; her *petite* figure contrasting so strongly with Miss Demaine's gaunt awkward form, clad in a very "strong-minded" looking ulster. Finally my eyes lingered on Clare Cavendish's beautiful flower-like face, with its creamy skin, delicate regular features, and liquid dark eyes, and her slender figure, set off by the close-fitting tailor-made gown of dark cloth. How fair she was—how sweet—I mused for the hundredth time, till my reflections were interrupted by an anxious enquiry from Dolly, as to whether we thought Mr. Moffat could be coming—he was so late.

Her fears on that score being speedily set at rest by the appearance on the scene of Mr. Moffat, a well-preserved beau of mature years, we were very soon packed into Tom's comfortable trap, and on our road.

Although our route to Lilydale, our halting-place for the night, presented many attractive features to the view, I saw but little of the picturesque country through which we passed. Every now and then disjointed fragments of Tom's descriptions to Miss Demaine, who occupied the front of the vehicle with us, of the old coach-road we were traversing, would fall upon my ears. Sometimes I would hear expressions of delight at some glimpse of bush or field richly clad in its spring-dress, mingled with the merry chatter behind;

but the objects around me bore the same aspect of unreality they might have done in a dream.

My thoughts, as had been their wont of late, had wandered back to past years ; to the fatal mistake that parted me for ever from the woman I had learnt to love, and might have won. Clearly, through the years that lay between, could I recall my widowed mother's pleading, that for her sake and that of my helpless young sister, I should woo the orphan heiress of barely seventeen, committed to her care. Distinctly from the past, rose the revolt of every nobler instinct against the mercenary action ; the long struggle, the indecision, and finally the brief, cold wooing, followed by the wedding day ; marked for ever, in my memory, by my mother's sudden death, and the flight of my impulsive few hours' bride, on her fatal accidental discovery of my mercenary selfishness. Since I had found my ideal of perfect womanhood realised in beautiful Clare Cavendish, more and more apparent had it become to me that my indifference for my plain, uninteresting child-wife, could never have ripened into the love that blesses and glorifies the union of two lives. She was a brave child, too, as well as a proud and sensitive one ; for she had wandered out into the world alone, rather than bear the bondage of a loveless marriage. It had seemed but a small atonement for the cruel wrong I had done her young life, to make a sacred promise that the world should deem her dead, and myself free, while I knew her to be alive, though ignorant of her whereabouts. It was only with the growth of a first real love within my empty heart, that I recognised the weight of the bonds with which I was "in honour bound.



OLINDA CREEK.

These memories, and reflections on the hopelessness of my position, and the cruel irony of fate, that had enriched me with an unexpected legacy, too late to prevent the sacrifice of two lives, were not the most pleasant cogitations for a pleasure trip. Black care is but a cheerless companion ; and, as we alighted from the vehicle at Lilydale, Tom and Dolly commented reproachfully on my sombre aspect, while I received a pitying glance from Clare Cavendish's soft dark eyes, that thrilled my pulses.

It was comparatively early in the afternoon when we reached Lilydale, and by unanimous consent it was resolved to explore a little before sunset. Only waiting, therefore, for Tom to see to the safety and comfort of the precious animals, that Dolly used to declare with a pout ranked really next to herself in her husband's estimation, we made a start for the creek we had crossed on our entrance into the little township.

"I understand from Mr. Lawrance that the Olinda Creek—a charming

title, by the way—is a very pretty stream,” observed Mr. Moffat, pompously, as we pursued our route. Unconscious of the scorn with which Miss Demaine regarded his antiquated gallantry, the elderly beau had already constituted himself the *cavalier servente* of the party, and was somewhat disconcerted to find that the ladies, to whom his remark was particularly addressed, were too far ahead to hear or heed it.

“The Olinda Creek is a pretty stream,” said Tom, decidedly. “It runs right through Lilydale, and is never really dry all the summer through.”

We heartily agreed with Tom when we stood on the bank of the creek, in the golden glow of the September afternoon. As we followed its picturesque windings, we would linger to watch tiny cascades, glittering like silver in the rich warm light. Now and then, the stream, with no stones in its channel, would lose itself in masses of dog-fern and creeper foliage; while here and there the golden sunlight, gleaming through groves of wattles, lay on the rich green sward beneath, in curiously flecked patches of light and shade. Our ramble indeed proved a picturesque one, its attractions increasing until it brought us upon a mill-race, in sight of a grey stone mill, rusty with traces of weather and age.

“It is a striking feature in the scene, is it not?” said Tom, as we settled ourselves on the grass for a rest. “It was constructed many years ago, and is quite a landmark hereabouts. This is a pretty spot, and an excellent place for a rest; only we must keep a sharp lookout for snakes.”

“No danger at this season of the year, Mr. Lawrance,” interposed Miss Demaine, not indisposed to air a little of the knowledge that had obtained her the unenviable reputation of a *femme savante*. “Two months at least too early. I only wish we *could* come across one. I have long wished to examine a living specimen of these reptiles.”

Mute with surprise, Mr. Moffat was regarding the speaker with the same horror as he might have contemplated one of the “reptiles” she discoursed upon, when his attention was attracted

by a request from Dolly to her husband, that he would root up one or two of the small bushes scattered about, to form a pillow for her head. Scrambling to his feet, Mr. Moffat began tugging vigorously at a small bush close at hand. Tom was proceeding leisurely to his assistance, when we were startled and dismayed by seeing the pompous and dignified Mr. Moffat precipitantly quit his hold, and skip, in a hasty and scarcely seemly fashion, over two thick bushes at a little distance.

This extraordinary phenomenon was accounted for, however, by the apparition of a black snake from beneath the dislodged roots. The unexpected intruder proved a very unwelcome visitant, especially to Miss Demaine, who immediately took refuge in flight; too panic-stricken to carry out her intention of examining the live specimen, thus unexpectedly presented to her view. A blow from Tom’s stick despatched his snakeship, and peace being restored, we started back to Lilydale.

Without any effort on my part, I found myself with Clare Cavendish for my companion, during a walk that will linger in my memory as long as life lasts. Owing to my studied avoidance of her society since I had awakened to a knowledge of my love, it was the first time, for many weeks, that I found myself alone with the woman whose image I was striving to banish from my heart. There was no consciousness of former neglect in her sweet, gay demeanour, and the subtle charm of her presence soon dulled the prickings of conscience within my breast.

“How strangely antagonistic Mr. Moffat and Miss Demaine are, are they not?” began my companion, as we pursued our way beneath the arching trees. “They appear repellent to each other, in no small measure. Yet beneath the foibles of each there is much to respect and esteem.”

“I consider them both utterly tiresome and uninteresting,” I answered, moodily; “Miss Demaine with her ‘advanced views,’ and Mr. Moffat with his pretensions to juvenility. I don’t know why Dolly should have added them to her party.”

“I think I can guess,” replied my companion, with a smile that puzzled

me. "I am afraid Mrs. Lawrance is something of a schemer at heart."

From desultory talk about others we drifted into earnest converse about ourselves. By gentle wiles my companion drew from me the history of my life—its struggles, disappointed hopes and ambitions; all but that fatal mistake that blighted two destinies. In return she told me much of her own past, almost as lonely as my own. Every word uttered by the beautiful girl at my side revealed new powers of intellect, and graces of mind and character. Each moment that passed, she more fully realised my long-cherished ideal of noble, cultured womanhood.

The shadows of evening were beginning to veil the features of the little town as we re-entered it. The freshness of the spring afternoon had turned to a clear cold night, and glowing logs, burning on the wide old-fashioned fire-place, smiled a cheery welcome as we entered the little sitting-room of the hotel. Here the rest of our party were already assembled, too tired and hungry to comment upon our tardy arrival.

We were not the only visitors. There were besides a Mr. and Mrs. Grant, travelling for the latter's health, with Mrs. Grant's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Lothian, a wonderfully active couple, though of very advanced years. Tom and Mr. Grant had met before, and the two parties were soon on friendly terms. The conversation around the fire became animated and interesting; but the old lady, who was very deaf, notwithstanding Clare's efforts to keep her informed of what was going on, felt herself out in the cold and could not conceal her impatience. At last she appealed to Mr. Moffat, who had gallantly and assiduously attended to her wants at tea, in a way that extremely discomposed him, inquiring whether "we old fogies might not have a game at cards?" Colouring in his vexation, his politeness nevertheless compelled assent, and Clare kindly resolving to amuse the old lady, carried off Miss Demaine and myself from the fireside group. Napoleon was the game decided on, and Mrs. Lothian was soon in her glory, entering into the play with child-

like eagerness. Amidst much remonstrance from Mr. Moffat, who would rather have engaged in the conversation by the fire, we played on till bedtime; and, in my dreams that night, Clare was pursued through the bush by an excited old lady, with snowy curls and jewelled fingers, exclaiming, "I'll take Nap! I'll take Nap!"

Next morning it looked like rain, but this could not depress the spirits of our merry party. Although no sun-gleam pierced the clouds, or with golden touch swept the mist from hill and valley, the scene was fair in the morning freshness. Before us lay the mountains, in all their intense blueness. On our left was St. Hubert's vineyard, conspicuous on the hillside, with its innumerable rows of vines. This time Clare Cavendish shared the front seat with Tom and myself, and the good resolutions formed during long wakeful hours of the previous night, melting like snow beneath the sunbeams under the influence of her bright gracious ways, I basked in her smiles, though with a heavy heart.

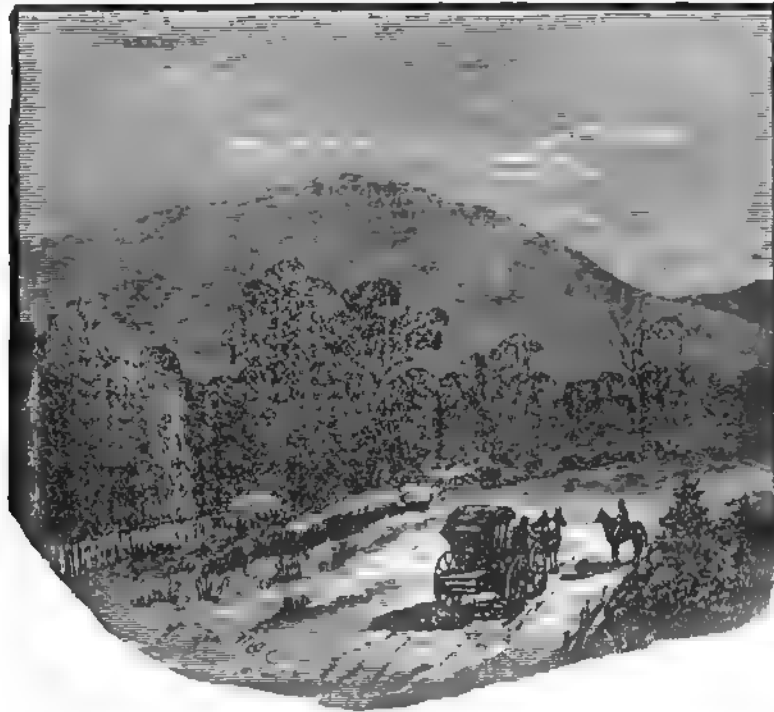
"Are there any kangaroo to be seen about here, Mr. Lawrance?" enquired Clare, curiously, as we passed swiftly down the avenues of tall gum-trees, amidst whose sombre foliage the ringed monarchs of the forest, denuded of bark and boughs before their fall, gleamed like ghastly spectres. "I have always been so curious to see these creatures."

"Plenty, Miss Cavendish," he replied, with a smile. "As we get into the Yarra Flats we will see any amount of them."

"Yes, and deer too," said Dolly, always anxious to have a share in any discussion. "Do you remember that trip we took to Fernshawe by the coach, Tom? The driver told you what damage they used to do to the crops of potatoes—how curiously and cleverly they used to eat them underground without injuring the tops?"

"I don't care to see *deer*, though," responded Clare. "I only care for distinctively *Australian* animals and scenery."

"Then you will be disappointed in Healesville, I am afraid," said Tom, as we approached the little township, "for it is planted with English trees."



"Which certainly are looking their best and brightest just now," said Clare, gaily, glancing at the fresh green foliage of the elms and poplars in the gardens along the road. "But I cannot waste admiration on trees familiar to me from my childhood. I must reserve it for the wonders of this new land."

A few minutes brought us within sight of the mountains we would have to cross in our route, and there was a general exclamation of admiration at the view of the darkly-wooded ranges stretching away before us.

"It is a glorious view," said Tom, as he reined up his horses, to allow us fully to drink in the beauty of the scene. "To get a proper view of the ranges, however, we should climb the hill behind. From the top of that the view is truly a grand and beautiful one. But I want to drive two miles into the forest, to the mill, the general feature of interest here—and the route is a tedious and difficult one."

Finding the two-mile drive a far from smooth one, all except Tom and

Dolly descended from the trap. To all but Mr. Moffat the difficulties of the walk only increased its charm; but in spite of his efforts to appear at ease, and his disinclination to allow us to perceive it, it was very evident he was far from comfortable. From time to time he glanced enviously, though with deep distaste, at Miss Demaine striding along, indifferent to the difficulties of the route; her shrewd homely face, and keen grey eyes, softened with pleasurable excitement at her trip. As he stumbled painfully along beside Clare, I overheard him remark. "How distasteful a woman becomes when she is self-dependent and strong-minded, Miss Cavendish. To be attractive, she should be feminine and clinging."

"Very right, Mr. Moffat," responded Clare, gently, "when she has anyone to cling to. Unfortunately for poor Miss Demaine, she has been the support of others' weaknesses for many weary years. I have good reason to know that her grim exterior covers a gentle womanly nature, and a warm tender heart."



"Indeed," said Mr. Mof-fat, thoughtfully, glancing curiously, yet with a certain kindness, too, I fancied, at the woman who had grown gaunt and brusque, fighting with bitter trials such as his self-indulgent life had never known.

At this moment we came in sight of the mill, which fully bore out Tom's description of its being a most striking feature in the scene. It was of considerable size, the mill wheel itself appearing to be close on thirty feet in height.

"The water by which it is worked is conveyed for many long miles," said Tom, in answer to our anxious inquiries. "Some years ago the mill and this part of the bush were visited by the Board appointed to inspect timber for railway purposes. It is a pity," he added, "that you could not have seen the interesting sight of the heavy sleighs, drawn by sturdy bullocks, bringing down immense trees. This industry was best known in this district, by its connection with one for making axe-handles out of colonial woods, the plant of which was situated at Healesville, and promised, at one time, to prove a very great success."

"Colonial woods then are really useful?" I asked, in some surprise.

"Yes, indeed," replied Tom, "and only require to be known in order to be appreciated. There is mountain-ash, dogwood, maple, hickory, and

blackwood, to say nothing of Huon and Kauri pine, and other woods."

"We will have no more learned disquisitions on colonial produce just now, my love," broke in Dolly's voice at this juncture. "We are going to lunch."

A very charming little repast had careful Dolly provided, our enjoyment of which was only marred by heavy drops of rain, that warned us the storm Tom had prognosticated was close at hand.

"We will hurry on the way we came," said Tom, after some consideration, "there should be a deserted hut along the road, in which we could take shelter from the rain."

We hastened along, therefore, as fast as possible; Dolly roguishly desiring me to "look after Miss Cavendish," as she sped along by her tall husband's side. Thus, once again, by no effort of my own, Clare and I were companions in the vast solitudes of the Australian bush.

As I felt the clinging clasp of her little hand upon my arm, and the sweetness of her dependence on my strength and protection, I strove in vain to stifle the bitter cry of my lonely heart for the love I dared not seek to win. As though my lips had echoed the cry of my heart, my companion turned her dark eyes on my face, a tender pathos in their depths seeming to reveal a sorrow as deep as mine.

My pulses were thrilling at the daring thought that had I been free to plead I might have won, when a low wailing cry broke the silence reigning around us, causing my companion to cling tremblingly closer to my side, and to say affrightedly, "The bush seems always full of strange, weird sounds to me, Mr. Gordon, but that must be the cry of a child, lost or sick. Let us hasten to the spot whence it came."

Diverging into the bush, we found the rest of the party beneath a tall gum-tree. "The cry of a baby native bear," said Tom, in answer to our eager question. "You cannot see it, but I know its cry." Above our heads was a comfortable-looking, full-grown specimen, slumbering peacefully on a bough, while some tiny birds were picking particles of fur from his body, and even from his face.

The rain was by this time falling pretty heavily, and, hastening on, we made our way to the deserted hut. Dark and dismal as the little bark and slab erection proved, with its boarded-up window, and damp, grimy walls, we were grateful enough for its shelter; and Tom soon had a fire of branches and bark crackling cheerily enough in the cavernous fire-place, utterly disproportioned to the size of the hut.

"It is dull work listening to the rain falling on the roof," said Dolly, with a shiver, as we gathered round the cheerful blaze. "Can you not amuse us with some nice creepy tales of the bush, Tom?"

"I can spin you any amount of bush yarns, my dear," replied Tom, with a smile. "What shall it be, good people? A ghost story, or a murder?"

The unanimous decision was in favour of a ghost story, and Tom proceeded to relate an experience of his own, which would have done credit to

the oldest country in Europe; how in his own house in early days, reputed to be haunted, in consequence of the murder of a wife by her husband, he and his housekeeper had been one evening startled by an appalling cry, and by seeing immediately afterwards the name "Mary" traced in blood upon a table; how on returning from a search out of doors, he was further alarmed by the apparition of a galloping horseman, whose face of agony and terror haunted him for many a day; and how he left and sold the place, which maintained its evil reputation, and after passing from owner to owner, was suffered to fall into ruin.

The composure of the party, already shaken by the horrible tale, was suddenly upset by a ghostly rustle overhead, instantly followed by the terrifying apparition of a large, fluttering, dark object, descending in the midst of them. This so startled us out of our politeness and dignity, that we dispersed hurriedly from the scene of our alarm.

"It is only a large owl," said Tom at last, after a cautious reconnoitring of the place. "Stupefied by the smoke, he has fallen from his perch on the rafters above." So it proved; and throwing his greatcoat over him, Ned soon secured the intruder, who was gazing stupidly about him, and winking at the fire. Delighted with his prize, the little fellow held him up for a closer inspection, carefully muffling his powerful beak and claws in the folds of his coat, when he proved to be a fine individual of the large grey species. When the excitement had subsided, and we had enjoyed a hearty laugh over the tragi-comic interruption to Tom's ghost story, we discovered that Mr. Moffat was missing. Fearing lest his terror had driven him into some danger, we instituted a search in the neighbourhood of the hut, which being unsuccessful, we reluctantly decided to pursue our route, on which it was most probable he had gone before us. The rain passed off as quickly as it came, and the surrounding landscape shone out all the brighter and fresher for its brief shower-bath. Little tufts of moss and fern sparkled with gleaming drops, like diamonds strung on emeralds; the wild flowers and leaves

by the wayside were bright with crystals, which reflected the fitful sun-gleams like drops of molten gold.

Our anxiety regarding our missing fellow-traveller was terminated by the sight of a little party—pleasure-seekers evidently like ourselves—with Mr. Moffat at their head, leading them valiantly to the rescue of his friends. Mutual explanations ensued, and we parted from the strangers, their apprehensions having given place to hearty merriment at the sight of the feathered intruder on our peace.

"A honeymoon paradise," I have heard Fernshawe designated, remarked Clare Cavendish, as we pursued our route in that direction. "Is it really then so romantically beautiful a spot?"

"A most ridiculous designation to bestow on *any* beautiful spot," interposed Miss Demaine, grimly, before Tom could answer; "The sickly sentiment of fools is ill chosen to describe the beauties of Nature."

"Of *fools*, Miss Demaine?" said Mr. Moffat, waking with a start from a short doze in which he had been indulging, "Surely, surely, you are too severe upon the sweetest thing in life—'Love's Young Dream!'"

"I have no patience with 'love' in any shape, Mr. Moffat," rejoined Miss Demaine, snappishly, "or the weak, silly women who make slaves of themselves for the sake of a few soft words and false smiles. If there were fewer marriages there would be less misery in life; fewer broken hearts, to say nothing of broken heads."

"It is a good thing for masculine humanity that *all* women are not of your opinion, Miss Demaine," said Dolly, with a saucy glance at her husband. "But poor Clare is waiting all this time for an answer. Fernshawe *is* an ideally lovely spot, my dear, and very aptly compared, in my mind, to a 'honeymoon paradise.' It is perfection for a time, and then its delights are apt to pall upon you, and cause you to long for the rugged homeliness of the world beyond the hills that shut in the charmed spot."

The beauties of Fernshawe and its environs were veiled by a light penetrating mist, as we drove between valleys and gullies of ferns, whose tall,

black stems were crowned with spreading emerald fronds.

"Rather depressing perhaps," assented Tom, in response to a grumble from Mr. Moffat, who evidently disliked discomfort of any description. "But the normal condition of Fernshawe, it appears to me."

"Depressing! Not a bit," retorted Miss Demaine, briskly, with a sniff of contempt at Mr. Moffat's efforts to shelter himself from the wet; which upset Dolly's gravity so much that she resorted to a fictitious fit of coughing to hide her unseemly mirth. "Healthy and exhilarating, I consider it."

The next morning proved as gloriously bright and clear a one as ever delighted the hearts of holiday-makers. Not a cloud shadowed the dazzling azure of the Australian sky, while the spring sunshine, flooding every feature of the scene, heightened the charms of the lovely "Fern Valley," shut in by the surrounding ranges from the sights and sounds of the world without.

"What is your programme for to-day, good folks?" was Tom's cheery inquiry, as we assembled after breakfast in the little garden, bright with spring blooms. "Mr. Moffat, I see, is improving the shining hours already." This the gallant old gentleman was undoubtedly doing; flitting from flower to flower, with more of the giddiness of the roving butterfly than the sober industrious bee. He was culling bouquets for the ladies, which he presented with a low bow, and the sentimental addition of "sweets to the sweet;" Clare's, I remarked with contemptuous anger, being a glowing crimson rosebud, plucked from a bush literally weighed down with its masses of rich-hued, dew-sprinkled blossoms.

"I am going to explore Fernshawe, with Mrs. Lawrance for a guide, and Miss Demaine and Mr. Gordon for companions," was Miss Cavendish's gay response.

"In that case Moffat and I will do a little fishing in the Watts," replied Tom, indicating the stream which, much to his disgust, I had on our arrival designated a *creek*. "Some very fine trout are obtainable there sometimes. Won't you join us, Val?"

A half saucy, half pleading glance from Clare's dark eyes had, however, decided my choice, and we were soon rambling through the "Fern Country," whose picturesque features proved highly attractive to my English eyes, although Dolly insisted that, compared with those further on our route, its beauties were but as an introduction to some rarely delightful volume yet unopened. Through the golden hours of the bright day we wandered amidst fern-clad banks and valleys, where majestic tree ferns towered above our heads, and masses of graceful maiden-hair clustered at our feet. On a fallen tree for a bridge we crossed the stream that sang so merrily over its brown boulders, and penetrated deep into the fern valleys beyond. We visited the raspberry gardens, and finally climbed Mount Juliet, on whose side, amidst the towering gum-trees, we came upon a solitary child's grave, over which Dolly and her friend wondered and sorrowed to their heart's content.

Tempted by the charms of scene and weather, we lingered on at Fernshawe for a few days, before pursuing the remainder of our route. Had I dared to question myself whither I was drifting during those halcyon days, the answer too truly would have been—closer to the girl I loved with such a hopeless passion; nearer every hour to the heart and soul and mind dowered with every womanly perfection. I dared not, however, look back or forward, but lived in a charm, in which I used to marvel more and more at the sympathetic response to my most cherished sentiments in the breast of the girl, three months ago a perfect stranger to me. Every chord in my nature seemed re-echoed in hers, and, in my wildest dreams, I used to fancy that, perchance, in some former unknown sphere, our divided souls had been but one.

I was not the only one of the party attracted by Clare Cavendish's sweet loveableness of nature and bright beauty. My soul was stirred to hot impotent revolt and wrath, by seeing Mr. Moffat pursue her with ridiculous attentions and high flown compliments, which she accepted with a gay nonchalance that afforded no clue to her real feelings.

At war with myself and the world, I had strolled down to the river one evening in the twilight, when my footsteps were arrested by Clare Cavendish's voice, its tones less sweet and more decided than I had ever heard them. Feeling myself an intruder on the scene, I was about to withdraw, when an opening in the trees disclosed so absurd a picture, that, attracted in spite of myself, I stood rooted to the spot. On one knee on the grassy sward knelt Mr. Moffat, his burly person swaying from side to side, in his eagerness to retain the hand which his companion was firmly withdrawing from his clasp. Unwarned by the dark frown on Clare's fair face, he was pouring out fervid expressions of devotion, which his companion vainly endeavoured to interrupt. "Dearest, sweetest Miss Cavendish, is it in vain that I offer you a heart that ——" What marvels Mr. Moffat's heart would have performed for her sweet sake, Miss Cavendish would probably never know, for at that moment the treacherous bank, on which he was, giving way, her admirer was precipitated into the river beneath. Startled, amidst my amusement, I would have hastened to his assistance, but before I could do so he had scrambled from the shallow stream with some difficulty, and with his devotion quenched utterly, for the time, by the drenching he had received and the shock to his dignity, was hastening back to the hotel. Uncertain whether to go or stay, I lingered until the sound of low passionate sobs smote upon my ear, when I turned away with a sorely aching heart from the sorrow I dared not strive to solace, and whose source I could not guess. The after-bitterness of which conscience had vainly warned me was already weighing on my spirit, and the song of the river that night seemed set to the mournful cadence of my darling's weeping.

"I wonder what can have given Mr. Moffat such a severe cold?" said Dolly the next morning, "He scarcely looks able to make the ascent of Morley's Track with us to-day."

"I know, mummy," volunteered Master Ned, just returned, rather ruffled in temper, from a vain search on the river banks for a stray frog or

two with which to give Miss Demaine a start. That lady, in spite of her strong interest in natural history, evinced considerable discomposure at any "live specimens" that came in her way. "I know; he fell into the river."

"Little boys should be seen, and not heard," Dolly was beginning severely, striving to disguise her curiosity with dignity, when, warned by a look from Toni, she despatched Ned from the room, and soon learnt the little her husband knew of the matter.

Although Mr. Moffat looked feeble and miserable enough, under the effects of a severe cold, to enlist Miss Demaine's sympathies, in whose eyes he was no longer a hated enemy to be crushed, but a patient to be humoured and petted, he steadily refused to allow our proposed trip to be postponed. Immediately after breakfast, therefore, we started for Jesse Morley's track, with a liberal allowance of picnic fare to serve as luncheon.

(To be continued).



JESSE MORLEY'S TRACK

FLORAL LEGENDS.

By E. A. C.

No. 6—THE IRIS OR FLEUR-DE-LIS.—
ENGLISH LEGEND.

I.

"What flower is that which royal honour
craves?"

In the long-past days when knights used to wander through the world, seeking to redress wrongs and injuries, there lived one who, though brave and devout, had yet but little learning. His great sorrow was that he, for that reason, could not learn, or commit to memory, the Latin prayer which he was taught to believe he should offer to the Virgin; there were only two words which ever became familiar to him, and these he repeated with a fervour and constancy for which he at last became renowned.

His cry of "Ave Maria" might be heard at all hours of the night and day, and as the strong frame grew weary, and old age crept on apace, the knight's zeal and devotion only increased. When at last he died, the monks of the neighbouring convent buried him in their own grave-yard, and to their astonishment, a lovely Fleur-de-lis sprang up from the spot where they had laid him, bearing numerous blossoms, and each inscribed in golden letters with the words the old man had so loved to utter!

The proud monks, whose learning and wealth had caused them to look down with scorn on the illiterate but devoted knight, could not understand why this strange sight should occur, and opened the grave, to find that the roots of the magical plant rested on the lips that had so constantly and fervently pronounced the only prayer their owner knew! Humbled and mortified, they left the spot to ponder on the lesson thus silently taught them.

In the reign of Clovis I. of France, the royal device was the ugly one of

three black toads, which seemed likely to become the permanent and acknowledged one of the nation. A change, however, was to take place, and the chosen messenger to announce the fact was a very aged man, a hermit of Joyen-Valle. As he lay one night in his cell, the darkness was suddenly illumined by a marvellous light which entirely filled it. As soon as his dazzled gaze was able to rest steadily on it, he noticed an angel standing in the cell with a shield of great beauty in his outstretched hand. The hermit looked in wonder at it with its three golden lilies emblazoned on an azure ground, but did not venture to touch it until the angel bade him take and present it to Clothilde, his monarch's wife. As he finished speaking, he vanished from the cell, leaving the hermit again in darkness, musing on the strange vision. Shortly after, the Queen entered, and the old man at once laid the gift at her feet, acquainting her at the same time with the angel's message. Greatly delighted, the former hastened to her husband with the beautiful shield, which Clovis at once adopted, success everywhere attending his arms, and from that time forward, according to the legend, France accepted as her royal device the golden Fleur-de-Lys.

No. 7. THE RED ROSE.—ROUMANIAN
LEGEND.

"Tis said as Cupid danced among the gods,
He down the nectar flung,
Which, on the white rose being shed,
Made it for ever red."

In a beautiful "castle near the sea," there lived a princess, whose fair face was the theme of many a song. Around the castle was a large garden filled with a wealth of flowers, and beyond it lay the great blue ocean. The princess dearly loved the sea, and one morning saw her bathing in its waters, warm and golden from the beams of the rising sun. The "God

of Day" looked down upon her wonderful beauty, and it seemed to him as though earth could hold nothing lovelier. He watched her arise from the murmuring waters and pass through the garden with its fragrant perfumes and gorgeous blossoms; he saw her enter the castle and become lost to view; but still he rested in his place and forgot his high mission of lighting the whole earth. Three days passed by, and yet the sun moved not, but remained watching the Princess as she went to and fro. The world mourned and faded under his cold neglect, but he heeded not its pain and sorrow, for he was unconscious of aught but the beauty which had bound him as in a spell.

On the third day the Lord of the Universe arose in wrath at the destruction and misery brought on by the Day-god's infatuation. He bent his gaze upon the Princess who was just entering the garden, and bade her remain in it under the form of a rose, and immediately, where the fair girl had stood, there appeared a rose-tree, bearing an exquisite crimson blossom that hung its head abashed when the sun turned his parting glance upon her, ere he started on his long-forgotten mission.

And since that day, the red rose droops in soft languor as the warm beams of the God of Day fall directly upon her.

NO. 8. THE MOSS-ROSE.—A GERMAN LEGEND.

"And the green moss gather'd around the stem,
While the dew-drops shone like a diadem,
Crowning the blushing flower."

Many years ago, an angel was sent down to earth, commissioned to do a work of love and mercy. Whilst on this errand, he was to assume the form of a human being, so that none should know from whence he came. The sins and sorrows of mankind grieved and dismayed him, but he went lovingly on his way, striving to sow the seeds of peace and joy amongst the wretched people whom he met. Night with her mantle of soft and tender darkness covered the land, and the angel, tired and sad with his day's

work, sought for shelter till the morning light; but not one amongst the children of men would admit the unknown "messenger of love," and with an aching heart and dejected look, he sat down beneath a beautiful rose-bush, whose thick branches protected him from the evening dew, whilst the sweet perfume of its blossoms gradually soothed him into a refreshing slumber.

The warmth of the morning sun aroused the angel, and remembering how different had been the treatment he had received from the rose-tree from that of those he had been seeking to benefit, he turned to it with a smile, and said:—

"Because you have yielded me the shelter which man, in his vain conceit, refused last night, I will leave behind me a proof of my love that, in its turn, shall contribute to your own comfort."

As he spoke, the beautiful rose felt its blossoms softly enclosed in sprays of tenderest moss, that guarded them from injury whilst greatly enhancing them in loveliness; but as the grateful flower raised its head to thank its benefactor, it found that it was alone, for the angel had completed his errand of mercy, and returned to his own bright home!

NO. 9.—THE TULIPS.—A DEVONSHIRE LEGEND.

"Which, struck together by the silken wind,
Rang their 'wilderling chimes to vagrant butterflies."

Once upon a time, in the "good old days" when pixies and fairies used to haunt the earth, a great number of the former lived in a field near which stood a cottage inhabited by an old woman, and surrounded by a garden. Amongst the flowers which grew there in abundance, were some tulips, so rich and varied in their colours that the pixies became attracted to the spot, and determined to convert it into an elfin nursery. With this intention they carried their babies there, and lulled them to slumber amidst the lovely blossoms, and the sweet strains of their music, often heard at midnight and in the still evening air, caused the people round to declare that the tulips were enchanted, and that they themselves

were the wonderful musicians, from whose gay chalices were evoked those strangely witching sounds. In truth, such flowers had been never seen, for in their delight at the beauty of their nursery, the pixies resolved to give them fragrance, the one thing they required, and ere long the bed of tulips became as perfumed as though it had been one of roses.

The delight of the old woman may be imagined, and so fond did she become of them that not one was allowed to be picked. Time passed on, and death at last claimed the owner of the enchanted flowers. The man who succeeded to her little property thought more of the useful than the beautiful, and threw away the tulips to make room for a bed of parsley. The affront offered to their favourite resort greatly annoyed the pixies, who at once caused an evil influence to pass over and wither the roots, and so affected the atmosphere that for many years after, nothing would grow in any part of the garden. But though they thus avenged the loss of their loved tulips, the "little people" never forgot the kindness shown to them by the old woman, and her grave was tended with tender care. No weeds were ever seen on it, but only a succession of the loveliest flowers, planted by no mortal hands, and music as sweet, but more solemn, might be heard around it, as the pixies pursued their task of affection. This continued until the form beneath was considered to have passed away to dust, and then the unseen tenders of the spot vanished, never again to return to it.

NO. 10.—THE FIR-TREE.—A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

"Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombre *firs*."

A miner with his wife and family once lived close by the Hubinchenstein, one of the Hartz Mountains; this hill had a great deal of mystery belonging to it, and the firs, with which it was thickly covered, were considered as almost sacred. The poor miner was one day taken ill, and before long the whole family were on the verge of starvation. Unable to see her dear ones suffering from want, the wife resolved

to brave the dangers of the forest, and, telling her husband of her intention, she started one day for the purpose of gathering cones and selling them in the neighbouring market. She had not long entered the forest when she was met by a strange-looking, quaintly-attired man, aged, and short of stature, with a long white beard, who, seeing her evident grief, stopped and asked the reason of it.

"My husband is ill, and my little ones are starving," was her reply, "and I am come in much fear to gather cones in this haunted place."

The old man smiled at her terror. "Have no fear," he said, kindly; "but pick up as many of the largest as you can find, and go home."

Wondering who the old man could be, she went on her way, and began gathering the cones lying about, but, to her astonishment, a shower of immense ones fell at her feet, thrown down by unseen hands, for no breath of air stirred the branches of the great firs. Greatly frightened, she collected a number in great haste and ran home, but soon had to rest, for the cones appeared growing every moment heavier. Looking into her basket to learn the cause, she beheld, instead of the brown cones she had just thrown in, an equal amount of pure silver ones!

Overjoyed at the sight, she forgot her fatigue and hastened to her husband, who at once guessed that the old man must have been Gübich, the King of the Dwarfs, said to haunt the Hubinchenstein, and of kindly disposition where he took a liking to some favoured mortal. He advised his wife to return the next day to the forest in hopes of again meeting her benefactor. She did so, and the dwarf once more accosted her, and gave her a bundle of plants to be used by her husband. The present was gladly used and proved the means of restoring the poor man to health. The silver cones were melted down, and laid the foundation of great wealth, for which the miner in time became renowned.

The legend goes on to state that one of the Dwarf's gifts was preserved in memory of him, and may be seen in Gründ as a proof of the truth of the tradition.

BY SEA AND LAKE.

By ALISON RAE.

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE OR DEATH.

“Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.”

The week that followed Lena's wedding was one of excitement. What with boating, riding, and picnic parties, the sunshiny days passed almost like a breath. Sally alone found them long and wearisome; but then she remained quietly at home with her aunt and Mrs. Peters for the most part, sickening at the thought of *enjoyment*, or, more properly speaking, gaieties, so long as Will watched by the side of his suffering brother. At least she imagined him so occupied; why, else, did he not write? She would have written to him had circumstances been other than they were; she went so far as to consult Ted about it when she grew frightened and thought some accident must surely have happened during the journey to London, and that her *fiancé* was perhaps even then lying dead or dying at some out-of-the-way place. Ted, of course, laughed at her fears when she confided them to him, but, observing that her lips trembled and her eyes filled with tears, he patted her hand gently, and told her to wait until night, and if the post brought no letter he would take a run up to town on the morrow. But instead of spending a couple of delightful hours in a railway carriage with Geraldine next day, Ted was in bed when the train went steaming out of the station at noon, and was likely to remain there for a week at least, being threatened with low fever.

Sally, though she could not tell why, was filled with dread when she knew

that Geraldine had gone to London alone; she called to mind a remark that Dr. Smith had made in her hearing, that the house he had taken was only ten minutes' walk from Palace Gardens. Now Will's brother lived in Palace Gardens, and when that is said everything is said.

Sally was more than usually quiet all day, and Tottie more than usually cross; it had been the latter's habit for some time past to be irritable—no one took much notice of it, however; but as the family, with Tom Heriot in place of Ted at the foot of the table, gathered at tea that evening, Mrs. Reid looked at her nieces and smiled. “It's well seen,” she said, “that excitement does not suit *my* young people. I shall pack you all off to bed early to-night, and to-morrow you'll be up and about as fresh as daisies.”

“Auntie's usual remedy!” said Tottie, laughing. “The round of the clock, you must know, Mr. Heriot, is her cure for every ailment.”

“And a very good cure, too, my dear. It's never failed yet.”

“Yes, Auntie, it suits Florry there well enough, for she's a real sleepy-head, and could doze off charmingly every day at noon if it were necessary, but I don't like it. And, oh! the agonies I've had to endure, lying awake hearing her snore, and listening to all the hours striking! Mercy me! you'd hardly credit it!”

“It's a singular thing, my dear, that with all the fuss you make over those same early hours, I've never yet gone upstairs at ten o'clock, and found you awake.”

"Well, Auntie, I might pretend to be asleep, just to please you, you know, and make you think what a good girl I was ; but I'm sure it wasn't genuine."

"Pretend ! Not a bit of it, Tottie," said Mrs. Reid, laughing. "You don't sleep by halves, or lie awake with your mouth open."

"Well," said Tottie, petulantly, not liking the picture of herself her aunt's words suggested. "I hate going to bed with the sun. One had much better be sitting up getting tired, than wasting time."

"But you don't go to bed with the sun, my dear. I know you think Auntie a very troublesome person indeed, and very old-fashioned in her notions," said Mrs. Reid, with her quiet smile and nod ; "but if she didn't look well after you you'd ruin your constitutions, with dancing all night and sleeping all day."

"And that's why you won't allow any seasons in London, I suppose?" said Tottie. "At least for Florry and me. Pass the butter, please, Mr. Heriot."

"Exactly," replied her aunt.

This was a sore point with Tottie, the height of whose ambition was to spend a season in London ; that now the opportunity offered she should be deprived of the pleasure of participating for a few weeks in its gaieties. "And Sally," she said, with a pout, "had she chosen might have gone, just because she doesn't care a bit about it. Auntie dear, why, oh *why* are you so cruel ? I shall grow thin with disappointment. How I wish I could find favour in your eyes as Sally does !"

"Perhaps when you've gained a little sense, you may, my dear."

"Is Sally so very sensible then ?"

"She's the only one I can trust not to kill herself with pleasure-seeking," said Mrs. Reid.

"There, Sally ! What do you think of that ? There's a pat on the back for you ! Don't you feel yourself somebody now—eh ?" said Tottie, with a merry twinkle in her eye. "Well ; and that constitutes sense, does it, Auntie dear ? I shall try to become sensible then, so as to be deserving of a pat on the back too. To be sure it'll be a difficult task, as I am not like Sally, pre-eminently suited for domestic

life ; but since you won't hear of me doing the ornamental, the only thing I'm fit for, why I'll try to be useful. What a come-down for Lena, though ! She had such hopes of me, and thought I'd make such a fine society lady. And what a pity it is that I should be thus lost to the world ! Give me some cake, please, for I can't bear to think of it, or of what Mrs. Smith will say, when she hears that instead of flourishing at court, and kissing her Majesty's hand, in a train from here to the hall door, I've enlisted like Florry" (with a sly look at her cousin) "on Sally's side, and gone in for curates and cold mutton and Dorcas meetings, and all the mild excitements of domestic life, in a genuinely sensible manner."

"And the early-to-bed movement. Don't forget that," said Florry, whose face was roseate with blushes on account of Tottie's reference to curates.

"It's not likely I shall, with you to jog my memory by nodding in your chair whenever we happen to be five minutes late. No, I shan't forget ; and to-night I don't think I shall require notice to move, for I'm tired to death, and could sleep for a week or a year easily."

"Or a hundred summers," suggested Tom, *sotto voce*.

"A hundred fiddlesticks ! And wait for you to wake me I suppose ?" said Tottie, raising her eyebrows and giving him a sidelong glance, expressive of extreme pity for his want of intellect.

Tom looked foolish.

"These are not the days when one can be for ever young, Mr. Heriot ; more's the pity ! And I have in my mind's eye a nice little picture of you, or what will be left of you, a century hence. Would you like a description ?"

"No thank you."

"No ?" said Tottie, enquiringly. "Well, now, that's what I call mean, for it would have been good, really worth listening to, I assure you." Then she leaned back in her chair and lapsed into silence. At this juncture, Sally, who had gone away some minutes previously to look after Ted, returned to speak to her aunt, who excused herself and hurriedly left the room.

Twenty minutes later Tom was walking quickly towards the village for

Dr. Hill, while Mrs. Reid superintended arrangements that would enable her to pass the night in Ted's dressing room. And Ted's illness, which began with severe pains in the limbs, was put down to the picnic in the pinewood. Dr. Hill assured Mrs. Reid that it was nothing alarming, but he would be the better of keeping his bed for a few days, and there was no occasion for anyone to sit up with him. Notwithstanding which Mrs. Reid burned a night-light, and kept the door of the dressing-room open so as to hear any movement.

She sent off the girls to their rooms at nine o'clock, dismissing Tom without the slightest show of ceremony, at which Tottie laughed. "You needn't think, Mr. Heriot," she said, "Auntie will have any mercy on you, or ever acknowledge you to be grown up, because she won't; and so you must just pocket your feelings. Grin and bear it, as Ted says. *He* thought his years would be respected and due deference paid to him when he began to grow a moustache, but that was all a fallacy; it never made a bit of difference. He might just as well be without it for all the good it's done. Good-night; you see you'll have to submit to Auntie's treatment. It's not so very bad when you're used to it," she added, smiling at Mrs. Reid, who was standing beside her; wondering, as Tom's eyes rested in earnest admiration upon her fair-haired niece, if she would have to part with her too. It was natural enough, but the Hall would be a dull place without the many bright pictures of healthy faces and laughing eyes she was daily accustomed to see so much of. And as Tom, hoping to find Ted better on the morrow, with a cheery "good-night" went his way, Mrs. Reid looked her last upon joyous countenances in the old house; for by midnight a shadow had fallen upon them all, and Sally was standing at her aunt's bedside, with the candle-light flickering up into her pale face. "There is something the matter with Tottie. I wish you would come to her, please," she said. "Florry says she has been rambling and talking so all night. She grew frightened at last and called me."

"A—h!" was all the remark Mrs.

Reid made. She was speedily in the girls' room, where she found Florry shivering, more with fear than with cold, and stretching up vainly trying to light the gas. "Go you to bed, my dear. Go to Sally's room," she said. "Go at once," was her peremptory order, when Florry hesitated. "We can't afford to have you ill too, my child." And the girl went, but very unwillingly, lingering at the door to take another look at the curly head that moved from side to side uneasily upon its pillow. "And now, Sally," said Mrs. Reid, when Florry was gone, "we must have the doctor. Knock at Jane's door and ask her to rouse Sam, and tell him to get out the dogcart and bring Dr. Hill. See that he thoroughly understands he's to wait for the doctor—not to return without him. Then come back and dress yourself, for I'm afraid I shall have to keep you up, my dear; but you can rest well to-morrow."

Had her aunt known how frequent of late had been Sally's sleepless nights, it must have astonished her much that it was not she, instead of Tottie, who required the doctor's attendance at this unusual hour. But she never even suspected them, and perhaps that was well, all things considered; for it might have led to enquiries which would have somewhat embarrassed her niece, albeit she, poor girl, was longing to confide all her troubles to one who had ever been like a mother to her. It was, as we know, from no deceptive intention she had allowed Mrs. Reid to remain ignorant of her engagement to Will Clifford; but it now dawned upon her that her conduct in this respect was altogether unjustifiable, and that her *fiancé's* silence, though totally incomprehensible and exceeding bitter to her, was nevertheless a punishment well deserved. Not that she for one instant imagined this silence to be intentional, or herself forgotten by her absent lover. But it was all the harder to bear because, now that she would have spoken, her tongue was tied, and she felt that it must inevitably be so until Will should have written to her aunt; it was too late in the day for the communication to come from her, even had this sickness not stepped in to prevent it. Sally would not for the

world have burdened her aunt's mind with unnecessary troubles at such a time. So in spite of an aching head and unrested limbs she dressed herself, wondering all the while what could ail Tottie and Ted, and concluding that were it anything infectious Florry must be packed off to the farm, out of harm's way, the first thing in the morning. She was thinking that her cousin could easily ride over with Tom, and that Sam could take her portmanteau before night; when the door which she had left ajar was pushed open, and Mrs. Peters came in. "Oh!" exclaimed Sally, who for the moment had forgotten the housekeeper's existence.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear; it's only me come to ask what's the matter."

And then Sally had to explain that it was not, as Mrs. Peters had supposed, Ted who was worse, but Tottie taken ill; and, throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she motioned the good lady to the doorway, putting her finger on her lip and nodding towards the sleeping Florry, whom Mrs. Peters' loud whispering could not fail to arouse.

Nothing would do but she must step into the bedroom opposite to take a look at Tottie; Mrs. Reid was gone to order Ted, who had been disturbed by the dogcart passing under his window and wanted to know what the row was, back to bed; and Sally waited in the passage to hear what Mrs. Peters had to say. Her remark was not a very encouraging one, uttered close to Sally's ear in an awesome whisper, "you mark my words; it's typhoid fever she's down with."

"Typhoid fever! Oh, Mrs. Peters," exclaimed Sally, with dull despair in her voice; she had heard of it often, but no one she knew ever had battled through it. There was poor Minna Hudson, and one of the Reids, and that beautiful little girl of the French hairdresser's in Hastings, all took it and died, scarcely a year ago. Oh no! it could not be *that* Tottie had. She would not believe it.

"Not typhus, not typhus, that's infectious," said Mrs. Peters, reassuringly, terrified at the expression upon the girl's face, which was perhaps exaggerated by the light thrown upward from the

candle in her hand, showing distinctly the tired lines about the mouth and eyes. "Typhoid's not, and it's not near so dangerous. I'm afraid it's typhoid, I've seen it before; and it's only this morning cook was telling me it's in the village."

"In the village! Oh, Mrs. Peters! And we didn't know, and we get all our things from there—meat and everything." Sally was not very clear what she was talking about, but it seemed to her, as she moved a step or two, and sat down upon a great square ottoman that occupied a corner of the "upstairs hall" beside the passage leading to the girls' rooms, that cook was very much to blame. "Are you quite sure she said the village? Might she not have said Hastings, Mrs. Peters?"

The housekeeper avoided the anxious eyes of her interrogator, shaking her head, and trying to correct her mistake of having blurted out what she believed to be the truth to Sally, by saying "We mustn't make too sure it's typhoid. We'll hear what the doctor's got to say about that, so don't make your mind uneasy, my dear."

Dr. Hill came. He stayed in the house some hours. There was nothing to fear for Ted, but Tottie was down with typhoid fever, and a bad case, he said.

Then followed days and nights of weariness and anxiety. Sally spent her time between Tottie's room and Ted's, wearing herself out with watching, and busy pacing to and fro; she worked all the harder in the day-time because her aunt would not allow her to sit up at night and share the nursing. Florry, instead of going to the farm, stayed at The Cedars, and every day, morning and evening, she and Sally were sent out for a walk with Tom; who still remained at Lenley, and spent most of his time in the study at the Hall, examining the backs of the books and waiting for news from the sick-room, until the entire household was aware of his feelings for Tottie and loved him accordingly; and thanks to his presence the two girls kept their health. It was a very quiet trio that set off on these walks, which were oftenest along the shore, because Tom considered the sea-breezes did his "patients," as he called

them, a world of good. But sometimes, by way of diversion, he had the carriage waiting in the avenue, and drove them to Hastings, where he made them get out and saunter about the town to look at all the shops; and then Florry chattered, which was just what he desired, and he bought books and pretty bits of china, which in the end half filled the schoolroom. And he talked unceasingly of the gay times they would have when Tottie was better. Why shouldn't they all take a trip to the Continent? he said; there were lots of lovely things worth buying there, and he knew some lovely spots she could paint—Switzerland was the best place, to his mind, for that sort of thing. You see he never doubted that she would get well. "She *must*," he declared to Sally one day, "I feel that she can't help herself when I love her so. And love you know is stronger than—than—love is stronger than anything." There was a break in the poor fellow's voice at that last word, and Sally understood what he meant, love was stronger than death; but she held out no hope to him, for she had none herself. At the mention of typhoid she knew that Tottie must die, and from the night when the doctor had confirmed Mrs. Peters' opinion she had merely existed; there was no life in her, as, pale and quiet, she moved mechanically about the house, dumb, excepting when questioned, then replying with the fewest words possible. She could not help herself; she had no hope, and power of speech and thought seemed to have fled too. In the midst of all this home trouble did Sally forget her *fiancé*? No, oh no! But she could only remember him in the same despairing way as she did Tottie—there was no thinking about it, only a dull hopeless waiting—a waiting for something that was to happen. One day as Sally, released for a moment from her duties in her sister's room, sat on the stairs to rest, her aunt passed her, and noting the dumb anguish in the girl's face as she rested her cheek against the wooden baluster, came back, and stooping to smooth her niece's hair with both hands she said, gently, "Never fear, lassie! we'll win through our troubles. Keep you a brave heart; there'll be news soon.

There's nothing upsets a house and it's ways like sickness." Sally caught her aunt's hand in hers and kissed it. That moment was precious to both, and strengthened the bond of love that was between them. Though the girl spoke no word, her heart swelled with gratitude to the tender grey-haired woman, who while other troubles pressed so sorely yet had leisure to think of her; and Mrs. Reid renewed her nursing with greater zeal, comforted by the knowledge that Sally was fairly well, and happy in the assurance that should any trouble come she would be there to lighten it for her darling.

And so the days passed until the thirtieth of June, when Tottie was at her worst—the fever had run its course. Sally heard this with fast beating heart—then the *end* was at hand. Eighteen or twenty hours, and—there would be no Tottie; no darling sister to fondly watch over and wait upon, no poor sufferer stretched on that bed, tossing wearily, wearily, night and day, day and night; no little head, with the crisp yellow curls all gone, swathed in wet bandages to allay the fierce fever raging within, that had so darkened and disfigured the mobile lip and delicate nostril; no eyes staring wildly, seeing things and beings that are not there, no unnatural voice calling, calling incessantly upon Lena, entreating, appealing to her to "Stay! stay!" or praying Sally with tears not to let her go! "It is wicked! wicked!"

No, there will be nothing of all this—a hush will fall on the darkened room—and the door will be shut. That is the extremity of Sally's suffering; the *door* will be *shut*; no more coming and going, no more pitiful moans and sobs, no longer any need for careful tread of anxious doctor or tender nurse—all will be stilled: and the great silence that no sound on earth can compass will reign within.

Sally's lips were set, and her eyes alone showed signs of what was passing in her mind, when she moved from her sister's bedside to allow Dr. Hill to take her place. It was not yet seven o'clock, but she left the room, and bade Sarah send to The Cedars for Florry. Lena and her husband had already been telegraphed for, and

expected to arrive on the previous night. But instead came a letter by the morning's post, in Geraldine's handwriting, begging that hourly telegrams might be sent until Tottie was pronounced out of danger ; as Dr. Smith was in attendance upon Mr. Clifford's brother, and Lena, far from well, unable even to *think* of such a journey as that from London to Lenley. With a sigh Sally handed the letter to Florry. It was necessary that everyone should know that her sister was ill ; Sally would not have any blame attached to her, although she had her own opinion upon the matter, and thought Lena *might* have stretched a point to come, but perhaps she did not understand what typhoid fever meant ; and in the kindness of her heart Sally hastily penned off a few lines, filled with horrible realities, beseeching her sister, if she could *crawl*, to start at once—not to *delay* if she would see Tottie alive. And all the attention this epistle received was the remark, as it was handed over for Geraldine's perusal, that "It was a pity Sally made such an unpleasant fuss over everything." Nor was Lena as grateful as she ought to have been for the four telegrams, which followed it at intervals during the day. There was only one member of the family kept in total ignorance of the poor sufferer's dangerous state, and that was Ted—he was still weakly, only now able to be propped up in an easy chair ; having had a relapse owing to a determination to get up, which he acted upon against better judgment. He knew that Tottie was ill, but beyond that nothing ; and Tom, who sat with him a great deal, had much ado to reply to all his peevish questions, and to make him believe that Sally did not neglect him. Ted, of course, thought she ought to sit by him all day long, and Tom found him more than usually aggravating on that dread thirtieth of June, as the hours went steadily by, the great clock striking each more solemnly than the last, while no one came to whisper a word of comfort, or to release him from his tedious task.

Florry was not allowed into the sick-room, but she sat upon the stairs, where she made a pretence of work-

ing, though when no one was by, her hands lay idly in her lap, and the tears coursed unheeded down her cheeks. She was roused once by Sarah, who came to tell her that Mrs. Forbes (the Rector's wife) was in the schoolroom ; the doctor had been gone but a short time when she came, and Sarah informed her he was looking "very dark like."

At noon he came again, and Florry deserted Mrs. Forbes to resume her position upon the staircase, and await his descent. He shook his head as he bent over his patient, and Sally, who knelt by the bed intently watching his face, felt that what she knew all along would come, *had* come.

She waited and waited ; Dr. Hill neither moved or spoke ; she suppressed her feelings until she was conscious she must at last give way, and passing swiftly in front of her aunt she went out of the room. Another's sorrow, however, was sufficient to nerve her once more for all there was to bear ; the sight of Florry, leaning against the balustrade in an agony of suspense, as near to the door as she dared approach, showed her clearly enough that there were troubles for others as well as herself. She thought how good her cousin was, to have made so little fuss, and submitted thus quietly to being kept from Tottie. Had she been in Florry's place she would, she knew, have rebelled ; and, with a great pity for all the anxiety the poor girl must in consequence have suffered, she laid her hand upon her shoulder to draw her towards the door, saying tenderly, "Come, darling." But a low hysterical sob broke from Florry, causing a whisper to pass amongst the group of servants waiting and listening at the foot of the stairs, who made sure then that their "dear Miss Tottie" was gone, and some withdrew weeping, and some remained to see the doctor depart.

By sheer force, Sally dragged her cousin down the staircase and out to the back of the house, as far as possible away from the sick-room. "Oh Sally, Sally ! Not that, not that !" cried the broken-hearted girl. "Anything but *that* ! She must not, she shall not die !"

"Hush, hush ! For pity's sake, hush !" said Sally, throwing her arms

about the trembling figure, and soothing Florry to the best of her ability. But it was no easy task; the storm of heart-rending sobs continued; and it was only when Sally declared she must return to her post, she could not absent herself any longer, that they were checked, and Florry begged she might go also. Sally acquiesced upon condition that she walked about the garden for ten minutes or so, to thoroughly compose herself—when, she said, her cousin might follow her. In passing through the hall, from which the servants had respectfully withdrawn at sight of her, Sally met the doctor. He read the despair in her eyes; “How long?” she said, stopping in front of him.

“There is hope while there is life,” he replied, endeavouring to speak reassuringly.

“How long?” reiterated she, laying her hand upon his arm; she feared he wanted to escape without telling her.

“Till night, probably,” he said. It was no use to spare her; this girl *would* know the truth.

Sally involuntarily raised her eyes and looked at the clock; it was twenty minutes to one.

“I will return in an hour to stay,” he continued. Her eyes brightened with a momentary flash of gratitude, and she gave him her hand, thinking what a blessing it was they were not now dependent upon her brother-in-law for medical aid. She liked Dr. Hill, despite his dark hair and his inches; those steadfast grey eyes were to be trusted.

And now she has one more duty, the bitterest of all, to perform, and this duty is to Ted; but softly—we must leave her at the door, we may not follow—for human heart may ever know, but human tongue or pen may not ever be dwelling upon scenes such as that which Sally’s revelation necessarily induced. See, even Tom retires and leaves those two alone; and so must we.

The pulse of life in the whole house is stilled, and in less than an hour the doctor is in Tottie’s room again, there to keep his watch until sunset. Minute after minute, hour after hour creeps on, and through all the long warm afternoon there is almost no sound

within, but the moans from that darkened room, and an occasional whisper from the group still waiting in the hall below; whilst without the summer sea lies dumb, and the wind holds its breath, and the little birds are quiet, and all the earth seems to be waiting, watching for the dark-winged Angel that is so near. Sally kneels supporting herself against the bed, and holds Florry’s hand tightly clasped in hers to keep her quiet; three o’clock is striking—oh misery! that she cannot stay those swiftly going hours; Tottie’s moans already are fewer—her strength is failing—the head lies quieter upon its pillow, and the weary eyes are closed. Another hour and another is gone—the moans have ceased altogether—the poor feeble frame is still. It is over. Death and not Love has conquered—Tom said Love would conquer—but no! Sally hides her face for a moment—the doctor moves and takes Tottie’s hand—Sally looks again—there is life yet! Her sister breathes, but softer, softer—and now there is a change still over the face, a change as when the sun is about to appear from behind some heavy cloud, but dullness takes its place again, and thereafter every second brings a fresh change, now of cloud, now of brightness, whilst the unseen angels, Death and Life, wage their terrible war. Another hour—what is it? The end at last? Sally on her knees creeps nearer; even Mrs. Reid moves, as a quiver passes over the out-stretched sufferer upon the bed; and the good woman, who has seen many and many a cord severed in her long lifetime, feels a keen stab at her heart while she leans forward there waiting—praying: “Let the young live, the world has need of their bright pure faces, why should Death touch them? It is the old who want rest.” Even as the thought fills her mind, a deep-drawn sigh parts Tottie’s lips; the eyelids tremble—move—open for one brief instant. Have those blue eyes looked their last upon the world? Dread holds the watchers in breathless suspense, but Dr. Hill has not stirred; he still retains that white hand within his own, and the clock beats on its march of time. Seven o’clock it announces, as the doctor speaks, gently

replacing the hand upon the coverlet, and turning to depart. "She will do now," he says, and moves towards the door, but Sally does not understand. Is he cruel, too? Is he going to leave them like that? She moves too, rises and follows him. "Is it—is it?" her dry lips cannot form the words.

"Life—thank God!" he says, huskily.

"A—h!" There is joy in that sigh, for Tottie is safe. Love *has* conquered, but Sally remembers no more; the strain is withdrawn, and she sinks unconscious, only saved from a heavy fall by Dr. Hill, who reaches out his arm towards her.

The tears that rained down the faces of the household that night were tears of joy and thankfulness. "Miss Tottie" was spared to them; and there "weren't no cause to fear for Miss Sally," Sarah assured the despondent Jacob; "she was right enough, but overdone like." But it seemed as if joy were never again to enter the Hall without being swiftly followed by a wave of trouble. Scarcely a week was past, when Sally and Florry found themselves the sole attendants of the invalid, for the terrible fever had appeared once more in its worst form, and Mrs. Peters, and Mrs. Joyce, who had been got up from the farm for the purpose, kept watch at Mrs. Reid's bedside. From the first Dr. Hill held out no hope, and Sally knew that the days that were bringing life and health and happiness to one of her dear ones were bearing another away. And yet there was more for the already sorrowing

heart to endure; the cup of bitterness was fast filling to the brim. No sign had her lover given although it was six weeks since his departure; he was as one dead to her. She was sick at heart, and had almost ceased conjecturing in her own mind the cause of his silence; when one morning she heard high words of dispute in Ted's room, and hurrying along to ask for quietness she heard her brother say, "Then he's the biggest scoundrel under the sun." As she opened the door he added, "But look here, Heriot! I don't believe it."

"Ted," said Sally, "please don't talk so loud; Auntie will hear you."

Ted seemed put out at his sister's sudden entrance. "All right—all right!" he said, impatiently, "I forgot." Sally went away, wondering at the expression of the two faces—Ted's flushed and angry, Tom's serious and anxious—with a half-formed conviction that the conversation was in some way connected with herself, and that she had displeased her brother by intruding at that moment. His words recurred to her—"the biggest scoundrel under the sun."—Could it—? But no—*Will* would never do anything to deserve that epithet, Sally said to herself. Nevertheless she thought a great deal about that remark of Ted's, and of Will in conjunction with it; prepared to quarrel with anyone who should venture to insinuate that her lover was lacking in honour, or was not all that she believed him to be.

(*To be continued.*)

A MAIDEN'S YES.

Soft is the breath of a maiden's yes,
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long.

—D. Q.

OLD ENGLISH OPERA.*

By J. G. DE LIBRA.

III.—FROM 1778 TO 1826.

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.

——— I was all ear;
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death."

—*Comus*.

In the first of these articles we endeavoured to show how English Opera was founded upon the school of the great composers for the Anglican Church, who had acclimatised, and successfully competed with, both the ecclesiastical and madrigal writing of Italy; and how it found its greatest development for the time at the hands of the immortal Purcell, whose sacred and chamber music were as remarkable for learning and genius as that which he indited for the stage. In the second we traced—briefly it is true, but we trust intelligibly—the influence of Italian opera,* which modified and softened, but neither destroyed nor superseded, the national indigenous school of composition, which is best exemplified in the still verdant and attractive works of Henry Purcell and Dr. Arne. In conclusion, it remains for us to again regard ecclesiastical training in its relation to dramatic

* It must not be supposed that Handel's Italian operas (in particular) have not exercised a permanent and beneficial influence on the better class of English operatic writing. That influence may be difficult to trace, but no composer of any pretensions can afford to neglect the study of these unappreciated works. They abound in *arias* of such almost religious beauty, that it is easy to account for their non-success in an age of musical demoralization such as intervened between the epochs of Purcell and Arne—an age considerably resembling our own, only *plus* at least an enthusiasm for something besides muscle. Many of these *arias* have a

composition, in order to bring our historical sketch down to the "throwing up of the sponge," under somewhat singular circumstances, by Sir Henry Bishop—an event which seems to form a landmark sufficiently clear and visible to indicate the terminal limits of what we have designated Old English Opera, which preserved the Anglican musical traditions to the last. During the half century that we are now entering upon, the composers who wrote for the stage were very numerous, and nearly all of them either received a church training themselves, or were the pupils of those who possessed it. To attempt, however, more than the very briefest outline of a few of their careers would be to draw down, Apollo-like, upon our devoted head Jove's dire displeasure, and court incontinently his dreaded bolts, in the form of our respected editor's Atropic shears. "Brief," then, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, "let us be."

A specially romantic interest attaches to the name of Thomas Linley, the next stage composer of any note. He was the son of a carpenter, and born at Bath as early as 1730. But being one day at Badminton, the seat in Gloucestershire of the Duke of Beaufort, he

genuine two-century-old Italian ring about them; some of the most beautiful of the later oratorio airs (*e.g.* "Wise Men Flattering," from *Judas Maccabeus*), are merely reproductions from the operas; and such special gems as "Lascia ch'io pianga," from *Rinaldo*, "Sorge infausta" from *Orlando*, "Verdi Prati" and "Ah! mio cor!" from *Alcina*, "Nasce al bosco" from *Esio*, with many more, constantly find their way into the higher class of festival and concert programmes, to say nothing of the drawing-rooms of *cognoscenti*.

—D. L.

* Specially revised for *Once a Month* by the author, with permission of the proprietors of the Sydney *Echo*.

was overheard to sing by Chilcot, then organist at Bath Abbey, who was so struck with his natural talent that he persuaded his father to allow him to study music, and he thereupon underwent a regular course of musical education. In process of time Linley married, and became the father of the lovely and celebrated "Maid of Bath," with whom Sheridan eloped to France early in 1773, and secretly married at Calais, in order to save her from the persecutions of a fashionable and heartless libertine, but who unhappily died in the bloom of her youth and beauty. In 1776 Linley joined his son-in-law and Dr. Ford in purchasing Garrick's rights in Drury Lane Theatre for £35,000, the speculation being consequent upon the then unparalleled run of seventy-five nights which Linley and Sheridan's opera of the *Duenna* had enjoyed the previous year at Covent Garden. Though the composer lived to the age of sixty-five, he wrote comparatively few dramatic works; but in everything he produced he adhered steadfastly to a style of his own, which is characterized by simplicity, delicacy, and tenderness, and formed upon a study of the melodies of the best English masters of his own and the previous age.

Dr. Arnold, who was born in 1739, at London, and received his musical education under Gates, and his successor Dr. Nares, at the Chapel Royal, composed no fewer than fifty-five operas, besides a great number of pantomimes and burlettas. Nearly all of them are now obsolete; but the names of his two most celebrated comic works, the *Maid of the Mill* (produced at Covent Garden in 1765), the *Castle of Andalusia* (in 1782), as well as the *Surrender of Calais* (in 1791), still linger in musical ears, and the words of the two first are in the Free Public Library of Sydney.

Charles Dibdin, the famous sea-song writer, was born at Southampton in 1745, and became a chorister at Winchester Cathedral. He obtained his musical knowledge, however, principally through scoring Corelli's *Concerti*, and from a close study of the publications of Rameau, the successor of Lulli, who usually passes, though not quite cor-

rectly, for the founder of opera in France. Under Garrick, Dibdin obtained an engagement in 1768 as composer at Drury Lane, where he soon gave evidence of his musical talent in the operatic afterpiece of the *Padlock*, playing the part of Munro himself, with astonishing success. Ten thousand copies of the words and music of the songs were sold, for the entire copyright of which, however, Dibdin received only £45. But of nearly 100 operas that he wrote, the only one that keeps the stage is the *Waterman* (1774), thanks principally in England to Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley's admirable impersonations of *Tom Tug*, and their artistic singing of "Did you not hear of a jolly young waterman?" and "Then farewell, my trim-built wherry." Dibdin is also fathered with nearly 1200 songs and ballads, some of which are among the finest of their kind in our language, and had a marked effect, when they were written, in improving the moral tone of the navy; but a few only, comparatively speaking, such as "Tom Bowling," and "Poor Jack," survive among the general public.

Some half-a-dozen other composers for the stage must be dismissed in the fewest possible lines. James Hook, of Norwich, born 1746, an organist of note, wrote over 140 complete works, including about a dozen operas, but all, even *Tekeli* which was brought out in 1807, are now unknown. Out of the score or two of the tuneful productions of William Shield—who was born at Swallow-on-Tyne in 1749, and was a pupil of Avison, at Newcastle, and student of Italian singing at Bologna, Florence, and Rome—the *Fitch of Bacon* (Haymarket, 1778), the *Poor Soldier* (Covent Garden, 1783), and *Robin Hood* (Covent Garden, 1784), are alone remembered. Thomas Attwood (born in London in 1767) is principally now known as a church writer. While very young he was admitted a chorister at the Chapel Royal, under Dr. Nares. When sixteen years of age, his superior talents attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales, who sent him to Vienna, where he became the pupil of Mozart. Few English musicians take a higher rank in their profession. But though he wrote in all fifteen theatrical pieces,

which exercised a marked influence on later men, no works of even approximate merit have proved so unsuccessful in representation. The least so was the *Adopted Child*, produced in 1795. Possibly the failure of his works upon the stage may have been due to the too exclusively musical teaching of the great Salzburg composer, whose *Zauberflöte*—to say nothing of less leviathan, but no less lovely operas—has, until the last few years, been the “white elephant” of probably every operatic repertory in the world. Attwood became organist of St. Paul’s in 1796, and was shortly afterwards appointed to the Chapel Royal. *Love Laughs at Locksmiths* (1804) is now almost the only work remembered out of twenty-three of the most successful pieces of the day that issued, between 1797 and 1811, from the fertile pen of Michael Kelly, who was born in Dublin in 1762, and studied firstly under Dr. Arne, and afterwards at the Naples Conservatorium. The *Castle Spectre*, *Blue Beard*, *Pizarro*, the *Forty Thieves*, the *Wood Demon*, and *Nourjahad*, still figure, however, in libraries of dramatic music, to which the directors of theatrical orchestras are oftentimes glad to resort. Stephen Storace, born in London in 1763, but probably of Italian parentage, is now chiefly known by the still popular operetta, *No Song, No Supper* (1790), which frequently used to figure as an afterpiece—during dear, inimitable, old Buckstone’s lengthy management of the Haymarket Theatre—upon the fossil-like playbills, two feet long and eighteen inches wide, bedecked with corpulent six-inch letters in printers’ ink enough to print the magazine, which were sold at prices commensurate with their size, along with the inevitable concomitants of “oranges, bottled stout, and lemonade” (the glasses for which, by the way, the old women always wiped with their pocket handkerchiefs), before the days of embossed and decorated and Rimmel-scented (?) programmes.

With William Reeve our chronicle of the lesser writers of old English opera must end. Much has been left unsaid, and many more interesting or amusing details could have been given did space allow. We

think, however, that we have said sufficient to show the great and vital influence that the magnificent school of Anglican Church writing exercised upon that of English opera during the first two centuries or more of its existence. Possibly, we may at some future time pursue the subject further, and attempt to indicate how far, and in what directions this influence has been maintained in later times. Reeve was a pupil of Richardson, the organist of St. James’, Westminster (famous a few years since for its high musical services), and became himself organist at Totness in Devonshire. He flourished early in the present century, and wrote above a score of pieces for the stage; but, like Canon Barham with the “Ingoldsby Legends,” he was most successful with his comic songs.

But now the birth of Bishop, the last of the great triumvirate of English dramatic composers up to the first quarter of this century, brings to our horizon the beginning of the end. Sir Henry, who first saw the light of day in a London fog of 1786, just eight years after Arne was gathered to his fathers, had neither the felicitous and singularly graceful adaptiveness of that musician, nor the bold originality and remarkable power of expression of his still greater predecessor, Purcell. But no composer has ever written for our stage in a style more essentially English, devoid of affectation, fresh, flowing, forcible, tuneful, and harmonious than Bishop. He studied under Signor Francesco Bianchini, an opera composer, settled in London, from whom he acquired his melodious freedom of style; though the depth and solidity which he manifested in every department of musical art seem to have been the result of his own chamber researches into the compositions of his predecessors. In 1806 he was appointed composer of ballet music at the Italian Opera House, where he almost immediately wrote *Tamerlane and Bejazet*. On the 23rd February his first opera of the *Circassian Bride* was produced with great success at Drury Lane, but the following evening the theatre was burned to the ground, and with it the parts and score of the work. From that year to 1826 Sir

Henry was director of music at Covent Garden, during which time he wrote upwards of fifty operas. He also adapted some score or so of other operas, and was the first to introduce the music of Mozart and Rossini to the English stage, with English *libretti*. In 1818, he arranged the *The Barber of Seville*—that most refined and exquisite of thorough comic operas, which, when it was admirably performed in its native beauty, as Rossini wrote it, by an excellent Italian Company a couple of years ago, an enlightened Sydney public greeted with empty benches (!)—and the following year he adapted the still more elegant and luscious gem of the sweetest singer that ever loved the *Vaterland*—the *Marriage of Figaro*, by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. To see such works as these, that already, like many others, have an English version for those who are too ignorant or prejudiced (terms usually synonymous!) to listen to them in Italian—we say that to see such masterpieces utterly shelved in favour of the inane vulgarities and jingling coarseness of *Barbe Bleues* and *Madame Angots*, how sad! how sad! how sad! All Bishop's works were greatly admired and applauded; but few are now performed, with the exception of the sparkling little *Miller and his Men* (1813) and *Guy Mannering* (1816), founded upon Scott's enthralling novel and composed for Whittaker, and wherein, if our memory be not treacherous, young Marie Wilton (now Mrs. Bancroft) first displayed her dramatic archness in teasing "prodigious" old Dominie Sampson at the veteran Theatre Royal, of Bath, some eight-and-twenty years ago, with Mr. Sims Reeves as the musical *jeune premier*, and the celebrated Miss Cushman as *Meg Merrilies*. The best known among the other dramatic writings of the eminent composer, who has been not inaptly termed "the Rossini of England," are perhaps the *Knight of Snowdon* (1811), the *Virgin of the Sun* (1812), *John of Paris* (1814), revived some years ago, we fancy, at the Olympic Theatre, the *Slave* (1816), *Zuma* (1818, composed for Braham), *Maid Marian* (1822) and *Native Land* (1824). But though the operas themselves are mostly obsolete, the finest of

the songs, duets, and concerted pieces they contain have been transferred from the stage to the concert-hall and drawing-room, where, like Shakspeare, they invariably give equal delight to learned and simple, and we trust may long remain as specimens of the purest English composition.

But the year that gave Sir Henry Bishop to England had given to Germany a still greater musician in the person of Karl Maria von Weber. Pupil for a short time of "Papa" Haydn, and afterwards student of composition under Kalcher, the organist and Hof Kapelmeister at Munich, he invented effects and discovered resources in music that were up to that time unknown. The extraordinary fame of his *chef d'œuvre*, *Der Freischütz*, led to its performance in London in an English dress; and so great was the sensation produced by its rich, stately, and original melodies, some of which—such as "Leise, leise, fromme weise" ("Softly sighs the voice of evening")—have never been surpassed in beauty to this moment, as well as by the intensely dramatic treatment of the various and strongly contrasted sentiments and situations, that Charles Kemble applied to him for an original English opera. Weber consented to write one; and on the 12th April, 1826, his magnificent *Oberon* (with J. R. Planche's elegant words and ridiculous plot) was given at Covent Garden for the first time, the *maestro* himself conducting. It was received on that occasion with a quite unprecedented *fureur* of enthusiasm, which was manifested, moreover, in such a personal recognition and ovation as Weber had never before received in his life. What need to dwell upon the romantic beauties of music so well known, yet still incapable of ever ageing or becoming hackneyed? The glorious overture—perhaps the great composer's very finest—the magnificent soprano *scena*, "Ocean! thou mighty monster," the entrancing "Mermaids' song," and the delicious duet in the last act for contralto and baritone are "familiar as his garter" to every one who can distinguish gold from pinchbeck in the Arts. To the Dresden *impresario* and *kapelmeister* music owes as great a debt as to any

votary of Apollo's art who ever tuned the lyre. None are more worthy to be laurel-crowned with the immortal bays of song; and no lines seem to be more suitable for the purpose than the passage which Dr. Burney has thus quaintly rendered from *Le Brut d'Angleterre*, a poem in the old Norman French, by Ware:—

“He to psalt'ry, viol, rote,
Chorus, harp, or lyre, would sing;
And so sweet was every note,
When he touched the trembling string,
That with love and zeal inflamed,
All who joined the list'ning throng,
Him with ecstasy proclaimed
God of minstrels, god of song.”

But, alas! within two months of the production of *Oberon* Weber was no more. Excitement and the treachery of a London May had easy work with a nature so naturally and physically sensitive as his. In the zenith of his success he was seized with pulmonary disease, and on the 5th June was

parted from us with the same untimely haste as Purcell and Mozart.

The extraordinary success of *Oberon* at “the Garden,” however, engendered a feeling of rivalry—amicable, it is said—in Sir Henry Bishop, who determined on asserting at “the Lane” his claims to at least equality with Weber. But, instead of trusting to his own true native genius, he endeavoured to Germanise his style. His *Aladdin*, produced as quickly as possible after *Oberon*, was a failure; and thereupon the great English musician, mortified and discomfited, entirely abandoned dramatic composition. The almost simultaneous death of Weber and retirement from stage writing of Bishop constitute, in 1826, the

“Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history”
of English opera in the olden style.

(Concluded).

FUNERAL HYMN.

“Clay to clay, and dust to dust!”
Let them mingle—for they must!
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit's fled to God.
Dust to dust, and clay to clay!
Ashes now with ashes lay!
Earthly mould to earth be given,
For the spirit's fled to heaven.
Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp;
Never more shall noonday's glance
Search this mortal countenance.

Deep the pit, and cold the bed,
Where the spoils of death are laid:
Stiff the curtains, chill the gloom,
Of man's melancholy tomb.

Look aloft! The spirit's risen—
Death can not the soul imprison:
'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.
Thither let us turn our view;
Peace is there and comfort too:
There shall those we love be found,
Tracing joy's eternal round.

—Sir J. Bowring.

A MEMORY OF VENICE.

By JAMES SMITH.

In the church of Santa Maria Formosa, in Venice, there is an altar on your right hand as you enter the building by the north door, at which altar I was accustomed to kneel almost every morning of the sixty days I spent in exploring each nook and corner of the "glorious city in the sea." Not in worship—obdurate heretic that I am—but the better to study and admire the sweet womanly face and noble form that looked out of Palma Vecchio's still glorious picture of Santa Barbara. The great artist who bequeathed it to posterity, was the contemporary of that wonderful group of painters—Giovanni Bellini, Lorenzo Lotto, Bordone, Cima da Conegliano, Giorgione, Sebastian del Piombo, Carpaccio, Tintoretto, and Titian, whose works yet glow upon the walls of the Ducal Palace, the Academy, the numerous churches, and a few of the palaces of once resplendent, and still beautiful, Venice. His method was a happy medium between that of the first and that of the last of these illustrious artists; and while, at the same time, he availed himself of the impasto of Lotto, he borrowed from Giorgione his vivacity of colour, and his exquisite skill in blending his tones and tints. The smoke of many candles has somewhat dimmed the lustre of the saint's robes; of the ruby-coloured tunic that falls from her right shoulder, and hangs in rich folds over her left arm; and of the dress of the same hue, which is gathered in at the waist, without the slightest attempt at compression, and thence descends in fluent lines to the bare feet. But neither the fumes of wax tapers, nor the touch of envious time has succeeded in effacing the serene and tender expression of her divine countenance, in dimming the soft loveliness of her heavenly eyes, or in blurring the curved lines of her

beautiful face and head. There she stands, with the palm branch of victorious martyrdom in her right hand, and some bronze pieces of ordnance at her feet; a far-off look, as of opening Paradise, in her eyes; and her whole attitude expressive of unconscious dignity and a holy calm.

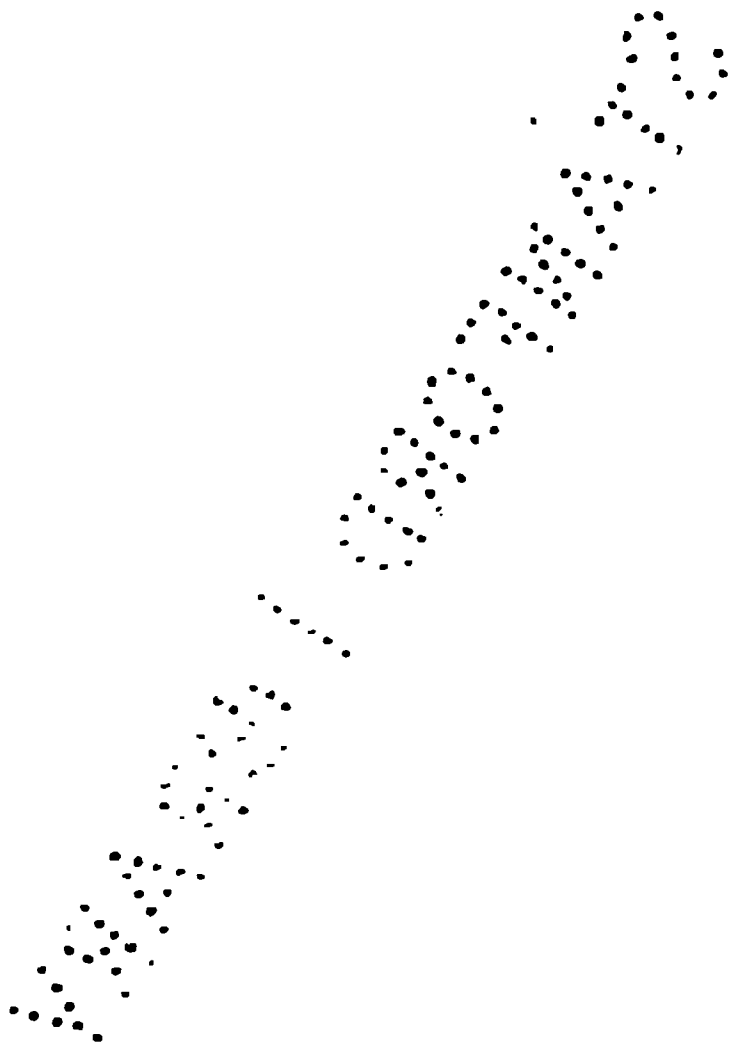
Lanzi justly regards this picture as full of character and as exhibiting the artist's most robust work; and Vasari, notwithstanding his leanings towards the Florentine school, to which he himself belonged, pronounces the Santa Barbara to be one of the best productions of its author's pencil, alike by reason of its grace, gravity, and perfection. He even goes so far as to say that it could not have been excelled by either Leonardo da Vinci, or by Michael Angelo. Mrs. Jameson describes it as one glow of colour, life, and beauty. "I never saw," she says, "a combination of expression and colour, at once so soft, so sober, and so splendid." Santa Barbara's beauty is not of the heavenly type. It is intensely human. Her veins run with warm blood, and not with celestial ichor. The face is somewhat full and the proportions of the figure are somewhat exuberant. The lambent light of her eye speaks of capacities for womanly love and not of any tendencies towards ecstatic meditation. Her beautifully curved and rather full lips appear as if they were used to speak, and you can fancy them unclosing, and uttering

"That soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin;
With syllables which breathe of the sweet
South;
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,
That not a single accent seems uncouth,
Like our harsh northern, whistling, grunting
guttural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and
sputter all."



SANTA BARBARA

Fig. 117



You may imagine her leaning an exquisitely rounded arm upon the marble balcony of a palace on the Grand Canal, listening to a serenade, while the full moon silvers the walls of that marvelous avenue, and dropping a flower of recognition and acknowledgment into the gondola in which are seated the musicians engaged for the evening by her lover, but you cannot think of her as the patroness of those warlike bombardiers who commissioned the artist to paint the picture, and to place it above the altar, where it has stood for three centuries and a half.

No : Palma Vecchio, besides being a good artist, was a fond father ; proud of the beauty of his daughter Violante, and so he immortalized her on his canvas. And, as you look at that lovely face, you can easily understand how Titian became enamoured of her, and how the recollection of it was present with him when he painted the glorious "Assunta," which has always appeared to me, from the first time I saw it, in 1853, to be the world's masterpiece of luminous colour—colour glowing and radiant—colour that seems to have absorbed some of the light of an Italian sunset, and to have been emitting a portion of it ever since without any visible diminution of its original lustre. The features of the Virgin upturned in awe and adoration to the sublime vision above her, are those of Violante Palma ; only the countenance is transfigured. The sweet human look of Santa Barbara is exchanged for an expression of celestial rapture, in harmony with that of the multitude of cherubic faces, by which she is surrounded—faces that reflect the ineffable glory streaming down upon her. Although this supreme achievement of Titian's genius represents the Assumption of the Virgin, it is, at the same time, the apotheosis of the elder Palma's beautiful daughter ; upon whom two great artists have thus conferred the gift of perpetual youth, and of a many-centuried life upon the canvas. She still looks down upon us from above the altar of Santa Barbara, in the Church of Santa Maria Formosa ; and still gazes into the heaven which opens up above her head, on the walls of the Academy in Venice. What was her history ? Did she escape the de-

moralizing influences of the epoch ? Did she become a happy wife and mother ? Did she live to see children—*angioletti*—reproducing and reflecting her own beauty, clustering around her knees, and filling her household with their pretty prattle and their musical laughter ? Or did she prematurely fall into the "portion of weeds and outworn faces ?" *Chi sa ?* Next to nothing is known of her life beyond a dim and disparaging tradition which I prefer to disbelieve ; and, perhaps, it is well it should be so. Let us only know Violante Palma through the medium of her father's and her lover's brush.

As a type of Venetian beauty in the early part of the sixteenth century, the face of Santa Barbara is full of interest, and so is the period to which it belongs. The city was then at the height of its splendour, for the picture was probably painted about 1520, when Venice was the pleasure-house of Europe ; and life was a succession of feasts and festivals. Architects like the Buoni and the Lombardi were embellishing the city with those beautiful structures—such as the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, the Giants' Staircase of the Ducal Palace, the Procuratie, the School of St. Mark, the palaces of the Loredani and the Corner Spinelli on the Grand Canal, and the Churches of St. Zaccaria and the Miracles—which, as Selvatico says, combine grace with strength and elegance of form with originality of conception. Venetian art was represented by a cluster of giants such as Titian, Tintoretto, Giorgione and Veronese ; Sansovino was executing marvels in bronze ; the façades of the palaces were adorned with the most exquisite frescoes by the more famous of living painters ; and their interiors were resplendent with the tapestries of Flanders, the sumptuous brocades of Asia, with pictures and statuary by the artists of Italy, with furniture of ivory and ebony daintily carved, with Persian and Turkish carpets, and with every object that could gratify the eye. The meanest utensil and the humblest article of household plenishing were artistic in design. Each of the nobler palaces contained its Golden Chamber, the chimney pieces in which were arched with caryatides of solid gold ; the

hangings were of cloth of gold, and the cornice and ceiling above were covered with sumptuous gilding. Patrician marriages were celebrated with a pomp and luxury involving a prodigal expenditure, and were accompanied by processions in which the brilliancy and variety of the costumes dazzled the eyes of all beholders; and were followed by balls, concerts, and other entertainments, to which most of those whose names were inscribed upon the Book of Gold were invited; while companies of wealthy young men, organised for the express purpose of conferring additional splendour upon such festive ceremonials, attended in apparel which was not less rich in colour than costly in material. Sometimes as many as 3000 gondolas, filled with ladies and gentlemen belonging to the first families in Venice, and attended by their servants in livery, were to be seen at one time on the Grand Canal, or on that of the Giudecca. At the banquets given by the patriciate, the delicacies of three continents were served up by hosts of brilliantly attired domestics, in rooms of palatial dimensions, the walls and ceilings of which glowed with painting and sculpture. Massive candelabra of gold and silver rose from amidst the gorgeous flowers which bloom on the shores of the Mediterranean; and little fountains of perfumed waters; and basins filled with gold and silver fish; and minature trees, from the branches of which depended silver baskets filled with fruit and *confitures*; and a glitter of the choicest crystal drinking vessels. Vocal and instrumental music accompanied the enjoyment of the dinner; and the guests, as they lingered over their dessert, were regaled with the performance of an opera, by the best vocalists and instrumentalists the city could produce.

The women of Venice who were contemporary with Violante Palma, or who flourished a few years later, were among the handsomest in Europe. They were not "professional beauties" in the modern sense of the word; but

the admiration they excited rendered them famous at an epoch when the annals of the island-city were silent about them in other respects; and there is still extant a book printed at Casal, in Montferrat, about the year 1542, wherein one Nicolo Franco has written a discourse concerning the beauties of his time. Those he enumerates are Maria Loredano, Marietta Veniera, Elena Barozza, Marietta Pisani, Laura Badoira, Mariana Morosini, Laura Grimani, Mariana da Mosto, Lucrezia Priuli, Catarina Sacca, Lucrezia Trevisani, Violante Provana, and Lucrezia Pesaro; eight of these belonging to ducal families. But we have only to look at the female faces in Tintoretto's "Marriage at Cana," and "Betrothal of St. Catherine;" at the altar pieces, the "Sacred and Profane Love," and the portraits by Titian; at the Madonnas of Gian Bellini; at the lovely productions of Giorgione; at the women of Paolo Veronese; and those of Carpaccio; in order to discover how magnificent were the types of female beauty which supplied these artists with models and subjects. The originals are dust. They are mouldering away under the pavement of the Frari of St. John and St. Paul, and of other of the Venetian churches erected by the piety of their fathers, but the great artists of the most glorious period of their national history have endowed them with enduring life and unfading beauty. No one who crosses the little campo of the "Church of the Brides," on his way to the library and picture gallery of the Palazzo Querini Stampaglia, will omit to turn aside—or, rather, to make a short cut through the church—and feast his eyes upon that exquisite Santa Barbara; and no one endowed with the most ordinary love of art, and the faintest perception of the beautiful, will fail to carry away with him impressions which will fasten on his memory, and linger there in after years, to be recurred to as often as he sits down

"In the sessions of sweet silent thought,
To summon up remembrance of things past."

A WHITE LIE, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"Walk in and take pot-luck with us," said friend A——. In an unlucky moment I accepted the invitation, forgetting that a fine turkey awaited me at home. Mrs. A—— received me very politely, but seemed rather disconcerted when her husband announced that I had dropped in to dine with them. I turned away to give her time to recover her equanimity, but in the glass opposite saw her dart a reproachful glance at her spouse; and at the same time I saw him elevate his hand in an imploring attitude, and cast at her a beseeching look. All this was seen at a single glance—but it was sufficient. I was miserable from that moment. I thought of the turkey, and said to myself—"What a goose not to have thought of it before!" But what could I do? It was plain that the gudewife had only a poor dinner to offer me, and was greatly mortified thereat. I uttered an internal vow that I would never again accept an informal invitation to dine. I pretended to be looking at some engravings on the centre table, but was all the while trying to invent a scheme by which to extricate myself from my unpleasant position, and had nearly come to the conclusion that I would suddenly pretend to recollect a previous engagement, when a domestic announced the dinner was ready. It was too late: in another minute I was in the dining-room: and "*there* I smelt 'em out!" I was about to partake of a salt-fish dinner. My heart sank within me at the thought that I had left a *real* gobbler at home, to come here and dine on a "Cape Ann turkey!" Of all articles tolerated on a dinner-table, I most abominate boiled salt-fish; and now it was to be seasoned with the sauce of misery and the pepper of domestic irritation. "I must get rid of these two last ingredients at any rate," thought I; "and the only way to accomplish it is to swallow the former with a good grace." "Shall I

help you to some fish," said the lady. "Certainly," replied I; "there is nothing of which I am so fond." Here I observed her countenance to brighten. "Some onions?" "Thank you, yes; I always eat onions with fish." (Face brighter still.) "Beets? carrots? parsnips?" "Yes, yes." (Another shade vanished.) "Eggs? butter? potatoes? etc., etc." "Yes, that's exactly right. You understand these things, I see; what a lucky fellow I was, A——, to fall in with you to-day!"

By this time his wife's face was as bright as a sunny day in May, and the perturbation of my friend had given place to a smiling calm. I felicitated myself on the happy turn of affairs, and the thought of making my entertainers easy almost made me happy myself; *almost*, but not quite, for right before me lay an enormous plate of salt-fish and accompaniments, which I must devour as a proof of the truth of my declaration that "there was nothing of which I was so fond as a salt-fish dinner." I put on a smiling face, and addressed myself to the task. Mustard and vinegar alone saved me from loathing. Host and hostess were now on excellent terms with each other and with me; and we discussed at large the merits of dun-codfish, pickled fish, pollock, hake, cush, haddock, and salmon; also lump-halibut, mackerel, lobster, shad, and trout; but we unanimously agreed that there was nothing so delicious as dun-codfish, served up exactly like the one on which they were then dining! By-and-by my friend brought forth a bottle of excellent Madeira and some fine Havannas. We were quite a happy party; and when I reflected that this was owing entirely to a little innocent falsehood of which I had been guilty, I took great credit for my benevolent artifice, and thought, "Here is a case which would prove, even to Miss Edgeworth, that good *can* come out of a white lie." Just then the voice of that dear good

woman seemed to whisper "Wait a little."

Just a fortnight from that day, I received from A—— a written invitation to dine with him; to which, owing to an unfortunate repugnance to say "No," which is my besetting sin, I returned an affirmative answer. To tell the truth, I had no objection; for I thought it likely that he was going to show me that he did dine *sometimes* on other things than salt-fish. I expected a sumptuous dinner, and was accordingly very punctual. There were no frowns now; no gestures of vexation; no perturbed visages; all seemed smiling, peaceful, happy. There was an air of ill-concealed triumph in the countenances of my friends which seemed to say, "We will show you to-day what a good dinner is." I expected venison at least. "Dinner is ready, if you please, ma'am," said the servant; and we proceeded at once towards the dining-room. I was a little surprised that there were no guests except myself, for I had expected to meet a large company; but, on reflection, I felt it to be a higher compliment to be invited to dine *alone* with my friends—on venison. How kind they were! By this time we were in the hall. "Is it possible," thought I, "that the odour of that salt-fish dinner can have hung about this place a whole fortnight? It's rather too strong for that. It *cannot* be that we are to dine on salt-fish again *to-day*!" My doubts increased at every step. We entered the dining-room, my friend a little before me, as if to prevent my seeing what was on the table, until I was close to it, when *he* stepped aside, and *she* withdrew her arm from mine; and both turned and looked, first at the table and then at me, with an air of mingled triumph and friendship, which was particularly vexatious, for on the table lay a dinner identical with the one of which I had reluctantly partaken a fortnight before! The blood rushed to my face, as if determined to find vent there, and then as suddenly retreated. A seat was most acceptable. I am sure I looked very pale, for I felt as if fainting; but recovering soon, I complained of being subject to vertigo,

declared I had not felt well all day, and made this "white lie" a plea for eating very sparingly. During the whole time I sat at table I could not get Miss Edgeworth out of my mind. "She is avenged," thought I; "my white lie has brought its own punishment." Not long after this I was *again* invited to dine with the A——s. Would you believe it, I was fool enough to consent; and *AGAIN* a salt-fish dinner was set before me, "because I was so ill as not to have been able to enjoy my favourite repast the last time I was there!" Neither my friend's wine nor his flavorful cigars could elevate me. I was about to say, in reply to a commiserating remark, that my mind was preoccupied with very serious business matters, but I thought of Miss Edgeworth and was silent. I tried to smile, but I have no doubt the result was a grimace. I escaped as soon as possible, and hoped, as I left the house, that I had taken my farewell of salt-fish dinners for ever. But they were not yet ended. This was about two years ago; and since then I have been inveigled into the acceptance of no less than seventeen invitations to salt-fish dinners, which I have now the *general* reputation of being passionately fond of! I am sure, if such a thing were possible, I should have acquired a taste for them long ago; but, on the contrary, my dislike for them increases in a geometrical ratio. I have been several times on the point of feigning dyspepsia, as an excuse for declining *all* invitations, but the thought of Miss Edgeworth has prevented me. I have prayed that I might have a slight touch of it; just enough to swear by; but my chylifying function continues as strong as that of an ostrich or an anaconda. I begin to think that fate is against me. Without doubt I am "doomed for a certain time to walk the earth," during which I shall be compelled to accept invitations to codfish dinners! They will "be the death of me" at length, however; I shall be "found good for gone" some pleasant night; the "crown's quest" will sit upon my *corpus* and the verdict will be, "Died of a white lie, and a suffusion of salt-fish dinners upon the brain!"—*Knickerbocker*.

THE COMMANDANT.

(A BRISBANE LEGEND.)

By E. B. LOUGHRAN.

The sun in the west is sinking low ;
The river it floods with a crimson glow,
Till "the stream like a stream of blood doth flow"
Sighs the convict ferryman wearily.
"And thus should ever its colour be,
The stream that flows by yon hell," thinks he,
"Where the fiendish Commandant laughs with glee,
While the whish of the lash sings cheerily."

The ferryman muses o'er that far time,
When, in joyous boyhood, unstain'd by crime,
He heard the city church-bells' chime
O'er English fields come ringing ;
And he sadly thinks of the "might have been"—
The happy life in the valley green—
If his soul had shrunk from that early sin,
All the rest in its black train bringing.

Since then, his has been the wolf's career,
Hunted by all men far and near,
Till at last the quarry is tether'd here,
Far, far from those fields of clover !
Ah, well, as he made his bed he must lie,
And, at worst, there is always a way to die—
Yet he leaps like a startled hound at the cry
Of a well-known voice that calls "O-VER !"

'Tis the voice of the hated Commandant,
Whose lightest word for a month can daunt
The wildest "lifer," whose reckless vaunt
Is, he fears nor Hell nor Heaven !
In his eye sits cruelty, brooding and still,
And less hard than his heart are the stones in the mill,
Built with blood and tears on yon wooded hill,
Shining now in the glow of even.

In the bush, on the river's southern side,
The Commandant each afternoon doth ride,
And if he's kept waiting woe betide
The puntsman, slave to his passion.
He rides all alone, and whither he goes
Through the darkening forest no man knows ;
'Tis "to meet the Devil," the convicts suppose,
"New tortures to gather and fashion."

His figure has faded among the trees
Ere the cowering ferryman feels at ease
From that glance that, like poisoned ice, can freeze
 The blood it is also burning.
Later and later the eve wanes by,
Higher and higher the moon climbs the sky,
While the ferryman waits in vain for the cry
 Of the Commandant home returning.

At last he ventures to ferry o'er
A belated man to the northern shore ;
But ere he is half-way back once more,
 Hark ! those furious hoof-beats speeding !
Thrup ! thrup ! they fall, in the still moonlight ;
Like the thud of the "cat" they sound to his fright,
The "cat" that shall fall to avenge to-night
 On his back and shoulders bleeding.

Each nerve to the heavy chain he bends,
Terror a threefold impulse lends ;
Through the glittering water the punt he sends
 As though 'twere a tiny shallop.
Quicker and quicker the vessel flies,
Harder and harder he tugs and tries,
While louder and louder and louder rise
 The beats of that dreadful gallop !

The terrible strain is over at last,
The punt to the landing-place made fast ;
But, lo ! as he looks, he stands aghast,
 For although the moonlight streaming
Floods all around with its silver sheen,
Nor on horse nor on foot can a form be seen—
All silent, as though that gallop had been
 Heard but in a fit of dreaming !

"Strange !" he murmurs, when, clear and plain,
Those hoof-beats strike on his ear again,
As though a rider with might and main
 His steed urged on to the river.
Yet, though nearer and nearer the sounds still come,
No form 'twixt the ghost-like gums doth loom :
O'erclouds the moon, and the forest's gloom
 Grows darker and eerier ever.

And by fits and starts through that vigil dread,
The whole night long, he can hear the tread
Of the hoofs of that strange, invisible steed,
 Now weaker growing, now stronger.
In sooth, a night of horror and fear !
To the watcher it seems as though a year
Has passed, ere the dawning doth appear,
 And the sounds are heard no longer.

Before the morning had grown to noon,
By the side of a shadowy, lone lagoon
The Commandant, in a deadly swoon,
 The startled troopers discovered.

His skull was smash'd—if by lurking toe
 Or by fall from his horse none could ever know
 But, *certes*, never a tear did flow
 O'er the earth that his body covered.

* * * * *

Four decades since then have passed away ;
 Save a sailless windmill, gaunt and grey,
 There hardly remains a trace to-day
 Those horror-fraught times recalling.
 Where the convict cower'd free men aspire :
 On a beautiful city, with dome and spire
 (Like a garden replacing a gruesome mire),
 This eve is the moonlight falling.

Some rotting piles now mark the site
 Where the ferryman waited that awful night
 And as, alone, in the still moonlight
 By the bank of the stream I hover,
 With the tale in my head, I seem to hear
 Borne over the water those hoof-beats clear,
 And the sound of a voice, in deadly fear,
 Calling, fainter, and fainter, "O-VER!"

MARY MARSTON,*

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARY AND GODFREY.

Everything went very tolerably, so far as concerned the world of talk, in the matter of Letty's misfortunes. Rumours, it is true—and more than one of them strange enough—did for a time go floating about the country ; but none of them came to the ears of Tom or of Mary, and Letty was safe from hearing anything ; and the engagement between her and Tom soon became generally known.

Mrs. Helmer was very angry, and did all she could to make Tom break it off—it was so much below him ! But in nothing could the folly of the woman have been more apparent, than

in her fancying, with the experience of her life before her, that any opposition of hers could be effectual otherwise than to the confirmation of her son's will. So short-sighted was she as to originate most of the reports to Letty's disadvantage ; but Tom's behaviour, on the other hand, was strong to put them down ; for the man is seldom found so faithful where such reports are facts.

Mrs. Wardour took care to say nothing unkind of Letty. She was of her own family ; and, besides, not only was Tom a better match than she could have expected for her, but she was more than satisfied to have Godfrey's

* Reprinted by special arrangement.

dangerous toy thus drawn away beyond his reach. As soon as ever the doctor gave his permission, she went to see her; but although, dismayed at sight of her suffering face, she did not utter one unkind word, her visit was so plainly injurious in its effects, that it was long before Mary would consent to a repetition of it.

Letty's recovery was very slow. The spring was close at hand before the bloom began to reappear—and then it was but fitfully—in Letty's cheek. Neither her gaiety, nor her usual excess of timorousness returned. A certain sad seriousness had taken the place of both, and she seemed to look out from deeper eyes. I cannot think that Letty had begun to perceive that there actually is a Nature shaping us to its own ends; but I think she had begun to feel that Mary lived in the conscious presence of such a power. To Tom she behaved very sweetly, but more like a tender sister than a lover, and Mary began to doubt whether her heart was altogether Tom's. From mention of approaching marriage, she turned with a nervous, uneasy haste. Had the insight which the enforced calmness of suffering sometimes brings, opened her eyes to anything in Tom? The doubt filled Mary with anxiety. She thought and thought, until—delicate matter as it was to meddle with, and small encouragement as Godfrey Wardour had given her to expect sympathy—she yet made up her mind to speak to him on the subject—and the rather, that she was troubled at the unworthiness of his behaviour to Letty: gladly would she have him treat her with the generosity essential to the idea she had formed of him.

She went, therefore, one Sunday evening, to Thornwick, and requested to see Mr. Wardour.

It was plainly an unwilling interview he granted her, but she was not thereby deterred from opening her mind to him.

"I fear, Mr. Wardour," she said, "—I come altogether without authority—but I fear Letty has been rather hurried in her engagement with Mr. Helmer. I think she dreads being married—at least so soon."

"You would have her break it off?" said Godfrey, with cold restraint.

"No; certainly not," replied Mary; that would be unjust to Mr. Helmer. But the thing was so hastened, indeed, hurried, by that unhappy accident, that she had scarcely time to know her own mind."

"Miss Marston," answered Godfrey, severely, "it is her own fault—all and entirely her own fault."

"But surely," said Mary, "it will not do for us to insist upon desert. That is not how we are treated ourselves."

"Is it not?" returned Godfrey, angrily. "My experience is different. I am sure my faults have come back upon me pretty sharply.—She *must* marry the fellow, or her character is gone."

"I am unwilling to grant that, Mr. Wardour. It was wrong in her to have anything to say to Mr. Helmer without your knowledge, and a foolish thing to meet him as she did; but Letty is a good girl, and you know country ways are old-fashioned, and in itself there is nothing wicked in having a talk with a young man after dark."

"You speak, I dare say, as such things are regarded in—certain strata of society," returned Godfrey, coldly; "but such views do not hold in that to which either of them belongs."

"It seems to me a pity they should not then," said Mary. "I know nothing of such matters, but surely young people should have opportunities of understanding each other. Anyhow, marriage is a heavy penalty to pay for such an indiscretion. A girl might like a young man well enough to enjoy a talk with him now and then, and yet find it hard to marry him."

"Did you come here to dispute social customs with me, Miss Marston?" said Godfrey. "I am not prepared, nor sufficiently interested, to discuss them with you."

"I will come to the point at once," answered Mary; who, although speaking so collectedly, was much frightened at her own boldness: Godfrey seemed from his knowledge so far above her, and she owed him so much. "Would it not be possible for Letty to return here? Then the thing might take its natural course, and Tom and she know each other better before they did what was irrevocable. They are little better than children now."

"The thing is absolutely impossible," said Godfrey, and haughtily rose from his chair, like one in authority ending an interview. "But," he added, "you have been put to great expense for the foolish girl, and when she leaves you, I desire you will let me know—"

"Thank you, Mr. Wardour!" said Mary, who had risen also. "As you have now given a turn to the conversation which is not in the least interesting to me, I wish you a good evening."

With the words she left the room. He had made her angry at last. She trembled so, that the instant she was out of sight of the house, she had to sit down for dread of falling.

Godfrey remained in the room where she left him, full of indignation. Ever since that frightful waking, he had brooded over the injury—the insult, he counted it—which Letty had heaped upon him. A great tenderness towards her, to himself unknown, and of his own will unbegotten, remained in his spirit. When he passed the door of her room, returning from that terrible ride, he locked it, and put the key in his pocket, and from that day no one entered the chamber. But had he loved Letty as purely as he had loved her selfishly, he would have listened to Mary pleading in her behalf, and would have thought first about her well-being, not about her character in the eyes of the world. He would have seen also that, while the breath of the world's opinion is a mockery in counterpoise with a life of broken interest, and the society of an unworthy husband, the mere fact of his mother's receiving her again at Thornwick would of itself be enough to re-establish her position in the face of all gainsayers. But in Godfrey Wardour love and pride went hand in hand. Not for a moment would he will to love a girl capable of being interested, if nothing more, in Tom Helmer. It must be allowed, however, that it would have been a terrible torture to see Letty about the place, to pass her on the stair, to come upon her in the garden, to sit with her in the room, and know all the time that it was the test of Tom's worth and her constancy. Even were she to give up Tom, satisfied that she

did not love him, she could be nothing more to him, even in the relation in which he had allowed her to think she stood to him. She had behaved too deceitfully, too heartlessly, too ungratefully, too *vulgarly* for that! Yet was his heart torn every time the vision of the gentle girl rose before "that inward eye," which, for long, could no more be to him "the bliss of solitude;" when he saw those hazel depths looking half anxious, half sorrowful in his face, as, with sadly comic sense of her stupidity, she listened while he explained or read something he loved. But no; nothing else would do than act the mere honest guardian, compelling them to marry, no matter how slight or transient the shadow the man had cast over her reputation!

Mary returned with a sense of utter failure.

But before long she came to the conclusion that all was right between Tom and Letty, and that the cause of her anxiety had lain merely in Letty's loss of animal spirits.

Now and then Mary tried to turn Tom's attention a little towards the duty of religion: Tom received the attempt with gentle amusement and a little *badinage*. It was all very well for girls! Indeed, he had made the observation that girls who had no religion, were "strong-minded," and that he could not endure! Like most men, he was so well satisfied with himself, that he saw no occasion to take trouble to be anything better than he was. Never suspecting what a noble creature he was meant to be, he never saw what a poor creature he was. In his own eyes he was a man any girl might be proud to marry. He had not yet, however, sunk to the depths of those who, having caught a glimpse of nobility, confess wretchedness, excuse it, and decline to allow that the noble they see they are bound to be; or, worse still perhaps, admit the obligation, but move no inch to fulfil it. It seems to me that such must one day make acquaintance with *essential* misery—a thing of which they have no conception.

Day after day Tom passed through Turnbull and Marston's shop to see Letty. Tom cared for nobody, else he would have gone in by the kitchen-door

which was the only other entrance to the house ; but I do not know whether it was a pity or not that he did not hear the remarks which rose like the dust of his passage behind him. In the same little sitting-room, where for so many years Mary had listened to the slow tender wisdom of her father, a clever young man was now making love to an ignorant girl, whom he did not half understand, or half appreciate, all the time he feeling himself the greater and wiser and more valuable of the two. He was unaware, however, that he did feel so, for he had never yet become conscious of any *fact* concerning himself.

The whole Turnbull family, from the beginnings of things self-constituted judges of the two Marstons, were not the less critical of the daughter, that the father had been taken from her. There was grumbling in the shop every time she ran up to see Letty, every one regarding her and speaking of her as a servant neglecting her duty. Yet all knew well enough that she was co-proprietor of business and stock, and the elder Turnbull knew besides, that if the lawyer to whose care William Marston had committed his daughter, were at that moment to go into the affairs of the partnership, he would find that Mary had a much larger amount of money actually in the business than he.

Of all matters connected with the business, except those of her own department, Mary was ignorant. Her father had never neglected his duty, but he had so far neglected what the world calls a man's interest, as to leave his affairs much too exclusively in the hands of his partner: he had been too much interested in life itself, to look sharply after anything less than life. He acknowledged no *worldly* interests at all: either God cared for his interests, or he himself did not. Whether he might not have been more attentive to the state of his affairs without danger of deeper loss, I do not care to examine

or determine: the result of his life in the world was a grand success. Now Mary's feeling and judgment in regard to *things* being identical with her father's, Turnbull, instructed by his greed, both natural and acquired, argued thus—unconsciously almost, but not the less argued—that what Mary valued so little, and he valued so much, must, by necessary deduction, be more his than hers—and *logically* ought to be *legally*. So servants begin to steal, arguing that such and such things are only lying about, and nobody cares for them.

But Turnbull, knowing that, notwithstanding the reason on his side, it was not safe to act on such a conclusion, had for some time felt no little anxiety to secure himself from investigation and possible disaster, by the marriage of Mary to his son George.

Tom Helmer had now to learn that by his father's will, made doubtless under the influence of his mother, he was to have but a small annuity so long as she lived. Upon this he determined nevertheless to marry, confident in his literary faculty, which, he never doubted would soon raise it to a very sufficient income. Nor did Mary attempt to dissuade him ; for what could be better for a disposition like his, than care for the things of this life, occasioned by the need of others dependent upon him ! Besides, there seemed to be nothing else now possible for Letty. So, in the early summer, they were married, no relative present except Mrs. Wardour, Mrs. Helmer and Godfrey having both declined their invitation ; and no friend, except Mary for bridesmaid, and Mr. Pycroft, a school and college friend of Tom's, who was now making a bohemian livelihood in London by writing for the weekly press, as he called certain journals of no high standing, for groom's-man. After the ceremony, and a breakfast provided by Mary, the young couple took the train for London.

(*To be continued.*)

"OUR DOCTOR."

By "IATROS."

A COLD: WHAT IT IS AND HOW IT ACTS.

The present winter season, with its exceptionally inclement weather is very prolific of "colds." To the customary interrogation as to the state of one's friend's health one is continually hearing the reply—"Very well, thank you, *except a little cold.*"

"A little cold," as a rule, requires but few precautions; but if neglected altogether it frequently runs a most acute course, going on, maybe, to inflammation of the air-tubes and lungs; and, perhaps, eventually culminating in pulmonary consumption. "Small beginnings often have big endings" applies with especial force to colds in persons who have a hereditary predisposition to consumption.

What is a cold? We have all of us some notion of what "a cold" is, from personal experience; but before we can give a suitable definition to the term it will be necessary to consider two or three points. At the risk of being considered paradoxical, we must affirm that a cold is not a cold at all, but rather a heat—a fever of a very mild type. Even when the earliest symptoms of "a cold" are developing themselves, and "shivering-fits" are complained of, the thermometer shows the temperature of the body to be higher than it should be—there is fever from the outset.

Roughly speaking, "a cold in the head" is due to a catarrhal inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nasal respiratory passages. This is brought about by the direct or indirect action of a lowered temperature, which causes a chill.

How this chill manifests itself in the disordered condition of the respiratory mucous membrane we will now proceed to show. And first, we must

devote a brief space to the consideration of the nasal mucous membrane. Owing to the irregularities on the surfaces of the bones entering into the formation of the nostrils, and over which the mucous membrane is laid, a much larger area has to be traversed by inspired air before it reaches the lungs than would be the case if these surfaces were plane. The mucous membrane of the nose has three important functions—(1) To secrete viscid mucus to arrest particles of dust floating in the inspired air, and so prevent their passage to the lungs; (2) To supply moisture to the air inspired, so that it may be quite unirritating to the lungs; (3) Being richly supplied with blood-vessels, the mucous membrane allows the air to acquire heat enough from it before it enters the lungs to obviate the causing of any irritation in the lungs. Of course the greater the area of mucous membrane the greater will be its capacity for carrying out these functions. Hence the tortuosity already referred to.

We have already said that the nasal mucous membrane is well supplied with blood-vessels. Now, a very slight disturbance of the balance of the blood-supply may cause congestion or inflammation, and so an ordinary "cold in the head" results. How then, is produced the disturbance necessary to constitute a cold? Seldom by cold acting directly upon this mucous surface—much more often indirectly. It is in this way. The nutrition of every portion of the body is under control of the nervous system—brain, spinal cord, sympathetic system. Numberless branches of nerves in connection with these centres ramify throughout the body, especially in the

skin. These nerves have the power of conveying an impression received at any part to the brain or spinal cord, and often exciting there the same or a new set of impressions, which may be conducted to another and distant point. Thus an impression of a depressing kind made by cold or damp on *any* part—hands, feet, face, or neck—is conveyed to the brain, and thence either sent back to the same part to be made manifest there as a palpable disorder of that part; or, as more commonly happens, to some altogether different part. As a result of this impression the little nerves in connection with the blood-vessels of the part become temporarily paralysed, the vessels expand, and congestion is the result. This phenomenon is the result of what is known as *reflex action*. The congestion may be of the respiratory mucous membrane, constituting a common “cold in the head;” but not necessarily, because bronchitis, pneumonia, inflammation of the stomach, kidneys, and various other organs may be caused in the same way.

We are now in a position to decide what a cold is. It is an inflammation of some part of the body—not necessarily restricted to the respiratory passages, as in popular parlance—brought about by the direct or indirect action of a lowered temperature, which makes us part too suddenly and too abundantly with our natural animal heat.

Having considered what is meant by “a cold,” we will now consider how a cold is taken. It may be stated generally that we take cold by the agency of some cause which makes us part too suddenly with a portion of our natural animal heat—in fact by becoming chilled.

And first of all let us consider the source of this natural heat. The natural heat of our bodies is generated as one of the results of the constant changes going on within us: constant waste, dependent upon every vital action, and as constant repair, if the body be in health and sufficient nutriment be supplied.

One cannot lift even a finger, or wink an eyelid without necessitating a certain amount of waste in the tissues concerned in performing those actions;

and, as constant repair is going on side by side with this waste, the production of heat is seen to be continuous. The production of heat is very much a process of combustion. The heat thus generated does not accumulate within our bodies. It is in health being as constantly lost as it is being produced. Every time we breathe, a certain quantity of heat is given off by the lungs in the expired air. The natural excretory outlets of the body also serve to remove a part. But the greatest portion of the heat is lost by the skin—partly by radiation into the cool surrounding atmosphere, partly by conduction due to contact of cooler bodies, and partly by perspiration.

The natural operations concerned in this heat production and heat loss, are both under the control of the nervous system, so that whatever the atmospheric temperature may be—Arctic winter or Indian summer—the heat of our bodies, in health, is tolerably uniform, varying in either of the above extremes of climate little more than a degree—98° to 99° F.

Now it is by the disturbance of this equilibrium between heat production and heat loss that the morbid effects of cold are produced. The tendency of extreme cold is to cause depression of all the vital functions through the agency of the nervous system. These effects may be *local*, as in chilblain, etc., or *general*, when lowered vitality and subsequent inflammatory action ensue, consequent upon the application of the depressing action of cold on the nervous system. A reference to what we have already said respecting reflex action will make this plain. On cold or damp making a depressing effect upon any part the impression is conveyed to the brain, which organ transfers it, maybe to the same, but often to some altogether different part. The healthy nutrition of the part to which the impression is sent is disturbed and some mischief, generally inflammatory in character, results.

In health our bodies may sustain extreme degrees of cold without bad effects so long as sufficient food and adequate clothing are supplied. But if these conditions be wanting, or if our health be depressed from any

cause, we feel the cold air have a powerful effect on us.

And again, if we are exposed to a low temperature for any length of time and compelled to remain inactive, we quickly lose our animal heat and become chilled. It is in this way we suffer from colds after sitting in rooms without fires, or in imperfectly heated places of amusement in very cold weather.

Sudden changes of temperature, such as leaving a warm room and facing cold winds, produces the same effect in an analagous manner—our natural heat is radiated away into the cooler air around, we become chilled, and "catch cold." All the more surely will this take place if our clothing be thin or of such material as offers but a feeble impediment to heat radiation. When cold is accompanied by moisture its chilling effect is intensified. From what has been already said it will appear evident that it is generally by impressions made upon our skins that we take cold. Fortunately the skin is not

a good conductor, or we should take cold much more readily than we do. When a cold blast impinges on the skin, the blood vessels therein contained contract, the heat-radiating, conducting, and evaporating functions are, for the time, arrested, and heat accumulates within the body sufficient to furnish a reaction when the cold is withdrawn, or before that even.

This reaction or glow is one of the best indications that we have not been injured by the cold. But if the skin be delicate or the cold too long continued, the skin and its blood-vessels will not remain contracted long enough. There will be rapid withdrawal of heat from within, an impression made upon the nervous system and transmitted to some part or organ, inflammation resulting as we have already shown.

The power of resisting cold is much less at the extremes of life, infancy and old age, than at any other period.

Next month we will consider how to avoid catching cold; and the possible consequences of a neglected cold.

"OUR GARDENER."

By D. A. CRICHTON.

Among the many attractive plants that may be used advantageously in flower-gardens are a large number belonging to the class known as "annuals." Though these plants only last one season, and therefore require to be renewed every year, they deserve attention, and a selection should be found in every garden. There are an immense number of species and varieties in cultivation, and amateurs have a wide choice in making a selection. The following list includes some of the most desirable kinds that may be sown this month:—Ten-week Stocks, a charming class of favourite flowers, embracing every shade of colour, from the purest white to the

deepest purple or crimson; Mignonnette, a universal favourite; *Anagallis Indica*, with blue, and *A. carnea* with red flowers, are both very pretty annuals for shady situations; German and China Asters are general favourites, and should find a place in every garden. There are a number of fine strains in cultivation, and those known as the Pæony and Chrysanthemum flowered, Victoria, and Imbricated Globe are specially commendable. *Browallia elata cærulea* is a charming little plant that is for some weeks covered with a profusion of brilliant deep-blue flowers. Calliopsis, also known as Coreopsis, includes several showy species growing from eighteen to thirty inches high, and

producing in abundance yellow and brown flowers of various shades. Plants of this family continue in bloom for a considerable time, and being very hardy, will flourish in almost any soil or situation. The genera *Iberis* includes a number of very showy and useful plants commonly known as Candy-tufts. The species and varieties embrace every shade of colour, from the deepest purple or crimson to the purest white. The flowers are produced freely, and are invaluable for small bouquets. *Chrysanthemum Burridgianum* and *Dunnettii* are desirable strong-growing annuals, that bear in profusion various shades of yellow and white flowers. The *Clarkias* include several showy species and varieties, bearing flowers of various shades of white, rose, purple, and magenta, and are very useful plants. The *Collinsias* are also favourite annuals, with pretty purple and white and violet and white flowers. The *Godetias* are a magnificent family that should always be well represented in every collection of annuals. There are several fine varieties, bearing large, showy, salver-shaped flowers, either white, purple, or variegated with two or more colours. *Erysimum Perofskianum* is a robust-growing plant, with showy bright yellow flowers, of the Wallflower type, lasting for a long period. *Eschscholtzia Californica* (Californian Poppy) is a showy plant, producing in profusion, for several months, large, bright yellow, salver-shaped flowers. The Larkspurs are old and deserving favourites, and should always find a place in a collection of annuals. There are now many fine strains in cultivation, embracing almost every shade of colour, and the plants are very hardy. The *Linarias* are a charming class of free-blooming plants, the several species producing flowers of various shades of blue and purple. The *Lupinus* family includes a number of handsome and showy annuals, with flowers of various shades of purple, blue, lilac, yellow, and white. African and French Marigolds are popular plants, producing in abundance large showy flowers of various shades of yellow, orange, and brown. The *Nemophilas* are a charming family of dwarf-growing annuals flowering early

in the spring. There are several kinds with flowers of various shades of blue and white, and most of them are beautifully spotted or blotched. A place should be found in every garden for a patch or two of Sweet Peas, whose showy, sweet-scented flowers are no mean attraction to many people. *Phlox Drummondii* is deservedly one of the most popular annuals in cultivation, and its brilliant masses of showy flowers are very effective. There are numerous varieties, embracing every shade of crimson, purple, scarlet, rose, lilac, and white flowers, and many of them are beautifully striped or margined. The *Salpiglossis* family embraces several varieties of showy, free-blooming annuals that are well worth cultivating. *Saponaria* is another very useful plant, which produces in profusion, for a lengthened period, dense masses of star-like pink or rose coloured flowers. The *Schizanthus* family comprises a number of very showy species and varieties, with flowers of various shades of purple, orange, red, lilac, and white. The plants are robust, compact, and hardy, and are very effective in beds by themselves, or in miscellaneous borders. *Silene pendula* and its varieties are very useful dwarf-growing plants, producing in profusion flowers of various shades of red, pink, or rose. The *Viscarias* are a family of brilliant, free-blooming plants, with flowers of various shades of blue, purple, crimson, pink, and white.

The annuals mentioned in the foregoing remarks are all hardy and may be cultivated without difficulty. They may be sown in the open ground, but, when practicable, it will be more economical to raise the plants in pots or frames, where they will be more under control, transplanting them when they are two or three inches high. In cultivating annuals care should be taken to allow the plants room enough for free development. Too frequently annuals are grown in dense masses, and the plants have not a chance of attaining perfection. The young plants should be thinned out as soon as they can be handled without difficulty, leaving no more than can attain their full development. As a matter of course the space

left between the plants must depend, to some extent, upon the habit of growth of the species or variety, and also the nature of the soil. The planting of deciduous trees and shrubs should be finished before the sap begins to move freely, as, if shifted later, they are liable to injury. If not already planted, no time should now be lost in planting spring and early summer flowering bulbs. Evergreen trees and shrubs may now receive any necessary pruning, but, as a rule, but little cutting is required for this class of plants. Camellias that have done flowering should receive whatever pruning may be necessary before the new growth makes much headway. The renovation of old lawns by top dressing with well-decayed manure, or rich soil, should be completed as quickly as possible, as the grass will soon be making vigorous growth. Vacancies in borders or beds should be filled up at once, and the more delicate plants ought to be sheltered by placing bushes round them for a week or two till they become thoroughly established.

Plants in pots, either under glass or otherwise, will now require extra care and attention. Many will now be in an active state of growth and will require to be supplied with water more freely than hitherto, but others, that are making but little headway, must be watered somewhat sparingly, as a general rule. As cold, bleak winds often prevail at this time of the year, care should be taken not to expose plants to strong draughts, which are especially injurious to young and tender growth. The temperature of plant houses and frames should be kept as regular as possible by admitting air only for a few hours in the middle of the day, and closing early in the afternoon. Calceolarias, Cinerarias, Cyclamens, and Chinese Primulas should be re-potted when necessary, but this operation ought not to be performed after the flower buds are fairly well developed. When the plants advance to that stage no advantage is obtained by shifting them, whereas, on the other hand, they are likely to have their growth checked; these plants should be exposed to a strong light, and well supplied with air, or otherwise they will make drawn and weakly growth.

Fuchsias should receive due attention in stopping, re-potting, and watering, and the foliage ought to be syringed frequently. Liquid manure may also be used with advantage once or twice a week. Pelargoniums will now require a great deal of attention, if compact, well furnished specimens are required. The plants should be well supplied with light and air, and the branches, when necessary, must be tied down regularly, so as to ensure symmetrical growth. Plants of the Cactus family that are showing for bloom should be freely supplied with water, but care must be taken not to let the roots get soddened, as when that is the case the buds are apt to fall off, and a similar result may ensue if the soil is allowed to get too dry. Ferns that require re-potting should be shifted without delay, as the plants are apt to receive a check if the operation is performed later on, when growth is more active. The best compost for this class of plants is a mixture of peat, loam, and sand, in about equal proportions, and some pieces of charcoal may be added with advantage.

In the fruit garden the planting of deciduous trees should be finished by the end of the month, and the sooner the work is completed the better. The planting of Oranges and other evergreen trees may with advantage be postponed till the middle of next month, or even later. There should be no further delay in pruning fruit trees, as growth will soon be in full activity. In pruning, each tree should be treated according to its individual requirements and habit of growth, and indiscriminate cutting and hacking must be avoided. Apple trees that are affected with the American blight may with advantage be dressed, after they are pruned, with a mixture of quick-lime and soft soap, using it of the same consistency as paint. This treatment is not recommended as a cure for this troublesome pest, but it will materially assist in keeping it in check, which will be an advantage to some extent. Oranges, and other species of the Citrus family, should receive any pruning they require as soon as the fruit is removed from the trees. In the case of mature trees of this family, the knife and saw must be

used sparingly, all that is necessary being the removal of rank or misplaced shoots, and to thin out the branches when too much crowded. If trees are pruned severely there will be an extra growth of young wood that is not required under ordinary circumstances, in the case of healthy mature trees. On the other hand, a severe pruning may prove beneficial to young trees, by diverting the growth into fewer channels. Loquats and Guavas may be treated upon the same principles as recommended for the Citrus family. Those who intend to graft deciduous trees should lose no time, as the operation must be performed before the buds begin to swell. By the aid of grafting the more delicate or choice varieties can be made to grow on vigorous and common stocks, and, therefore, the art is generally practised in raising fruit trees. Care should be taken that the stocks used are the most suitable that can be obtained, and that the scions are taken from healthy trees. If the parent tree is suffering from disease or want of vigour, it is quite possible that the scions may be affected more or less, notwithstanding that they may be worked upon vigorous stocks. Many gardens contain fruit trees of comparatively worthless varieties, which ought to give place to better kinds. The best way of dealing with such trees is to head them back, and graft them with such sorts as are desired. A large number of grafts may be placed upon each tree, and, under ordinary circumstances, in a couple of years, there will be a fair amount of growth upon them. This is the quickest and most economical way of substituting first-class for inferior kinds. Those who wish to give the plan a trial should lose no time in working their trees, as the sooner the operation is performed the better.

In the vegetable garden there will be no lack of work for the next few weeks, in preparing for seasonable crops, and attending to the wants of those now growing. Cabbages of the St. John's Day, or other thick leaved varieties, that can stand the sun well, should be planted for a main summer crop. A planting of the Early York variety, which turns in quickly and is an excellent variety for family use, may also be made. Peas should be sown for a suc-

cession crop, giving a preference to the wrinkled marrow varieties, though all kinds should do well at this time of the year. Broad Beans should be planted for a succession crop, two of the best varieties for this time of the year being Beck's Green Gem and Johnson's Wonderful. French Beans may be planted towards the end of the month in mild localities, and in warm sheltered situations. Turnips should be sown for succession, the Snowball and White Stone being two excellent varieties for this time of year. Carrots may be sown for a main crop in deeply worked land. For a first crop, the Early Horn is an excellent variety, but for a main sowing, the Intermediate is one of the best kinds. Parsnips should be sown for a main crop and require precisely the same treatment as Carrots, with the exception that, being of stronger growth, the rows must be wider apart. Red Beet may be sown, as also Salsafy, Scorzonera, Skirret, and Rampion, treating all these crops as recommended for Carrots. Though, excepting Beet, these crops do not receive much attention in this part of the world, they are all well worthy of being cultivated. Silver or Spinach Beet for a main crop should be sown as soon as possible. Summer Spinach may also be sown, if required, but in this colony the Silver Beet is generally preferred, as the crop is more durable. Radish, Lettuce, and other small salad plants should be sown every fortnight, in order to keep up a constant supply. Onions and Leeks may still be sown, and Shallots should be planted out without further delay. Finish the transplanting of culinary herbs as soon as possible, and make a sowing of Parsley. If an early crop of Potatoes is required, a planting of Fluke Kidney, or some other quick maturing kind, may be made in mild districts, but in cold localities it will be advisable to wait a few weeks. Seeds of Cucumbers and Vegetable Marrows may be sown in pots, plunged in hot-beds, for early plants. Capsicums, Tomatoes, and Egg Plants may also be forwarded in hot-beds. The young plants must have plenty of light and air to prevent drawn and weakly growth, but care must be taken not to expose them to cold draughts.

"OUR COSTUMIER."

By "LUCIA."

The approach of Spring brings with it the usual amount of interest in matters pertaining to dress, by which the beginning of each successive season is attended. Of the four seasons Spring is the most important as regards fashions, for then new styles are introduced, and if they take the popular taste, are patronised throughout the year—of course with seasonable modifications. This season there are many new and fresh-looking materials for Spring and Summer toilettes, and it will not be the fault of the manufacturers if every lady is not able to array herself to her own taste, for variety of design reigns supreme in the multifarious fabrics. A style which will require suppression is the tendency to exaggeration of the *tournure*, for the fashion-plates representing the coming modes are positively caricatured by the enormity of this article, and the unnaturally small waist, neither of which has any claim to beauty. Another point in the toilette which threatens to become ridiculous is the headgear. The bonnets are inclined to be abnormally high, and a face surmounted by a construction of considerably greater height than itself is by no means prepossessing. These features in the coming fashions are the only ones which can be regarded as objectionable, and ladies of taste will modify them to suit themselves. It is said that "Taste regulates the fashions," but it is to be feared that it is very often *vice versa*.

Among the most popular colours for this season are grey, biscuit, blue, and green, the two latter in every known shade, and several new ones. Watercress-green is a new shade, which bids fair to become a favourite, while *blouse*, a bluish-grey; *mordoré*, a peculiar shade of gold; Bismarck blue, and Orleans grey are among the prettiest of the new shades. Beige colour also stands in

the foremost rank, and is used in every department of dress. We see hats and bonnets of it, with coloured velvet next the face to render it becoming to those whose complexions are not faultless. The new dust-cloaks are principally of this colour, and there is no better shade to defy the attacks of the dust-fiend.

The chief novelty in dress materials this season is called *étamine*, and is in reality a fine woollen canvas—or what we used to call canvas grenadine. This is to be had in all colours, with striped material to correspond. Some that I was looking at the other day was of navy blue, with stripes of ribbed brown velvet, another piece was beige colour, with stripes of green velvet. Light shades of *étamine* are made up over some brighter colour, the transparent effect being very pleasing. This canvas material is also made in silk and cotton, and is used for millinery purposes, as well as for mantles and costumes. Canvas scarves will be worn round the neck, and fancy handkerchiefs are even made of this material. All who earn their living by embroidery, beading, *et hoc genus omne*, should make metaphorical hay this season, for those trimmings are to be seen on everything. Woollen lace is perhaps the most novel trimming, and from reliable sources we learn that whole skirts formed of it will be worn with bodices of velvet, or Ottoman silk. Oriental laces are also numerous, and are much used in millinery, pretty little toques being made of them. These Oriental laces combine the cashmere colours with gold, steel, and silver. Gauze and canvas ribbons play a prominent part in millinery, and many of the new bonnets are composed of puffed tulle or net. Others are formed of beads threaded on wire, and devoid of lining, thus presenting a transparent effect.

A number of old fashions are annually revived in default of new ones, and this year proves no exception to the rule. One of these revived modes is to twine an immensely long scarf of tulle or mull muslin round the throat, fastening it with a quaint brooch, or long slender lace-pin. The scarf is then carried down to the waist, being caught here and there with pretty, fancy pins, and the ends are caught up gracefully and fastened by a clasp or buckle.

Never was black in greater favour than it is this year both for day and evening wear, and costumes may be made of it alone or combined with some colour. For a useful toilette nothing is better than a good black silk, and this season is marked by its restoration to favour. For some years fashion laid it aside, and established satin in its place, but the reign of satin is now over, and our old friend, the black gros grain is first favourite. Merveilleux satin is still much worn—though the ordinary satin is relegated to the shelf—and, combined with lace, forms a handsome toilette. Black lace dresses are extremely fashionable for evening wear, the majority of them being profusely trimmed with jet. It is a good plan to have lace dresses made so that they may be worn over a black or coloured slip according to fancy, as one gown will thus do duty for two. Sleeveless jackets made of some black material, and closely beaded, are again fashionable, and bodices made of jet beads, crocheted on silk, show off good figures to advantage. Beads are quite a feature of dress this season, not only in jet, but also in iridescent effects. Tabliers, collars, cuffs, and vests are beaded, and the new mantles are all characterised by something in the shape of passementerie. There is nothing very novel in the way of mantles, they are nearly all short at the back, scarcely reaching below the basque of the dress, while two long, straight ends hang down in front. As to the sleeves, they are either cut in one with the mantle itself, or else made separately. A style more suitable for elderly ladies is longer at the back, with a full drapery, and lace flounces, forming deep paniers at the sides, and

almost covering the skirt of the dress. Tight-fitting jackets are still much patronised by young ladies, and jerseys do not appear to be going out of favour. Elastic silk jackets, beaded or plain, are very stylish, as they fit the figure to perfection, and possess the decided advantage of being serviceable.

There are so many styles in millinery that it is rather a matter of difficulty to decide which will carry off the palm of popularity. The Parisian poke bonnets, pointed in front and piled up with aigrettes and flowers appear numerous, but there is great danger that they will become vulgarised, so that quieter and more ladylike styles promise to have the preference. In hats there is immense variety, from large, stylish shapes to neat, close-fitting ones. Flowers are more in vogue for purposes of adornment this year than they have been for some time, and almost every hat and bonnet has either a spray or bunch of flowers. Moss roses are among the favourite blossoms so wonderfully imitated by art, and many of the lace or tulle bonnets have no trimming but a most natural bunch of these charming flowers nestling at one side. Some of the floral garnitures for evening dresses are so large, that birds and their nests are introduced among the foliage.

Sensible people will be glad to hear that a reaction has set in in the matter of high heels. Fashion has now decreed that the *chaussure* of the day shall dispense with the high Louis XV. heels which are so dangerous as well as injurious, and that it shall be long and thin with pointed toe and low heel. Medical men have been unanimous in their verdicts against fashionable heels, and from time to time have protested against the folly of wearing them, but in vain. It is said that "one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," and such appears to be the belief of many. Let us hope that other sensible reformations will follow in the wake of this much-needed one. Rational dress is a subject which has provoked much discussion, and has driven many enthusiasts to the platform where they have aired their theories and done much to render themselves notorious, but their assistance to the

cause they advocated has been in the majority of cases most insignificant. Until some one suggests and exemplifies a better style of dress than that in vogue at present, fashions will go on as they have done for centuries, and dress reformers will make as little impression as they are doing nowadays. The grand

mistake into which they all fall is the idea that one style of dress can be evolved to suit all wearers, but the more we study the human race and woman-kind in particular, the more we are convinced of the fallacy of such an idea.

MONTHLY NOTES.

SCIENCE.

By R. L. J. Ellery.

WATER GAS.—Some years ago a Mr. Strong, in America, patented a method of making a combustible gas by the decomposition of water, which consisted in separating the hydrogen from the oxygen, and causing it to combine with some compound of carbon. The gas produced was highly combustible and heat producing, and by a further process was capable of being also made a good illuminating gas; but it appears the process was not carried to a practical success. Lately, however, at Essen, in Germany, the firm of Schultz, Knaudt and Co. have taken the matter up, and are now successfully working Strong's method somewhat modified.

Water gas is made by passing superheated steam through a large body of incandescent fuel; the water is decomposed into its constituents, of which the hydrogen, uniting with a portion of the carbon of the fuel, is eventually collected as a mixture of carbonic oxide and hydrogen, with some impurities, such as sulphur, etc., picked up in its passage through the furnace. The details of the process are somewhat complicated, but with a proper plant once established the production of the gas appears simple and economical. Water gas is at once available as a gaseous fuel, and can be used for furnaces, boilers, or for gas-engines and stoves—it contains about ninety per cent. of combustible elements, its chemical composition being given as hydrogen, 50; carbonic oxide, 40; carbonic acid, 5; and nitrogen, 5 volumes. Such a gas has great heating, but very little lighting, power; burning it with a blast of heated air a much higher temperature can be obtained than with ordinary gas similarly treated.

A very successful mode of using this gas for illumination has been devised by one of Messrs. Schultz and Knaudt's engineers. After numerous experiments he found a most beautiful and brilliant light could be obtained by burning the water gas in an ordinary gas burner, and placing in the flame small rods of magnesia, which became rapidly incandescent (as does the cylinder of lime in a lime-light apparatus), emitting a most powerful light. The magnesia rods used are very small, like the leads of an "ever-pointed pencil," and in each burner there are a number of them arranged like the teeth of a comb. It appears these rods burn gradually away, but last from eighty to a hundred hours, and cost about 2d. to replace.

The water gas manufactory at Essen is brilliantly illuminated throughout in this manner, and it is stated the light is scarcely inferior—if at all—to the electric light. The plant for making the gas at Essen cost £2100, and it appears the gas itself can be produced at about 6d. per thousand feet.

ANOTHER COMET.—Another telescopic comet has just been found by Mr. Barnard, an American astronomer; he first saw it on the 9th July, its discovery was announced by astronomical telegram on the 11th, and it was first seen in Melbourne on the 13th.

It is an extremely faint object, and is only just visible on the finest nights with good telescopes; its present position is R.A. 17h., declination 10° south, and it is moving rapidly south and west towards the sun, and will pass perihelion about the 26th of September. It will therefore increase somewhat in brightness, although it is not likely to become a very

conspicuous object, because at its nearest approach to the sun it will be over one hundred and eighty millions of miles from that body.

ASTRONOMICAL PHOTOGRAPHY.—The great advance made in photography by the introduction of the extremely sensitive gelatine plates in place of the old and comparatively slow collodion films has given a most powerful auxiliary to many branches of physical science, and not the least to observational astronomy. It has long been known that the photographic film is sensitive to light which is beyond the reach of the human eye, so that often where we see nought but darkness, the photographic plate reveals the presence of rays whose rate of vibration is so great as to get no response from the human retina—just as by the little instrument known as Galton's whistle, you can produce notes shriller and shriller till presently they become inaudible to the keenest human ear, and notes still higher are produced which it can be shown are sounding while all seems silent to our senses. The eye can discern the spectrum of sunlight from the red end to beyond the blue where the purple merges into darkness, but the photographic plate sees the spectrum far beyond this region, and reveals lines and bands whose existence would have remained unknown to us but for its sensitive film.

For some little time past efforts more or less successful have been made to obtain star maps by photography, and recently the method has been demonstrated to be a great success; photographs of star-fields not only show all the stars visible in their proper positions, but what was certainly not expected, numerous others that can only be seen in telescopes of large aperture; and some, indeed, which it is probable from their colour could scarcely

be "glimpsed" in our most powerful instruments. One of the most remarkable successes in another direction has been achieved by Dr. Huggins, a well-known astronomer and physicist in London. It is this:—During a total eclipse of the sun, when it is entirely hidden by the intervening moon, a great glory appears around it, which is known as the corona, and is always well shown in photographs of total solar eclipses. The cause and constitution of this phenomenon is still a mystery, although there are several reasonable theories as to its character; and assuming some of these theories to be correct, Dr. Huggins conceived it possible to obtain a photographic impression of the corona on any clear day without an eclipse (just as Janssen and Lockyer conceived and afterwards demonstrated it possible to see those curious appearances called "*red protuberances*" without an eclipse, by the proper arrangement of the spectroscope), and eventually succeeded, first in getting ghost-like semblances, then distinct coronas, and, finally, comparing some he had obtained with photographs taken by the American astronomers during the total eclipse of the sun as seen at the Caroline Islands, all doubt was cleared up, for here were the same great bright rays of the corona, and here certain dark rifts in both photographs; one taken at the Caroline Islands during an eclipse, the other in Switzerland in full daylight; the only difference being that one was a bright strongly-marked picture of the eclipse, the other a dim but decipherable representation of this mysterious "glory" which for ages was looked upon as a phenomenon pertaining to the eclipse, and not an order of things ever present, simply made visible by the temporary veiling of the sun's rays during the eclipse.

ART.

SYDNEY.

By J. G. De Libra.

Before these lines meet the public eye, Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., R.A.'s picture of "The Captive," which has positively been purchased for the Art Gallery of New South Wales, will, in all probability, be upon the walls of that building. The fine mezzotint engravings, by Mr. G. Every, arrived some time ago, and are to be seen at Mr. John Sands' and other dealers in Fine Art, while one of the earliest proofs figures in the "black and white" department of the Art Gallery. "The Captive" is represented as a handsome and dignified girl of particularly winning expression, clad in a slightly Oriental dress, and bearing a dish of fruit. The work gives a most promising idea of the picture; but as the latter will so shortly be before our eyes, it is hardly worth dwelling further upon

it than to quote from a letter of Sir John's in which he writes:—"The engraving of 'The Captive' is most admirable, and I am *perfectly* satisfied with it."

As we surmised last month, the statement that Millais' "Ruling Passion" had also been purchased for the trustees of the Sydney Gallery was simply an error on the part of the home correspondent of the *Sydney Morning Herald*. The report appears to have originated with the *London Daily News*, upon which the *Herald* correspondent evidently relied; but immediately afterwards it was contradicted in both the London and the Sydney papers, the agents of the trustees declaring the rumour to be entirely devoid of foundation. As we stated in July, Sir John had not, up to this year, painted such a picture as the "Ruling Passion;" and at the time that our last "Notes" were penned, the "literature" of the season's exhibitions had not yet reached us. The artist has now, however, treated the subject

in a picture which has been exhibited in this year's Royal Academy. A reproduction, second-hand, of the London criticism on the work could be of no possible interest to our readers; but those who would gain some idea of it, and may not readily have access to Blackburn, will find it reproduced in the "Illustrated Supplement to the Pall Mall Budget," of May 15th. It is possible that this last production of the new Art-Baronet's may have been purchased by some wealthy colonist; but certainly neither the Sydney trustees, nor their London agents, had ever the faintest idea of buying it, nor have they received an intimation of any such purchase.

An interesting set of six sepia sketches by Samuel Prout, mounted and framed together, has been presented to the Art Gallery by Mr. E. Du Faur, the Honorary Secretary, on behalf of his sister. It appears that the mother of the lady and gentleman just mentioned was a pupil of Prout's, and that the sketches were made by the artist in his pupil's presence at the last six finishing lessons, and presented to her. The subjects are:—1. Some ruins situated on the shore of a lake, and backed by lofty hills; 2. A ruined old Martello Tower upon the sea-shore; 3. An ancient twin-arched bridge over a river; 4. An antique Norman archway half buried in the earth; 5. A seascape, with shipping, floating buoy, and a couple of fishermen in a boat; and 6. The falls or rapids of a mountain torrent. The sketches have an historical, rather than a purely artistic value, being characterised by a good deal of the stodgy conventionality of the early school of water-colour drawing: at the same time there is clearly the individuality of the artist, who, with David Cox and others, paved the way for the later school.

The same gentleman has also presented a fine artists' proof engraving of Mrs. Butler's "Quatre Bras," the original of which is in the Art Gallery of Melbourne. Attached to the frame are brass tablets, explaining that the plate is given "in memory of Major James Henry Crummer—28th Regiment—a police magistrate of this colony from 1836 to 1864—who, after serving at Copenhagen in 1807, and in the Peninsular War from Busaco to Toulouse 1809-1814 (in eight actions, in which he was thrice wounded), fought in the square above represented, 16th June, 1815, and throughout the 18th at Waterloo."

Another of the trustees, Mr. E. L. Montefiore, has presented two most interesting original drawings, viz.:—A study in chalk, from the life, of a partially draped man, by Paduanus, an artist who flourished in the early part of the 17th century in Padua; and sketch in charcoal, by Gainsborough, for a landscape. The latter has much of the peculiar grace which, in the case of this great portrait painter, usually found its expression in his charming delineations of ladies and children.

A last presentation work that we must mention is by Mrs. Bell, and consists of a fine old circular French table, of the style of Louis XIV., constructed of ebony, with highly florid ormolu enrichments; the top being

formed of a wide band of chased ormolu, into which are let a series of *Sèvres* plaques, bearing alternately miniatures of the Court beauties, and exquisitely painted flowers—the whole surrounding a large shallow, sunken, *Sèvres* tazza, or rather dish, enblazoned with a portrait of the *Grand Monarque*, with *lozanges* and flowers, and regal emblems, on the celebrated *bleu du roi*. The table is a fine and characteristic specimen of the French decorative school of furniture of the period.

Messrs. H. W. Callan and Son, who, by a judicious agreement of the Muses, exhibit their framed pictures on the walls of Messrs. A. and C. Huenerbein's extensive pianoforte galleries, at 318 George Street, have lately added to their stock some extremely choice water-colour drawings by English, Continental, and Colonial artists. "Clovelly," by R. Cooper, is a fine seascape of one of the most picturesque spots in North Devon. The sea and sky are particularly happy in their treatment, and the boats and figures are capitally drawn. W. Bradley's "Henley-on-Thames" must be a delight to all who have grown to man's or woman's estate in the southern counties of the old country, suggesting, as it does, pigeon pies, lobster salad, champagne cup, and flirtations. The tree drawing is masterly, and should give to Australians an excellent idea of the deep, rich colour of deciduous foliage in the latter part of the short English summer. "Petworth, Sussex," by A. W. Weedon, is a clever piece of work. From some rough, high ground, covered with brake, where a boy is tending his sheep, we get an extensive panoramic view over the glorious Weald of Kent; while, in the middle-distance, some red-roofed cottages, bosomed in "immemorial elms," peep up from behind a little hillock. "Art Critics"—a dapple-grey horse, with a brown foal, examining an artist's canvas and *impedimenta*, which he has momentarily left in the field—is a pleasant and humorous farm-scene by Mr. Strutt, that should specially meet colonial taste; and there is an interesting drawing, by one of the earlier artists, of "The Mill Stream," with cottages nestling about the rising ground. A couple of large and singularly cheap sketches, by F. Davis, of "Dunchurch, near Rugby," and a "Hayfield, Rugby," are rough, but very telling and most artistic; two charming little gems of foliage, with water, are E. Wake Cook's "River near Hackfall, Yorkshire," and "Evening Shadows;" while "Shoreham, Sussex," is a deliciously æsthetic sketch by Copley Fielding. Most effective, in the style of P. de Tommassie, is E. Erol's drawing of a cardinal in his robes; and equally well drawn, and particularly happy in colour, is W. H. Weatherhead's "Peasant Girl with a Pitcher," standing in a cottage doorway. Mr. H. J. Johnstone's "Early Morning" is a bright bit of the Australian foliage, with water in the foreground, in which this artist so delights; and the grand drawing of gorge, and snow-clad peak, and storm-cloud, among the higher Alpine ranges of New Zealand, is the finest piece of Mr. John Gully's work that we can remember to have seen. Messrs. Callan

and Son have many other excellent works in oil, and "black and white," as well as water-colour, to some of which we may return at a future date; but water-colour drawings appear to be their speciality.

The Sydney and London Fine Art Company have also some excellent water-colours. Albert Bowers is a special favourite of ours, no artist that we can call to mind succeeding so thoroughly in depicting the quiet poetry of English cottage-life and village scenery. His "Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Stratford-on-Avon," reminds us of the time when, years ago, a pilgrim to the poetical shrine of every English-speaking race, we plucked a long and deeply-treasured sprig of jasmine from the cottage-porch. Equally charming, though of course with less of special sentiment, is "Evening Gossip." Two large works by J. Henson, "A Mid-Surrey Lane," with sheep, and "Old Lock on the River Test, Hampshire," are particularly picturesque—especially the latter, and contain some splendid tree-drawing. Very bright and glowing is Pinhorn Wood's "Harvest Time, near Hastings," which we understand was exhibited at the Royal Academy; "Loch Katrine," by F. J. Lees, is full of local character; and the lovely "Bay of Naples" is limned as hardly any artist but Charles Rowbotham can limn such scenes.

Passing to "black and white," we have, firstly, the etching by T. J. Steele, of the pathetic painting by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., of "Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*," a more serious and historical work than that artist usually treats us to. Then there are a couple of photogravures by Goupil and Co., after J. Coomans, of "La Chaise Berceuse," and "Une Après-Midi à Pompéi"—two charming scenes of Ancient Roman family life. The beautiful "Virgin Porch" at Oxford, is a fine remark proof etching by C. O. Murray; and "Mozart chantant son Requiem" is another photogravure by Goupil and Co., from the picture by Thos. W. Shields. The work is well conceived and finely drawn; and very touching is the spectacle of the great musician, with the hand of Death already on his brow, sitting in his night-dress, and covered with a large fur-rug—the score upon his knees—as singers and players are for the first time giving sound to the solemn themes of the grand, majestic "Service for the Dead," with which the immortal Salzburg minstrel made his swan-like end.

To speak of Mr. John Sands' establishment reminds us always of an engraving that we have seen there, of two village school-boys "looking out for a safe investment," and flattening their noses against a shop window, in which are fraternising, in affectionate contiguity, marbles and peppermints, bulls'-eyes, butter-scotch, kites, and cricket balls. Mr. Sands has always something new, and always something good; and we are puzzled, like the boys, to decide in which department to invest our penny, or rather, into what ink-stand to slip our critical goose-quill. The full series of large-scale photographs of the German *National-Denkmal* in the Niederwald (though isolated copies have been seen before) enables

one to judge of the memorial monument as an architectural and sculpturesque whole. Certainly Professor Schilling, of Dresden, to whose artistic brain is due the design, has achieved a great success. The general conception is fine and bold, and the outlines excellent. The figure of *Germania* is a noble inspiration, as she stands high upon a pedestal, and laurel-crowned, holding aloft in her right hand the old Imperial crown of Germany, and resting her left upon the weighty, two-edged Sword of Justice. The winged figures at the angles of the structure are well conceived and finely modelled, as are also the allegorical groups, representing the principal rivers of *Vaterland*, that recline at its base; while the Greek-like bas-reliefs are a lesson as to how the figures in contemporary life can be artistically treated, that makes us blush a deeper dye than ever for the petrified puppets on our Post Office.

Among recent engravings, the mezzotint, by F. Stackpoole, of Briton Riviere's "Ulysses and Argus" must be specially mentioned. The forlorn yet dignified appearance of the sometime King of Ithaca, and the expression of love and devotion in the dying hound (than which Landseer never painted anything finer) are equally pathetic. Then, besides the engraving of "The Captive," of which we have already spoken, there is T. L. Atkinson's mezzotint of Millais' "Love Birds," a charming figure of a child costumed in stiff, old-fashioned brocade and lace. The most notable etching that we have observed is that by James Dobie from John R. Reid's picture of "A Yarn," in which a weather-beaten fisherman is seated on a wall, "yarning" to a little girl and two young boys—all with an earnest expression on their faces; the background of hill and cottage, with fishing snacks in the harbour, being most picturesque. Highly artistic, too, is Ch. O. Murray's etching of C. Neal's picture of "Cromwell's First Interview with Milton;" while Löwenstein's two specimens of *aquafortis* work, in the reproduction of L. Alma Tadema's "Dinner" and "The Siesta," are as æsthetically full of ancient classic character, as they are technically, of admirable tone and colour.

Out of the numerous water-colour drawings by W. Duncan, James Macbeth, F. Boulton, A. W. Weedon, and others, besides some of the pick of the Art Society's last exhibition, we have barely the space to mention some three or four special works. "Bamborough Castle," by P. Toft, is a masterly composition of "lordly castle by the sea," of surf-scooped rocky beach, and stormy sky. E. Holloway's "Evening Grey" depicts a flock of sheep returning home along the sandy wet sea-shore, followed by the old shepherd and his dog—the whole artistically indistinct in the quiet, solitary twilight. Very bold and spirited is W. Gray's "Black Rocks, Palperro, Cornwall," a combination of hill, and crag, and dashing sea, with a peculiar effect of purple light low down on the horizon; while "Matlock Bridge, Derby," by James E. Grace, with cattle drinking in the shallow stream embowered by trees, is just as quiet, calm, and peaceful. But the gem of the present collection, to our mind, is a tiny work by Sutton

Palmer, of "Twilight on the Thames"—a splendidly powerful piece of colouring, yet indescribably soft. The drawing of the trees and other features of the landscape in the uncertain gloaming is very fine; and browns and richest olive greens contrast in perfect harmony with the purest blues the colour-box can furnish.

MELBOURNE.

By E.A.C.

Some time since attention was called in these pages to a small work by Mr. J. F. Patterson, showing a view of the Yarra at the Falls' Bridge; he has now completed, with great success, a large oil-painting on the same subject. Commonplace as the latter may be, the artist has nevertheless produced a charming whole, and the soft tones of green and grey, the fine aerial perspective (a strong point with the artist in question) must produce a very favourable impression on any judge of art. The painting will be one of those shown at the approaching London Colonial Exhibition, and will greatly tend to uphold the reputation of Victorian artists.

Amongst the latest additions to our National Gallery is a water-colour drawing of "Boscastle Harbour," the gift of the artist, Mr. Walter Severn, president of the Dudley Art Society; the great cliffs on either side are treated vigorously, and their strange conformation is brought out with a bold touch—the water beneath, lying in deep shadow, is also good. On the heights above, two men are standing by the signal-post, watching some vessels in the distance. A portrait of Mr. J. B. Were, C.M.G., has been added lately to the collection.

Mr. Fletcher's Art Gallery has at present some exhibits of unusual interest. They have been forwarded by Messrs. Booth and Sons, Haymarket, London. They are nine in number, and we regret that limited space compels us to give but a cursory mention of these fine works of art. "The Halt in the Desert, Soudan," by Simoni, is a most exquisite painting; the half-tones are admirably given, and the work is delicate and finished in the highest degree. This artist is said by competent authorities to rank with Meissonnier and Millais, forming the trio of finest artists now living. However that may be, it is certain that the painting now on view at the above-named Gallery, will bear the hard test of closest scrutiny without any fear of adverse judgment upon its merits. The next finest is a small picture by P. Grolloni; it represents three French tirailleurs in advance of their company, just finding the enemy's track. The head of the foremost, who is kneeling down and watching the receding troops, is treated in a style worthy of Meissonnier himself, and rivets the attention at first sight. A fine example of Edwin Long's early and best style is shown in "Persuasion," which was painted as far back as 1872, though re-touched by the artist some five years later. The subject is left very much to the gazer's own imagination,

but the most probable explanation is that of a widow and her daughter, not too abundantly possessed of wealth, being urged by a girl-friend to look favourably on some offer of marriage, indicated by a jewel-case and letter lying on a table. The scene is evidently Spanish; the mother sits by with a care-worn, anxious face, watching the daughter, as she listens irresolutely to the speaker, who is bending eagerly forward, with clasped hands. The head of the latter figure is very fine, the treatment strongly resembling that of the late John Phillips. Van Hove, a Belgian artist, contributes "The Alchemist." The signs of great age in the wrinkled hands and face; the sunken eyes gazing upwards, as though to recall some incident for which he is searching in the open volume before him; the crimson gaberдинe slashed with white satin: the deep fur collar; the lighted brazier, and all the strange instruments around him, are depicted with rare skill, whilst the rich harmony of colour leaves nothing more to be desired in the work. "The dancing-lesson," by Eugène de Blas, is a charming *genre* composition, representing several children performing steps, under the guidance of their master, in the presence of their mother and grandmother. The self-confident air of the eldest girl, the nervous anxiety of the one watching the teacher's face, the baby held by the boy-brother (whose head is one of the finest features in the work), the pleased expression of the mother directing the movements of the little ones, and the kindly amusement upon the face of the elder lady, are given by a master's brush, whilst every detail is worked out with fine execution. "A visit from Rome" is from the studio of W. Dendy Sadler, and shows a cardinal in his scarlet robes, accompanied by some monks, passing through an orchard, where some of the fraternity are busy gathering fruit. The expression of the monk holding an apple, and evidently eulogising its qualities to the cardinal, is admirably rendered. The painting is full of life, colour, and vigour. Other good exhibits are on view at this gallery, but we must omit them for want of space.

Mr. Wallis' Gallery, in Imperial Chambers, is again open with some choice examples of English and Continental artists, which we hope to notice more in detail in our next issue. Karl Heffner, whose name is becoming famous as the leading landscape-painter of South Germany, is represented by a grand work, aptly named "Solitude;" it is a scene on the Via Appia, showing "an old Roman Cemetery, 312 years before Christ"—desolation and an intense feeling of solemnity pervade it. In the foreground may be seen a portion of a pool of water and some broken pieces of masonry, half-hidden by the rank grass and other herbage growing on the edge of the former. Further back, gloomy cypresses stand out boldly against the "daffodil light" of a break in the stormy darkening sky and beyond them may be caught a glimpse of a mound with ruins on its summit. To the right, the road to Capua is to be noticed. Like "A Flitting Gleam," by the same artist, the atmospheric effects are exquisite; and, in gazing at "Solitude," it is easy to believe that Karl Heffner is unusually

gifted—being musician as well as artist—his whole being seems, as it were, steeped in the love of the beautiful, making every work a poem in itself. To show how great is the appreciation felt for paintings by this artist, we may mention that the Prince of Wales has commissioned him, through Messrs. Wallis and Son, to paint a subject as H.R.H.'s wedding gift to the Princess Beatrice, the artist himself going over from Bavaria to London to receive the royal commission. "Solitude" cannot fail to impress, most favourably, all who see it. The firmness of treatment, together with the delicacy apparent in every detail, the

wonderfully accurate drawing and technical skill, all display the touch of a master-hand, whilst the exquisite delineation of Nature, in one of her saddest moods, shows how strong is the poetic element in this gifted artist.

Braith contributes an admirable animal study, showing a large and powerful bull leisurely ascending a rocky path to rejoin his companions resting higher up. The drawing is very fine, and all the accessories of lichen-covered rocks, etc., are in this painter's best style. "The Harvest of the Poor," by Pierre Billet, and other works will be noticed in our next issue.

L I T E R A T U R E.

By "Gleaner."

After many years of patient labour by a large company of learned and pious men, the Revised Version of the Old Testament Scriptures has been published, and has already found its way into many homes, and been eagerly examined. Notices, some brief and others very extended, have appeared in the leading journals and periodicals of Great Britain, America, and our Australian Colonies, and it must be gratifying to the "revisers" that generally the notices have been very favourable. Any lengthened notice is not needful here, it will suffice just to refer to some of the most remarkable changes from the old version, and to quote a few well known texts which have been considerably altered. A prominent and most useful alteration has been made by the arrangement of the text in paragraphs, a plan adopted in other versions previously, such as that published some thirty-five years ago, by Dr. Conquest, of London; and another, at a later period, by the London Religious Tract Society. Another decided improvement is the arrangement of the poetical books—Job, Psalms, Proverbs, The Song of Songs, and some portions of the historical and prophetic books, on the principles of Hebrew parallelism. An American reviewer in the *Christian at Work*, affirms that the arrangement is inexact, and he adds that this "is owing to the fact that the revisers have followed too closely the Massoretic accentuation, which was not designed to mark the lines of the poetry, and which quite frequently breaks up the longer lines of the poems." Be this as it may, most readers, we think, will be pleased with this change, and regard it as an improvement. In the poetical books the changes are numerous, but generally consist only in the change of a word or two. Two or three examples may be cited. In Psalm xxiii. 3—"He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." The word "guideth" is substituted for "leadeth." Psalm xxxii. 8—"I will counsel thee with mine eye upon thee," is an improvement upon the authorised version, "I will guide thee with mine eye." Psalm lxxxiv. 6, is rendered—

"Passing through the Valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs; yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings," a rendering more beautiful and expressive than that with which all are familiar: "Who passing through the Valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools." These are a few specimens of the changes in the Psalter. In some of the prophetic books several considerable alterations have been made. We select as a specimen the wonderful prophecy in Isaiah liii. Throughout there is little change except in a word now and again, but the latter part of verse 3 is rendered, "And as one from whom men hide their faces he was despised," instead of—"We hid, as it were, our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not." Some of the changes in the historical books are of importance. The first text to which we turned on opening the volume, was the well-known utterance of the dying Jacob, Genesis xlix. 10—"The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come: and unto him shall the gathering of the people be." In the Revised Version the rendering is more impressive: "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor the ruler's staff from between his feet, until Shiloh come: and unto him shall the obedience of the peoples be." This reading will be acceptable to all who regard Jacob's utterance, as a Messianic prediction. In many of the reviews which have come under our notice, special reference is made to the remarkable utterance of Job (xix. 25, 27.) The Authorised Version is:—"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me." In the Revised Version, the reading is considerably different.—"But I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand up at the last upon the earth; and after my skin hath been thus destroyed, yet from my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall

see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another. My reins are consumed within me." This reading is regarded as a great improvement. Space forbids further quotations. Among the improvements in the Revised Version may be named the omission of a large number of words once generally understood, but now obsolete, and the insertion of words now in use. Dr. Chambers, one of the American Company of Revisers, in an article in the *New York Independent*, May 21, gives a long and interesting list of such words and those substituted. Some words have been left untranslated, the revisers deeming it better to leave them untranslated rather than to give doubtful renderings, or perpetuate error. There is one notable exception. The word "sheol" is translated "grave" and "pit" in the historical books, and, in the poetical books, is left untranslated. In an able article in the *New York Christian at Work*, the writer, referring to this, says:—"In our judgment, however, it would have been still better to use the term *hades* for both Testaments. *Hades* and *sheol* have the same meaning; they both refer to the subterranean abode of the dead. Indeed the English word *hell*, etymologically in its older usage, is an exact equivalent of the Hebrew and Greek terms. It is an instructive instance of the warping influence of a crude Eschatology that the Biblical term should change its meaning to conform with dogma. It is a strange state of affairs that the revisers are compelled to give up the English word *hell* to get rid of the errors attached to it. One would suppose that the dogma ought rather to be changed to conform to the meaning of the word." It would be vain to expect that the Revised Old Testament will meet with universal acceptance. But few who candidly examine it will fail to acknowledge that the revisers have done their work well, and are deserving of the warmest thanks of all who love the old English Bible, that they have so carefully guarded against all unnecessary change, and left unmarred its ancient beauty. We have, in closing, to acknowledge the kindness and courtesy of Mr. M. L. Hutchinson, of Collins Street West, in sending a copy of the Revised Version for notice.

A few particulars regarding the publishing of the Revised Old Testament will be interesting to our readers. It is well known that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge hold the copyright, and mutually agree to bear all the expense connected with the arduous and important labour just completed. They resolved that Tuesday, 19th May, should be the day of publication, and immediately after the clock of St. Paul's had struck the midnight hour the doors of the warehouses were opened to supply wholesale orders; at ten minutes past twelve about sixty persons were in waiting desiring copies, and at three o'clock a.m. the retail shops in the Row took down their shutters; immediately afterwards a stream of customers set in, and continued to increase during the day. On the second day upwards of a hundred telegrams were received from the country asking for further supplies, and in a few days all the bound copies were sold; so great was the demand that relays of men had

to be put on binding the volumes, working day and night, to meet the demand. To show what an enormous quantity of material must have been consumed in printing the Revised Scriptures, we may just mention that one mill alone supplied 250 tons of paper for this purpose. We understand the expectations of the British publishers have been more than realised, but the American editions have not met with the same favour. The demand in the Australasian Colonies has exceeded the supply, and some of the Melbourne booksellers have had to telegraph home for further shipments, which are expected to reach here very shortly. We are informed that notwithstanding the great sale of the Revised Version there is no cessation in printing the Authorised one, but that the British and Foreign Bible Society, London, and the National Bible Society of Scotland, are issuing as large editions as ever, and will continue to do so.

Some six years ago a well known Australian gentleman—Mr. J. Hingston, F.R.G.S.—delighted and instructed many by publishing, in the *Argus*, a series of letters giving a description of places visited in many countries, and incidents that occurred during an extended trip by sea and land. The letters were subsequently published in book form, making, when thus gathered together, a large and handsome volume, which was most favourably reviewed in many journals in Great Britain and the Colonies, and attained a large circulation. Messrs. W. Inglis and Co. have just issued a popular cheap addition, thus placing a really good, interesting, and instructive volume within the reach of all who are thirsting for information respecting scenes they have never visited. Mr. Hingston conducts us pleasantly and cheerfully to Japan, China, Java, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Palestine, and Syria; and, in addition, to many parts of Australia and New Zealand. The cheap edition, containing nearly five hundred closely-printed pages, is profusely illustrated, neatly bound, and an extensive circulation can only secure the enterprising publishers from loss in issuing such a volume at the very moderate price of half-a-crown.

A new English edition of the valuable and instructive works of the American historian Prescott, is announced.

It is stated that Lord Tennyson personally assisted Mr. Francis Palgrave in making his "Selections of Lyrical Poems" from the Laureate's works, for the Golden Treasury series.

The work recently published by Messrs. Macmillan, entitled "*Marius, the Epicurean*," is attracting a good deal of attention, and has been very favourably reviewed. "The scene of *Marius* is laid in the second century, and the object of the book is to trace the development of a sensitive mind brought into contact with the various spiritual and intellectual forces which divided the Roman world under the Antonines." The author, Mr. Walter Pater, M.A., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, was previously known as the writer of several works, among which may be named "*Studies in the History of the Renaissance*," published a considerable number of years ago.

Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh, the well-known publishers of "The Foreign Theological Library," have laid Biblical students under fresh obligation by the publication of Professor Rubiger's "Encyclopædia of Theology," in two volumes. The first volume treats of the "Nature of Theology" under various heads, and the second volume is devoted to the discussion of the four divisions of Theology—Exegetical, Historical, Systematic, and Practical. This is not a book likely to be popular among general readers, but to patient, earnest students it will be found helpful.

It has been decided to found a scholarship of literature at Bristol University College, at a cost of £1500, as a memorial to the late Mr. Fergus (Hugh Conway). A bust and tablet will be erected in the cathedral.

It is stated that Lord Tennyson is writing a new historical drama, which will form a sequel to "Becket."

Messrs. Cassell and Company, of London, announce a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Mackenzie Wallace's valuable work on "Russia." The first edition was favourably reviewed and attained a fair circulation.

The American Episcopalian clergyman, the Rev. R. Heber Newton, who is known for his advanced views on some theological dogmas, has given to the public another volume of discourses. The title of the volume is "Philistinism: Plain words concerning certain forms of Unbelief." The discourses number about a dozen, and are all on themes of great importance.

The correspondence of Richard Wagner, edited by Herr Emerich Kastner, of Vienna, is to be very shortly published in that city. The letters—covering the period from 1830 to his death, in 1883, and for the most part hitherto unpublished—it is expected will supply many details concerning Wagner's life and work, and form a running commentary on his artistic theories.

An interesting and useful little volume—a kind of pocket encyclopedia of biography, has recently been published, entitled "Famous People of all Ages." It contains condensed biographies of notable men and women from the dawn of history to the present time. The compiler is Mr. W. H. Van Orden, and the volume is published by Mr. A. L. Burt, of New York.

A new edition has just been published of Dr. E. Robinson's "Harmony of the Four Gospels in Greek." It is nearly fifty years since the first edition of this valuable work was issued, and received a very hearty welcome from ministers and Biblical students. The new edition has been thoroughly revised by Professor M. B. Riddle, of Hartford, who has made it, by the introduction of Tischendorf's text, and many new readings and notes, of greatly increased value.

Dr. Edersheim's Warburton Lectures recently published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co., of London, under the title of "Prophecy and History in relation to the Messiah," have been very favourably reviewed in many of the ablest English journals. The volume is crowded with instructive information on sub-

jects of great interest and importance. One reviewer says "Dr. Edersheim's book, viewed as a literary performance, is a great advance upon what we sometimes receive from giants of Old Testament erudition. His style, often unadorned, is never obscure, and at times rises to poetic beauty and real eloquence." The notes are numerous and valuable.

The second volume of "The People's Bible," by Dr. Joseph Parker, has been published. It contains a series of discourses on the principal passages in the book of Exodus. If Dr. Parker goes on as he has begun, his twenty-five volumes will be a valuable addition to theological literature, and help to enrich many minds.

Mr. Fisher Unwin, of London, has just published a new volume of "Expository Discourses," by Dr. S. Cox, of Nottingham, who is widely known as having for many years edited the popular monthly periodical, the *Expositor*. In this new volume Dr. Cox brings out fully his views on many important subjects, and especially on what is named "The Larger Hope."

Among new theological works recently published, likely to awaken much interest, a volume of sermons, by the Rev. John Pulsford, of Edinburgh, is worthy of special mention. The title of the book is "Our Deathless Hope," and it contains twenty-five discourses on many great themes. More than a quarter of a century has passed away since we had the privilege of reading Mr. Pulsford's beautiful volume "Quiet Hours." All who have read that, and other works from his pen, will be glad to secure a copy of this new volume. Sermons like those of Mr. Pulsford's are a scarce commodity.

The June number of the two excellent theological monthly periodicals, the *Interpreter* and the *Expositor*, contain many admirable articles on subjects of interest to Biblical students. All clergymen who desire to advance in knowledge, and in preparedness for their work, should study these valuable works.

About twenty-five years ago a serial story, entitled "Marian; or, the Light of Some One's Home," was published in a small Australian periodical. The writer—a South Australian lady—has since become widely known as the author of many interesting volumes, and Maud Jean Franc is a name familiar in many a home. Her London publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., have just published another excellent story by this lady under the title of "Into the Light," which will be found equal to any of its predecessors, and worthy of a place in the family or school library.

The editor of the *Christian Standard*, a well conducted journal of the denomination known as the Church of Christ, proposes to publish in book form, a series of practical Biblical studies and meditations, which have from time to time appeared in his journal. The members of the denomination in Australia, to whom Mr. Isaac Everett is known, from his ably edited journal, may be pleased to know that the first volume has been published, and is entitled "Evenings with the Bible, Old Testament Studies."

Mr. A. C. Swinburne's new work "Marino Faliero," has been very favourably reviewed in the *New York Independent*, of May 28th. The writer says of this new poem:—"It exhibits a power and dignity which frequently remind one of the old Elizabethan dramatists." The reviewer gives a sketch of the story, and some fine quotations from the poem.

The remarkable volume entitled "Paradise Found," referred to some time ago in our notes, is exciting much attention in America, and the author, Dr. Warren, President of the Boston University, has received many letters from men eminent for learning, expressing their gratification. In a letter to the author, Dr. James Freeman Clarke writes, "You have certainly given us what I think will be an epoch-making book;" and the Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent writes, "We do not see how anyone can refute the argument." We would again commend the volume to the attention of our readers.

The June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains lengthened reviews of two new American works of great interest. The first is "The Religious Aspect of Philosophy," by Josiah Royce, Ph.D., of Harvard College. The second is "The History of the Huguenot Emigration to America," by Dr. Charles William Baird. Both volumes are the production of able men, on subjects with which the writers are thoroughly acquainted, and both are most favourably reviewed.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, of London, have published a volume of quaint, old Scottish Sermons, by the famous Samuel Rutherford, the pious minister of Anworth, in the seventeenth century. The sermons have been printed from a MS. volume.

Messrs. Cassell and Co., London, have just published a valuable little volume, entitled "The Making of the Home." It is designed by the writer, Mrs. Samuel A. Barnett, as a family instructor, and in a long series of brief, pleasant chapters she tells how to make the home beautiful, comfortable, pleasant, and happy. We are not acquainted with any volume that within the compass of about 200 pages contains such a mass of really useful information on everything pertaining to a home and cheerful home life. The book should be read again and again by mothers and daughters. They are sure to profit by it. The wise and experienced writer deserves the grateful thanks of those for whose benefit she has written. The volume is nicely got up and very moderate in price.

Parents and their young children will be pleased to know that Messrs. Cassell and Co. have just published a new volume of their justly popular magazine for the young, entitled "Little Folks." Like all the preceding volumes, the possession of which has brought gladness to thousands of children, the present volume is a thing of beauty. The illustrations are numerous, and the stories, poetry, and music are all just what children enjoy. At a very small pecuniary outlay a family of many boys and girls may be made very happy for many an evening hour. Mr. Gardner, Russell Street, is the manager of Messrs. Cassell's Melbourne house.

The following list includes the principal works announced for publication at the date our notes are written:—"The Greater Origins and Issues of Life and Death," by Dr. Garth Wilkinson; "The Flower of Doom," by the well known and popular novelist, Miss Betham Edwards; "Introduction to the Literature of the French Renaissance," by Mr. A. A. Tilley; two manuscripts of Garibaldi's, entitled "Mille" and "Manlia," will be published shortly, by his widow, and "Garibaldi's Memoirs," edited by his son Menotti, will follow. Many other works, in all departments of literature, are announced as in preparation, and will be published early in the autumn.

Among the new books recently published, Mr. Stanley's splendid volumes, entitled "The Congo," are worthy of special mention. The two large volumes are beautifully printed, handsomely bound, and profusely illustrated. The contents are varied, instructive, and profoundly interesting. Mr. Stanley has bright hopes of Africa's future, and the information he gives, even in the preface to his work, is fitted to cheer and animate even the most desponding. The two volumes are to be published in eight languages, and are sure to awaken a wide-spread interest for the dwellers in the land so long named "The Dark Continent," but where the light is now dawning. We are indebted to Mr. M. L. Hutchinson for the privilege of reading Mr. Stanley's volumes, and can heartily commend them to the notice of all who love an instructive book.

Mr. M. L. Hutchinson, Collins Street, has just received by the mail, 22nd July, specimen sheets of a volume preparing for publication shortly, by Messrs. James Sangster and Co., of London. The title is, "Pictorial Records of the English in Egypt." The volume will contain biographical sketches of the late General Gordon, General Lord Wolseley, General Stewart, and many other notable men. The illustrations will be numerous, and a series of coloured portraits will be given. We have examined the specimen pages, the type is clear and good to read, the illustrations are well executed, the portraits of General Gordon, Lord Wolseley, and the Sultan of Turkey, the three given in the specimen pages, are of a high order, and the binding is very rich and ornamental. The volume is to be published in a month or two, and is sure to be procurable in Melbourne a week or two before Christmas presents are in demand. From the portions we have seen we venture to say "Pictorial Records of the English in Egypt" will prove worthy of a place in every good library.

The June number of the *Quiver* has a brief but excellent article by the Dean of Canterbury, on the Revised Version of the Old Testament. It will be remembered that Dr. R. P. Smith was one of the Company of Revisers. The second part of the article is to appear in the July number.

Among many excellent papers in the June number of *Good Words*, special mention must be made of an article entitled, "Some Reminiscences of my Life." The writer is the now venerable Mary Howitt.

In the June number of the *Sunday Magazine* those who have read with delight and profit the writings of the late James Baldwin Brown, will read, with pleasure, the biographical sketch of the brave Independent minister, by the Rev. W. Dorling. In the same issue there is a fine paper on the "Painter of the Last Supper"—Leonardo da Vinci.

Harper's Magazine for June is crowded with good things. In addition to serial and complete stories, poetry, essays, and reviews of new books, there are several excellent descriptive papers, of which two are specially good, "Santa Fe De Bogota," and "A Wild-goose Chase." Both are profusely illustrated, and the illustrations first-class.

CURRENT EVENTS.

By E. A. C.

A "Serenade" was given at Government House last month (July) by the singing members of the Melbourne Liedertafel, on the occasion of the anniversary of the first arrival of Sir Henry Loch as Governor of Victoria. About eighty of them assembled on the evening in question, in the state drawing-room, and numerous favourite and well-known selections were then rendered with good effect. At the close of the performances the President of the Society, Mr. L. L. Lewis, in the name of the singing members, presented His Excellency and Lady Loch with certificates of life-membership, printed on vellum, and mounted on small silver rollers; the monogram of the Society ("M. L.") in pearls and gold, was also offered, by the same members, to Lady Loch. His Excellency acknowledged both gifts in suitable terms.

A concert was given on the 16th July, at the South Melbourne Town Hall, by Miss Alma West, who was assisted by Miss J. O'Brien, Signors Zelman and Paladini, and other artists. Miss West is already known in the musical world as possessing talent of no ordinary merit, and her performances on the violin displayed both accuracy of touch and good feeling. Were it possible for this young lady to receive the aid formerly given to the musical studies of Concert-meister Kruse, we might, very probably, find her taking a high rank amongst Australian artists, and with a successful career in view.

The fourteenth annual Victorian Canary and Pigeon Show was held last month, in the Melbourne Town Hall. Exhibits were numerous and good, both from this and the adjoining colonies. It was opened by Councillor Garton, J.P. A noticeable drawback to this otherwise successful show, was the very poor display made of Australian birds. That of

canaries was exceptionally fine, more particularly in the Norwich class.

The Trustees of the Melbourne Public Library have had a very interesting relic of the early times of Victoria offered them for sale; it is the field-book formerly belonging to the pioneer surveyor of Port Phillip, Mr. John H. Wedge, and contains the notes from which was compiled his first report as to the result of his survey. Many of the entries are written over in ink, the contents of the volume having been all originally made in pencil. Some of the pages are devoted to a journal, and the present site of our great city is mentioned as a "fine, rich grassy country, intersected by valleys with gums, sheoak and wattle-trees!" The entry bears the date of 2nd September, 1835. Several sketches are in the book, which is perfectly preserved, and is about one inch in thickness, seven in length, and three in width.

The Zoological and Acclimatisation Society are successfully importing constant fresh stock. An English pelican attracts much notice, as do three beautiful demoiselle cranes. A pair of Himalaya goats, another of badgers, ten English squirrels, two macaws, and a pair of American curassoes, have all arrived very lately, and the family of tiger-cubs, now about six weeks or two months old, are a source of unvarying delight to all young visitors to the Gardens.

The Victorian Poultry and Dog Society announce their intention of holding a grand Intercolonial Show of Poultry, Dogs, Pigeons, Canaries, Cats, etc., etc., in the Exhibition Building, from the 26th to the 29th instant. The great interest that manifests itself in all the undertakings of this society is worthy of the cause—love for domestic pets—that is inculcated by the holding of such shows.



C H E S S.

By G. H. D. GOSSIP,

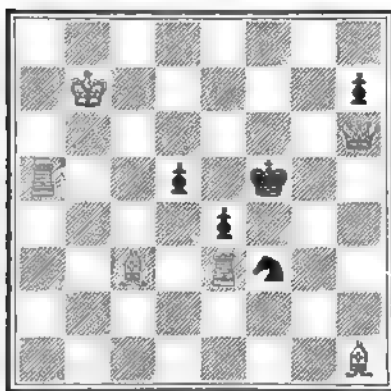
Author of "Theory of the Chess Openings," "The Chess Player's Manual," etc.

Solutions of Problems, applications for the
 "International Chess Magazine," and all
 communications on Chess should be addressed
 to the Chess Editor.

PROBLEM.

By J. THURSBY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

OUR GAMES WITH MINOR CHESS STARS.

(From the *Illustrated London News*).

The notes are by the late Mr. Staunton.

WHITE. (Mr. Gossip).	BLACK. (Mr. Wisker).
1 P to K 4	1 P to K 4
2 P to K B 4	2 P tk P
3 Kt to K B 3	3 P to K Kt 4
4 P to K R 4	4 P to Kt 5
5 Kt to K 5	5 Kt to K B 3*
6 B to Q B 4	6 P to Q 4
7 P tk P	7 B to Q 3
8 P to Q 4	8 Q to K 2
9 Q B tk P	9 Kt to K R 4
10 P to K Kt 3	10 P to K B 3
11 Q to K 2	11 Kt tk B
12 P tk Kt	12 P tk Kt
13 Q P tk P	13 B to Q B 4
14 P to K 6	

* Although Mr. Wisker publicly condemned this defence, yet, strange to say, he almost invariably adopted it.

White's centre pawns are certainly powerful, but whether sufficiently so to justify the sacrifice of the piece may be questioned.

14 P to K R 4
 15 B to Q 3
 16 Q to K 4
 17 P to K B 5
 18 Castles (Q R)
 19 Q R to K B sq
 20 Q to K 3
 21 Q to K Kt 5 ch

B to Q Kt 5 looks stronger.
 18 Kt to Q R 3
 19 Kt to Q B 4
 20 P to Q B 3
 A very good move. From this moment white appears to us to have the better game.

21 Q tk Q
 22 P to Q Kt 4
 23 Kt tk B ch
 24 P tk Q P
 25 Kt tk Q Kt P
 26 P to K 7
 27 P to B 6
 28 P to K Kt 6
 29 K to Q 2

And Black resigned.

The following extract from the May number of the *British Chess Magazine* (p. 175), which is conducted by the Rev. C. E. Ranken and the Rev. Professor Wayte, both men of high position as well as able players, shows how that impartial periodical not only condemns Mr. Zukertort's evasive and discourteous conduct, but that it now refuses to recognise his assumed title of "Dr.," which it had previously acknowledged -

"In the March number of the *Chess Monthly*, Mr. Zukertort inserted a paragraph expressing his readiness to play a match with Mr. Steinitz on either side of the Atlantic, and calling upon him, as he, Mr. Zukertort, declined entering into direct negotiations, to appoint a second, who might arrange with his own second the necessary preliminaries. The terms in which this tardy acceptance of Mr. Steinitz's 'repeated challenges' was couched were not free from provocation, and in the April number of the *International Magazine*, Mr. Steinitz, as might be expected, discusses the matter at full length, complaining of not having received a copy of the *Chess Monthly* containing Mr. Zukertort's message, and giving this as a reason for not having had time to appoint a second, which, however, he intends at once to do. Into the extraneous matters of the dispute between the two masters we do not intend to go, but we may say that we agree with Mr. Steinitz that Mr. Zukertort would have saved time had he at once named his second, and that he ought

in common courtesy to have sent a copy of the magazine containing his acceptance of the challenge of Mr. Steinitz to Mr. Steinitz himself, especially since it appears that the two champions have not established an exchange of their respective publications."

THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

As some misconception appears to exist as to the performances of Messrs. Steinitz and Zukertort, we give a *résumé* of their achievements:—In the London Tournament of 1872, Steinitz won the first prize, Zukertort only securing the third prize. They played two games in this tourney, Steinitz winning one, the other being drawn. In the Handicap Tourney they played five games, four being drawn, and Zukertort winning the fifth game, but neither of them gained a prize. They then played a match in 1872, which Steinitz won with ridiculous ease, winning seven games, and drawing four, whilst Zukertort only won one solitary game. In 1873 Steinitz won the first prize at the Vienna Tournament, but Zukertort did not play. Zukertort won the first prize in the Paris Tournament of 1878, but Steinitz did not compete. In the Vienna Tournament of 1882, Steinitz tied with Winawer for first and second prizes, whilst Zukertort only tied with MacKenzie for fourth and fifth prizes. In the London Tournament of 1883, each won a game of the other, and Zukertort won the first prize, Steinitz being second. Thus Steinitz has won the first prize in two International tournaments, and *tied for the first prize in another*; whilst Zukertort has only won the first prize in two International tournaments, *and been fifth in another*. Steinitz has beaten Zukertort in a set match and in the total score of personal encounters Steinitz is five games ahead of Zukertort, *thus both in Tournament and Match play Steinitz has shown himself to be the better player*. Yet the editor of the *Melbourne University Review* styles Zukertort the Chess Champion of the world.

We extract the following paragraph from the April number of the *International Chess Magazine*:—

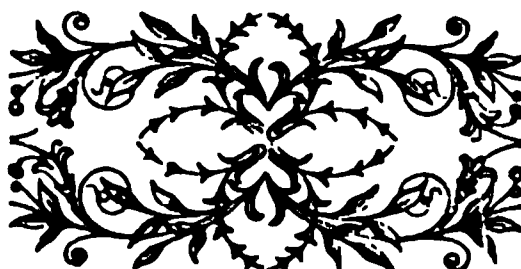
"Long before the London Tournament I had unfortunately discovered, after most conscientious enquiry, that the Doctor champion had been at all times, even in 1872, more of a champion than he ever was of a doctor, and Zukertort, who did not appreciate the compliment, professed to treat the discovery as an invention. But when Zukertort was doctored all round, and his big title cropped up impudently, first of all in small type, and then frequently in large letters in the very paper I had edited, I thought it a reflection on my veracity and a suggestion of envy on my part, and on taking up again chess criticism as correspondent of *Turf, Field, and Farm*, I offered an explanation, which I gave as delicately as I possibly could under the circumstances, but of course in strict accordance with the truth. Since then, however, the clerical *fou** of the *Sporting and Dramatic News* in London has openly or rather cynically admitted 'that the title of doctor was assigned or rather "restored" to Zukertort by English friends,'† or in other words that it was manufactured in England for certain personal purposes."

"I shall enter a respectful protest against the assumption of the 'Dr.' title by Zukertort, on the ground that it contradicts a statement I have publicly made. I am, however, prepared to offer a *public and unqualified apology* to Dr. Zukertort if he will produce his diploma to a tribunal of gentlemen, and give satisfactory reasons why his 'Dr.' title did not appear in the official lists in six international tournaments, in which he participated, viz., those of London, 1872; Leipzig, 1877; Paris, 1878; Berlin, 1881; and Vienna, 1882; while such a prefix was officially given to some of his fellow competitors, like Doctors Schwede, Knorre, Schmidt, Meitner, etc."

Yet the *Melbourne University Review* still maintains that the prefix "Dr." before Zukertort's name has never been proved a "sham," and accuses Mr. Steinitz of "disgraceful mud slinging," because he has very properly unmasked several conceited chess impostors.

* *Mars* (MacDonnell).

† Such an explanation may be suited to the capacity of the readers of the *Sporting and Dramatic News* but no sane person would for a moment be misled by such nonsense.



A FEW CANDID FACTS.

Every careful observer who has sought to keep pace with the march of events, has noted the alarming increase of certain peculiar physical troubles within the past few years. These troubles have come at unexpected moments and in a most treacherous way. They have manifested themselves in innumerable forms, but they have always had the same cause. They have not afflicted the minor parts of the body, but have gone direct to the strongholds of the system, and their work has usually been as prompt as it is fatal. Their treacherous and deceptive nature has often prevented a careful analysis of what causes them, and, as a result, intense suffering and final disaster have usually ensued. The real cause, however, has been a derangement of the kidneys, and all of these troubles are, in fact, the first symptoms of the terrible Bright's disease, which has cast its dark shadow over so many homes in the land and is increasing wonderfully and continually. It is now conceded by the ablest physicians in every land, and by eminent scientists the world over, that this disease is the result of blood poisoning. This poisoning is brought about by wasted and unhealthy kidneys that permit the poison to remain in the blood, instead of throwing it from the system. To purify a stream we must go to its source, and to cure a disease we must *remove the cause*. It being true that nine-tenths of all human ailments are caused by diseased kidneys or liver, the only certain way to cure these troubles is by treating the organs which cause them. How intimately the kidneys are associated with the entire system may be understood from the fact that over 1,000 ounces of blood pass through them every hour, being more than 200 gallons, or nearly one ton in the course of twenty-four hours. This vast mass of living fluid is sent to every part of the body, and if the kidneys are diseased the impurities that are in the blood are not removed, and hence pass through the veins, carrying disease in some one of its many terrible forms. The horrors which accompany most of the diseases caused by disordered kidneys and liver cannot be described in print, while the dangers surrounding them are even greater than the agony. And yet a person may be troubled for months without knowing the cause of the diseases that have attacked him. Some of the symptoms of the first stages, any one of which

indicates disordered kidneys or liver, are these: Pains in the back and around the loins, severe headaches, dizziness, inflamed eyes, a coated tongue and a dry mouth, loss of appetite, chilly sensations, indigestion (the stomach never is in order when the kidneys or liver are deranged), a dryness of the skin, nervousness, night sweats, muscular debility, despondency, a tired feeling, especially at night, puffing or bloating under the eyes, etc.

The above are a few of the hundreds of symptoms which indicate the beginning of aggravated cases of kidney or liver difficulties, and they require instant attention. If these symptoms are not checked at once, they are almost certain to result in some one of the many terrible diseases of the kidneys. But unpleasant as all the symptoms and even these diseases may be, they are as nothing compared to the last stages of the complaints.

There is but one known remedy that has ever been able to cure serious kidney troubles or control these great organs when once deranged, and that remedy is Warner's Safe Cure. The test of merit is in what has been accomplished, and knowing of cures almost numberless in England, Canada, and the United States, many of them chronic and given up as incurable, makes us bold to say in all sincerity that for all diseases of the kidneys, liver, and urinary organs, Warner's Safe Cure stands alone; not only in point of excellence, but in the wonderful results it has achieved.

Warner's Safe Cure is put up in dark amber glass bottles, with a Safe (the trade mark) blown in the back. A private promissory note bearing the firm's signature is affixed to the neck, and covers the top of the cork, and is of a light brown colour. If this stamp is not found on every bottle of the Safe Cure, or if there is any evidence that it has been tampered with, and if a safe is not blown on the back of the bottle, reject the bottle at once, and insist on having a genuine one.

The price of the Safe Remedies is as follows:—Warner's Safe Cure, 5s. per bottle; Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure, 5s. per bottle; Warner's Safe Pills, 1s. 1½d. per vial. If your Chemist does not keep these Safe Remedies and *will not* order them, by addressing H. H. Warner, & Co., 147 Little Lonsdale Street West, Melbourne, Australia, the same will be sent you by express.—[ADVT.]

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, *March 14th, 1885.*

Once a Month, an Australian magazine, has the merit of savouring of the soil. Everything is really indigenous, from an interesting sketch of the Premier of New South Wales to a description of Christmas in the bush, and a rough, hearty ballad on sheep-shearing.

THE BOOKSELLER (London), *March 5th, 1885.*

Once a Month.—The first number of the second volume of an Australian Magazine, published in Melbourne by Messrs. Wm. Inglis and Co. Its leading article is a biographical sketch of the Hon. James Service, the Premier of Victoria, accompanied by a lithographic portrait. The fiction provided for the entertainment of its readers seems of excellent quality, and the general tone of its articles quite equal to that of its contemporaries this side of the equator. Many of its articles are illustrated either by lithographs or engravings.

PUBLISHERS CIRCULAR (London), *April 15th, 1885.*

From Messrs. W. Inglis and Co., Melbourne.—Although we are usually able to notice the magazines immediately after publication, an exception must be *Once a Month* which hails from the Antipodes. The part dated the 15th of December, 1884, is now before us, showing a pleasant collection of matter, including some very fair Christmas stories.

THE ARGUS, *March 23.*

* * * * The miscellaneous contents of the magazine are varied and interesting.

AGE, *June 15th, 1885.*

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Wm. Inglis and Co., *Once a Month* for June. It contains a biographical sketch of Mr. Adye Douglas, Premier and Chief Secretary of Tasmania; an article entitled "Sounds and Sandflies," by "J.H.," descriptive of the West Coast Sounds of New Zealand; the commencement of a series of articles on the Old English Opera; the continuation of the serial stories—Jacobi's Wife, By Sea and Lake, and Mary Marston; and a selection of instructive and entertaining matter. The illustrations comprise a portrait of Mr. Adye Douglas, and views in the West Coast Sounds and in Southern Tasmania. The whole is produced in excellent style.

DAILY TELEGRAPH, *June 13th, 1885.*

We have received the June number of *Once a Month*, which fully maintains the high reputation which this magazine has achieved. A portrait is given of the Hon. Mr. Douglas, the Tasmanian Premier, with a sketch of his life. The general contents of the magazine are varied and interesting.

LEADER, *June 20th, 1885.*

Once a Month for June (W. Inglis and Co.) contains a good likeness of Mr. Adye Douglas, Premier and Chief Secretary of Tasmania, with a brief sketch of his public career. There is also an illustrated article on Southern Tasmania, with the usual liberal supply of novelette matter, which for the most part is thoroughly readable.

[illegible]

Figure 6

The figure consists of seven vertically stacked scatter plots. Each plot has a y-axis labeled 'Percentage of Women Who Are Employed' ranging from 0 to 100 in increments of 20. The x-axis is labeled 'Number of Children per Woman at Birth' ranging from 0 to 8 in increments of 1. The data points are represented by small black squares. The plots show a general downward trend, indicating that as the number of children increases, the percentage of women who are employed tends to decrease.

THE HON. GRAHAM BERRY M.L.A.



THE HON GRAHAM BERRY M.L.A.
CHIEF SECRETARY OF VICTORIA

FROM A PHOTO. BY GROUZELLE.

ONCE A MONTH.

No. III.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1885.

VOL. III.

GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. X.

THE HON. GRAHAM BERRY

CHIEF SECRETARY OF VICTORIA.

By E. C. MARTIN.

The writing of a biographical notice of the career of any eminent politician involves, to a considerable extent, the writing of fragments of the history of the country on which such a man has made his mark. It has been the fashion hitherto to write history under the reigns of the kings and queens who have governed during the epochs taken by the historian for retrospective review. In the future, it is more than probable, historians will take the several successive administrations as the landmarks of their national records. A man who has sufficient force of character and energy to achieve such a position as the head of an administration—that is a maker of history—attains a place in the annals of his country of which he may well feel proud. Young as Victoria is she has produced a number of able and patriotic men, whose names are indelibly associated with the history of the colony. On this roll the name of Graham Berry will hold a prominent, if not pre-eminent, place.

The subject of our sketch was born at Twickenham, near London, on the 28th August, 1822, and educated at Chelsea. He left England for Victoria in 1852, but went home in 1856, returning to this colony in the following year. In 1860 he bought the *Collingwood Observer*. Mr. Berry's advent into the political arena was made at a bound, and in a manner as surprising to himself as to many of his friends. Mr. Patrick O'Brien and the late Hon. E. Cohen were candidates for a vacant seat for East Melbourne, and while the election was proceeding the Governor granted a dissolution to the late Hon. Richard Heales. In order to avoid the cost of two contested elections—the one following the other—the two contending candidates agreed that some person out of the colony should be nominated for the vacant seat in the expiring Parliament. The intended bogus election was converted into a reality. Mr. Berry was proposed, was elected by a

show of hands, and took his seat in the House on the same day. It should be here explained that this course was possible under the law as it then stood. Representatives were elected in this primitive fashion—viz., by a show of hands, and only if the result was challenged a poll took place. In the election of 1861, which followed immediately after the last-named event, Mr. Berry stood and was returned for Collingwood, though he was opposed by Mr. Edward Langton, who was then the pride and champion of the free-trade party. This contest was an open duel between the two parties, Mr. Berry appearing as a protectionist candidate, whilst Mr. Langton adopted the opposite principle as his war cry. The Parliament elected in 1861 lasted three years, and Mr. Berry was again returned. The highest courage, the courage to withstand invective and sarcasm, was required by those who ventured to suggest that there could be any wisdom in departing from the doctrine of free-trade. But Mr. Berry, and a band of others equally undaunted, kept alive and encouraged the growing protectionist party.

True to his professions, he supported the McCulloch government in their proposed tariff changes. He also supported them in the steps they took in tacking the tariff to the Appropriation Bill. But when, during the historical "dead-lock," the Government resorted to the project of obtaining money from the Treasury by what is known as the "Confession of Judgments," he opposed them, considering that their tactics involved a change of front and a virtual abandonment of the firm stand they professed to have taken in opposition to the Council. Public opinion, however, was with the Government, and when at the subsequent general election Mr. Berry stood for the Murray Boroughs, and for Collingwood, he was defeated in both constituencies.

In 1866 Mr. Berry, in conjunction with others, purchased the *Geelong Register*, and went to reside at Geelong. In 1868 he stood for Geelong West, and was returned for that electorate in opposition to Mr. De Bruce Johnstone. In 1870 he accepted office as Treasurer,

under Mr. Macpherson, then Chief Secretary. His return as a Minister was strenuously opposed, but he was successful in his candidature, and shortly after his return he made his first budget speech. At the General Election in 1871 Mr. Berry was again returned for Geelong West, and soon afterwards took office under Mr. Charles Gavan (now Sir Charles Gavan) Duffy, as Treasurer and Commissioner of Customs. True to his former professions, he extended the principle of Protection, introducing the 20 per cent. *ad valorem* duties. This was the first introduction of effective Protection as a system, and from that date to the present time the policy has prevailed, though changes have been made in the tariff. The effect has been an extraordinary expansion, in all directions, of the manufacturing resources of the colony.

In 1872 Mr. Berry retired from office, in conjunction with his colleagues. The Government was beaten by a small majority, and the Governor, Viscount Canterbury, refusing a dissolution, the Cabinet resigned. In 1874 he was again returned for Geelong West. In August, 1875, after the resignation of Mr. Kerferd, Mr. Berry was sent for, and assumed office as Chief Secretary and Treasurer. As head of the Government the Chief Secretary propounded the Land Tax as the main feature of his policy. He was returned as Minister, but was strenuously opposed in the House. Sir James McCulloch, after some delay, was elected leader of the two main sections of the Opposition, and after the junction was effected the Berry Government was defeated. A dissolution was asked for and refused. Sir James McCulloch, as a matter of course, assumed office.

Considering that the Governor had acted in an unconstitutional manner in refusing a dissolution, and having every possible assurance that the country was with him, Mr. Berry intimated to the head of the Government that he would use the forms of the House to force on a dissolution. Organising his party into a compact body, he proceeded to carry out his threat. But even in this extreme course, the leader of the

Opposition studiously and persistently informed the Government that his only object was to make an appeal to the country, and that he and his party would abide by its decision, whatever that might be. This the Government refused to do. Those were the days of "Stonewalling;" and of the "Iron Hand"—a new standing order, enabling the House, on the motion of any member, to put a summary end to any debate, by resolving that "the question be now put." This new standing order was carried after a continuous sitting, extending over two days and three nights, and was frequently applied during the session. Notwithstanding petitions from all parts of the country, a dissolution was refused, and the McCulloch Government remained in office to the end of that Parliament.

But in the meantime Mr. Berry was not idle. He organised Reform Leagues in every hamlet and town of Victoria. As President of the Central League, he addressed meetings throughout the country, hardly leaving a single district unvisited. He and his party were convinced that the electors had been with them from the time when he proclaimed a land tax as the central feature of his policy. When the election of 1877 came, the excitement had been worked up to fever heat, and a more conclusive defeat than that inflicted on Sir James McCulloch on the 11th of May was never recorded in any previous or subsequent election. "The victory," as Mr. Berry put it, "was all along the line." Sir James not only tendered the resignation of his Government, but resigned his seat, and Mr. Berry found himself at the head of sixty supporters in Parliament.

As might have been expected, the new Parliament continued for the allotted three years. During this eventful period important measures were placed upon the Statute Book, but this Parliament was chiefly memorable from the contests which took place between the two Houses of Parliament. The Council passed, with evident reluctance, the Land Tax Bill, electing to fight the Assembly on Payment of Members, to which Mr. Berry and the Government were pledged. This gave rise to the famous dead-lock of 1877-8, which was

caused by the Council rejecting the Annual Appropriation Bill, which contained the item known as Payment of Members. This stoppage of supply caused serious inconvenience, and one of the incidents of the constitutional struggle was the dispensing with the services of some of the heads of departments and others by the Government. The contest was ultimately closed by the Council accepting Payment of Members in a separate Bill, and for a definite period.

Mr. Berry also made a trip to England, accompanied by Mr. C. H. Pearson, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the English Government would introduce into the English Parliament an Enabling Bill, so framed that any measure of reform, if twice passed by the Assembly and submitted to the Electors, should become law even if rejected by the Council. The English Government did not promise to introduce such a Bill to Parliament; but, by his able representations, Mr. Berry convinced Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and other members of the British Cabinet that dead-locks had been common in Victoria, that the machinery of the Constitution did not work without a great deal of friction and jarring, that these frequent conflicts were fraught with danger, and that some organic change was necessary. These representations resulted in the writing of a despatch by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, which had a marked effect on subsequent events. Without taking sides with either party, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach pointed out that the intervention of the Imperial Parliament would involve a reflection on the governing capacity of the colonists, and that the Imperial Government would be strongly averse to taking any step that would justify such an implication. At the same time he suggested "some reasonable measure of reform" should be agreed to. The despatch was couched in carefully-guarded terms, but it was easy to read between the lines the intimation that, if some "reasonable measure of reform" were not accepted, the Imperial Parliament would have to give some measure of relief or means of escape.

A great conflict of opinion on reform ensued, two general elections following quickly on each other. Mr. Berry retired from office in February, 1880, and Mr. Service assumed the reins of Government in March, and again retired in August, after the general election. In the same month Mr. Berry again assumed office, the election, though of Mr. Service's own choosing, going in Mr. Berry's favour. The session, under this gentleman's auspices, was a fairly productive one; but its great accomplishment was the passing of the Reform Bill of 1881 (June 27). This measure received the Royal assent on the 28th November. It cost the Government a vast amount of labour and anxiety. Several conferences were held between the two Houses, and the passing of the Bill may be regarded as a great achievement, because the opinions regarding the whole question of reform were so very conflicting. But though there had been no recess, and although the passage of the Bill had required unremitting care, Mr. Berry was not allowed to reap the fruits of what may be regarded as a well-earned victory. By the assistance of the Conservative party Sir Bryan O'Loughlen was placed in power. His Government was expected—perhaps by some intended—to live only for a few weeks; but by adroit management it continued in office for many months. After the defeat in the constituencies of the O'Loughlen cabinet, it became evident that neither the Conservatives nor the Liberals could hold the reins of Government single-handed. A coalition was inevitable. Mr. Service, with statesmanlike discernment, saw that it would be wise to make peace between the two great parties in the State, and he made an alliance with Mr. Berry, though he had immense difficulty in overcoming the prejudices and scruples of the extreme members of his party. The benefit of this alliance cannot yet be fully appreciated. It has caused a blending of the two extremes. Under the old divisions, prejudices were really hatreds. Proposals made from either side were regarded from the other with suspicion and distrust, and were not examined on their merits. To be an

adherent of either side was to be branded with a party name. The coalition has fused opposing elements, and has made a good compound metal. Whatever change may ultimately result, these old distinctions are wiped out. All suns must set; and when this constellation goes down it must be followed by another coalition. Under the light of such, it will be impossible to call old names, or revive old prejudices. Measures and men will have to be dealt with on their intrinsic merits. For this change the country has to thank Mr. Service and Mr. Berry, two of the most remarkable and successful politicians the country has produced.

Mr. Berry combines in his own person all the qualities requisite for a successful leader of a great party. A successful political leader must have the skill of a general, the craft of a diplomatist, and the faculty of managing other men. It is not only necessary to devise a plan of campaign, but it must be proposed and carried out with adroitness. In Parliament, not only does every minister think he carries a Premier's bâton in his portfolio, but he also regards himself as *de facto*, if not *de jure*, a leader. These gentlemen have to be considered, consulted, and persuaded. If a statesman had nothing more to do than to go straight to his purpose as a general does, the work of governing would be much more simple and easy. But in this difficult work Mr. Berry is an adept. He can rule without appearing to govern. He has never indulged in invectives or personalities. When subjected to a virulence and animosity that would have made other men ferocious, he has held his ground with calm dignity, courageous fortitude, and undaunted patience. But Mr. Berry's great forte lies in his clearness of vision and readiness in execution. From 1877 this faculty was displayed on many memorable occasions. Many men can write with power, if they have time and quietude, and many others can make effective speeches if they have opportunity for preparation. But to speak on the spur of the moment, and when the debate is red-hot, requires a touch of genius. Mr. Berry has the

faculty of listening to a debate as it proceeds. Without making a note he will mark every important part, and, at a late hour, he will rise to reply. In a well-digested speech he will answer every objection. Each answer, if not perfect, will be plausible and adroit, and in the end he will wind up with a peroration that pins the voters to their constituents, without the appearance of looking over the heads of

the representatives to the people represented. These speeches are masterpieces in their way. They have extorted the admiration and praise of Mr. Murray Smith, who is not easily moved. They have been called his "rallying speeches," and rightly too; for they have turned many a doubtful debate, and converted many a threatened defeat into a victory for his party.

THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT GO TO BED.

You may think him a dunce,
But he begged that for once
He might sit up all night, or as long as he pleased.
The nurse was in tears,
With her murmured "My dears!"
But only the louder and faster he teased.
Overhearing the din,
His father came in,
"Wish to sit up all night, John?" he thoughtfully cried;
"You shall have your request
Till you've learned we know best.
Nurse can go. I will stay at this naughty boy's side."
When two hours had passed,
John grew sleepy at last,
And so tired that he feared he would fall from his chair;
But, attempting to go,
Heard his father's stern "No!"
Keep your seat at the table. Your place, sir, is there."
Oh! how slow ticks the clock,
With its "dickory dock,"
(For his father insists he should keep wide awake),
Till quite humbly he said:
"May I please go to bed?"
I've found you were right, and I made a mistake."
His father said "Yes;"
And now you can guess
If ever that boy did the same thing again.
No sermon could preach,
No punishment teach,
A lesson more clearly than he learned it then.
Now, boys, when you're told
That it's bed-time, don't scold,
And say that you feel just like keeping awake;
Sitting up all the night
Isn't such a delight.
Just try it for once, and you'll own your mistake.

—*Sophie E. Eastman.*

JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

CHAPTER XXI.

"THE LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE."

"But I cannot believe that Clarice is happy," Merle said to her husband. "She has never mentioned Mr. Jacobi to me in her letters."

"Probably she did not like to speak to you about her—her change of mind," said Gilbert, looking away from his wife.

It was afternoon. Gilbert and Merle had been idly watching the busy steamboats plying up and down the river from their windows; and they had fallen into desultory talk concerning the news they had received the previous evening. Merle would have avoided the subject; she felt that she had spoken rashly before, although she scarcely knew how or why, and that her husband had been angry with her; but she soon saw that Gilbert wished to refer to it; he made one or two indirect allusions to the approaching marriage; and at last she spoke out frankly, and said that she did not think that the present arrangement was for Clarice's happiness.

"You mean that she does not care for Nigel Tremaine any longer?" she asked, after Gilbert's remark about Clarice's change of mind. "I know you do not like to hear me say so, Gilbert, but I think you are mistaken. The change must be very recent if it has come at all."

Very recent, indeed! Few knew better than Gilbert how recent that change must have been! His mind went back to the scene in the library, when he had read Clarice's appeal to Geoffrey (addressed, as everybody was well aware, to Nigel as well as to Geoffrey), when he himself had refused to help her in her rebellion against the

confederates, who seemed to be crushing out her very life and soul. How could Gilbert breathe a word of the truth in Merle's ear? Merle's bright courage, Merle's sense of honour and duty, would be outraged beyond forgiveness could she know all that Gilbert could have told her. And yet she was the person whom he found most difficult to deceive. It was hard for him to look into her proud, innocent eyes and tell her a lie. Inwardly he raged against Jacobi for this additional cause of trouble and remorse. But for Jacobi, and his extraordinary knowledge of the Vanboroughs' concerns (however and wherever acquired), Gilbert felt as if his sin against Geoffrey would have been almost a venial one—that, at any rate, when Geoffrey was once out of England, it would have carried with it no consequences but those of accusing thoughts and a guilty conscience. These, it seemed to him, would have been bearable if unaccompanied by the haunting fear of detection, which bowed his neck under a yoke of subservience to the man who was able to expose him. That yoke was growing so heavy that he felt at times as if he must sooner or later throw it off and speak the truth. But Jacobi had promised to molest him no more if he were married to Clarice, and Gilbert had reason to wish Clarice married to anyone rather than to Nigel Tremaine. Since their boyish days, when Nigel had stood by Geoffrey through thick and thin, had cleared him of imputations which Gilbert's folly or carelessness or cowardice had thrown on his character, and then had told Gilbert very plainly what he

thought of his conduct. Gilbert had dreaded — almost hated — him. He trembled at the thought of Nigel's return to England, still more at the prospect of him as a brother-in-law. If Jacobi would marry Clarice and thenceforth consent to hold his tongue, Gilbert imagined that he might breathe freely. Geoffrey would not betray him now. He was enjoying his free, active life in South America; he had always been fond of hunting, shooting, and other country pleasures, Gilbert reflected, with a certain touch of artistic contempt (for he himself was no sportsman, and loved a London drawing-room far better than the hill-side or the covert); he was probably happier at Buenos Ayres than he had been even at Charnwood or Aldershot. Now that he was really so many hundred miles away, Gilbert began to refuse to acknowledge that there was any need for him to undo the past and call him back.

Occasionally, when Jacobi frightened him into some piece of craven obedience to his wishes, he felt himself to be a slave. Occasionally he looked into Merle's clear eyes and knew himself to be a villain and coward as well. As regarded Geoffrey, his conscience pricked him little. But was he to sacrifice his sister as well as his brother for the concealment of his own crime?

"The change may be recent," he said, slowly, in answer to Merle's asservation.

"When did I hear from Clarice?" she said. "Two months ago, perhaps; before you went to Charnwood. I have her letter here."

She rose and opened a desk where she kept papers, Gilbert looking on, wishing that she would not refer to Clarice's letters, yet not knowing how to prevent her. She came back to her seat beside him with the letter in her hand.

"I did not like to show you this letter when it came, but now I suppose it does not matter," she said, meditatively. "Of course, if Clarice has changed her mind she will not mean anything that she has written here." Then she read a few lines to herself. "You know we were rather

intimate, Gilbert," she said, a little anxiously. And then, with an earnest inflection of her voice: "It's just not possible. I'll never believe it."

"That is the pretty Scotch turn of phrase and accent which you use when you are excited," said Gilbert, with a faint attempt at amusement. "What is it that Clarice says?"

Merle read out with a very sober face a few lines of the letter.

"I heard from Geoffrey last week, but his letter was very short. Nigel does not seem to be coming home at present. I do not know what I should do if it were not for the message he sent me which I told you about. Do you think that men are ever as faithful as women? I fancy sometimes that it will be my fate to wait and wait for weary years and then find that he has forgotten all about me. But he told me to trust him, and I will—I do. I did not know before he went away how dearly I loved him. It is such a comfort to me, Merle, to think that I may speak to you about him still. But do not show this letter to anybody, please."

"I do not know whether I am doing right in reading it to you, Gilbert," said Merle, "But I think—perhaps you understand Clarice better than I do."

"Not I," said Gilbert. "She has consented, it seems, to marry Jacobi now, after all her rhodomontade about Nigel Tremaine. Women are unaccountable beings."

"They often have reasons for their actions of which you men know nothing," said Merle, with a look of sweet, saucy reproof in her eyes. "That is what you mean to say, I presume. Certainly two months ago Clarice was seriously and honestly in love with Nigel Tremaine, if her words are to be believed. And now she is engaged to Mr. Jacobi. Do you think, Gilbert—are you sure——"

"Well, dear?"

"You don't think Sir Wilfred would *make* her accept him whether she wished to do so or not?"

"Ridiculous little woman?" said Gilbert, laughing and half starting up. "As if my father could have any motive for making her accept a man like that! I must say I do not quite understand how Jacobi got round *him*!"

"You will go down to Charnwood and see, will you not, Gilbert?"

"No, my dear child, I shall do nothing of the kind. What good would it be? I should only be wasting my time. And there is 'Golden Gwendolen' to begin to-morrow. You will sit for it, will you not? I count upon your hair, Merle; 'hair such a wonder of flax and floss'—do you remember?"

"Ah—'Golden Gwendolen!'" said Merle, rather vaguely, moving away from him as he tried to put his arm round her. She was not disposed to talk about "Golden Gwendolen" just then. She would rather he had shown more consideration for his sister's fate.

"Sir Wilfred was never disposed to accept suggestions from his children," said Gilbert, lightly. "He would probably order me out of the house if I questioned the wisdom of his decisions. And really I am not disposed to go into the matter. If Clarice prefers Jacobi to Tremaine it is her own affair, not mine. I think I prefer Jacobi to Tremaine, too."

It was his first attempt at showing Merle that he did not altogether disapprove of the marriage. She raised her eyes to his for a moment, then dropped them, amazed, dissatisfied.

"I never liked Tremaine," he added, as if wishing to offer an excuse for his opinion.

"Of course I did not know much of him," said Merle, frankly, "but he seemed very pleasant and nice. And he must have been a faithful friend, Gilbert, when we think how he went abroad with—poor Geoffrey."

She lowered her voice as she said the words, fearing that they might displease her husband.

"I wish, Merle, you could let that subject drop," said Gilbert, with a movement of mingled pain and irritation. "I want neither Tremaine's name nor—that other—mentioned to me."

"Oh, Gilbert," she said, softly, "don't you think sometimes that you are hard upon Geoffrey? I am always so sorry for him—so sorry!"

The tears stood in her eyes as she laid her hand caressingly upon her husband's arm.

"One may be sorry for many things that one does not talk about," said Gilbert, almost roughly.

"Yes, but you were ill when it all happened, and I was never able to speak of the matter to anybody," she said, entreatingly. "I wanted so often to ask you one question, Gilbert, but I did not like to hurt you." Her arm stole round his neck, she rested her face on his shoulder, she tried to look into his averted eyes: "I know that Geoffrey did not try to see you before he left England, but, if he had tried, you would have seen him, would you not?"

Gilbert answered, after a little hesitation—

"No."

"Then you think—you believe he is guilty?"

"Has anyone been putting absurd ideas into your head?" said Gilbert, suddenly turning to her with a suspicious frown.

She shrank back a little.

"What ideas?" she said. "Nobody has been talking to me about it at all. But Clarice once said that Nigel Tremaine did not think that Geoffrey had been to blame, and that she was sure he knew best."

"A woman's logic!" said Gilbert, scornfully. "Of course the man with whom she fancied herself in love was in the right? Take a lesson from her, Merle. Accept my judgment, please, and that of my father, as regards Geoffrey Vanborough, and not your own, nor Clarice's, nor Nigel Tremaine's. If there was no other reason for objecting to Tremaine as a husband for Clarice, his behaviour about Geoffrey would be a sufficient one."

"You are sure you are right?" she said, in a wistful tone. "Don't be angry, Gilbert; of course it would be terrible to think of Geoffrey's going into exile from his home and friends if he were innocent, but think what a joy it would be to you all if he could come back!"

Gilbert's face turned very pale.

"Merle!" he said, then stopped, as though some thrill of pain had cut the words short. "Merle!" Then, with an effort to speak calmly, at which she wondered, he added—"Is it likely we

should have been all mistaken? For Heaven's sake, Merle, never speak in that way again. It is foolish and it is cruel."

He drew himself away from her with a gesture of pain and distress. "It is worse than cruel," he said, after a moment's pause. "It is unbecoming—almost indecent—that you should so continually set yourself in opposition to me. Can I not judge whether Geoffrey has done right or wrong? If I do not give you all the details of the case, and let *you* judge them, is it not because I do not wish to tell you all the—the—most painful truth? Perhaps you think that *I* was to blame—that *I* was the one who ought to have gone into exile and suffered the disgrace—not Geoffrey? If so, say it, and have done with it once for all."

Merle stood before him trembling. She was not frightened by this sudden outburst of passion except for his own sake: but she did fear that the excitement of it would bring on one of his attacks of pain and faintness. And she was shocked by his last words, which seemed to her to have no interpretation but such as the very madness of unreasonable anger could give. The knowledge that he was accusing her of unbelief in him, that he was speaking to her angrily and bitterly, telling her that her conduct was "unbecoming—almost indecent," sent the proud blood to her cheeks in a flame of crimson, and then drove it back to her heart so suddenly that it left her white as death. She murmured his name beseechingly; she had no words with which to deprecate his anger. But he, usually so gentle in his manner, would not now even look at her; he paused for a few moments, and then spoke again, still in the injured, wrathful tone.

"One would think by the way in which you question me that I was your enemy—not your husband? If you have wearied of me, if you suspect me of evil doing, I should at least like to know it. Are Geoffrey and Tremaine so much better men than I—so much more to you that you can take their word sooner than mine? I did not expect you to behave in this way to me; and the sooner you alter

your way of acting and thinking the better."

"Of what should I accuse you? Of what should I suspect you?" said Merle, with some scorn in her clear voice, although her lips quivered a little and her face took on an expression of trouble and pain. "I do not want to judge your actions. I have always trusted you. I hope that I always shall."

And then she turned away with her face proudly lifted and a strange light in her beautiful eyes. But she would not leave the room; she would not let Gilbert see how deeply she was wounded. She sat down to the piano, and began to play in a very clear and decided manner. She chose a difficult and elaborate fantasia, which she played with unusual accuracy and brilliance, as if to show that she was not at all concerned by what her husband had been saying; and in the midst of it, she knew that Gilbert rose, and left the room without making the slightest approach to overtures of peace.

Merle finished her fantasia with as much mechanical correctness as a musical-box; then dashed into a succession of spirited national airs, "Tullochgorum," "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," and "Wha Wadna Fecht for Charlie?"

From these wild notes, half warlike, half pathetic, she glided into softer strains, "The Flowers o' the Forest" brought tears to her eyes. She changed it to "Farewell to Lochaber," and repeated the words to herself by way of keeping the ache out of her throat, the smart from her resolute eyes. But how the wild woods, the blue hills wreathed in mist, the prattling mountain streams, rose up before her eyes as she played! She could almost distinguish the scent of the peat-smoke, and feel the soft heather beneath her feet. The clear sparkling air of the hillside blew on her cheeks. She had left behind her the noise, the din, the strife of London streets, the weariness and fret of dreary home, the bitter disappointment of an unrequited love. She would be a freehearted, happy girl once more, bounding over the purple moor with no companion but her great

staghound, singing old songs till the echoes rang again, light-footed as the deer in her own forests, untrammelled as the bird upon the wing. But no! she could never again be that! she had tasted of sorrow and of love, and the charm of the old free life would vanish even as the subtler delights of the new one seemed to be escaping. "Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more; We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more." Never, oh never, in spirit, to the Lochaber she had known; never to that Eden of her childhood, where grief was evanescent as a summer cloud, and no discontent so wintry but that it was made glorious by the sunshine of youth, and hope, and love.

While she was still thinking these thoughts, and letting the salt tears overflow her eyes and fall down her pale cheeks into her lap, she heard the door open and some one enter. She knew by the step that her husband had come back, but she dared not look around, lest in the fading daylight he should see the tears upon her face. Perhaps the tears were in the tune she played to. She was too nervous, too pre-occupied to change it.—"We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more." Did Gilbert think at all of the exile who might even now be dreaming of the home that he had left behind; of the hills and meadows of the fatherland to which he should return no more? Or did he only think of the young wife who felt so desolate and lonely in the great southern city to which he had carried her, and who played the songs of her own country in a strange land with a sick yearning for her own blue hills and mountain torrents, for the familiar speech of her kinsfolk and acquaintance, which nothing but his tenderest love and kindness could allay?

He laid his hand upon her shoulder, stooped down and kissed her forehead.

"Don't play 'Lochaber,' sweetheart," he said. "Sing me an English song. Let us have 'Golden Gwendolen,' once more."

Was this his way of asking forgiveness? She said nothing, but with trembling fingers began to do his bidding. But when she had sung, very faintly, the first line of the song for

which he had asked, her fortitude gave way. Her voice broke; she burst into tears, and hid her face in her hands.

Gilbert's arm was round her in a moment, his voice breathing tender words into her ear. They were reconciled at once. Neither of them cared to particularize either the offence given or hurt received; upon the subjects of Geoffrey's absence and Clarice's marriage both of them for some time kept strict silence. But Merle could not bear to sing "Golden Gwendolen" for long afterwards, although Gilbert's sketch for his new picture was made, and proceeded rapidly day by day.

It seemed to her almost as if a jarring chord had been struck, which was henceforth to echo throughout her married life, until all its peaceful harmonies were spoiled. Gilbert had accused her of distrust in him; the accusation implied, she thought, some little distrust in her. And when she examined her heart and conscience, she knew that she did not approve of all that Gilbert said and did. She knew that he was stern to Geoffrey, and neglectful of Clarice's welfare; that he was unloving to his father, and impatient of any family claims upon him; and she felt it hard that he had made it impossible for her to ask natural questions about his conduct, or to argue a point with him when she thought that he was wrong.

His accusations made her sensitively eager to avoid the slightest appearance of criticism upon any of his words or ways; she could not bear him to think that she judged his actions unfavourably, or suspected him of wrongdoing.

Was any suspicion of wrong-doing on his part really creeping into her mind? He was curiously moody at times; he would accuse himself in a vague way of unworthiness, with a depth of dejection which startled her healthy nature. Was it possible that a man could suffer from apparent remorse, doubt, despair, if he had not some unacknowledged sin upon his soul which bowed him to the earth.

Merle came at last to the conclusion that his delicate health made him unable to throw off the burden of his youthful follies in the way that a more

vigorous man would do. She was absolutely certain that he suffered in secret from some anxiety, some sorrow, which he would not impart to her. But there were many ways of accounting for this fact. "He is so sensitive," she thought to herself, "that he feels deeply what to other minds would be mere trifles; it is the penalty, I believe, that many a poet and artist pays for his susceptibility. I married a man of genius"—so she was pleased to say—"and I must not expect to find him made of such coarse clay as other men." Then she laughed a little at this expression, and wondered, in the midst of her tender admiration, how she could have grown so sentimental as to use it.

"I must not be exacting." This was the burden of her thoughts. "I must not look for attention and consideration when he is absorbed in his painting. I am afraid sometimes I do not quite appreciate him. But nobody could love him more."

And Merle, who was posing as a model for Golden Gwendolen, when those thoughts surged up in her mind like the waves of some tempestuous sea, raised her eyes and fixed them on her husband with such a look of love that he could not forbear to lay down his brushes and come to her side, to lift the veil of her golden hair, to kiss her sweet lips, and to tell her that Golden Gwendolen herself was not more tender or more beautiful than was she.

CHAPTER XXII.

BURNETT LYNN'S TESTIMONY.

"Is the mail in?" asked Geoffrey Vanborough, with a sort of eagerness in his usually lazy voice.

"It does not bring you much," Nigel Tremaine responded. "One letter only, while I have a budget!"

"One!" said Geoffrey, catching the envelope which his friend tossed to him. "One!" Not a Charnwood letter either. London postmark.

"A dun whom you forgot," said Tremaine, as he quickly perused his own letters from home.

Geoffrey, evidently convinced that the communication he had received

was not interesting, left it unopened at his side, and smoked a cigar with great placidity.

The room which they occupied was built, as are many of the houses in Buenos Ayres, in Moorish fashion. A fountain sprang from a marble basin in the midst of the paved floor; a light gallery ran round the upper parts of the walls, and striped siken curtains between the clustered pilasters screened the arched openings which afforded light and air. Such sunshine as was allowed to enter fell through coloured glass, and stained the marble floor with patches of rose-colour and violet, but for the most part the room was cool and shady, and the plashing of the fountain had an indescribable, soothing sound to the ears of a weary man.

Geoffrey Vanborough, tired with a long, hot ride which he had taken in the course of the day, was half disposed to drop off to sleep upon the cushions arranged like a divan beside the wall. It was near December, and the summer of the La Plata district was just beginning. The two friends were on the point of a change of plan. Geoffrey had gone through his training upon the *estancia* of a clever Scotchman, who had almost the largest grazing farm in the country, and Nigel was trying to induce him to purchase some land for himself, as the Tremaine money was always available, and Vanborough could repay it ("with compound interest if he chose," said Nigel) when his sheep farm began to be profitable. At present, however, Geoffrey was hesitating as to his future course, and had come with Tremaine to Buenos Ayres to consult a friend—this friend being the doctor whose acquaintance they had made on the Pampas, Oliver Burnett Lynn.

Nigel laid down his letters at last with a grave face, and stood looking into the marble basin of water at his feet for a few minutes before speaking.

"Geoffrey," he said at last, "my mother thinks I ought to go home."

Geoffrey's eyes opened immediately. He took the cigar out of his mouth and looked at his friend inquiringly, "Anything wrong?"

"Nothing wrong at home. But she thinks Clarice is ill."

"I was afraid so, as she has not written for the last two or three mails. Has Mrs. Tremaine seen her!"

"No," said Nigel, pulling his fair moustache reflectively. "She can't get admittance. And there seem to be some odd rumours afloat." He looked askance at Geoffrey, then smiled a little. "It is needless to say that I don't believe in rumours," he said. "But—has she mentioned her father's secretary to you?"

"You have seen all her letters," said Geoffrey, sitting up and throwing away his cigar. "She said once, I believe, that he had got a secretary, and she did not speak as if she liked him much. They've got a companion for her, too, whom she hates rather more than the secretary. What do you mean by 'rumours?'"

"Ask that of my mother, not of me." Nigel referred to his letter, and read a few words. "'I wish we could see poor dear Clarice. It seems very strange that she should be kept so much shut up and not allowed to go anywhere or see any of her old friends. Some rather odd rumours are getting into circulation about her, and the companions whom Sir Wilfred provides for her. I should not like a girl of mine to be thrown into constant intercourse with a man like that intolerable Mr. Jacobi, or whatever his name is, the secretary. I understand that the house-keeper, or companion (one can hardly call her a governess), is a lady-like person; but I have not met her. I think it would be well if you came home and looked into matters for yourself.'"

They were silent for a few minutes. Geoffrey spoke first, very quietly, but with a shade upon his face. "The next boat starts on Thursday," he said.

"Yes. I had better see after my berth this afternoon."

Nigel took up another letter as he spoke, and glanced over it. Both men looked profoundly grave. Now that their final separation was approaching, they felt how dear the companionship of each had grown to the other. But it was plain that Nigel must go some time, and his presence seemed to be needed at this conjuncture.

Suddenly an exclamation passed his lips. Vanborough looked up and saw that his brow was bent, his mouth set, as he continued to read his letter. Presently he folded it up and put it in his pocket.

"I see what the rumours are. Of the most improbable kind of course."

"What?"

"Simply that Clarice has gone out of her mind."

"Out of her mind! Impossible."

"I'll tell you what," said Nigel, moving up and down the room rather restlessly, "it is quite possible that she has got into a low, nervous state that unfits her for society, and that she cannot obtain the change and amusement that she requires. Of course your absence (and mine) will count for something with her. I fancied there was a depressed tone in her last letter. I almost wish I had started then. I've been a fool to stay away so long."

Geoffrey made no answer. He was thinking over the news he had received and of what Clarice's last letter contained.

"You have not opened your own letter yet," said Tremaine, after walking about the room a little longer. "It is just possible it might have some news in it."

"Not likely," said Geoffrey; but he picked up the letter and opened it.

The envelope was a thin, common-looking one; the paper was of the cheapest and flimsiest kind. A few lines in the centre of the page seemed at first sight to be roughly printed there; but further examination showed that a typograph, or writing machine, had been used. And the words ran as follows:—

"To Mr. Geoffrey Vanborough.

"Why do you stay so long out of England? Why do you leave Clarice to the mercy of a man like Constantine Jacobi, who is now acting as your father's secretary? He means to marry her in the spring; he has Sir Wilfred's and Gilbert's willing consent, and hers too; but I can prove to you that his wife, whom he deserted seven years ago, is still living. Gilbert cannot and will not interfere—he is in Jacobi's power. Come back at once. You will not be harmed about the cheque,

and your presence is absolutely necessary. Don't let Mr. Tremaine come alone ; he will do no good without you. Clarice is not mad, as they say, but she is breaking her heart.

"ONE WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT."

Geoffrey dashed the paper down with something very like an oath. His face was white with rage. He could not speak intelligibly, but he pointed to the letter with a gesture which justified Nigel in taking it up and examining it.

He read it through twice without a word. Then he looked at the envelope, at the address (which was in ordinary writing), then at the letter again. By this time Geoffrey, who had been pacing up and down the room with an amount of heat and anger very unusual in him, was ready to stop and look into his friend's face.

"Well?" he said, impatiently.

Nigel's face was slightly flushed, but unruffled. He even laughed a little as he met Geoffrey's eager eyes.

"Well?" he repeated. "What do you suppose I am likely to say to an impudent lie of that kind?"

His words were perhaps strong, but they were uttered with the most perfect tranquility. He took out a cigarette and lighted it with deliberate indifference, which would have deceived anybody but Geoffrey. Perhaps Geoffrey only would have noticed that his hand was slightly—very slightly—unsteady, and knew that this coolness of demeanour was the result of self-control, and not of insensibility.

"Who can have written it?" said Geoffrey.

"That I can't tell. You are more likely to know than I."

"I don't know in the least."

"Gilbert?" said Nigel, quietly.

Geoffrey shook his head.

"He would not want me to come home."

"True. But—if there is any truth in it—he might want to save Clarice. He *might*. I don't know that he would."

"Impossible," said Geoffrey, with some agitation. "How could he allow a pretended marriage to take place if he were certain that this man's wife were living? And how could he know what

is sure to be a carefully-guarded secret? The letter says the man has Gilbert's consent as well as Sir Wilfred's——"

He hesitated.

"And here," said Nigel. "That assertion stamps the whole statement as a lie, in my opinion. 'Willing consent,' indeed!"

"I don't know," said Geoffrey. "I think Clarice is of a yielding nature."

"Oh, yes, she has the family weakness," said Nigel, with a faint smile. "I am quite aware that she does not always know how to hold her own. Her consent might be wrung from her by threats and entreaties, but her *willing* consent? Bah! If you don't know your sister better than that, I am sorry for you, Geoffrey."

He shrugged his shoulders and went on smoking his cigar.

"What shall we do?" said Vanborough presently.

"You can do nothing but write letters, which will probably not be read," said Nigel, coolly. "I would advise you to write to Gilbert, however ; you can surely use *some* argument that will tell? What, you won't? Well, write to your father, then, and to Clarice, and to old Pangelly your solicitor, and to—yes, to Ambrose, the doctor. Write to the Darents, too. And, of course, I shall get to Charnwood almost as soon as the letters themselves."

"I think," said Geoffrey, "I had better go with you."

"Go with me? I hope you will do nothing of the kind."

"I think I must. If the letter is written by a person who really knows what is going on—and no person ignorant of the family affairs could have written it—I ought to pay some attention——"

"Attention, yes!" said Nigel, almost sharply. "But you need not break your word to Sir Wilfred and run your head into the lion's mouth for an anonymous letter! Why, good heavens, man! suppose he prosecutes!"

"I don't think he will. And we could arrange an escape in case of need," said Geoffrey, with a melancholy smile. "It seems to me that if Gilbert will not act in the matter, I must. Taken in conjunction with your letters

from home, and with that allusion to my own difficulties, I do not think it can be a hoax. If things go smoothly I can come back by the next boat. And I never gave an unconditional promise to Sir Wilfred that I would remain out of England."

"I expect that the letter will turn out a lie from beginning to end. And what a fool you will look coming over to England, and running such a risk, for so slight a reason."

"Who talks of going to England?" said another voice, with a slight American accent, and Doctor Burnett Lynn's dark, thin face appeared in the doorway. "Not Vanborough?"

"Look here," said Geoffrey, taking the paper out of Nigel's hands. "You know enough of our history to understand the drift of this. Tell us whether you think it is genuine or not."

Burnett Lynn, as he was invariably called, cast his eye over the writing with an inquiring lift of his eyebrows. He read it twice before he spoke, just as Nigel had done.

"I seem to have dropped into a melodrama," he said, turning a half sarcastic glance upon Nigel, who returned it with a smiling gleam of his cool, blue eyes. "Remember you didn't take me into your confidence. You're the hero and lover of this piece I guess?"

Nigel bowed.

"And you—what are you? The virtuous brother—walking gentleman. The father—the heavy father—seems to live in England. The heroine is his daughter. And now the villain has appeared upon the scene. What part do you wish me to play?"

"The apothecary, after 'Romeo and Juliet,'" said Tremaine.

"Not the 'starving apothecary,' I trust. No, I seem to be cut out by nature for the hero's confidential friend. Well, I'm ready to give advice. What kind do you want?"

He spoke lightly enough, but there was an expression of keen interest in his hard, clearly cut face, as he turned it towards Geoffrey, who had seated himself and looked almost unconscious of the doctor's banter. Vanborough's heavy-lidded brown eyes were thoughtfully fixed on the fountain before him ;

he was pulling the brown beard that he had grown since he came to South America in an abstracted, meditative way. Opposite to him Nigel Tremaine leaned against the stone wall with arms crossed and watchful eyes bent upon his friend. Between the two stood the doctor, vivacious, sharp, satirical, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his hat still upon his head, his white linen suit looking delightfully cool and easy in the hot afternoon, when even fountain and shaded room could not keep down a European's temperature.

"Do you think that letter is genuine?" said Nigel, as Vanborough did not speak.

"Is it easy for me to judge when I do not know the facts? Are the statements true?"

"Some of them may be."

"Which, for example?"

"We are in your own position," said Vanborough, looking up. "We also do not know the facts. We hear that my sister is ill—out of her mind, it is said ; we cannot tell whether it is true. We do not know that she has given her consent to this engagement or not."

"I wish you would speak for yourself and not for me," said Nigel, suddenly. The doctor shot a sudden humorous glance at him, but Vanborough went on unmoved.

"Of course we know nothing of this Jacobi, except that he has established himself at Charnwood as my father's secretary during the last ten or twelve months. He may have a wife living, or he may not ; we have no grounds upon which to accuse him. We only know that it is not so long ago since my sister was engaged to my friend Tremaine ; and we do not think it likely that she has changed her mind."

"Why has he a hold on your brother?" said Burnett Lynn, looking at the letter in his hand.

"I don't know."

"And what is the cheque?"

Geoffrey hesitated. His cheek flushed through its sunburnt hue as he finally answered—

"I told you once—partly—why I left England. It was a matter concerning a cheque. You will excuse my not going into details. It was simply a family matter."

"Just so. I did not mean to ask indiscreet questions. Then the letter is either a tissue of falsehoods, or a collection of very startling facts. And you don't exactly know which."

"We rather incline," said Nigel, "to the theory of its being a tissue of falsehoods."

"Naturally you do," said Burnett Lynn, with the faintest possible trace of a stress upon the personal pronoun. "Is that all you can tell me?"

"All."

"Then allow me to ask a question or two. This man's name is Constantine Jacobi, I see. Have you ever received any description of him? any account of his nationality?"

"No. I think he is a Spaniard," said Geoffrey, doubtfully.

"When did he first appear at your home—Charnwood?"

"About last February or March."

The doctor deliberated. "Yes, the time would fit," he said, thoughtfully.

"What do you mean?"

"Wait a minute. It seems to me that I am going to figure in your melodrama as a sort of *deus ex machina*, after all. I knew a man once, called Constantine Jacobi, under rather peculiar circumstances."

And then Oliver Burnett Lynn gave his hearers a concise account of a certain shipwreck off the North American coast, when Constantine Jacobi had saved himself and deserted his wife and child, a written account of which is prefixed to the present story, just as he, long afterwards, wrote it down in an amplified form at a friend's request. It is needless to say that he gave no hint, in his present account, of the relations he had had with Jacobi's wife; he said merely that he had seen her seven years ago; and that every Christmas he received a line or two from an eminent firm of solicitors in New York informing him, "at a client's request," that Madalena Jacobi was alive and well.

"Now," he said, "I'm going to speak of what will seem to you a different subject altogether. You remember when I saw you first?"

"Yes—when Tremaine was wounded."

"You remember that you told me the story of Vallor's attack upon Tre-

maine? I remarked to you then that I had known a disreputable man of that name. But I did not then tell you that the Vallor I knew went under the name of Constantine Jacobi. You may also remember that Vallor declared that he was the brother of the man who married Madalena, and that she had certainly perished in the wreck. Now we know that she had *not* perished in the wreck. And the fact that a man calling himself Constantine Jacobi has turned up at Charnwood, looks to me as if he were the Constantine Vallor who deserted his wife upon the wreck, and who, I am convinced (though I cannot be sure) was the very Sebastian Vallor who tried to rob and murder our friend Tremaine."

He ceased. Vanborough and Tremaine were looking at each other. Geoffrey's face was reddened with anger; his eyes seemed to shoot fire as he spoke—for he was the first to find his voice.

"If that is the fellow who is trying to marry my sister, I'll shoot him down as I would a dog."

"No," said Nigel, very quietly. "You'll leave him to me, if you please."

His face, on the contrary, had grown pale, but there was a vein upon his forehead that scarcely showed except in moments of strong excitement; it stood out like a knotted cord. His eyes were no longer blue; they looked black in the shadow of his bent brows. Burnett Lynn glanced at him, and pronounced him, in his own mind, far more "dangerous" than Geoffrey Vanborough. He had the look of a man who would never relent, and never forgive.

"Well," said the doctor, after a little silence, during which he had turned away and let the two friends compose themselves (when he looked round again Nigel was standing with his hand on Geoffrey's shoulder, and Geoffrey was sitting with his chin upon his hands and an ugly frown on his forehead). "I have given you a weapon, if you know how to use it. Go to England and identify him."

"You couldn't identify him, you know, old fellow," said Geoffrey, quite gently, although his face did not relax. "You never saw Vallor face to face."

"But *you* could?" said Burnett Lynn.

"Yes, *I* could," said Geoffrey. Then, to Tremaine again, in the same reasonable tones—"I must go myself, you see, Nigel."

"I suppose *you* could not come to England just now?" said Nigel, addressing himself to Burnett Lynn. "You know neither of us can identify him as the Jacobi of the shipwreck. But you might do that."

"Can't leave under a month," said the doctor. "If it's necessary, I would come then. But it won't be necessary. Vanborough will see whether he is the Vallor who attacked you, and will denounce him to Sir Wilfred. There will then surely be no question about the marriage."

"My father will hardly accept my testimony," said Geoffrey.

"But the clergyman will," said Burnett Lynn, practically. "If there is no other way you must take the bull by the horns, and stop the wedding.

Say there is an impediment. I'll make a statement and have it witnessed before a magistrate, if you like, and send it with you. "They'll accept documentary evidence, of course. And I'll write to those New York lawyers, and tell them to communicate, if possible, with Madame Jacobi, wherever she may be. You can at any rate delay the marriage in this way; and if you find the evidence insufficient, wire to me, and I'll come per next steamer. I conclude that it isn't absolutely necessary for me to go now, is it?"

Tremaine hesitated, and looked at Vanborough. If Burnett Lynn would go Geoffrey might stay. And Nigel was uneasy about Geoffrey's going.

"It is not necessary," said Vanborough, firmly. "Thank you, Burnett Lynn. I should not be satisfied without going myself, Nigel. I'll run the risk. Now, let us go and secure our passages for Thursday."

(To be continued.)

FAREWELL.

When eyes are beaming
 What never tongue might tell,
 When tears are streaming
 From their crystal cell;
 When hands are linked that dread to part,
 And heart is met by throbbing heart;
 Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
 Of them that bid farewell!

When hope is chidden
 That fain of bliss would tell,
 And love forbidden
 In the breast to dwell;
 When fettered by a viewless chain,
 We turn and gaze, and turn again;
 Oh! death were mercy to the pain
 Of them that bid farewell!

—*Mirror.*

A TRAMP TO WATERLOO.

By J. HINGSTON.

As a matter of duty I had, once a year, to go visit an aunt who lived in a popular seaport on the Kentish coast. There were "expectations" in that quarter—not great ones, perhaps, but enough—as Mercutio said of his wound. Of my own instincts I should have neglected this yearly visit, which was after all a pilgrimage that proved to be quite unprofitable—for the purpose propounded. We are not always, however, able to follow our instincts, but have to listen to and be guided by those who teach us our duties. It was a "duty," therefore, for me to go down to Ramsgate once a year, and stay for three days or so in an old maid's house, which was to me much as a prison for that time. The only escape from the house was in the company of its prim mistress, and the drives I had with her were always behind jobbed horses, which went at slowest pace, driven by a dull, antiquated driver.

A fine morning in the month of August saw me, therefore, at the Southwark wharveside, from which the Ramsgate steamer started on its way down the river, but only to find that it had gone away some minutes previously. The next day was Sunday, on which no steamers ran, so that two days were as good, or bad, as lost, of the week which I had specially set apart for this Kentish coast visit. As I had locked up the door of my lodging-house apartment, and brought on my travelling bag with me, this five minutes too late business was a sad disappointment. It was more so when one came to think that there was nobody but oneself to blame for it. As joy is said to be more enjoyable when it can be shared, so is remorse all the more bitter when it can't be so divided. There was no cause but my own carelessness—not to call it laziness—for my not being at the wharveside in time, and I could not even "go back"

on my watch for misleading me in the matter.

If we can't do the thing we would, the next best move is to do what we can. Here I was with travelling bag, a full purse, and holiday intentions, and I was not going to return so to my locked-up lodgings.

"What steamer is that?" I asked of one of the wharf-people—pointing to a vessel with steam up and on the point of departure.

"The *Baron Ozy*, bound for Antwerp. She goes in five minutes."

Though the answer might have applied to the length of time taken on the passage, I took it otherwise, and asked, further, when the steamer was supposed to reach that port.

"To-morrow morning—about eleven o'clock!" was the reply.

Perhaps, if I had been allowed half an hour's time to deliberate, I should have, in wharf language, "jibbed" on going to Belgium as a substitute for Ramsgate. I had, however, no time for hesitation, and so acted as Lady Macbeth advised her troubled guests to do. Proverbs are not always to be trusted, and there is one which warns us that what is done in haste will be repented of at leisure. Hence follows that hesitancy and indecision which mars so many lives. Good intentions are best carried out at once. It is true of more things than of death that "the readiness is all," as Hamlet tells us. So of marriages. When one is ready, or, which is the same thing, thinks so, all else is not always ready, and so, opportunity not offering, thought, and then doubt, and do-nothing follow. Procrastination is the thief of our intentions, equally with our time.

It thus happened that I left London for a destination of which I knew nothing and no one there. In this there was adventure and the charm of freakishness, the which soon wiped out

all regret about the Ramsgate disappointment. Any other time would do for that; and I had taken a course which fortune had provided for me; and had often found that so doing had proved in the end to be well-doing.

Good luck soon began to show itself in my finding a fellow-passenger similarly situated with myself. He was going for a week's holiday-excursion, and didn't particularly care where. As he sympathised with my like situation, we became very chummy for the voyage, and the more so that I was able to minister to his little wants, when, a few hours afterwards, sea-sickness made a sad mess of him. He suffered more than is usually the case, and indeed was so bad at one time of the night that his head gave way altogether, as his stomach had done in the early part of the afternoon. The brain and the stomach are very sympathetic; and this poor fellow's stomach trouble made him delirious, and dangerously so. He threw open the port hole, which was in this vessel of semi-window width, and, but for my struggles with him, would have thrown himself out. Assisted by the steward, I got him into a berth in which was no window, and there kept him until next morning, when the *Baron Ozy* steamed from the roughness of the German Ocean into the smooth waters of the Scheldt—"the lazy Scheldt" of Goldsmith's exquisite little poem—"The Traveller."

This river, in addition to its laziness, has the additional faults of very low banks and of being altogether deficient in the picturesque. The colour of its water is muddy, and its "side-shows" are of windmills only. Of these structures there are plenty, but a windmill when not at work is an odious thing to the sight. Its long arms then stand out all motionless against the sky, like the bare, leafless branches of dead trees, and such was the case on this windless day. The sky of the Netherlands is also mostly of the unpoetical kind in colour, and this morning it was more than usually so. Altogether I felt much for my sea-sick friend. Things have a sadly yellowish, not to say dun-coloured look to the eyes of the sickly, and they had that look here-

about to all eyes. To cheer him I said, "We must see the worst of it here, I think. Things will have a better appearance on shore!"

"What a beastly looking country it all seems," was his reply, for which I certainly could excuse him. I endeavoured, however, to impress upon him how near he had been, the night before, to now seeing no country at all of this world, and how he would likely not be so doing but for self and the steward's help, and, therefore, how glad he ought to feel at being alive and seeing what he did. His stomach was not, however, yet all right, and with the stomach's state lies all or much of our feelings of health and happiness. I could judge of that much by his answer, which was that he didn't think what he saw was much worth living to see. I could only suggest for his comfort, that he would think differently, probably, when on shore, and after a good dinner there.

Some fifty miles of steaming up the Scheldt brought the *Baron Ozy* to anchor at Antwerp, and we were landed in a country where neither of us knew a word of the language. I came to feel at once the want of it on being asked questions by the custom-house officers. As I had no luggage to land, this matter gave but little trouble, and passports were, I found, not wanted. It was lively work to boggle about in this strange, antiquated looking seaport, and find one's way to an hotel unassisted by any guide, or knowledge of the Flemish tongue. In this muddle it was cheering to read on the sides of some doorways that "Bifstiks" were there ready at all hours.

The Antwerpen vernacular, I am reminded here in this word "Bifstiks," is often queerly like ill-spelled English. This beefsteak-house stood in "Hogh Strat," which was but the local rendering of our "High Street." In scores of other names for streets and things it was quite possible to imagine oneself in Yorkshire, or some north of England town, in which a broad dialect was but the local rendering of our common language. The "Bifstiks" were now wanted above all things, as my sick friend's appetite had returned, in double strength, and mine

was also sharp-set enough. The desired dish, when brought, was accompanied by another of fried potato-fritters, and I know not that I have ever in my life eaten any meal with greater relish. Antwerp, in my memory, stands first for beefsteaks, and that before any place in Great Britain or elsewhere. Whether it be that the beef is better I cannot decide, but will give all the credit to the cookery, as the potato-fritters proved to be equally praiseworthy. A second dish had to follow the first, and we took cards of the house that we might find our way back again to this source of delight when needful. It was not necessary to do so, however. We found these "Bifstik" houses in plenty, and they are in fact an Antwerpen speciality, and worthy of all commendation. If one of the "specialists" who so well prepare them there chooses to emigrate to any Australian city, he will find fame and fortune awaiting him. There are beef and beefsteaks in plenty with us, and all we want is such cookery as he would supply. I am backed in this idea by remembering that it is proverbial whence comes our meat, and who it is that is said to send us the cooks. Does not that saying alone sufficiently support my notion of the good reception that would await elsewhere my Belgian cook and his well-cooked viands? It is all very well to talk of the pleasures of hope, imagination, fancy, and other enjoyments of the intellectual kind, but the enjoyment of keen appetites and their satisfaction stand ahead of all our pleasures. In the words of a modern poet—

"We can live without books—all knowledge
is grieving;
We can live without hope—all hopes are
deceiving;
We can live without love—all love is but
pining;
But show me the one who can live without
dining!"

After dinner—and such a dinner—things looked very differently to both of us, and especially to the lately seasick one. "The world cannot hurt me—I have dined!" said one who had partaken of as good a dinner as our-

selves, and felt equally happy after it. We had soon housed our small belongings in a goodly hotel with a French name, and then set out for city exploration. Above all other sights of Antwerp—in every sense of the expression—stands its Cathedral. Its interior boasts the most valuable paintings in the world—Rubens' "Descent from the Cross" being one of these priceless possessions. Such interior wonders having been seen, there remained something yet more of the wonderful outside. The tower of the Cathedral is the tallest in Europe, and has an accessible, but very steep, flight of stone steps to its summit. While the sacristan had sent his daughter for the keys to its portal, we had time to admire something else. This was in shape of a curiously-wrought ironwork covering to a well facing the doorway to the tower.

"Quintin Matsys' Well!" said the sacristan. This, then, was one of the master-pieces of the famous ironworker of Antwerp, and we gave it an attention which the sacristan much helped to our better doing. The presence of a guide is, I have always found, of great value to the traveller and tourist, who will otherwise overlook, to his loss, much that is of interest, and miss also many of the points to be admired of that upon which he looks.

Lightly of foot ran the sacristan's pretty daughter up the long stairway, on which we had more than once to stay for want of wind. The large bunch of keys which she carried, jingled in tune to her footsteps, and she could have doubtlessly sung to their music—so well had long practice accustomed her to what quite winded us. We reached the top at last, and then not only Antwerp, but all the Netherlands, seemed within view below us. We much missed here that information which we could have got from our guide—could we only have made her understand our tongue or have understood hers. As it was, we looked upon turret, tower, and town, lying about and around for miles, until all forms were lost in the dim distances over which we could gaze. At this eagle's height above all things, we needed the eagle's intensified powers of vision, and could

but feel that we were helplessly out of place altogether at so many hundreds of feet above the earth.

The old city bears upon it yet many traces of the wars and sieges it suffered from in bygone times. The marks of cannon-balls are plain enough, even at present, and leave as unpleasant an impression upon those who look upon them as they have made deep ones upon the stones they have indented and shattered. There is much to be seen about Antwerp, beyond what we had time to give our attention to, as so much else called upon our curiosity. We were near to Ghent and Bruges, and should we not also visit them? I urged our doing so on the principle that opportunity offered now, and, once missed, might never offer again. But Brussels, the capital, had most attractions for my companion. "Many men, many minds," says the proverb, and of such is the trouble of company in travel. We agreed, in the older fashion of the Greeks, to consult the Oracle on the subject, and be guided accordingly. The copper was tossed skywards—"heads" for Brussels and "tails" for Ghent and Bruges. The decision was in favour of our going onwards to the capital city. One must travel *solus* to have everything one's own way, which is a counterpoise to the great pleasure of company where it is most of all wanted—in a strange land.

Brussels was quickly reached by rail—not, however, without a final visit to the "Bifstik" source of bliss—by which Antwerp is stomachically recalled. What we now looked upon in Belgium's capital was different indeed from the scenes lately presented by the quaint old seaport city. Brussels is a veritable miniature Paris—to the eyes which first see it, as we now did. At the curiously named house, the "Grand Mirroir" Hotel, we quartered ourselves for our short stay, and found it to be a half French, half Belgian affair, but a comfortable one notwithstanding. The Frenchified dishes were not, however, to our dinner-table tastes so much as the bifstiks and fritters, to which we soon returned when happily finding a restaurant at which they could be had. What the Seine is to Paris, as a river, the Senne is to Brussels. In other city

matters there is much resemblance, *in petto*, between the French and Belgian capitals. Their earlier buildings appear equally ancient and quaint. Off the old Town Hall, and some similar antique edifices, with windows in quantity all about the roofs, we were loth to take our eyes.

The French capital is reproduced here also in grand squares, magnificently built around, as also in wide walks and streets, having a fine effect in the way of their laying out. In fountains, statuary, and other civic decorations, there was everything to admire. The "Oracle" had evidently sent us, as my friend insisted triumphantly, where there was most to be seen, as also to increase, by two, a population of some two hundred thousand. I had wanted to see Ghent and Bruges, because Longfellow had written so prettily about them. One cannot, however, expect all minds to be equally influenced by poets and poetry. I had with me, once, as a fellow traveller, one who would not go out of his way the little distance from Coventry to Stratford-upon-Avon. That he would there see Shakspeare's house, and that of Ann Hathaway, across the fields, at Shottery, was to him simply nothing. There are such folks in the world, and they have their uses, if only that they go to make up the number necessary to people it.

In the church of St. Gudule we saw the most gorgeous pulpit, and staircase to it, to be seen, I believe, in any church in the world. How many years had been wasted over the carving of such wonders who shall say? If I have said "wasted" wrongly, I must beg pardon for it, as a philosopher would tell me that all men's work is wasted in some way or other—in the opinion of some people or other. A Protestant accustomed to the plain insides and unadorned walls of modern English churches is astounded at the decorations given so lavishly to these old churches of the Catholic faith. It was visible enough in those we visited, here and at Antwerp, that the outward form and ceremony were the great means by which the senses of worshippers were appealed to. All that could affect the mind by means of sight and

sound were here to the full and in every way. Paintings, carvings, and statuary appealed, in all their grandeur, to the eyes. Music of the finest, both vocally and instrumentally rendered, fascinated the ears. Incense appealed to another sense, and then, for the inspiring of awe and mystery, were added the curiously devised vestments of the priests, and the long ceremonials intended seemingly only to arouse wonder and awaken outward attention. In the effect of grand show and ceremony—whatever the result may be—the Church of Rome leaves other forms of worship far in the rear, if not altogether out of the race. When we consider how much of religion is regarded by too many as consisting of such things only, the wisdom of so doing is unquestionable—to look at it only in one way.

It was a disciple of John Knox's church—a zealous Presbyterian—who accompanied me on these church visitings. In his form of worship even a plain church organ is sneered at as a "Kist of whustles." What did he think of all this? I asked, as we came out of the gorgeous show which the church of St. Gudule presents to the eye.

"If it pleases them it doesn't hurt me!" was his simple summary of it. I had expected something more bilious from him, but he had doubtlessly got rid of much bile in his bout of seasickness, and had so become quite rational and philosophic—a pleasant result to one who was travelling and seeing strange things.

We found the blessing of an English-speaking traveller sitting next to us that evening at the dinner-table of the hotel. We were talking to him of the wonders of the city so seen by us and pumping him as to his further knowledge of its "memorials and things of fame," on which he gave us much information. As a conclusion to it he said—

"You must not think of leaving Brussels with Waterloo unseen!"

"What's there to see at Waterloo?" asked my practically-minded friend, in the same spirit in which he ignored the visit to Ghent and Bruges.

"Only the field of battle on which Europe certainly, and your country,

probably, won freedom from French dominion!" was the laconic answer.

"How far off, and any railway to it?" queried next the practical one—nothing abashed at the snubbing answer he had got to his last question.

"Fourteen miles off, and one coach a day to it—every morning at nine o'clock, starting from the next street to this one!"

As there was no poetry nor admiration of poets in my Coventry fellow-traveller, so there proved to be not sufficient patriotism, or veneration for those who had shown it, in this one—he would not go to Waterloo. The proposal to visit the famous battle-field was disposed of by him in this short answer:—"Nothing to see and a day wasted!"

All my eloquence upon the subject was, I found, to be wasted also. He had no soul for such things as only recalled glorious recollections which should make the heart throb and the blood tingle. It came to this, therefore, that I must go see the field of Waterloo *solus*, unless I happened to find congenial company in the coach. There was an excursion train on a special visit to St. Omer on the next day but one, for which we had already booked ourselves, so that this off day afforded the only opportunity I should have before the necessary ending of the week's run. I found my way to the coach-office after dinner, and secured the box seat for the journey—paying extra for such privilege. Waterloo for the morrow was a grand thought to go to sleep upon.

So grand a thing was it that it overpowered me altogether, I suppose, for I actually overslept myself the next morning. There was no need to ask to be called for a nine o'clock departure, and I had not thought of such extra precaution. The tired state of the body after such a day's sight-seeing as we had done should have been taken into account, but unfortunately was not. So I awoke at the "Grand Mirroir," with the sun well risen and shining full upon my sleepy face. It was nine o'clock already!

I found no sympathy at the breakfast table from my practical friend who had tabooed Waterloo and its attractions, as

things of the romantic only, but my mind was made up. I had sillily slept too long, but was not going to be beaten by so doing. I had lost the Ramsgate visit by like carelessness, and did not much regret it. I was not going to lose Waterloo, however, and so determined to walk the journey I should otherwise have made by coach.

"Walk to Waterloo and back—twenty-eight miles in a day?" expostulated my friend—who now expected another day of my company in and about Brussels.

"Yes! and you'd better come too!" I said, as I bustled off—for I knew it was wasting time to stay to persuade him to what he regarded only as Quixotic, or something worse.

The weather was fine and not too warm, and the road good for the whole way. There was no losing oneself on this road, for, when once out of the city and fairly on it, I had but to follow it for its whole wearisome length. There is something very tedious found in a long road devoid of hill or dale throughout. Fleur-de-Lys and the forest of Soignies—the one a village and the other a wood—were the first striking features of the journey; the second was to be seen in the little screened crosses and crucifixes, here and there seen at cross-roads, at which the devout may stay for awhile to breathe a prayer. The last few miles of the journey, ere the famous field of battle is reached, was shut in on either side of the road by lines of cottages and huts of one kind or another. This long straggling street constituted the whole of two conjoined villages, and made, in its meanness and great length, a very tiresome part of the trudge. About half-way through it is a village church, in which are the graves of many who fell in the world-famous battle. A leg of the late Marquis of Anglesey lies there among other relics, and is of the notabilia of the place.

Everything comes to its end, and the tiresome stretch of long village street finished at last to the view of fields and farm-houses. Here was Waterloo Plain as peaceful looking now as it had been in the earlier part of June, 1815, ere its farm-houses were riddled with shot, its fields ploughed by cannon-carriages,

cannon-balls, and shells, and its soil saturated with the blood of thousands of men and horses. A mound has been raised on this famous site, upon the summit of which is seen a lion carved in stone. This mound is surrounded by a fence, and has a gate-keeper to it who asks for my signature in his visitors' book, and requires a fee for its enrolment in that scroll of fame. The payment of it entitles me to ascend the mound and look around.

I am but badly off here when standing by the lion wanting map or guide, and so I descend the mound and get its keeper's aid—readily accorded for an additional shilling. Out then came a map of the battle-field, and drawings of the scene as it appeared both before and after that eventful mid-June day, which enshrined in story for ever the name of this hitherto unknown and out-of-the-way corner of the world. A field glass was also added to the helps so afforded me. With these aids, and my guide, the mound was again mounted, and all the story of the battle made plain at once. From that direction came the French, and there lay the English awaiting them. Over there is Mont St. Jean, where the hottest part of the contest occurred, and there, again, is Hougomont, where Wellington met Blucher, and where the Prussians got up too late in the day—as I had done similarly that morning. How plain all history appears when on the scenes of its great dramas, aided by maps and drawings, and explained by one knowing the story! George the Fourth was haunted in his latter days by a cranky notion that he had taken part on this scene in the great battle. He could have seen no more of it than I had done, and I doubt much if it had been as clearly set before his mind's eye.

Arrived at the foot of the mound again, I find that I may carry away, for adequate payment, any quantity of the relics of the battle. These were as likely to be genuine as not, for miles of the plain on which I had so looked must have been regularly sown with bullets, shot, and fragments of shell. Specimens of these are what I am offered here, as having been turned up now and again by ploughs, and raked

out by harrows. A cannon-ball will be too much of an encumbrance to me, but I may take away a bullet for a watch-chain pendant. It looked old and battered enough, after the many long years since it did its work here, but was as likely to be as genuine, and as well worth treasuring, as one half of the curios which the world values as relics. Something better than all I had yet got, in the way of information and sight-seeing, was the mid-day meal, for which I felt great want. Helped to this without much trouble, I am supplied also with an arm-chair and a foot-stool rest, and find that I may have half a dozen, at least, of good cigars for a shilling. Tobacco, in every shape, proves to be very cheap in Belgium, and I make a mental note, imitating I daresay many more in that respect, to do a little smuggling in the cigar line when leaving for England.

Two hours of rest, and a chat meanwhile with these people of the battlefield, gives me time to glance at the pages of their visitors' book. It is like those kept at all such places in recording names of fame here and there, among whole pages of nobodies who will supplement their names by their needless remarks. Such is a fashion followed only by nobodies, and is becoming painfully obtrusive now in

obituary notices, and the lately introduced innovation of "In Memoriam" advertisements.

When in America, I went to Boston that I might see there Bunker's Hill and its commemorative monument on Bree's Hill, adjoining to it. That America achieved independence from the war begun there, and that Europe did similarly from the war finished here, was something of remembrance well worth the pilgrimaging to places recalling it.

There remained only to get back to Brussels again; and a longer tramp, it seemed, by far than when taken in the morning. There was novelty in it then which was wanting now. The goal then to be reached had now been won and realized. The morning air had then inspired one, and more too than that of the evening could do, and then one's energy had been pretty well exhausted in the good day's work already done. It was thus nearly ten o'clock by the time I again reached the "Grand Mirroir," with a feeling that I should sleep that night needing neither rocking nor lullaby. I had seen Waterloo, however, and not missed the opportunity for so doing. There is said to be something of happiness in reflecting on well-spent days, of which I scored this as one—and a red-letter one, too.

SONG.

Come, let us go to the land
Where the violets grow !
Let's go thither, hand in hand,
Over the waters, over the snow,
To the land where the sweet, sweet violets blow.

There, in the beautiful South,
Where the sweet flowers lie ;
Thou shalt sing, with thy sweeter mouth,
Under the light of the evening sky,
That love never fades, though violets die !

—*Barry Cornwall.*

WANDERINGS IN THE FERN COUNTRY.

By T. L. GRACE DUMAS.

(Continued.)

We had decided to dispense with a guide; and as Tom pioneered us along the road which wound up the ascent, he explained that Jesse Morley—after whom the route we were about to traverse was named—was a wood-splitter, who first made the track for the purpose of conveying palings from the mountain—it being afterwards continued to Narbethong for railway purposes.

"Palings, you must know, are splitters' coin," Tom explained, as we pursued our way. "As publicans will take palings for drink, the splitters keep them well supplied. I daresay you noticed the large stacks we passed on the roadside. These all came down from the mountain."

As we pursued our way between overhanging foliage and vines, and thick masses of timber, at every step the attractions of the route increased, and afforded a perfect feast for eyes and senses. The upward winding path lay amidst literal terraces of ferns, while from the leaf-moulded ground rose immense monarchs of the forest, whose trunks were covered with the moss of ages. Flocks of parrots wheeled overhead, while every now and then we came upon magic dells, where dripping water reflected the glancing sunlight in gleams of gold.

"Much as I have heard of these wonderful trees on the Black Spur, I never formed the slightest real idea of their size," I remarked to Tom, as we lingered by enormous growths of timber, to whose hazy tops the eye could not reach.

"I can quite understand that," replied Tom. "Their wonderful height and girth always impresses me with a sensation of awe. Humanity seems so frail and puny a thing beside these giant kings of the forest. I believe this portion of Victoria can boast of some of the largest trees in the world. I wish



MEASURING THE TREE.—P. 185.

I could have shown you Big Ben, but he is a memory of the past."

"I consider the trees on the Black Spur are decidedly overrated," remarked Mr. Moffat, disagreeably.

"Well, you are quite an exception to the rule," returned Tom, good-humouredly. "At least you cannot deny their *size*. I am sure the one by which you are standing is at least 400 feet high, and how much round do you suppose it is?"

"About twenty feet," answered Mr. Moffat, carelessly, glancing at the mighty growth that dwarfed us all into insignificance in the scale of creation.

With some difficulty we measured the giant tree, and, confronted with indisputable proof that it was at least three times larger than he had asserted, Mr. Moffat could only acquiesce rather sulkily in our decision.

There was something in the surpassing beauty of the day and scene that lent an exhilaration to heart and spirits; and like children we revelled in the gladness of earth and sky, as though life were darkened with no deeper shadows than the fleeting fleecy clouds, that scarcely dimmed the glory of the noonday sun.

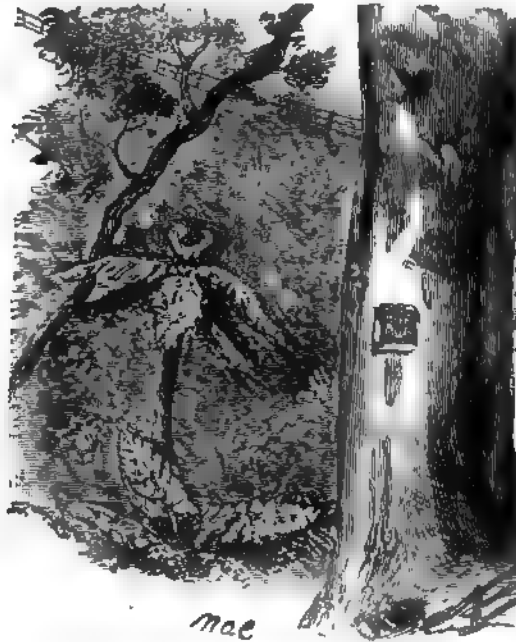
The golden morning hours sped swiftly by, and after our *al fresco* lunch we still lingered on the grass, unwilling to break the spell of the charmed scene.

We had, however, traversed but a comparatively short portion of our route, and Tom, the most energetic of the party, with some difficulty at last started us on our onward road. He, with Clare Cavendish and myself, led the way, and proceeding at a good brisk pace along the hilly winding track, we soon distanced the others loitering somewhat in the rear. As usual, Tom beguiled the way with descriptions of the features of the bush; and suddenly our companion directed his attention to something before us that attracted her eye.

"You are such an 'Encyclopædia

of Useful Knowledge,' Mr. Lawrance," she remarked, with a smile, as she pointed to a curious square cut in the trunk of one of the immense trees, lifting its stately head almost as it seemed to the blue sky above, "that I will ask you to explain what that square cut out of that particular tree means."

"That simply means, my dear Miss Cavendish," replied Tom, smiling at her flattery, "that this tree has been sampled by splitters for palings, and rejected as being unsuitable for their purpose. If you and Val will stroll slowly on, I think I shall wait here for the others. They are sure to want



THE SAMPLED TREE.

information on the same subject. Do not wander on too far, as the locality is strange to you. At Beswick's track we make a start back to Fernshawe."

In compliance with Tom's behest, we wandered on along the fern-environed road, pausing every now and then to admire some more than ordinarily striking effect of light and shade; lingering here and there to drink in the beauty of some exquisite peep of scenery; crossing at intervals, on slippery stones, streams that sparkled in the sunlight; ascending miniature hills,

and descending into softly-wooded valleys; but always keeping to the beaten track that lay before us.

"I suppose we could have made no mistake, Mr. Gordon," my companion observed a little nervously, after we had wandered on for a considerable distance without being overtaken by the others.

"Impossible," I rejoined, decidedly. "There is no other road but this one. It winds so, however, that they will be close upon us before we see them. Do not let us spoil our walk by waiting for them."

"We will not do that, assuredly, rejoined Clare, "but, as I am a little older in Australian ways than you are, I will show you a good plan of letting them know when they *do* come up, that we have gone on. It was Mr. Lawrance himself who told me of it." While she was speaking, my companion was busy collecting sharp sticks, which she stuck in the ground at intervals along the road, tearing tiny pieces of paper from her note-book, and placing one in each. Having reached the saddle of the hill without seeing any sign of our companions, we took a short rest, and then slowly commenced our return journey.

"It is very strange," remarked my companion as we pursued our way, "how very different the road appears to what it was when we traversed it before. It seems scarcely more than a mere bush track, and see how thick is the growth of trees and foliage on each side."

"Fancy," I answered lightly, although certain rather uncomfortable misgivings had begun to present themselves to my own mind. "We will come within sight of some landmark we passed just now, that will satisfy you we are right." We did not, however, and each step we took seemed to plunge us deeper into the heart of the bush. The golden brightness of the spring day had begun to fade, and the shadows to lengthen around us as we hurried on, until finally the crimson splashes, like touches of ruddy fingertips, which reddened the far western horizon, after the sun had sunk on his gorgeous couch of purple and gold, gave place to dull leaden clouds; and

a light misty rain obscured the last faint gleams of daylight.

"I fancy we must have got into one of those stray tracks Mr. Lawrance told us the wood splitters make for short cuts through the bush," my companion said at last, striving to still the quiver of her sweet tones. "Perhaps if we diverged a little from it we might regain the right road." As ignorant as herself of the dangers of the bush, I assented, and we were soon plunged into the trackless wilds of the forest.

In spite of her brave efforts to conceal her fatigue, I became conscious how the little feet by my side faltered over the difficulties of the ground, and with a bitter pang at my heart I exclaimed sorrowfully, "If Tom were your companion, Miss Cavendish, instead of one so ignorant of bush-life as myself, he would be able soon to pilot you back into the right road."

"Do not trouble over me, Mr. Gordon," replied my companion, brightly. "You are as great a sufferer as myself. But we shall find our way back to-night, will we not?"

"Surely," I answered cheerfully, though I was very far from feeling the certainty I assumed. "As you spoke of your wider experiences of Australian life a short time ago, can you suggest any plan we can pursue in our dilemma?"

"I was just trying to think what I have heard Mr. Lawrance say people should do when they are lost in the bush," was the answer, gaily uttered, though my keen instinct detected a certain tremulousness in the sweet voice. "I am sure he would say the first thing to be done was to *coo-ee* with all our might and main."

"A happy thought," I answered; "here goes!" The *coo-ee* I produced, however, fell so faintly on the stillness, that in spite of the real danger of our position we both laughed heartily.

"I clearly remember Mr. Lawrance saying," observed Clare, after we had coo-ee'd until we were both hoarse, with no other effect than that of rousing some birds in the trees overhead, "that if you had no clue to your whereabouts in the bush, it was always better to remain in the same spot."

"In that case I will try to make you as comfortable as possible," I replied, as we settled ourselves at the foot of an immense gum-tree; where, with willing but inexperienced hands, I managed to construct a rough shelter from the penetrating rain, with boughs and sticks.

Tales of travellers lost in the trackless wilds of the Australian bush were plentiful enough. No mere description, however, could express the horrors of the actual reality. The awful loneliness, the weird terrors of the silent forest, oppressed and chilled the spirit; and sick with dread for the fragile girl by my side, whom I was so powerless to guide into a place of safety, I sprang to my feet at last, exclaiming passionately, "I cannot remain inactive here, Miss Cavendish. You remain where you are, while I make another effort to discover the track."

A little hand laid lightly on my arm detained me, however, and my companion's sweet voice said gently, "Do not be so uneasy, Mr. Gordon. I am sure Mr. Lawrance will find us ere long. He is such a splendid bushman. And if he do not, remember we are in that Father's safe keeping, who can watch over us in these trackless wilds. Do not think about our position at all. Finish the description you were giving me this afternoon of your adventures in India."

Moved with a deep admiration for the unselfish effort my companion was making to conceal her own fatigue and dread, I responded to her endeavours to make the best of our position, and strove, with stirring descriptions of the more exciting incidents that had marked my brief sojourn in the East, to avert her mind from the terrifying possibilities of the present.

"Your life has had its share of adventure and excitement, Mr. Gordon," remarked my companion, quietly, when my last recital came to a close. "But it seems to me that there is an unconscious bitterness underlying the history of your life that reveals some deep regret or disappointment. Will you not tell me what it is that has darkened your past, and still shadows your present?"

My companion's eyes—passionate, alluring and tender, as only dark eyes

can be—met mine through the dusk, and in their glance I read a half-wistful half-earnest entreaty, that thrilled me with the keenest pain. "If I *could* but tell her," I reflected—and across my mind there swept an overwhelming temptation to break the silence that lay upon my past, and in the solitudes which brought us so near to one another, tell her of its bitter mistake. The words that would have revealed my secret trembled on my lips; but with them rose the memory of a vow, the recollection of a wronged and unloved girl-wife's form, and, burying my face in my hands, I was silent. After a long pause, my companion spoke again.

"Have you nothing then to tell me, Mr. Gordon?" I—I—have often wondered that you were not married."

"And if I were," I answered, hoarsely, "and parted from my wife, by her fault or my own?"

"I should say seek her, and let the separation end," she replied, earnestly. "The bond a Father has sealed above can never be loosed with safety on earth. It is a terrible, a dangerous thing, for two human hearts, endowed with natural capacities for loving and suffering, to drift apart on the stormy sea of life that has wrecked so many souls. What greater thing is there for two human spirits than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labour, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?"

At the noble earnest words of the woman I so truly loved, the scales fell from my eyes; and for the first time I saw in its true light, the culpable weakness that had marred another life, and was now drifting me towards dangerous quicksands.

In the first perfect recognition of my weakness and my errors, my resolve was taken. I would seek the wife whose existence my selfishness had saddened, and if I could not make her happy, I would at least endeavour to atone for past mistakes by future unwavering devotion.

Across the silence that had fallen between us my companion's voice

sounded very sweet, as she said, pathetically, "My past has its history, as well as yours, Mr. Gordon. Listen, and I will tell you what presents itself to me, as I look backwards. I see a girl—a child in years, but gifted with a woman's loving heart and sensitive nature—married for her wealth, to a man who is the ideal of her girlish dreams. I see the warm heart chilled, the girlish dreams shattered, and the desolation of a life deprived of faith in love and truth. I see," she added very gently (and she moved a little nearer to where I sat, dazed with "the light that was never on sea or land" slowly breaking on my soul), "and comprehend, as then I failed to do, the temptation offered through his affection to the man I loved. I read his weakness; but thank God—my husband—my husband—that the honour pledged so many years ago you have kept sacred still!"

The light had broken, though the gloom lay dense around us; and as my WIFE lay sobbing wildly on my breast, my heart rose in passionate thanksgiving that if our lives were to end in this desolate spot, at least we *would* "be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting."

It was not to be so, however, for ere I had fully realised the undeserved blessing that had fallen on my life, and comprehended that the shy unformed girl-wife of nine years ago had blossomed into the beautiful brilliant woman by my side, a loud coo-ee sounded in our close vicinity, speedily followed by the appearance of a man, whose presence was a welcome symbol of hope and deliverance. The stranger, who magically, as it appeared to us, had thus followed on our track, having ascertained that we were those of whom he had been sent in search, laconically bidding us follow him, proceeded at a brisk pace through the bush. Like an orthodox wizard, he transported us very speedily to a place of safety. Before we had time to marvel at our unexpected rescue, we found ourselves on the road, where Tom awaited us with the trap, and any amount of enquiries, condolences, and expressions of surprise at the facility with which we

must have managed to wander from the right track.

Dolly was in a perfect fever of suspense and fear. Something in my radiant expression, and the half shy, half proud demeanour of my companion must have instinctively enlightened her as to the fact that our adventure had not proved a wholly disagreeable one. Before we could open our lips she had Clare in her arms, and was crying and laughing in a breath over her "sister"—"dear old Val's wife."

"Not sister yet, you little goose," remarked Tom, smiling. "Your congratulations are premature."

"You are a very obtuse mortal, Mr. Lawrance," responded his wife, contemptuously. She then proceeded to overwhelm the astonished Tom with the history of the real state of affairs, which Clare had confided to her on my arrival three months ago; concluding by executing an elaborate waltz round her speechless husband, and demanding of him if she were not worthy of being entrusted with the gravest secrets of the state.

I was only dimly conscious, however, of the pleasant stir our arrival had created; of cheery voices and bright faces surrounding us; Miss Demaine's the brightest of the party, and her voice the gentlest, as she bade God bless my darling, with an unwonted moisture in the keen grey eyes. All seemed unreal and unsubstantial, save the fact that the woman I loved was by my side; no longer divided from me by barriers as of iron, but my wife, my own, to love and cherish as long as life should last.

Surely never before had the sun shone with such brilliancy, the Australian sky appeared so clear and blue, the air so fresh and fragrant, and every landscape feature endowed with such marvellous beauty and delicacy of colouring, as during our journey up the Black Spur the next morning. Nature's face was wreathed with smiles, as we ascended the road winding amidst the thickest of timber.

"Uncle Sam," remarked Tom, directing our attention to an immense stump at the bend of the road. "Few pilgrims up the spur, but pay their

homage to this grizzly giant. He is as great an identity of Fernshawe as Peter the Hermit. Your guide last night, Val," he added with a smile. "He has for a cell a hut on the Black Spur, where his only companions are his pig and his fowls. Although, like too many of his class, he is slightly addicted to drink, he is a splendid guide, and is trusted for his sterling honesty. He was highly amused at your ignorance of bush life, old man, and marvelled greatly that you never thought of lighting a fire."

For once Tom's cheery chatter fell on uninterested ears, every feeling of the party being merged in intense admiration of the beauties of our route. We had just entered a myrtle valley, where the extraordinary formation of the lofty trees suggested the idea of the Gothic architecture of some vast cathedral minster. Falling across one side the golden morning lights heightened the illusion, and gave an almost sacred aspect to the spot. Here curious freaks of nature presented themselves; a fern growing in the heart of a small gum-tree, and enormous fern-trees growing in the trunks of larger forest monarchs. A little further on, a path led to the banks

of a creek, where hoary moss-covered myrtles rose out of the stream, and where a tangled mass of sassafras, vines, and ferns, kept the water in a perpetual shade. Here nature was seen in perfect luxuriance. Mighty trees towered overhead; enormous spreading ferns rose on every side; while the grass and herbage reached a height I had never seen attained before.

"Myrtle Creek is a favourite picnic spot," observed Tom. "The water of the stream is as clear as crystal. It takes its rise from the brow of the hill."

As we ascended the spur, the surroundings gained in picturesque beauty. At one point, across our road flowed springs of water, like those bidden by the great Lawgiver of Holy Writ from the dry rock. The road, curiously doubling on itself, led us gradually to the highest point, up to the Divide; the three-mile ascent proving a troublesome journey to Tom's town-bred horses.

"How different the foliage is on this side," remarked Dolly, as we descended the spur over the ridge. "And the air too," answered Tom. "It might be another country altogether."



ASCENDING THE SPUR.



As we descended the road, the only sign of life on which was a solitary tramp pursuing his way on foot, before us stretched vast wooded ranges, sombre even in the golden noon-tide glow.

The crowning charm of this portion of our route, however, consisted of the silver wattles, clustering on each side of the road. They were indeed remarkably beautiful with their gleaming foliage, and were fully—the tallest of them at least, Tom affirmed—a hundred and fifty feet in height.

"I could tell you any amount of horrible tales about the old Woods' Point road," remarked Tom, as we passed a road on the left. "Many a crime has been committed there in the early days of the colony, and I really believe any quantity of ill-gotten gain has been buried there, that has never been unearthed."

The picturesque road led us in the hollow of the hills to a tiny township, the only hotel in which was situated at the junction of two creeks.

"It is very picturesque country here," said Tom, in response to our expressions of admiration; and, if it pleases you, we will remain here for the night. At Narbethong our tour must end; I cannot be absent any longer from town." Tom's proposition met with general approval, and, descending from the trap, we lingered on the banks of the streams—Fisher's and Narbethong Creeks, as Tom informed us.

"Mummy, is Mr. Moffat still sick?" inquired Ned, curiously, returning from a cruise he had taken uninvited after

two members of the party, who had wandered along the banks of the stream.

"No, my son," answered Dolly, in some surprise. "Why do you ask?"

"Because he is leaning on Miss Demaine's arm," replied the *enfant terrible*, proceeding to execute a series of somersaults on the grass. "I thought he must be sick if he could not walk alone."

It was impossible to repress a smile; but Dolly and Tom looked very kindly after the hard-working unselfish woman, whose lonely heart had found a warm corner for the singularly uninteresting old man she would cherish and tend; while I, looking on

"Mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's dear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,"

could have wished but life-long joy to my worst enemy, if I had one.

"How full of blissful possibilities life has become," I mused with a light, glad heart. "The future I so dreaded stretches fair and cloudless as the summer sky o'erhead." My darling's eyes met mine, and instinctively divining something of my thoughts, her little hand slid into mine, as she murmured softly, "I wonder if you are as happy as I am, Val, that our wanderings apart are ended at last."

"Happier, my wife," I answered fervently, "and thankful beyond compare for the blessing of your love. It is strange that our wanderings apart for so long should have been ended by our wanderings together in the "Fern Country."

LOVE.

Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty;
Those eyes that tell us what the sun is made of;
Those lips whose touch is to be bought with life!
Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt:
All these possessed are nought, but as they are
The proof, the substance, of an inward passion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

—Young.

FLORAL LEGENDS.

By E. A. C.

No. 11.—THE OAK.—A DANISH LEGEND.

“Twisted around the barren oak
The summer vine in beauty grew.”

One of the numerous cliffs on the Danish coast, Steen's Klint, was once upon a time the home of an Elle Konge or King of the Elves, but he frequently liked a more inland residence, and for that purpose chose a small hole in the wall of a neighbouring church, which soon was known as “Elle Kongen's Kammer,” or the Chamber of the King of the Elves. Not far off were a number of oak-trees which had once been part of a great forest, but which had been cut down at different times till only these few remained. They were strange, gaunt, weather-beaten looking trees, and many a tale was whispered as to why they wore so curious an appearance.

But the King of the Elves knew all about the reason; and, as he sat in his little chamber, often laughed as he heard the peasants wondering about it as they went through the forest. For the Elle Konge was aware that the oaks looked very different at night to what they did in the day-time, when the little children came to play and pick up acorns beneath their great straggling branches. When the sun had gone down, and all was silent in the forest, the King knew that the trees were no longer to be seen, but that in their place stood so many brave soldiers, ready to obey his orders! Many were the battles that they had fought for him, often with the Cliff-King who lived some miles away, and who had a very beautiful Queen; but as soon as the first gleam of light was to be seen, they had to hurry back to their wood, and resume their appearance of oak-trees until the evening once again broke the spell which bound them. The vicinity of the church to

the spot where his soldiers stood disguised all day, was perhaps one reason why the Elf-King loved his little Kammer, or the strange history and fate of the monk who, in his eagerness to build a church, disobeyed the wishes of his master, and was put to death for so doing, may have attracted him. From some motive, however, he liked the neighbourhood, and could the peasants have seen the forest on dark nights, they would have witnessed strange scenes when the Elle Konge and his “tree-soldiers” were setting off to fight; but instead of going out, they would gather closer round the fire, and talk in frightened voices, afraid lest the Elf-King should hear and punish them.

No. 12.—THE RUSH.—AN IRISH LEGEND.

Long ages ago, when the Emerald Isle was visited by its patron saint, a chief, living in fair Killarney, gave great offence to the former, who ordered the delinquent and all the neighbouring potentates to come before him on a certain day. When all were assembled, St. Patrick spoke to the offender, and in his wrath was about to pronounce a heavy curse against him. Alarmed at this, both he and his friends began to implore for pardon, and the Saint, touched by their sorrow and fear, stopped in his anathema just as he had pronounced the words, “I curse.”

“What *shall* I curse if not him?” he enquired, looking on the frightened people around him; and as with one voice, they exclaimed, “The rushes and the Dinan,” alluding to the small stream that ran beside them.

The Saint lifted up one hand, and turning away from the chief who had so displeased him, he said, “I curse the tops of the rushes and the red stones of the Dinan!” and ever since

that hour, the peasantry say that the stream overflows suddenly and from no apparent cause, and that no rush is ever seen whose top is not withered by reason of St. Patrick's curse.

NO. 13. — THE WALNUT-TREE. — A FRENCH LEGEND.

A poor man once fell into the power of the law, and his house and goods were ordered to be seized. A bailiff was accordingly told to go to the cottage; passing through an orchard, he saw a peach tree, loaded with beautiful fruit, and the day being very warm and exhausting, he gladly picked and ate three of the finest he could see. His duty at the cottage performed, he returned home, but not long after was attacked by most agonising pain, which he felt sure was caused by the peaches being under a charm. A wizard was at once called to his aid, and three leaves brought from the "Witches' tree," a large walnut growing near the house. These were placed beneath the pillow of the sick-bed, and to the great joy of the sufferer and his friends the illness at once left him, and he fell into a quiet sleep after two days of severe pain. Not many hours later, another man came in great haste and knocked violently at the door; on entering it was seen that he was enduring exactly the same pain as that from which the bailiff had been so recently relieved!

"Oh sir!" exclaimed the new comer, "have pity, and listen to my story. I have been bewitched by a powerful sorcerer, more potent than he from whom you have just escaped, and my only cure is in the possession of those walnut leaves that are still lying beneath your pillow. Give them to me, I beseech you, and so enable me to break the spell in which I am now bound."

The bailiff at once complied with the request, when the charm was immediately dissolved, and the man returned home free both from pain, and the fear of the sorcerer.

NO. 13. — THE COWSLIP. — A LINCOLNSHIRE LEGEND.

"In their gold coats spots you see,
Those be rubies, fairy favours."

When the "good people" used to

dance nightly round their "fairy rings," there was one flower they dearly loved, and to which, if a sudden shower of rain overtook them in their pastimes, they would always hurry for shelter. It was the Cowslip, "the fairest herald of the spring."

Those who passed by on a summer's evening, when light showers fell from the clouds that for a few moments obscured the soft rays of the moon, would pause in wonder before the tufts of Cowslips, and listen to the sweet music that came from the lovely, drooping, golden bells, each "with its five small drops of red," which were the "rubies, fairy favours," of the elves hidden inside them, safe from the gentle rain. They knew not that the fairies were singing and playing in honour of their favourite flower, and that bright eyes were watching the bold mortals who had wandered, uninvited, into their special haunts. Neither were they aware that on May-Day, though the elves could rest on and hide in every other flower that blossomed at that time, they were not allowed to visit their "Fairy-cups," which Queen Mab so loved that they were known to be "her pensioners," and to which she had given the power of restoring and retaining beauty for the mortal who had lost it, and who sought the Cowslips for that purpose.

And so, whenever the rain-drops fall and gem the earth with diamonds, and the light clouds flit across the silvery moon, and other blossoms are quietly sleeping, the melodies of Fairy-land ring out from the clustering bells of the gold and crimson Cowslip.

NO. 14. — THE WHEAT. — A DANISH LEGEND.

"Cornfields spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain."

Some hundred years ago there was such a dry season in Sjælland that no corn could be ground, nor could the water-mills have worked for that purpose, even had the wheat been supplied to them. A farmer was one day walking through his formerly fruitful fields, and marking the difference with a sad heart and dejected mien. Suddenly he heard a voice speaking to him, and asking what caused his sorrow. The

farmer raised his eyes, and, to his surprise, saw before him a strange-looking little man, a dwarf, or Dvoerg, covered with hair and carrying an up-rooted tree in one hand, who repeated his question in a kindly manner.

"It is no use to trouble you about it," said the farmer, in a despairing voice, "You cannot help me or alter the distress that reigns throughout the whole country."

"You want water to make the corn grow and your mills to turn," said the Dvoerg; "well, have faith in me—do as I bid you—and all will go right. Now, follow me, and I will show you what to do."

Greatly bewildered at this speech, the farmer followed his curious guide, who showed him a spot on his land where seven corn-mills were to be built.

"They will never lack water," said the Dwarf, as he went away, "and so long as you continue to guard this little white horn which I now give you, so long will success follow you and your family."

The advice was carried out in every respect, and the farmer soon became a wealthy man, and though the Dvoerg never repeated his visit, his memory was held very dear by those to whom he had been so kind a friend in their hour of need.

NO. 15.—THE ASPEN.—A SYRIAN LEGEND.

"Far off in Highland wilds 'tis said
That of this tree the Cross was made,
And of that deed its leaves confess
E'er since a troubled consciousness."

When the wood was required to make the Cross, the choice fell on the graceful aspen. When the decree went forth for it to supply the wood that was to bear the form of its Creator, a shuddering horror took possession of the branches, and every leaf shook as though an ague-wind had passed over it. No resistance could be offered, but the tree trembled at the thought, and left as a legacy to every succeeding Aspen, the quivering agitation that shame and horror had brought it when, from amongst all the trees that grew, it alone was selected to be the instrument of the Master's agony and death—and so—

"Still, when not a breeze is stirring,
When the mist sleeps on the hill,
And all other trees are moveless,
Stands the Aspen trembling still."

NO. 16.—THE AMBROSIA.—A CHINESE LEGEND.

"Food fit for gods."

A certain Emperor of the Flowery Land was one day walking on a hill-side near his palace, when he saw two women, one of great age, the other in the first bloom of girlhood. The latter, to his extreme astonishment, was beating her companion most cruelly. Shocked at such unnatural conduct, he demanded an explanation of it, and learnt that the young-looking woman was, in reality, the mother of the other one, and that her girlish appearance was to be accounted for by the fact that she had eaten of a plant which changed mortals into fairies or genii possessing immortal youth.

On hearing this, the Monarch at once enquired for information by which he could obtain this wonderful plant, and having obtained it, he despatched a messenger in whom he had every confidence, in search of it, telling him that though many and severe difficulties lay in the way, his reward should be proportionably great if he succeeded in bringing some Ambrosia back with him.

After a long journey, the servant arrived at the desired spot, and found a high hill covered with the flower; he lost no time in collecting a good supply, but on rising the next morning he found it much withered, and unfit to carry to the Emperor.

Unwilling to lose so wonderful a plant, faded though it was, the man determined to try its magical powers upon himself, and ate it. He then started for some more, but on arriving at the hill, discovered, to his consternation, that the Ambrosia, which had been so plentiful the preceding day, had all disappeared, save one small plant, which he could see growing far down the side of a dangerous precipice. All present were appalled at the sight, and refused to risk their lives in the endeavour to obtain the flower—all save the messenger, who, resisting every entreaty, went down the cliff, but ere

he had taken many steps, lost his hold and fell to the bottom.

Great were the lamentations, but just as their cries and sobs filled the air, they saw a large white stork, which they recognised as the Emblem of Eternity, rise from the fatal spot, and soar upwards towards the blue sky until lost to their longing gaze, and with gladdened hearts they returned home, for they knew that the soul of their companion had been carried away to enter the land of eternal youth and happiness, and enjoy for ever that which he had sought to obtain for his loved master.

NO. 17.—THE MOUNTAIN ASH.—A DANISH LEGEND.

“Rowan-tree and red thread
Put the witches to their speed.”

Long ages ago, when vessels were often lost on the coast of Zutland, it so happened that none had been for some time wrecked on a particular part of the western shore, and the Havman or “Merman” who dwelt there became at last weary of finding no victim to his wiles. At last he resolved to go on land and secure some cattle in default of better prey. Seeing some cows feeding on a sandhill, he managed to throw a hook at them and dragged them after him to his watery home. Not far from the spot lived a Bonde or farmer, who owned two valuable red yearlings. Not wishing them to suffer the same fate as the cows, he fastened them together with twigs of Mountain Ash—knowing they would then be safe from the Havman’s spells. Emboldened by his success, the Merman again went on shore and endeavoured to ensnare the yearlings, but the hook was caught by the rowan-twigs, and carried home by the farmer’s cattle. Greatly delighted at the potency of the charm, the Bonde hung the hook up in triumph above his chimney-piece, where it remained for some time. After a few months, during which all

the cattle in the neighbourhood had been in perfect safety, the farmer’s wife was one day surprised by a visit from the Havman—he was short and of fair complexion, with a long beard of pale green hue. He looked sad and worried, and said he came “to beg the return of his hook, for since the yearlings had carried it away, he had made no captures of any kind. The rowan-twigs proved too strong for me,” he said, “I never failed before to catch what I wished.”

Afraid of angering him by a refusal, the woman gave back the hook, but the fear of the Mountain Ash drove the Havman away, and he was never seen or heard of again on that part of the coast.

NO. 18.—THE DAISY.—A CELTIC LEGEND.

“Oh daisy, flower of the new-born babe.”

It is said that when Malvina lost her infant son, her despair was so great that the virgins of Morven went to console her, saying that they had seen a light mist that filled the air, and that as it opened, they saw the baby surrounded by lovely flowers, and that choosing one kind in particular, it scattered a great number over the fields above which it floated. Hastening to the spot, they raised the blossoms, and found the golden disc enriched by silvery-hued petals. Never had so fair a flower been seen in their land; and they knew it was the “unknown flower” which the spirit of the baby had been commissioned to throw down to cheer the gaze of the sorrowing mother, and with loving hands and glad hearts they carried the gift of the little one to its parent, and bade her be consoled, for they had seen her lost one happy and content.

And so the Daisy is known in Wales as the “Flower of the new-born,” and is thought to be the message of the baby to the parents who mourn its departure from their loving arms.

MERCY.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility’s true badge.

—*Shakspeare.*

BY SEA AND LAKE.

By ALISON RAE.

CHAPTER XIII.

PARTED.

"The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended ; and with a voice divine,
Whispered a word, that had a sound like
Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom—
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened
room,
Two angels issued where but one went in."

No one ventured an insinuation ; but the evening post enlightened Sally, and helped her to understand the meaning of Ted's words. For it brought her a letter from Geraldine, announcing that young lady's engagement to Will Clifford, which announcement, she said, had been made public ; but which she hoped Sally had not heard of from anyone else, for she would be *so* disappointed not to be the first to communicate it to her dear friend. "*I* think," the letter concluded, "Will behaved very silyly, when at Lenley, about his affection for me, so that you may not have noticed it, although Lena says she saw from the first how it would be. I expect you will be surprised, but I hope, dear, you will be pleased."

Pleased ! Poor Sally ! Here was an unthought-of, unlooked-for ending to the long suspense ! Here was the death-blow to all happiness present and future ! And this was what Will had done ! Her hands hang down, and a cold despair creeps over her, she would like to die. What is the good of life when all that is best has passed away ? She looks round the room, where, with the letter lying unopened upon the tray, she and Florry and Tom had been chatting, brighter than usual because Auntie was improving (hourly, Mrs.

Peters said), and Sally recognising Geraldine's handwriting fancied there might be inside that envelope some mention of her lover. That was but a few minutes ago, and now—! Ah *now*, with the letter opened and read, how different it all is ! Gone from her for ever ! Will, *her* Will, that prince of men, with his strong-built frame and laughing eyes ! Gone from her to that other, who cannot love him half so well as she ! Gone without a word, without a sign, to tell her that the cord was slackening—that it would break. And there is no hope of his return ; no help, no escape for her from the dull, cold, cheerless existence that is her apportioned lot. With sudden dismay she realises to the full what she has lost, what the man, who has passed out of her life, is and has ever been to her. But, as the inflexible love of her consistent nature prevents her faith in him being shaken, the realisation is, happily for her, untinged with bitterness of feeling, such as might come to one less gentle, or with keener insight ; who, infatuated, blinded by love, sees in man a god, and awakening by-and-by discovers the god to be but a very ordinary mortal indeed. Bitterness is the natural result of such awakening ; but Sally is spared the mortification of that piercing sorrow which reflects upon one's better judgment. She sleeps still, and for her the prince, however he may have erred, is still a prince.

Fortunate, I was about to say, the state that produces such blindness ; but no, the awaking must come some day, and the later in life its advent the more indelible will be the feeling it creates.

It was strangely characteristic of Sally that she never for one instant doubted the truth of Geraldine's letter. So the cruel stab it was intended to convey struck home at once, and with more penetrating force because of the introduction of Lena's name, which served to conjure up unpleasant reminiscences of sisterly advice—by her neglected. Nevertheless she was far from believing that Lena had been altogether right. She could call to mind but one instance when Will had shown a special preference for Geraldine's society; she knew that he admired her friend as every one did more or less, and who could help it when she was so beautiful? Sally had not been in the least jealous of such admiration, but *then* Will had loved *her*; had he not confessed as much both to Ted and herself? Ah, why had he not written? Why was he changed? *He* would not be guilty of a mean or dishonourable action. So much did she love and believe in the man who could no longer be anything to her, that her whole soul rose in revolt at the idea of his name in connection with what was unjust or untrue; and *yet* she never doubted Geraldine's statement. She sighed as she thought that circumstances had been against him; he had been seeing a great deal of Geraldine, and people had talked as, at Lenley, they had done about her; he was placed in a difficult position (even whilst excusing, we see, though to Sally it was non-apparent, that she was condemning her whilom lover); and she would not blame him until she knew more—at the bottom of her soft heart lay a determination not to blame him at all; and, maybe, Dr. Smith had been instrumental in bringing about the engagement. Who could tell? He was wicked enough for anything! What he willed he could accomplish! This uncomfortable idea visited her during her lonely night-watch at Tottie's bedside; and, as if to mock her and make more complete the despair that filled her heart, many words of his kept vibrating in her brain.

She was aroused at last from her sad thoughts by Tottie, who stirred in her sleep, and awoke asking for a

drink, and when Sally took the glass again two delicate arms slipped round her neck, drawing her face downwards. "Dear, dear Sally, I'm afraid I worry you a lot, don't I?" said the weak voice, and Tottie laid her cheek lovingly against her sister's for a moment, unconsciously comforting the poor girl, in whose heart a new and careful tenderness unfolded itself, as she pressed the invalid in her strong embrace; the course of love should run smooth for *her* at any rate. And so it did, at least comparatively, but it was in a great measure owing to Sally's watchful care; for it was she who averted the cloud that at one time threatened to settle darkly between the two who were lovers. Some benefit accrued from Sally's suffering, therefore we cannot say it were better not to have been. In imagining Dr. Smith to have had a part in bringing about the engagement between Will and Geraldine, Sally was not wrong; his assistance was given in throwing them as much together as possible. He had been the second doctor called in to attend Mr. Clifford, and when all danger was over, for it turned out not such a very serious affair, the case was left in his hands; and by remaining sometimes in the sick-room, or suggesting that Will were better away for an hour or two, he prevailed upon him to take exercise, to escort Mrs. Smith and Geraldine on their morning promenade or afternoon drive, and as often as not he escorted Geraldine alone. So that throwing the pair together was Dr. Smith's work, and Geraldine was expected to accomplish the rest for herself. She had all the tact she was given credit for; and so efficient was her management that while Tottie, of whose illness no whisper was allowed to reach Will, was slowly recovering, he, unhappy, ill at ease, unconvinced of all Geraldine hinted at of coquetry on Sally's part, and with a strong inclination to run away from England and never come back again, was riding and driving in the Park and elsewhere with Geraldine, and being introduced to her friends as her *fiancé*. All of which was very galling to him, since he had never had the most distant intention

of becoming a husband to Geraldine ; from a little step he had gone slipping into this hopeless slough of conflicting circumstances, from which extrication appeared impossible. He was to be pitied for what had befallen him, considering that he was not wholly to blame, and that much of this trouble had arisen out of Sally's objection to the open acknowledgment of their engagement. He would have gone to Lenley when his letters remained unanswered, but that he could not leave his brother ; and at a later date, when he could have gone, pride stepped in and barred the way. So he stayed where he was, and Geraldine came to town, and it began to be whispered about that he was to marry Miss Heriot, but he took no notice, thinking within himself that these people would know the truth by-and-by ; and by little and little the chain of events was forged, link upon link, until it bound him hand and foot, and he was fast entangled as any unfortunate fly in a spider's web. And that witch and beautiful enchantress, Geraldine, looked on smiling triumphantly, and thought of Sally.

A fool must pay for his folly ; and Will Clifford paid dearly enough for his.

Geraldine was delighted at what she considered the "triumph" over her friend at the Hall. So far she was satisfied ; everything had gone well, and for a day or two she enjoyed herself contentedly, but at the end of that time the novelty of the affair had worn off. Attentions from another's lover had a certain piquancy about them which faded into tiresomeness when once that lover had become her own ; and, athirst for fresh excitement, she suddenly started for Lenley, to observe the effect her news had produced upon Sally. She, poor girl, curiously passive under the double weight of sorrow that was wringing her heart, was giving her thoughts and attention as much as possible to Tottie, in whom day by day she rejoiced to see fresh signs of improvement. The invalid herself showed a strong desire for life and health which Dr. Hill declared was half the battle, and so rapidly did she recover that she was downstairs almost as soon as Ted ; but then he could walk, whereas she

had to submit to the indignity of being carried "a limp bundle" in Mrs. Peters' arms, against which she rebelled, certain she could use her legs perfectly well if they would but allow her to try. Sally, however, was obdurate, and would put up with no fainting fits, or other weaknesses, such as convalescents permitted to indulge their fancies are subject to, and Tottie must be good or she should stay upstairs altogether ; so she continued to be carried, and spent most of her hours upon the great comfortable old-fashioned couch in the schoolroom. And it was there that she first saw Tom after her illness, and there that her promise, to make him happy for life, was given. "It mustn't be for a long while, though," Tottie added in her old teasing way, when she had at last yielded. "I don't know that I want to get married at all, but it would be a pity to let you break your heart, which you most assuredly would do if I were not merciful, you know." And Tom looked at the pretty delicate face, and the pretty head, with its close curls of gold, and smiled. Fate and Tottie had been kind, and you may be sure he was very grateful, and showed his gratitude in his own particular way.

On the day on which Geraldine returned to Lenley her cousin went to London, Mrs. Reid continuing to improve, and in the afternoon Sally came downstairs, to find her sister and Florry eagerly discussing the business that had taken Tom to the metropolis. For, of course, they knew what it was, since he had confessed to having, on the previous day, searched every jeweller's shop in Hastings for an engagement ring, to present to his betrothed, and found none sufficiently magnificent. Sally, hinting at too much talk, sent Florry away, and when she had settled her sister's cushions and bidden her go to sleep, she pulled down the blinds to keep out the glare of light, and opened her desk. This last movement was a mere pretence at occupation, for she had no heart for the accounts that had lain neglected since Tottie fell ill ; but she wanted to think, and with that book before her there was little chance of her sister questioning, should she happen to turn and see

Sally with her elbow on the table, and her cheek resting on her hand. She remained in this position until assured, by the gentle regular breathing from the couch, that her sister had fallen asleep, then she laid down her pen and leaned back in her chair; it was so hot, and she was tired. The soft air coming in at the open windows moved the white blinds lazily, and the droning of the bees and other insects that flitted about outside in the July sunshine made music that had a soothing influence, which helped her to forget her sorrows; and presently, she knew not how, Tottie and the room had faded away, and she was walking hand in hand with Will in a garden gay with flowers and the songs of birds. But the dream could not last for ever, even though Sarah, who had been sent by the doctor, withdrew carefully from the half-open door that she might not disturb her young mistress; and Sally's eyes at length opened disappointedly, at the striking of the clock, to the cold realities of life and the remembrance of a self-imposed duty not yet performed. She stretched herself and yawned, and looked at Tottie; finding her rested and bright, she drew a chair near to her, and with hands that trembled in spite of her utmost effort to prevent them, took from her pocket a letter.

"By-the-bye, Tottie," she began, clearing her throat and endeavouring to look and speak in an unconcerned manner, "I've some news for you."

"Well?" said Tottie, little interested, for she was contemplating a photograph of Tom which she did not trouble to lay aside; "what is it?"

"Something Tom wanted to tell you, but which I thought you would rather hear from me." Sally knew how much easier it would be for her sister to listen to *her*, as she told the tale of what she guessed must prove a bitter disappointment — Will's engagement; for *she* would tell it with a bright face, without a tear to show how it pained her, whereas Tom would likely blurt it all out in a string accompanied by pungent remarks upon the conduct, as *he* viewed it, of his cousin and Will; together they would pity and make their moan over her; and there would be no end of trouble with Tottie, who

would worry and excite herself and probably get ill again. Foreseeing all of which Sally took the matter into her own hands, and attempted to dispose of it as curtly and cheerfully as possible. At the mention of her *fiancé's* name Tottie turned her head towards her sister. "It's nothing very dreadful," continued she, unfolding the letter, and meeting the other's enquiring eyes with a feeble smile.

"Who's it from?" said Tottie, referring to the letter, and eagerly straining her eyes to examine the writing.

"Geraldine."

"Oh!" exclaimed Tottie, at no pains to hide her disgust, and taking up the photograph again. She had hoped, nay expected, it to be from Will; and finding that it was only from that "brainless creature," as she called Geraldine, she yawned and asked indifferently—"And what has she got to say for herself?" careless whether Sally replied to the question or not.

"She's going to be married," said Sally, feeling the task of explanation more difficult than she had anticipated, seeing that her sister was not interested.

"Humph! is that all! She ought to have got that business over years ago, considering the long list of admirers she is always insinuating that she has. How many of them will break their hearts over her, I wonder—will Ted? No, I don't think so, he doesn't appear to miss her much—he consoles himself with Florry and the draught-board. I always declared it was calf-love with him, though Florry stuck out that he would die if Geraldine went away. Die! fiddlesticks! men don't die of love in the nineteenth century. Do you think they do—eh Sally?" This question was put to her sister pointedly, because otherwise her eyes resting still upon the portrait in her hand, it might have been supposed that Tottie addressed the gentleman in the carefully trimmed moustache.

"I don't know—no, I don't suppose they do," said Sally, wearily. "At least——"

"Well?"

"At least most men." Sally's ideas were somewhat confused; she did not

know why at that particular moment Tottie should choose that particular subject for discussion, but she felt that in speaking those words she was in some way—rather vague even to herself, I am afraid—defending Will.

"No one does, you goose! You're still a baby about such matters, Sally, but you'll be wiser some day. Why, I wouldn't expect even *Tom* to die, supposing I gave him up. Of course he'd mope about for a bit, and think himself the most ill-used individual in the world, but he'd get over his disappointment before his looks suffered, and croc's-feet made their appearance; and then he'd do what the ninety and nine out of a hundred do, order a new suit, and look about for an heiress. They're all alike, Sally, don't stare—I mean it. You're the most innocent girl alive, I do believe; you take everyone to be what they seem, and never dream of looking at the wrong side of them—and there, you are crying! Oh, dear, you take everything to heart so! I wish you wouldn't. I didn't want to hurt you, I'm sure. Tom's an angel—there! Cheer up, do, and let us hear about this wedding. When is it to be?"

"It's fixed for the 16th of August, and ——"

"Gracious! She's in a terrible hurry!"

"She wants us all to be bridesmaids," continued Sally, with an effort, and in a broken voice.

"Indeed?" said Tottie, with a languid smile. "Go on—what else? Who is the man? A duke—an earl—or what?"

"It comes off at St. Mary's—the wedding, I mean, and the—the man is plain Mister," stammered Sally, who would have liked to throw the letter into her sister's lap, and rush away.

"Mister! Why, what a come-down! I thought the lovely Geraldine would have nothing less than a knight. Mister! Well, I never! She must be very much in love, surely?"

"I suppose so," Sally managed to say, and then she waited for Tottie to speak, for her courage was rapidly forsaking her, and she felt, as one is apt to do when deeply agitated, that her voice was not her own—that she had

no control over the words she uttered—they seemed to wander a long, long way from her before they became distinct, and then dropped without echo upon the air like the sounds in a fog.

"And who is this Mister?" enquired Tottie.

"She is going to—to marry Will—Will Clifford," Sally said, getting the name out with a jerk and keeping her eyes on the ground.

"Will Clifford! Our Will Clifford? Oh no, it cannot be! You are joking, trying to tease me, Sally?" Tottie sat up, looking anxiously into her sister's face.

Sally's lips moved, and Tottie fancied she caught the words, "No, indeed"—but she knew it was all true—that there was no joking or teasing in the matter. "Ah—my darling! Oh it is cruel, cruel! What do they mean? What have they done? Oh—my—my Sally!" she broke forth with a great sob, stretching out her arms as if she would shield her sister from the overwhelming sorrow that had already pierced her heart; and Sally, who had nerved herself, and was prepared for an outburst of indignation, at these pitying words sank upon her knees, and hot tears fell on the hand she clasped tightly in her own. The first tears she shed over that news were those she indulged in beside the schoolroom couch, and for many minutes they flowed uninterrupted, whilst poor Tottie stroked her hair, murmuring in a sad voice, "I am so sorry—so very sorry, dear!"

Fears for the effect of her grief upon her sister calmed Sally at last. "There is nothing to be very sorry for," she said, getting up, and speaking rather sharply as she dried her eyes. "I am a big fool to worry you with what does not matter at all."

"But I thought," began Tottie, with the whimpering weakness of a convalescent, "that you—"

"Never mind what you thought," interrupted Sally, using a gentler tone when she observed that her sharpness had vexed her sister. "Don't let us speak of this again. Let us forget it altogether. And now," she added more cheerfully as she glanced at the clock, "we must see about tea, for it is quite

time you had some refreshment. I will find Sarah and return directly."

Even as she spoke the maid came to the door and looked in. "Oh, Miss," she said, "the doctor's been waitin' this ever so long to see you, an' I was 'ere before, but you was asleep an' 'e wouldn't 'ave me wake you. I'll see to Miss Tottie. The doctor's in the study, Miss."

"Thank you," said Sally, as she left the room. "I'll send Miss Florry, and then you can get them some tea, Sarah." She went away wondering what the doctor might want, and learned from him that her aunt was worse, and that they could not hope to keep her many days.

"But," said Sally, a little bewildered, "Mrs. Peters told me she was better, and I have not gone near her room since last night because I feared to disturb her; she was sleeping."

Dr. Hill, who was standing with his hand resting on the edge of the table, frowned and fidgetted, tracing the pattern of the carpet with his foot. He was a man who hated giving pain, and he knew that in this instance he must give it, if, as in duty bound, he revealed the truth. "I regret," he began slowly and with emphasis, "I regret very much indeed that Mrs. Peters should have led you into the mistake of thinking Mrs. Reid could recover. I have never doubted what the end would be. Her sleep is due to exhaustion of the system, and without desiring to alarm or grieve you unnecessarily, I must tell you that she may pass away at any moment. This is why I was anxious to see you—do you not think it would be well to send a telegram to your sister—Mrs. Smith?"

Sally hesitated—the difficulty to her was not the sending of the telegram, but would Lena come? She had not come, she sadly thought, when there was danger for her sister. How about her aunt?

Dr. Hill, though it did not appear, understood her hesitation. "If it will save you trouble, Miss Reid, and you like to give me the address, I can send a telegram for you. I pass the office."

Sally silently wrote out and handed to him the address, feeling the doctor's offer to be a considerate one; a tele-

gram from him would certainly receive more attention than any she might send. The doctor took the paper, and without waiting for thanks bowed and quickly departed.

As he let himself out he had to stand aside to allow a tall dark lady, to whom he inclined his head, to pass in. They had come to the door, which was now always kept ajar to prevent the noise of continual opening and shutting, at the same instant. The lady smiled and entered. She looked into the different rooms as she passed them, and was going on through the swing-door, when she caught sight of Sally in the study—still where the doctor had left her, standing by the table, mechanically turning over the leaves of a book. Though there was no sound of a foot-step in the thickly carpeted hall, Sally became conscious of the near presence of some one to her, and raising her eyes she found herself face to face with Geraldine.

"So you have come home," she said, stepping forward and holding out her hand.

"Yes," replied the young lady, disturbed for once by Sally's pale face, great wistful eyes, and the lines of suffering about her mouth, and her heart beat faster than it had ever done in all her life, as she took the offered hand. Sally's thoughts were far, far removed from Geraldine and all connected with her; neither her beauty, heightened by the new costume she wore, nor her talk, nor anything about her, aroused Sally to the least show of interest, for she was thinking of her aunt, and could barely remember that Geraldine was present, and that she required to be polite so long as it suited her to remain.

Geraldine was completely non-plussed. She was annoyed, and for a very sufficient reason she was ashamed of herself, although she would never have confessed it. To be received thus! She kept saying to herself, as she went slowly down the avenue in all the heat, that it would have been better to have stayed at home.

She had intended to take Sally un-awares, to find her weeping, to console her by wishing that Mr. Clifford could have loved Sally instead of herself. She

had come there to triumph, to show Sally her ring, and her handsome locket with Will's photo. inside it, which she had put on for the purpose of display; to speak of all that had been said and done in London, how Sir Francis Blake, hearing of her engagement, had gone off in a tantrum nobody knew whither, and how Lena and she had laughed at him, for he really must be almost forty. And she intended, she was prepared, to sympathise with Sally, and make her, on her knees and with tears, confess her love for Will, and entreat her (Geraldine) not to marry him—that would indeed be a triumph! But in all she had been nonplussed, and the pre-arranged first remark, "How pale and ill you look, Sally—how I pity you!" was never uttered. She was not mistress of the situation. Sally shed no tears, not even when she told Geraldine that her aunt was dying, and added with an expression so solemn that it was almost despair, "Oh Geraldine, how are we to live without her?" Even Geraldine's proud heart was touched, though she got up quickly, remembering that it was of typhoid fever Mrs. Reid was dying. Will's name was never mentioned, and his *fiancée* was obliged to confess that there were hearts of gold in the world, and that Sally's was one of them. But then some people were born so, and it could be no trouble to them to be generous.

So that Geraldine's engagement fell very flat after all; even her mother greeted her with an unintentional reproof. "I'm sure, my dear, I'm very pleased if you are, but I always thought Mr. Clifford was fond of Sally—you remember, or perhaps you don't, your father noticed it more than once;" and there was no longer any pleasure in having Will for a lover, since Sally accepted it so quietly. Geraldine was very near writing to him, and saying that "after seeing Sally" she could not think of marrying him, and I believe she would have done so, and everything might have been brought right, but for that letter she had destroyed. She was at once tired of her engagement when she discovered herself rather poked away in a corner behind the curtain than the recipient of public

applause, and she wanted to get neatly out of the affair before it was too late, for really Will had nothing of a position. There was Sir Francis—she might have had him—a baronet—quite as handsome as Will, and better style; he had a house in town and Will had not. Oh, Sir Francis would have suited her much better! She would get out of it yet, out of it somehow. Then she remembered the letter again, and thought that she could not, for Will might go back to Sally, and then a discovery would be made; but no!—she tossed her head a little defiantly—he should *not* renew his engagement with Sally—she would take care of *that*, whatever happened!

A bright smile suddenly flashed across her face as she walked along. It was not so very dreadful, she would get out of it after all; the Fates were with her this time (she might have said *comme toujours*); Mrs. Reid was dying, and who was to know that she had never received the letter?—She entered her home with her mind greatly relieved.

Meanwhile Sally returned to the schoolroom, where Tottie welcomed her reproachfully. "What a time you have been! I thought you would never come. Who was the visitor? Florry nearly upset the tea-table in her hurry to lift the blind and see who went by, and all she got for her trouble was the sight of a boot-heel, and the tail of a pink gown that whisked round the corner of the house."

"It was Geraldine."

"Geraldine! Here! In this house! She ought to be ashamed of herself! And you saw her—you consented to see her? You mean to say you spoke to her?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Oh, Sally, you have no pride!" said Tottie, despairingly.

Sally sighed as she sat down, and took the cup of tea Florry offered her.

Before night it was generally known in the household, and the news had even reached the village, that Mrs. Reid was dying, and her niece had been telegraphed for; and early on the morrow Dr. and Mrs. Smith were seen once more in Lenley, driving from the railway station towards the

Hall. Sarah pushed back the door and showed them into the dining-room, where Ted and the girls were congregated, when they arrived; Lena bestowed on each a stiff little kiss, and seating herself in an arm chair complained of the heat.

"How is it," she said, peevishly, "you have all the blinds up? Do draw them, Ted; and, Florry, get me a fan. I left mine in the carriage. I can't think what you want with such a glare of light."

"Tottie likes the sunlight," said Sally, gently, "it seems to strengthen her. But I daresay we could have the blinds drawn for a little while."

It seemed to Sally that Lena was a good deal changed—less of the sister and more of the fine lady about her; but the doctor must be to blame for that. She escaped as quickly as possible from the unpleasant scrutiny of his eyes, and went up to her aunt's room. There was rest there, the busy world with its care and turmoil seemed far removed from this quiet; and for forty-eight hours, Sally scarcely quitted her aunt.

Once Mrs. Reid spoke, when something roused her from her sleep. "Stay and be a mother to the girls," she said almost in a whisper, and put out a feeble hand to touch the strong healthy one that re-arranged her pillows.

"Sally is here," said Mrs. Peters, whose heart was full of pity for the poor girl who had sat there patiently, hour after hour, longing eagerly for some word or sign to tell that the dear being recognised her presence.

"Sally," she whispered with a sigh, as if trying to remember. "Yes—darling—you're a good lassie—a good lassie—" and the voice had a strange, tired sound in it. Her hand rested for a moment on the girl's bent head, and

as her niece felt again that tender, soothing touch, she approached closer. "Auntie, dear, dear auntie!" she said, breathing out the words with all the passionate fervour of her nature. The dear eyes looked into Sally's before they closed wearily, and, as they closed, the tired hand fell away, and the girl knew that her aunt was with her no longer—that they two were parted.

Then Mrs. Joyce rose from her seat in a distant corner and came forward, and Mrs. Peters took Sally gently by the hand and led her from the room. The sun was going down, and the two lingered by the open staircase window, watching it depart out of sight beyond the sea. When its last dim reflection had faded, and the world was growing into darkness, the summer stillness was broken by the sound of the passing bell; and through all the village it was known that the good lady at the Hall was dead.

Geraldine heard it and shuddered—she had been waiting all day for the dismal warning; she thought of none but herself, and no sigh of regret for the voice that was stilled for ever, and the dear heart that lay at rest, passed her lips.

Sally heard it too as she kneeled, with tearless eyes, alone in the presence of the dead, going over the long long years they two had spent together; and by-and-bye the night-wind arose and stole with a quivering sigh through the room, stirring the bed-hangings and the leaves of an open book upon the table, and Sally, overcome with fatigue and sorrow, slept.

And the hours crept on and on, and no one came to disturb them—those two, the living and the dead—so near to one another and yet so far, so very far apart.

(To be concluded in our next).

JEALOUSY.

It is Jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much; and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has formed.

—Young.

THE PIONEER OF THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA AND AUSTRALASIA.

By T. WAGHORN COMYNS.

It seems almost incredible in this age of "hero-worship" that thirty-four years should have elapsed before a movement was initiated in England "to do honour to the memory" of the late Lieutenant Waghorn, R.N., the Pioneer of the Overland Route to India and Australasia. The builder of that "bridge to Asia," after being harassed and starved during the closing years of his life, is soon to be belauded in stone or bronze, now that human pæans can no longer be of any use to him—a very apt illustration altogether of the "lot of genius."

Thomas Fletcher Waghorn was not only a hero of the highest order, but he was a most distinguished public servant. In that light the world must ever consider the pioneer, whose inestimable exertions in marvellously bridging the period occupied in communicating between England and India, and, indeed, all the coasts of South-Eastern Asia, ought not to have remained so long unacknowledged by some tangible token of the respect of his compatriots. For the benefits Waghorn has conferred on the civilised world, it is surely very fitting that a mighty commercial and opulent nation like England should compensate by some adequate reward to his relatives, in lieu of the bare and empty "honour" of erecting a bronze or stone statue to his memory. The services of the man who squandered the bloom and ripeness of his years upon schemes which have benefited Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia, and more particularly England, beyond all her capabilities of estimation, have been left to plead their own cause with an "enlightened public" for over thirty years, and at last it is remembered—after a fashion—at what sacrifice to

the party rendering them those services have been achieved.

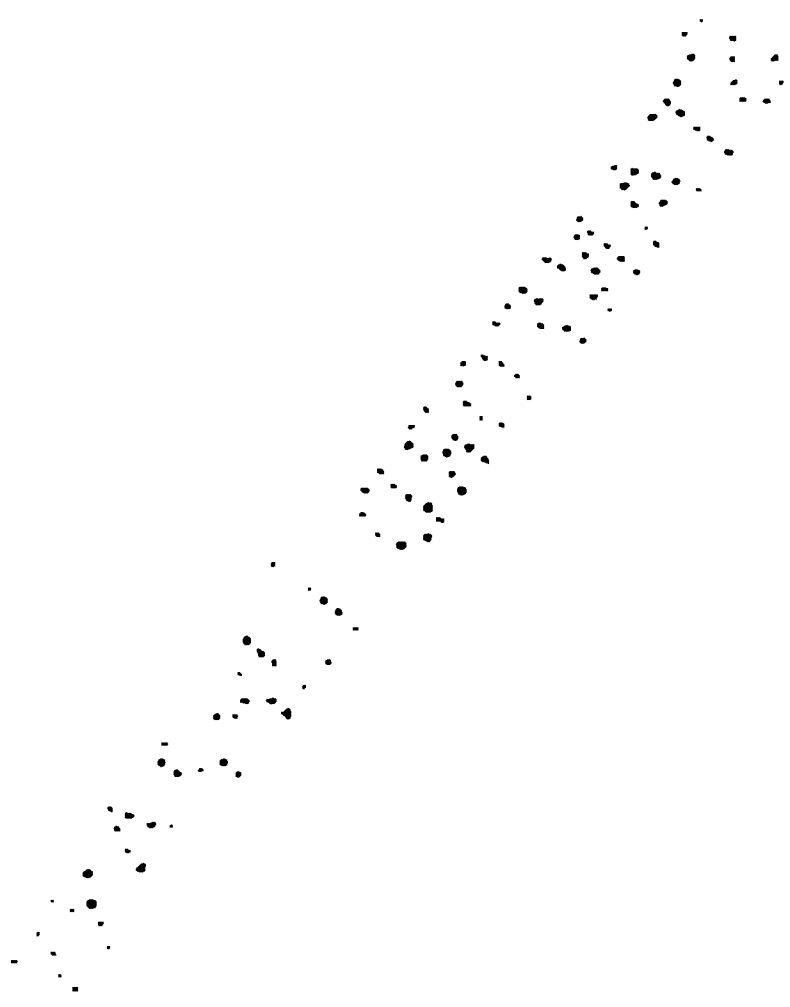
Independent of the main incidents of his history in connection with the Indian overland enterprise, Waghorn's career was a most extraordinary one—full of the strangest vicissitudes. A voluminous work of equal interest and instruction might readily be compiled from the memoranda he has left of his struggles to overcome official apathy in the first instance and official prejudice ever after; but for present purposes, the writer, a grand-nephew of the deceased pioneer, will be content to sketch a brief outline of his career, giving special prominence to that portion when, having rapidly succeeded in exhibiting the soundness and feasibility of his plans, he had begun to reduce them to systematic practice for the accommodation of the British and Indian Governments, and, as he had vainly hoped, for his own and his family's enduring worldly prosperity.

The illustrious subject of this article was born at Chatham in 1800. At twelve years of age he was appointed a midshipman in the Royal Navy, and he showed a ready enough aptitude for the requirements of his profession. Before he had quite reached the age of seventeen he passed in navigation for lieutenant, being the youngest midshipman who ever did so. In 1817, nevertheless, he left the navy, and went as third officer of a freetrader to Calcutta. Two years later he obtained an appointment in the Bengal Marine (pilot) Service of India, where he served until 1824, when he volunteered for the Arracan war, and received the command of the East India Company's cutter "Matchless," and a division of gunboats in connection with the flotilla. He was five times engaged,

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LIEUTENANT WACHORN R N
PIONEER OF THE "OVERLAND ROUTE"



and saw much service by land and by sea, being wounded in the right thigh. He returned to Calcutta in 1827, having received the thanks of all the authorities, with a constitution then undermined from the baneful fever of Arracan, where so many thousands died. He had already conceived the project in the futherance of which he spent the few remaining years of his life. His first draft of the Overland Route was made, and sent to the Marine Board of Calcutta. They brought it under the notice of the Government, who sent him home to confer with the directors of the East India Company, recommending him as a "fit and proper person to open steam communication with India *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope." But he was destined to be disappointed for a time, both in this design and also in the much more important one of exploring a new route to India through Egypt. The Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company and the East India Company equally distrusted steam. It seems strange to think how half a century has modified the notions of the greatest commercial nation in the world. In those days the proverbial fickleness of the wind was thought more trustworthy than the appliances of machinery.

In a *brochure* which he published in June, 1849 (seven months before his death), entitled "Mr. Waghorn's Claims on the Country, and Consequent Liabilities Respecting the Overland Route," the pioneer proved, beyond all possibility of cavil, how continuously and how inexplicably he had been in pocket and person the martyr of circumstances that redounded to the substantial profit of all concerned but himself. On the 25th October, 1829, Lieutenant Waghorn was called on by Lord Ellenborough (President of the Indian Board), who requested him to proceed with despatches for Sir J. Malcolm, Governor of Bombay, on the 29th (only four days), so as to join the "Enterprise" steamer at Suez on 6th December, and to report upon the practicability of the Red Sea Navigation for the Overland Route. After referring to a perilous voyage down the centre of the Red Sea, *sans* chart or compass, his agitation in India for the establish-

ment of steam to Europe, and the strenuous opposition offered to the project in London by the India House, culminating in an avowal that he would "establish the Overland Route in spite of the India House," Waghorn stated that notwithstanding the Government nautical authorities reported that the Red Sea was not navigable, he happily so succeeded in persuading the Pasha of Egypt of the practicability of his design, that he possessed himself of his Highness' entire confidence, and obtained leave to proceed according to his own judgment. He wrote:—

"Once in the enjoyment of the Pasha's friendship, I was enabled to establish mails to India; and to keep that service in my own hands for four years. On one occasion I succeeded in getting letters from Bombay to England in forty-six days, by means of a fast French brig, hired by me from Alexandria, lying in ballast, and ready to start at a moment's notice to Marseilles; and immediately after, the Government and the East India Company, at the pressing solicitations of the London East India and China Association (the then Mr., now my friend, Sir George Larpent, chairman), started mails of their own, taking from me the conveyance of letters, without a sixpence compensation for the loss from that time to this—these authorities having, till then, repeatedly declared that they had no intention of having mails by that route at all. Had this deprivation of my income been adjudicated upon by any commercial tribunal in the world, £20,000 is the lowest sum that could be in fairness awarded me, and this without taking into the estimate the fact that I had put to rest the 'North-westerners in the Red Sea,' the 'Monsoons in the Indian Ocean,' the 'Plagues of Egypt and the sands of the desert' that were to have swallowed up the adventurous wayfarers by the dreaded Overland Route.

"Next, in conjunction with my partners, I took up the carriage of passengers, planted hotels at Alexandria, Cairo, etc., etc., and familiarised the desert with the spectacle of horses, vans, and all the usual adjuncts of English travel, instead of the unchanging Arab and his primeval camel.

These, with packet boats on the Nile and Canal, duly provided with English superintendents, and afterwards steamers, rendered Eastern travel as facile to the most timid as a journey of the same length in this country; and I had every prospect of finding this hitherto undreamt of novelty as lucrative to myself as it was agreeable to those vast numbers of my countrymen who availed themselves of it. But, unfortunately, just when my enterprise, industry, capital, and my possession of Mehemet Ali's friendship were beginning to produce their natural results, Her Majesty's Government and the East India Company gave the monopoly of a chartered contract to an opulent and powerful company*, for I had coupled with the passenger system the carriage of overland parcels—a source of great profit, and through it there was a constant accession to the comfort of the passengers in transit. This company, already extensive carriers by water, gleaned from my firm the secret of conducting my business, with an alleged view to supply it on a much more comprehensive scale, and to employ us in so doing; and when nothing more remained to be learned from us we were forthwith superseded, though with a useless and utterly unproductive expenditure on the part of our successors of six times the money we should have required to accomplish the same end. Overwhelmed by the competition of this giant association, I was entirely deprived of all advantages of this creation of my own energy, and left with it a ruin on my own hands, though to have secured me at least the Egyptian transit would not only have been but the merest justice to an individual, but would have been a material gain to the British public politically and otherwise. In my hands the Egyptian traffic was English, and I venture to say that English it would have continued to this day had I not been interfered with. But my successors gave it all up to the Pasha, and under the altered and the altering circumstances of Egypt, it will be fortu-

nate indeed if the circumstances of that act do not bitterly atone for the hardships so inconsiderately and wantonly inflicted upon me. * * * * I will only add that on the commencement of my career I was possessed of property by inheritance. This has been sacrificed, and I am still left in debt to the extent of £5000."

Shortly before his death Lieutenant Waghorn stated that no money or means were ever received by him from either Her Majesty's Government or the East India Company to aid the Overland Route. It grew into life altogether from his having, by his own energy and private resources, worked the overland mails to and from India for two years (from 1831 to 1834) in his own individual person. It is almost incredible that up to that time the pioneer was thought and designated by many a "visionary," and by some a "madman." Yet he possessed secret influence enough with Mehemet Ali to be once sent as His Highness' confidential messenger to Koshru Pasha, Grand Vizier to the Sultan at Constantinople, in 1839, as well as to Lord Ponsonby, who was there as Ambassador from England at this time.

Lieutenant Waghorn's merit in his own country was first recognised by the *Times* newspaper, the proprietors of which were subsequently munificent in their pecuniary assistance of his efforts in the Trieste route experiments; as, indeed, were the London morning papers generally. In six successive months he accomplished the gain of thirteen days *viâ* Trieste over the Marseilles route.

And now comes a sad prelude to that "last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history." Having exhausted a large fortune, which he inherited from his grandfather—a wealthy landed proprietor in Kent—and subsequently his family's fortune, to the extent of £40,000, besides contracting large debts, solely in effecting these public objects, Lieutenant Waghorn was at the moment when his splendid projects had arrived at their final realisation, abandoned to anxieties and difficulties, the mere recollection of which should have excited sentiments of remorse in the heart of the English nation. After

* The Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company.

vainly endeavouring to extricate himself by establishing at Cornhill an agency for the Overland Route, he was compelled to apply to the India House and the Government for assistance. His constitution by this time was a complete wreck, through the twenty years' toil he had gone through ; but he merely asked to have his public debts paid, and enough allowed him as a pension to enable him to close his remaining days in rest.

Numerous memorials and petitions were presented to the India House and the Government on behalf of Lieutenant Waghorn, and eventually these authorities each granted him £200 per annum. But they declined to pay the debts he had contracted in their service. In his last memorial, dated June 8, 1849, he thus refers to this injustice :—"The immediate cause and origin of my embarrassments was a forfeited promise on the part of the Treasury and the India House, whereby only four instead of six thousand pounds relied on by me, were paid towards the Trieste Route Experiments in the winter of 1846-7, when single-handed, and despite unparalleled and wholly unforeseen difficulties, I eclipsed, on five trials out of six, the long-organised arrangements of the French authorities specially stimulated to all possible exertion, and supplied with unlimited means by M. Guizot. On the first of these six occasions, there arose the breaking down, on the Indian Ocean, of the steamer provided for me, thereby trebling the computed expenses through the delay, and when startled by this excessive outlay, I hesitated to entail more, the Treasury and the India House told me to proceed to do the service well, and make out my bill afterwards, I did proceed. I did the service not only well, not only to the satisfaction of my employers, but in a manner that elicited the admiration of Europe, as all the Continental and British journals of that period, besides heaps of private testimonials demonstrated. My rivals, to whom the impediments in my path were best known, were loudest in their acknowledgments ; and the only drawback to my just pride was the incredulity manifested in some quarters, that

I could have actually accomplished what (it is notorious) I did at any time, much less among the all but impassable roads of the Alps, in the depth of a winter of far more than ordinary Alpine severity. I presented my bill. It was dishonoured. I had made myself an invalid, and had sown the seeds of a broken constitution in the performance of that duty. The disappointment occasioned by the non-payment of the £2000 has preyed incessantly upon me since, and now, a wreck almost in mind and body, I am sustained alone by the hope that the annals of the Insolvent Court will not have inscribed upon them the pioneer of the Overland Route, because of obligations he incurred for the public, by direction of the public authorities."

This memorial had high testimonials appended to it from Lords Palmerston, Aberdeen, Ellenborough, Harrowby, Combermere, Ripon, Sir John Hobhouse, Sir Robert Gordon, and Mr. Joseph Hume. But it failed to produce any good result ; the debts and the harrassing remained. Both pensions were consequently compromised to his creditors, and he remained without any adequate means of support.

On the 7th January, 1850, Lieutenant Waghorn paid the penalty of the hard life, which his exertions in establishing the Overland Route entailed on him. He died literally of a broken heart. Gifted at first with a frame as robust as his mind was clear, and as his faculties were inventive, Lieutenant Waghorn undermined the vigour of his constitution by the toils of his self-imposed enterprise, and found in the ingratitude of those whom he had served the most conspicuously, the means of filling the hours of his highest achievements with the lowliest and most harrowing of regrets.

It may not be generally known that Lieutenant Waghorn was the projector of the Suez Canal. This was testified by Baron de Lesseps at a banquet given in Paris in celebration of the completion of the works, and in November, 1883, when he was interviewed on the subject of the proposed memorial. On the former occasion, referring to Waghorn, he said :—

"Great as is the honour that falls to me this day, I would be less than a man did I take to myself the full measure of the eulogies that have been passed upon me and my work. I would be unworthy of the position for a moment did I fail to mention the name of the great Overland Pioneer—the late Lieutenant Thomas Waghorn, of the Naval Service of Her Majesty the Queen of England. He it was who first conceived the idea; it was his indomitable courage and perseverance that led me on to prove its practicability. I am pleased to have the opportunity to proclaim the noble qualities of that much underrated gentleman; but he was in advance of his age, and the very plans that were scoffed at when first mooted were those which, in my position as engineer of the works, have enabled me to carry them through."

The Universal Suez Maritime Canal Company, in acknowledging the remarks of Baron de Lesseps, erected, some years ago, a statue at the Suez end of the canal, "To the memory of the generous though unfortunate man who was the initiator and Chief Pioneer of the Great Egyptian Maritime Commercial Transit completed with the canal of the two seas."

Considering the indigent circumstances in which some of Waghorn's near relatives are still placed, the erection of a statue to his memory in England at a cost of about £3000 is a

tardy attempt to do honour to him, and recalls the satirical lines written with reference to the statue erected to the memory of the author of "Hudibras"—

"The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

It is true that two aged widows, sisters of the Pioneer (who are living in Melbourne) are each in receipt of pensions of £25 per annum from the Imperial Civil List and similar sums from the Indian Government. For twelve years they subsisted on the money derived from the former source. Recently their failing health, owing to advanced age, induced the writer, on their behalf, to apply to the Victorian Government for assistance. In recognition of Waghorn's labours in establishing the Overland Route and subsequently steam communication from Singapore to Australia, the Government promptly allowed each of the unfortunate ladies £1 per week. It must not be overlooked that were the commercial gains accruing from Waghorn's services—saying nothing of their political and social value—computed according to a commercial standard, he would have been first amongst the foremost of England's millionaires, and consequently his relatives (the majority of whom are of the gentler sex), would not now be living in indigence.

ALWAYS A RIVER TO CROSS.

There's always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take;
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

A CURIOUS SUPERSTITION.

By J. W. LONGSDON.

"The Daemonic is that which cannot be explained by reason or understanding."

—GOETHE.

We were sitting on a lumber barge, slowly floating down a Canadian river; for my friend and I had been duck-shooting in a bark canoe, and, tired of paddling, had accepted the offer of the master of the barge, and had hauled our canoe on board, and we were sitting on the low deck-house listening to some of his backwoods yarns. He was an Englishman, but had left home before the era of compulsory education. He could still believe in ghosts; and the devil was to him a real malignant spirit, that still walked the earth.

Well, there was a pause after he had told one of his stories, and in the darkening night—the sun had just set, and there is no twilight in Canada—we saw his face becoming more solemn. Then he began, bringing out his words in a startled and awestruck manner, and asked, "Did either of you young gentlemen ever see a Liggaroo?" I felt inclined to laugh at this sudden change to solemnity, and was about to ask him what kind of a creature bore such a queer name; when, apparently not waiting for an answer, he slowly continued, "I'll tell you how I saw a Liggaroo. It was last fall, or rather later, when the rivers were beginning to freeze. You know," he threw in by way of parenthesis, "we bargemen all turn lumbermen in the winter, and go away into the backwoods to cut timber, and pile it on the river banks, ready to be floated down stream when a thaw comes. So off I started with my chum, Joe Sykes. Now mind what I tell you of Joe, for my story's about him. I can't say he was my friend; a more ill-favoured man I never saw. But I'll just tell you how it was. He was sweet on my sister, down in

Montreal, and was all fixed to get spliced, when she, poor girl, took sick and died. She was a good sister to me, she was. I never liked Joe, but for her sake I couldn't be harsh to him now, so we became chums. I was sorry for him, too, for he went melancholy-like, and mooned about by himself."

Here I interposed—gently, for I sympathised with the story-teller—but I was curious to find out about this new creature: this Liggaroo. He took no notice of my interruption, and went on.

"Well, we travelled up together, a good six hundred miles, and almost due north, for there's no big timber left now any nearer to the towns. We had a rough, cold journey in our sledge, I can tell you, and it wasn't every night we could find a house to sleep in. Of course, when we couldn't find a house we had to dig a big hole in the snow, and light a big fire; and then if we both went to sleep, and let the fire go out, it *was* cold."

He seemed to shudder at the recollection.

"Joe Sykes got more sulky and morose as we went along, and when we got up to our shanty he'd hardly speak to me. But I soon forgot that. It was no small matter to have a shanty, rough as it was, over our heads, and to have a good fire and plenty of food and companions. For our gang numbered about twenty men; and—however, I see you gentlemen looking impatient, so I'll hurry along. Joe soon got unpopular, with all his bad temper and surly looks. I had to try—as I was his pal—to bring him round a bit. 'Look here, Joe,' said I, 'you've been crossed in love, and so has many a man before you. But that's no reason why you should be uncivil to everyone.' And then I said, half

joking-like, 'You know, Joe, if you go on like this, we shall think *you've sold yourself to the devil.*' Well, I never saw a man in such a passion as he got in. I didn't know then how my last words had touched him. He just swore he didn't want any of my interference, and rushed away. I was sorry and wanted to make it up with him, but he didn't come in that night. Next day I set off early to a neighbouring camp to get some flour and some potatoes, for our stock was getting low, and as I was teamster it was my duty to get supplies.

By the time I was getting near home again it was quite dark, except for the white snow all around. I was hurrying on, walking by the horses' heads. There were wolves about, I knew, and I wanted to be home. Suddenly I saw something moving among the dark pine-trees; the horses became restless—a sure sign of wolves, I thought. I had just time to get my knife out of its case—no backwoodsman is ever without his knife—when something dark rushed out of the bush, and made at me, I took it for a wolf, and as it sprang, buried my knife deep in its shoulder. But at the same moment I felt a cold shiver pass over me, and I knew it was not a wolf, but my pal, Joe, that I had stabbed. I looked round, but all in an instant he was gone, and my knife was left in my hand. I trembled all over as I looked at it, *for on the blade there was no blood.*"

"But I thought you had stabbed the wolf," I interrupted. He took no notice, and after a pause went on. "I quieted my horses, and soon got to the shanty. All the men were in but Joe. I suppose I looked frightened—'like as if I'd seen a ghost,' they said. So I had to tell them all that had happened. They were rough men, and they all swore to be revenged on Joe; and for all he was my pal, and I had felt sorry for him, I couldn't have said a word to save him. After a bit he came in, gloomy as usual, and wouldn't speak neither good nor bad. But one of the gang pulled his shirt down, and there, sure enough, on his shoulder was the mark of my knife, but no blood.

'We didn't need any more proof. He was kicked out, and told to go to

his master, and we threw his coat and things after him. Now mark what I say, young gentlemen. As we threw out his coat, seventeen dollar pieces fell out. I saw them myself, and as sure as I sit here, I saw those dollar pieces crawl away in the snow after their owner. Bah!"—this in a tone of mighty contempt—"Sell your soul for seventeen dollars!"

"Sold his soul for seventeen dollars?" I repeated, questioningly.

"Why, yes; where could he have got them from, up there in the bush, except from the devil? He hadn't any money when he came up with me. Besides, didn't I see them crawl away?"

Argument of this kind is not to be combated. Besides, he had told his story in such a weird way that I was almost awed. He believed it, at any rate. Here my friend broke in; "But what is a Liggaroo?"

"Why surely, Joe Sykes, my pal," replied the bargeman, rather surprised; and then, seeing we still looked mystified, he went on, "You know, gentlemen, a Ligaroo is a man who sells himself to the devil, and in return gets power to change himself into a wolf on certain nights, to be revenged on his enemies. And this is what poor Joe had done." There was a touch of compunction in his voice now, perhaps he was wondering how long Joe had lived in the snow after he was ejected from the shanty. "And you know the sign of a Liggaroo is that they can't bleed; all their blood is dried up."

It was too dark now to put up our tent for the night, so we accepted our host's offer to sweep up a part of the deck, and "bunk us in," as he called it. It was not a soft bed, so in lieu of sleeping we were able to reflect on the strange story we had heard, and above all, on the complete unflinching belief of the narrator in the truth of what he told.

When our duck shooting was over and we returned to civilisation and libraries, I found that Liggaroo is a corruption of the French *loup-garou*—the were-wolf of the Anglo-Saxons—the man-wolf or wolf-fiend of our nursery days. It was an old French superstition, and still survives in the

French provinces of Lower Canada. That it is still a living faith I could not doubt when I had heard the awe-struck way in which the bargeman told the story. Especially was I struck when I remembered that he was an Englishman, and his faith but a reflexion of the French belief in the *Loup-garou*. And then I questioned

whether this man, with his blind ignorant unreasoning faith in what he could not see or understand, was not happier than our own poet,* who in all the bitterness of his spirit was forced to cry out—

Is nothing real but confusion?
Is nothing certain but death?

A VISIT TO THOMAS EDWARD, THE NATURALIST.

By H. C. D.

All who have read Mr. Smiles' "Thomas Edward" cannot but be interested in the quaint, rough Scotchman, so graphically described in its pages. Even to those in Southerly Scotland, Banff sounds a very far off word, and when I read the memoir I had little expectation of ever visiting that little town on the Moray Frith. But when, a year or so ago, circumstances led me to that part of the country, I was seized by a strong desire to see the naturalist. I was somewhat depressed by the unfavourable remarks made regarding him by many of the people thereabouts; but I was determined to see him, so one rather windy day in April, I and some friends took train down to Banff.

Banff is a very quiet, pretty little town, rising on a slight elevation from the sea. To reach the town from the station of the Great North of Scotland Railway the River Deveron had to be crossed. A handsome granite bridge unites the two sides of the river. Thomas Edward's house is one of several standing along the shore, at the point where the Deveron joins the sea. The visitor enters by a

small iron gate, leading into a neat courtyard. At the end of the yard opposite the gate we observed an outhouse with two doors, one of which was open, exposing to view a valise, evidently left out to air; and we wondered if Mr. Edward was meditating a journey. On the right hand was a table covered with a green cloth, a large earthenware basin beside it—a sign that cleaning was going on inside. On our left hand stood the house, a low, two-story building. We knocked at the door, which stood partially open. In a few moments it was opened by an elderly woman, who said, in answer to our inquiries, that Mr. Edward was at home, and asked us to walk upstairs. We went up an old-fashioned staircase directly opposite the door, which led to a narrow landing above, with a window on one side and doors leading off on the other. The staircase and lobby were painted bright yellow, making the place look very clean.

The woman, who we concluded was Mrs. Edward, showed us into a room at the end of the passage, evidently the best parlour. Mr. Edward did not come in for some time, so we took the

* Adam Lindsay Gordon.

opportunity of familiarising ourselves with the room and its contents.

Opposite the door were two deep windows, commanding a fine view of the sea, with the town of Macduff rising on the hill beyond. The wall opposite this again was entirely lined with cases of stuffed birds and animals, twenty-six in all. Among others were two woodcocks, a snipe, a golden pheasant, and two large white rabbits. They were all caught and stuffed by himself, except one, a monkey from Java. When we asked Mr. Edward afterwards if these were the whole of his collection, he said, "Na, na! My collection is my purse. I sent three awa'." The remaining sides of the room were occupied by a chiffonier, a small table, a sofa, and a few chairs. A round table in the centre of the room completed the furniture.

On the chiffonier was a bust of the Queen by Brodie, who, as Mr. Edward remarked, "was a Banff loon" (lad); a handsome silver tea-pot—a presentation; and some stuffed birds. On the centre-table stood a beautiful olive-wood casket, with an inscription to the effect that it had been presented to Mr. Edward by 160 Aberdeen ladies and gentlemen, along with £300. There were also on the table a silver salver and a very pretty Florentine mosaic.

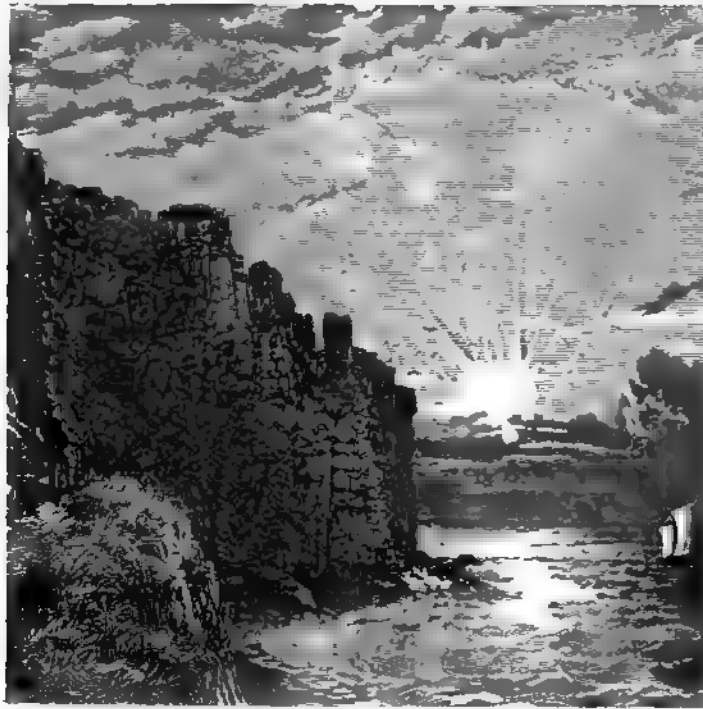
But our attention was now taken up by the entrance of Mr. Edward, a little bent man dressed in rough tweeds, with a shock of grey hair, and remarkably bright eyes. He seemed pleased at our call, and gave us a hearty welcome. He said he had not been out much for the last three months, but that he was "goin' for a cheenge ti Aiberdeen, no to the toon, oot a bittie." We asked him if he was still able to go on excursions. "Oh, ay, jist fur the insecks and plants, but no wi' the gun," he replied, a bright expression flitting across his face at the mention of his favourite occupations.

He rose and took down from the wall a small frame, rubbing his hand along the top to remove the dust, containing a letter sent to him by Lord Beaconsfield, announcing a pension of £50 from the Queen. It was written by the late Premier's own hand, and bore his signature—"Beaconsfield."

He next showed us another frame with a cartoon from *Punch*. The description of it in his own words will be interesting. "'Thomas Edward, shoemaker and naturalist,'" he read, evidently greatly amused at the fun made at his expense. "A rale guid pictur'," he continued. "There's nae caricature in't but the Provost o' Banff. The Queen's rale guid, and there's a' thing in't, even the beasties," pointing to some butterflies and beetles, the same bright expression crossing his face that I had before noticed. It was quite remarkable to see his delight whenever any reference was made to his favourite animals and pursuits. He showed us a gobie (*gobius nilsonii*), the first ever found in the district. It was preserved in a bottle in spirits of wine. When we looked at the birds in the cases, he looked on, beaming with pleasure, and gave us whatever information we asked. He pointed to his photograph-album, which lay on a small table beside one of the windows, and invited me to look at it. He had all the members of the Royal Family, besides several statesmen, and scientific and literary men. He had a photograph of Carlyle, with the words "Old Carlyle" written below.

There was something very simple and pleasing about this old man, accompanied with great keenness and penetration. His evident pleasure at our visit was, to say the least of it, gratifying, and I have no doubt helped to make us more agreeable. Certain it is that I saw none of those ogre-like qualities that his neighbours give him the credit of possessing.

He told us that while in London he had called on Mr. Smiles, but found him from home. We remarked that Mr. Smiles had been writing some new books lately. "Fie no," he said, "no writin' them—jist pittin' them oot. He was at Dick and Nasmyth afore he begun on my ane." Then he told us about his son, who is entering the Scotch church; and after conversing for a short time on general topics we took our leave. He cordially invited us to come back, which we promised to do, if we could possibly find an opportunity.



THE RISING SUN.

Phœbus, arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red ;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
That thy career she may with roses spread ;
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead ;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair ;
Chase hence the ugly night
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair,
Ensafroning the sea and air,
Makes vanish every star.
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels ;
The fields with flowers are decked in every hue ;
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue.

—*Drummond of Hawthornden.*

opportunity of familiarising ourselves with the room and its contents.

Opposite the door were two deep windows, commanding a fine view of the sea, with the town of Macduff rising on the hill beyond. The wall opposite this again was entirely lined with cases of stuffed birds and animals, twenty-six in all. Among others were two woodcocks, a snipe, a golden pheasant, and two large white rabbits. They were all caught and stuffed by himself, except one, a monkey from Java. When we asked Mr. Edward afterwards if these were the whole of his collection, he said, "Na, na! My collection is my purse. I sent three awa'." The remaining sides of the room were occupied by a chiffonier, a small table, a sofa, and a few chairs. A round table in the centre of the room completed the furniture.

On the chiffonier was a bust of the Queen by Brodie, who, as Mr. Edward remarked, "was a Banff loon" (lad); a handsome silver tea-pot—a presentation; and some stuffed birds. On the centre-table stood a beautiful olive-wood casket, with an inscription to the effect that it had been presented to Mr. Edward by 160 Aberdeen ladies and gentlemen, along with £300. There were also on the table a silver salver and a very pretty Florentine mosaic.

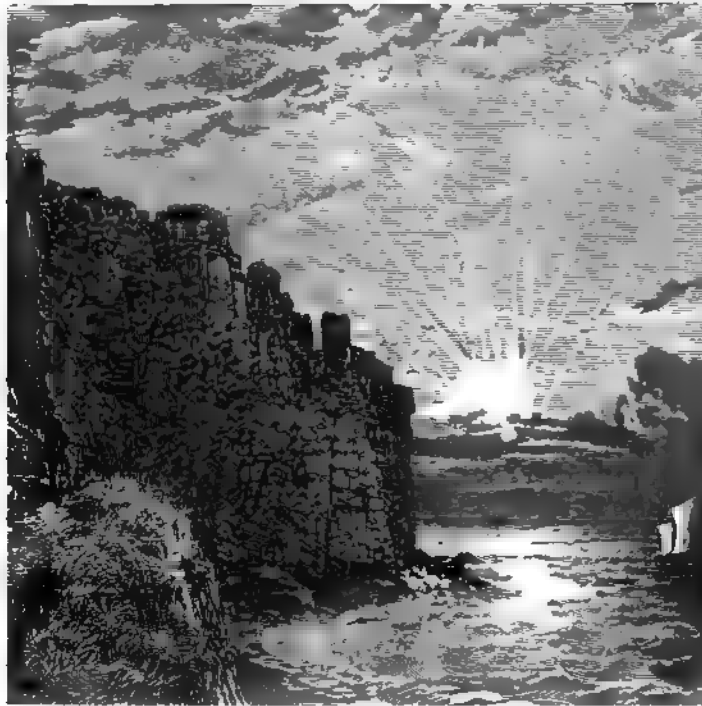
But our attention was now taken up by the entrance of Mr. Edward, a little bent man dressed in rough tweeds, with a shock of grey hair, and remarkably bright eyes. He seemed pleased at our call, and gave us a hearty welcome. He said he had not been out much for the last three months, but that he was "goin' for a cheenge ti Aiberdeen, no to the toon, oot a bittie." We asked him if he was still able to go on excursions. "Oh, ay, jist fur the insecks and plants, but no wi' the gun," he replied, a bright expression flitting across his face at the mention of his favourite occupations.

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MARY MARSTON,*

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

CHAPTER XIX.

MARY IN THE SHOP.

More than a year had now passed from the opening of my narrative. It was full summer again at Testbridge, and things, to the careless eye, were unchanged, and, to the careless mind, would never change, although in fact nothing was the same, and nothing could continue as it now was. For were not the earth and the sun a little colder? Had not the moon crumbled a little? And had not the eternal warmth, unperceived save of a few, drawn a little nearer—the clock that measures the eternal day ticked one tick more to the hour when the Son of Man will come? But the greed and the fawning did go on unchanged, save it were for the worse, in the shop of Turnbull and Marston, seasoned only with the heavenly salt of Mary's good ministration.

She was very lonely. Letty was gone; and the link between Mr. Wardour and her not only broken, but a gulf of separation in its place. Not the less remained the good he had given her. No good is ever lost. The heavenly porter was departed, but had left the door wide. She had seen him but once since Letty's marriage, and then his salutation was like that of a dead man in a dream; for in his sore heart he still imagined her the confidante of Letty's deception.

But the shadow of her father's absence swallowed all the other shadows. The air of warmth and peace and conscious safety which had hitherto surrounded her, was gone, and in its place cold, exposure, and annoyance. Between them her father and she had

originated a mutually protective atmosphere of love; when that failed, the atmosphere of earthly relation rushed in, and enveloped her. The moment of her father's departure, malign influences, inimical to the very springs of her life, concentrated themselves upon her; it was the design of John Turnbull that she should not be comfortable so long as she did not irrevocably cast in her lot with his family; and the rest in the shop being mostly creatures of his own choice, by a sort of implicit understanding they proceeded to make her uncomfortable. So long as they confined themselves to silence, neglect, and general exclusion, Mary heeded little their behaviour, for no intercourse with them, beyond that of external good offices, could be better than indifferent to her; but when they advanced to positive interference, her position became indeed hard to endure. They would, for instance, keep watch on her serving, and as soon as the customer was gone, would find open fault with this or that she had said or done. But even this was comparatively endurable; when they advanced to the insolence of doing the same in the presence of the customer she found it more than she could bear with even a show of equanimity. She did her best, however; and for some time things went on without any symptom of approaching crisis. But it was impossible this should continue; for had she been capable of endless endurance, her persecutors would only have gone on to worse. But Mary was naturally quick-tempered, and the chief trouble they caused her was the con-

* Reprinted by special arrangement.

trol of her temper ; for, although she had early come to recognise the imperative duty of this branch of self-government, she was not yet perfect in it. Not every one who can serve unboundedly can endure patiently ; and the more gentle some natures, the more they resent the rudeness which springs from an opposite nature ; absolutely courteous, they flame at discourtesy, and thus lack of the perfection to which patience would and must raise them. When Turnbull, in the narrow space behind the counter, would push his way past her without other pretence of apology than something like a sneer, she did feel for a moment as if evil were about to have the victory over her ; and when Mrs. Turnbull came in, which happily was but seldom, she felt as if, from some sepulchre in her mind, a very demon sprang to meet her. For she behaved to her worst of all. She would heave herself in with the air and look of a vulgar duchess ; for, from the height of her small consciousness, she looked down upon the shop, and never entered it save as a customer. The daughter of a small country attorney, who, notwithstanding his un neglected opportunities, had not been too successful to accept as a husband for his daughter such a tradesman as John Turnbull, she arrogated position from her idea of her father's position ; and, while bitterly cherishing the feeling that she had married beneath her, obstinately excluded the fact that therein she had descended to her husband's level, regarding herself much in the light of a princess whose disguise takes nothing from her rank. She was like those ladies who, having set their seal to the death of their first husbands by marrying again, yet cling to the title they gave them, and continue to call themselves by their name. Mrs. Turnbull never bought a dress at the shop. No one should say of her, it was easy for a snail to live in a castle ! She took pains to let her precious public know that she went to London to make her purchases. If she did not mention also, that she made them at the warehouses where her husband was a customer, procuring them at the same price he would have paid, it was

because she saw no occasion. It was indeed only for some small occasional necessity she ever crossed the threshold of the place whence came all the money she had to spend. When she did, she entered it with such airs as she imagined to represent the consciousness of the scion of a county-family ; there is one show of breeding vulgarity seldom assumes—simplicity. No sign of recognition would pass between her husband and herself ; by one stern refusal to acknowledge his advances, she had from the first taught him that in the shop they were strangers ; he saw the rock of ridicule ahead, and required no second lesson ; when she was present, he never knew it. George had learned the lesson before he went into the business, and Mary had never required it. The others behaved to her as to any customer known to stand upon her dignity, but she made them no return in politeness ; and the way she would order Mary, now there was no father to offend, would have been amusing enough but for the irritation its extreme rudeness caused her. She did, however, manage sometimes to be at once both a little angry and much amused. Small idea had Mrs. Turnbull of the diversion which on such occasions she afforded the customers present.

One day, a short time before her marriage, delayed by the illness of Mr. Redmain, Miss Mortimer happened to be in the shop, and was being served by Mary, when Mrs. Turnbull entered. Careless of the customer, she walked straight up to her as if she saw none, and in a tone that would be dignified, and was haughty, desired her to bring her a reel of marking-cotton. Now it had been a principle with Mary's father, and she had thoroughly learned it, that whatever would be counted a rudeness by *any* customer, must be shown to *none*. "If all are equal in the sight of God," he would say, "how dare I leave a poor woman to serve a rich ? Would I leave one countess to serve another ? My business is to sell in the name of Christ. To respect persons in the shop, would be just the same as to do it in the chapel, and would be to deny Him."

"Excuse me, ma'am," said Mary, "I am waiting on Miss Mortimer," and went on with what she was about. Mrs. Turnbull flounced away, a little abashed, not by Mary, but by finding who the customer was, and carried her commands across the shop. After a moment or two, however, imagining, in the blindness of her surging anger, that Miss Mortimer was gone, whereas she had only moved a little farther on to look at something, she walked up to Mary in a fury.

"Miss Marston," she said, her voice half choked with rage, "I am at a loss to understand what you mean by your impertinence."

"I am sorry you should think me impertinent," answered Mary. "You saw yourself I was engaged with a customer, and could not attend to you."

"Your tone was insufferable, Miss!" cried the grand lady; but what more she would have said I cannot tell, for just then Miss Mortimer resumed her place in front of Mary. She had no idea of her position in the shop, neither suspected who her assailant was, and fearing the woman's accusation might do her an injury, felt compelled to interfere.

"Miss Marston," she said—she had just heard Mrs. Turnbull use her name, "if you should be called to account by your employer, will you, please, refer to me. You were perfectly civil both to me and to this—" she hesitated a perceptible moment, but ended with the word "*lady*," peculiarly toned.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Mary, with a smile, "but it is of no consequence."

This answer would have almost driven the woman out of her reason—already, between annoyance with herself and anger with Mary, her hue was purple: something she called her constitution required a nightly glass of brandy and water—but she was so dumbfounded by Miss Mortimer's defence of Mary, which she looked upon as an assault on herself, so painfully aware that all hands were arrested, and all eyes fixed on herself, and so mortified with the conviction that her husband was enjoying her discomfiture, that, with what haughtiness she could

extemporize from consuming offence, she made a sudden vortical gyration, and walked from the vile place.

Now George never lost a chance of recommending himself to Mary by siding with her—but only after the battle. He came up to her now with a mean unpleasant look, intended to represent sympathy, and, approaching his face to hers, said confidentially—

"What made my mother speak to you like that, Mary?"

"You must ask herself," she answered.

"There you are, as usual, Mary!" he protested; "you will never let a fellow take your part!"

"If you wanted to take my part, you should have done so when there would have been some good in it."

"How could I, before Miss Mortimer, you know!"

"Then why do it now?"

"Well, you see—it's hard to bear hearing you ill-used! What did you say to Miss Mortimer that angered my mother?"

His father heard him, and taking the cue, called out in the rudest fashion,—

"If you think, Mary, you're going to take liberties with customers because you've got no one over you, the sooner you find you're mistaken the better."

Mary made him no answer.

On her way to "the villa" Mrs. Turnbull, spurred by spite, had got hold of the same idea as George, only that she invented where he had but imagined it; and when her husband came home in the evening fell out upon him for allowing Mary to be impertinent to his customers, in whom for the first time she condescended to show an interest:—

"There she was, talking away to that Miss Mortimer as if she was Beenie in the kitchen! County-people won't stand being treated as if one was just as good as another, I can tell you! She'll be the ruin of the business, with her fine-lady-airs. Who's *she*, I should like to know!"

"I shall speak to her," said the husband. "But," he went on, "I fear you will no longer approve of marrying her to George, if you think she's an injury to the business!"

"You know as well as I do, that is the readiest way to get her out of it. Make her marry George, and she will fall into my hands. If I don't make her repent her impudence then, you may call me the fool you think me."

Mary knew well enough what they wanted of her; but of the real cause at the root of their desire she had no suspicion. Recoiling altogether from Mr. Turnbull's theories of business, which were in flat repudiation of the laws of Him who alone understands either man or his business, she yet had not a doubt of his honesty as the trades and professions count honesty. Her father had left the money affairs of the firm to Mr. Turnbull, and she did the same. It was for no other reason than that her position had become almost intolerable, that she now began to wonder if she was bound to this mode of life, and whether it might not be possible to forsake it.

Greed is the soul's thieving; where there is greed there cannot be honesty. John Turnbull, it is true, was not only proud of his reputation for honesty, but prided himself on being an honest man; yet not the less was he dishonest—and that with a dishonesty such as few of those called thieves have attained to.

Like most of his kind, he had been neither so vulgar nor so dishonest from the first. In the prime of youth he had had what the people about him called high notions, and counted quixotic fancies. But it was not their mockery of his tall talk that turned him aside; opposition invariably confirmed Turnbull. He had never set his face in the right direction. The seducing influence lay in himself. It was not the truth he had loved; it was the show of fine sentiment he had enjoyed. The distinction of holding loftier opinions than his neighbours was the ground of his advocacy of them. Something of the beauty of the truth he must have seen—who does not?—else he could not have been thus moved at all; but he had never denied himself even a whim for the carrying out of one of his ideas; he had never set himself to be better; and the whole mountain-chain, therefore, of his notions sank and sank, until at length their loftiest peak was

the maxim, *Honesty is the best policy*—a maxim which, true enough in fact, will no more make a man honest, than the economic aphorism, *The supply equals the demand*, will teach him the niceties of social duty. Whoever makes policy the ground of his honesty will discover more and more exceptions to the rule. The career, therefore, of Turnbull of the high notions, had been a gradual descent to the level of his present dishonesty and vulgarity: nothing is so vulgarizing as dishonesty. I do not care to follow the history of any man downward. Let him who desires to look on such a panorama, faithfully and thoroughly depicted, read Auerbach's *Diethelm von Buchenberg*.

Things went a little more quietly in the shop after this for a while: Turnbull probably was afraid of precipitating matters, and driving Mary to seek counsel—from which much injury might arise to his condition and prospects. As if to make amends for past rudeness, he even took some pains to be polite, putting on something of the manners with which he favoured his best "customers," of all mankind in his eyes the most to be honoured. This of course rendered him odious in the eyes of Mary, and ripened the desire to free herself from circumstances which from garments seemed to have grown cerements. She was however, too much her father's daughter to do anything in haste.

She might have been less willing to abandon them, had she had any friends likeminded with herself, but while they were all kindly disposed to her, none of the religious associates of her father, who knew, or might have known her well, approved of her. They spoke of her generally with a shake of the head, and an unquestioned feeling that God was not pleased with her. There are few of the so-called religious who seem able to trust either God or their neighbour in matters that concern those two and no other. Nor had she had opportunity of making acquaintance with any who believed and lived like her father, in other of the Christian communities of the town. But she had her Bible, and when that troubled her, as it did not a little sometimes, she had the Eternal Wisdom to cry to for such

wisdom as she could receive; and one of the things she learned was, that nowhere in the Bible was she called on to believe in the Bible, but in the living God, in whom is no darkness, and who alone can give light to understand His own intent. All her troubles she carried to Him.

It was not always the solitude of her room that Mary sought, to get out of the wind of the world. Her love of nature had been growing stronger, notably, from her father's death. If the world is God's, every true man ought to feel at home in it. Something is wrong if the calm of the summer night does not sink into the heart, for the peace of God is there embodied. Something is wrong in the man to whom the sunrise is not a divine glory, for therein are embodied the truth, the simplicity, the might of the maker. When all is true in us, we shall feel the visible presence of the Watchful and Loving: for the thing that He works is its sign and symbol, its clothing fact. In the gentle conference of earth and sky, in the witnessing colours of the west, in the wind that so gently visited her cheek, in the great burst of a new morning, Mary saw the sordid affairs of Mammon, to whose worship the shop seemed to become more and more of a temple, sink to the bottom of things, as the mud, which during the day, the feet of the drinking cattle have stirred, sinks in the silent night to the bottom of the clear pool; and she saw that the sordid is all in the the soul, and not in the shop. The service of Christ is help. The service of Mammon is greed.

Letty was no good correspondent; after one letter in which she declared herself perfectly happy, and another in which she said almost nothing, her communication ceased. Mrs. Wardour had been in the shop again and again, but on each occasion had sought the service of another; and once, indeed, when Mary alone was disengaged, had waited until another was at liberty. While Letty was in her house she had been civil, but as soon as she was gone, seemed to show that she held her concerned in the scandal that had befallen Thornwick. Once, as I have said, she met Godfrey. It was in the

fields. He was walking hurriedly as usual, but with his head bent, and a gloomy gaze fixed upon nothing visible. He started when he saw her, took his hat off, and, with his eyes seeming to look far away beyond her, passed without a word. Yet had she been to him a true pupil; for although neither of them knew it, Mary had learned more from Godfrey than Godfrey was capable of teaching. She had turned thought and feeling into life, into reality, into creation. They speak of the *creations* of the human intellect, of the human imagination! there is nothing man can do comes half so near the making of the Maker as the ordering of his way—except one thing: the highest creation of which man is capable, is to will the will of the Father. That *has* in it an element of the purely creative, and then is man likest God. But simply to do what we ought, is an altogether higher, diviner, more potent, more creative thing, than to write the grandest poem, paint the most beautiful picture, carve the mightiest statue, build the most worshipping temple, dream out the most enchanting commotion of melody and harmony. If Godfrey could have seen the soul of the maiden into whose face his discourtesy called the hot blood, he would have beheld there simply what God made the earth for; as it was, he saw a shop-girl, to whom in happier circumstances he had shown kindness, in whom he was now no longer interested. But the sight of his troubled face called up all the mother in her; a rush of tenderness, born of gratitude, flooded her heart. He was sad, and she could do nothing to comfort him! He had been royally good to her, and no return was in her power. She could not even let him know how she had profited by his gifts! She could come near him with no ministration! The bond between them was an eternal one, yet were they separated by a gulf of unrelation. Not a mountain range, but a stayless nothingness parted them. She built many a castle, with walls of gratitude and floors of service to entertain Godfrey Wardour; but they stood on no foundation of imagined possibility.

(To be continued.)

"OUR DOCTOR."

By "IATROS."

COLDS, AND HOW THEY ARE TO BE AVOIDED.

Last month we devoted some space to the theoretical consideration of "colds"—how they are caught and how they act. We will now consider how to avoid taking cold. At the outset we would have our readers understand that there is no specific plan of action the adoption of which will render our bodies impregnable to the effects of cold; but the observance of the following few general directions will go far towards lessening the liability to suffer from colds and their consequences. We have already spoken of the manner in which our bodily heat is generated by changes taking place within us in the process of nutrition; and how necessary it is that this function be maintained in its integrity, if we are to escape the evil effects of cold acting on us from without. It is only by the *regular* supply of good, nutritious food that we can keep the processes of nutrition in action, and thus keep up the proper temperature of our bodies. In cold weather the quantity of food should be greater than at other times. It should differ also in quality—should contain more fatty matter to promote the heat-making processes within us. Such articles of food as cocoa, milk, bread and butter, eggs (the yolks of which are rich in fatty matters), may be partaken of by most persons, even though they cannot eat the fat of meat.

The important part played by the skin in resisting the evil effects of cold has been fully discussed. To act efficiently the skin must be kept not only clean but also in good *tone*. To ensure these two conditions a regular habit of bathing the whole body is necessary. For this purpose we are in the habit of recommending a cold bath

followed by a good "rub down" with a rough towel every morning. The delightful glow and buoyancy which follow the morning tub are recompense sufficient for all the self-denial required to make one quit a warm bed a few minutes earlier on a cold morning. If this plan be persevered in the skin gains tone and reacts powerfully when a sudden change of temperature is experienced. In some cases, however, the morning bath should not be of cold water. Thus, young children, delicate persons, and those advanced in life should have the water slightly warmed, so that there may be no shock. Of almost as much importance as the bath itself is the friction afterwards from the rough towel which should always be used.

We must now devote a brief space to the question of clothing. Our clothing serves a two-fold purpose. On the one hand, it prevents the too great access of external cold; and on the other, it prevents the too rapid loss of heat from the surface of the body. Clothes, therefore, which are of non-conducting material, such as wool, should be principally used for this purpose.

Flannel underclothing should be worn by all persons in such a changeable climate as this of ours is. The flannel need not be thick, for weight by no means implies warmth; but it should be of good quality—close in texture, and well shrunk. The under-flannel should reach high up over the chest. If the underclothing be good, no advantage, as a rule, results from wearing heavy outer garments. To those more than usually susceptible to cold, besides the ordinary precautions, the following hints may

be useful. Always keep the feet warm by wearing thick stockings and stoutly-soled boots. An inner sole of cork or felt may sometimes be worn in the boots with advantage. When in the open air keep moving about, and, if possible, breath through the nose. This latter precaution should especially be carried out at night. Indoors avoid draughts, and *don't* have a window open in the bedroom at night. In such cases the value of a small quantity of cod liver oil daily cannot be over-estimated. Many a cold and many a serious illness consequent on a cold might be avoided by the persevering use of the oil; and this especially applies to children. The best times to take the oil are shortly after the principal meals, and shortly before retiring to rest. Half a teaspoonful is enough to commence with. It may be taken floated either on wine or milk; or, better still, be taken with a pinch of salt, and a crust of bread. Finally, all general measures calculated to improve the general health will tend to lessen, to an equal degree, the susceptibility to catch cold. Thus regular outdoor exercise, regular hours for meals, sea-bathing in summer, fire, etc., are all to be recommended.

It would be beside our purpose to discuss the treatment of colds, but after a chill at any time a hot bath should be taken as soon as possible, some hot fluid—tea, coffee, or milk—drunk, and then immediately to bed. A cold will thus often be nipped in the bud.

The enumeration of all the possible consequences of a cold is out of the question in our limited space; we will therefore confine ourselves to the consideration of a few of the more common consequences.

There is no disease to which the body is liable that may not be seriously influenced in its course by the effects of cold; and, while many diseases owe their origin to this cause, many already established from some other cause are affected in a special manner by cold. None of the specific fevers—Typhoid, Scarlatina, Measles, etc.—owe their origin to “catching cold;” but we are all much more liable to be affected by the contagion

of these fevers while suffering from colds.

The effects of cold tell most markedly upon the respiratory organs, the deaths from diseases of these organs, very frequently due to neglected colds, amounting to a large percentage of the total number of deaths in the country. Now let us cursorily look to the effects of cold on the various parts of the respiratory tract.

When confined to the nose, the effects of cold are well known to all of us as “a cold in the head.” If the windpipe is affected the result is more serious. The calibre of the tube is lessened by the tumefaction of its lining membrane, and by the deposition of inflammatory products on its surface. The danger of suffocation in such a case is imminent. This is exemplified in croup, etc.

If the branches of the windpipe—bronchial tubes—become affected, the result is *bronchitis*. This is a serious complaint, its gravity depending on the extent to which the inflammation reaches towards the smaller ramifications of the tubes. In all cases there is a good deal of obstruction to breathing, and consequent lividity of countenance, cough, expectoration, feeling of rawness in the centre of the chest, and general weakness. Especially are most of these symptoms marked if the smaller tubes are affected, as is often the case in children. This latter form of disease is very fatal.

If neglected, bronchitis is apt to become chronic, leading to morbid changes in the lungs, and ultimately of the heart. Prolonged ill-health, followed by death, is often the sequel. Bronchitis is one of the most common causes of death in this country, and it generally arises from a simple cold neglected. Then again the lung tissue may become, and often does become, inflamed, as the result of exposure to cold. The malady is then *pneumonia*. Here again the breathing is much impeded, there is a good deal of feverishness, sometimes delirium, and always great prostration; but, although always a serious malady, pneumonia usually runs a favourable course in strong, healthy, temperate persons. In dissipated or otherwise weakly persons this disease

is always regarded with anxiety by the physician.

Either along with pneumonia, constituting the affection known as *pleuro-pneumonia*, or as a separate malady, *pleurisy*—inflammation of the delicate membrane enveloping the lungs—is often the result of exposure to cold or damp. This is a very distressing complaint, and if severe, may result in the accumulation of a quantity of fluid between the lung and the wall of the chest. The fluid will compress the lung on the affected side, and, unless proper advice be obtained, life will be seriously imperilled, or, if neglected and recovery do take place, the lung will be permanently crippled—bound down by adhesion, and prevented from carrying out its functions of respiration.

But, surpassing in importance all other results of neglected colds is the disease known as *pulmonary consumption*. Although the disease in question has undoubtedly a tendency to run in families, such a tendency is, we think, generally overrated. Certain it is that in large numbers of cases the disease is *acquired*; and thus a strong, well-built man may become affected with consumption as well as the feeble, ill-developed female. It would be beside our purpose to enter into a discussion here as to the various factors concerned in the production of consumption, so suffice it to say that it is often the result of a neglected cold. The *rationale* of the production of this dire disease may be briefly described as follows:—A young person, often somewhat debilitated from careless habits of life, errors of diet, inebriety, or continued exposure to impure air, catches cold, and then neglects it. A cough, most troublesome on retiring to bed at night and on rising in the morning, sets in. This, too, is neglected, night sweating commences, and the person affected begins to find he is easily tired and is losing flesh. He now, perhaps, seeks medical advice, or, maybe, delays even longer. The disease will be

readily recognised, and if haply still in the early stage, much may be done by persistent treatment to arrest its progress. If more advanced, however, the lungs will probably have begun to break down, and then the case is less hopeful.

The further the disease is advanced, the less amenable to treatment is it, so that in the latest stages we may say with Kirke White—

"Thy cankering tooth
I knew would never stay till, all consum'd,
In the cold vault of death he were entomb'd."

Rheumatism is a malady upon which the influence of cold is exhibited in a marked degree. Acute rheumatism (Rheumatic Fever), is generally due to a chill of the surface of the body from exposure to cold or wet. This complaint is a serious one, not so much on account of any immediate danger, as of the tendency it has to engender some form of heart disease. The disease is also peculiarly liable to return. After each attack of rheumatism the joints become stiffer and more deformed. Maladies of many other parts and organs owe their origin to cold. By this means many of the most dangerous diseases of the stomach, bowels, and kidneys, etc., are originated. Many of the diseases also affecting the organs of special sense—sight, hearing, and smell—are due to the same cause.

Of affections of the nervous system brought about by cold, neuralgias and paralyses of various parts, but especially of the face, are common. Our subject has become a sombre one, but to deal honestly with questions with which we are concerned every day in our life in the practice of our profession, it is necessary that we should not overstate the case one way or another. We have endeavoured to show how much suffering and how many deaths are preventible by the exercise of a little care.

In conclusion, let us warn our readers never to neglect "a little cold."

"OUR GARDENER."

By DAVID A. CRICHTON.

Every person who possesses a flower garden should endeavour to make it as attractive as possible at all times of the year, by a careful selection of trees, shrubs, and smaller plants, and their arrangement with a due regard to the size of the place, its surroundings, and special requirements. There are many trees and shrubs that are very ornamental and well adapted for general use, but which are seldom to be seen in private gardens. Gardeners, both professional and amateur, are prone to give a preference to certain classes of plants, because they happen to be better known than many others that really possess very desirable qualities. The *Pinus* and *Cupressus* families, for instance, are often used too freely in plantations, whereas much better effects would be produced by introducing greater variety in form and foliage. The judicious arrangement of such trees and shrubs as are used is also a matter of great importance in planting a garden. Among the numerous evergreen trees that may with advantage be introduced in pleasure gardens, are those of the Orange family. These trees are compact in habit, have at all times bright green foliage, and their fruit in its various stages of growth is an additional attraction. The value of the fruit must also be taken into consideration. Trees of this family may be grown successfully in all localities where the frosts are not severe, but they require shelter from stormy winds. The Mandarin section, which includes several kinds, is somewhat more hardy than the other sorts. Another evergreen fruit tree that may be used with advantage in the pleasure garden is the Purple Guava (*Psidium Cattleianum*). This tree will thrive in all but very cold districts, is compact in habit, has effective foliage, and yields an abundance of palatable fruit that is appreciated by most people who are acquainted

with it. The trees will attain a size of from six to ten feet, and are therefore admirably adapted for cottage gardens, and others where the area is limited. Pæonies are a beautiful class of plants that are not often seen in gardens in this part of the world, though they are deserving of more attention. There are two classes of these beautiful flowers, known respectively as Herbaceous, and Tree or Moutan Pæonies. Each class embraces a large number of varieties with single, semi-double, and double flowers, including every shade of colour in white, pink, red, crimson, and purple, while some have beautifully striped and shaded flowers. Both kinds will accommodate themselves to almost any soil or situation, provided it is not too wet, and some of the herbaceous kinds will even flourish under the shade of trees. Those who intend giving these plants a trial should lose no time in planting them. The planting of Camellias, Daphnes, Gardenias, and other evergreen trees and shrubs should be completed without delay, as they are now commencing to grow freely, and when the roots are in full activity the less they are disturbed the better. It will be advisable in the case of newly-planted evergreens to shelter them as much as possible from the effects of cold winds till they are fairly established. Should the weather happen to be harsh and dry, it will also be advisable to sprinkle their foliage in the evenings. Camellias in the borders should receive any necessary pruning as soon as they have done flowering, but as a general rule, compact, well shaped plants require but little cutting. If, however, plants have been neglected, and have made a straggling or lopsided growth, they may be brought into the desired form by freely cutting back the branches. There are in many gardens strong Camellia plants of inferior varieties,

which it will be advisable to cut back and graft with better kinds, and this operation should be performed at once.

Roses will require a good deal of attention during the next few weeks, in order to secure strong, well-shaped plants and plenty of good flowers. Weakly shoots should be cut back or removed, as also rank and straggling shoots, and suckers springing from the roots of budded plants must be removed. When aphides make their appearance it will be advisable to syringe the plants with tobacco water, a solution of Gishurst's Compound, or some other reputable insecticide in the evenings, and clean water on the following mornings. Bulbs that have finished blooming should have their flowering stems removed (unless seed is required), but the leaves must not be cut, as their free development is essential to the perfect growth of the roots. Pansies must be freely supplied with water in dry weather, and choice varieties should be propagated from cuttings, as plants of this family often die off, and it is a pity to lose good sorts. Campanulas, Carnations, Delphiniums, Heliotropes, Hollyhocks, Fuchsias, Perennial Phloxes, Pentstemons, Petunias, Pelargoniums, Lobelias, Salvias, Stocks, and similar border plants should be fixed in their places as soon as possible. The various species of the Dianthus family should also be planted out, and seed may be sown if necessary. This genus, which includes the Sweet William, Chinese and Indian Pinks, for variety, beauty, and usefulness ranks second to none, and is deservedly a great favourite. Tender annuals may now be sown in the open ground, except in very late districts, where it will be advisable to wait for a few weeks. The safest and most economical plan, however, is to raise the young plants under shelter, and transplant where required when the season is further advanced. The Amaranthus family deservedly takes a high position among the plants classed as tender annuals, most of the species and varieties having handsome dark or variegated foliage. Balsams are favourite flowers with most cultivators, and good strains well grown will supply very brilliant and attractive plants, either for garden or pot cultivation. The Celosias

or Cockscomb family, are well-known and favourite annuals that should always find a place in a garden. Convolvulus major and minor, and more especially the latter, are well worthy of attention for their free blooming qualities. The Papaver family (poppies) include a number of gorgeously coloured annuals, producing their flowers in profusion for a considerable time. Portulacas are a highly desirable genera of dwarf growing annuals that produce in profusion brilliant flowers of almost every shade of colour. The Zinnia deservedly holds a high position among annuals, as it stands the climate well, produces its showy flowers in profusion, embraces nearly every shade of colour, and forms a great attraction during the summer and autumn.

Plants in pots will require great attention in watering and in various other ways. Water should be supplied according to the individual requirements of each plant, taking care never to let the roots get soddened, and on the other hand not allowing the plants to flag through lack of moisture. Fuchsias should be re-potted as their pots get filled with roots, but not otherwise, and the shifts must not be too great, as plants of this family do not thrive when over potted. Pelargoniums should be watered freely and may be supplied occasionally with liquid manure to stimulate growth. When, however, plants are making an over-luxuriant growth of stem, liquid manure or other stimulants will do more harm than good. Azaleas should be liberally supplied with water, as also liquid manure about twice a week, till the flowers are fully expanded, after which stimulants are not required. Cinerarias, Chinese Primulas, and Cyclamens after they are in full bloom should be watered somewhat sparingly, and sheltered from the sun in the middle of the day, in order to make the plants retain their beauty as long as possible. Calceolarias should have plenty of air, and in order to encourage strong growth, liquid manure may be supplied once or twice a week. Begonias belonging to the fine foliage section should be re-potted, using a rich compost, and keeping the plants in a warm moist atmosphere. Tuberous

Begonias may also be started in rich soil. Camellias as they go out of bloom should be re-potted if they require it, taking care not to give larger shifts than are necessary. The plants at the same time should be pruned if they require it, taking care not to use the knife too freely. Achimenes, Gesneras, Gloxinias, and Tydeas may be started in heat, and growing plants should be re-potted in rich soil when necessary. Plants of these families, when required for conservatory or room decoration do better when grown in a moderate heat than in a high temperature. Though they may be started in a strong heat, the plants should afterwards be gradually inured to a lower temperature before they reach the flowering stage. Ferns and Lycopods under glass should be well supplied with water, and carefully re-potted when they require it. Insect pests of all kinds must be kept down by unceasing attention, as if left unchecked they increase rapidly at this time of the year.

In the orchard and fruit garden all routine work should be kept well in hand. The planting of Oranges, Lemons, and other species of the Citrus family, as also Loquats and Guavas, should be finished as soon as possible, taking care not to expose the roots to a dry atmosphere. Newly planted evergreens should be sheltered as much as possible, and must be carefully watered when necessary till they are thoroughly established. If the weather should happen to be harsh and dry, it will be advisable to sprinkle the foliage with water in the evenings. The pruning and grafting of trees of the Citrus family should be finished as soon as possible. Young or newly planted deciduous trees should be securely staked and tied, to preserve them from injury through their roots being loosened in the ground before they have taken a strong hold. Recently grafted trees should be examined frequently, and all stock shoots or suckers from the roots must be removed. Raspberry plantations should be kept as free from weeds as possible, and the fruit-bearing canes must be securely fastened to their supports. The common way of growing Raspberries is to tie the canes

to a single stake, but it is a better plan to grow them on the trellis system. Superfluous suckers should be removed as they make their appearance, and no more shoots ought to be left than are required to supply fruit-bearing canes for next season. Strawberries will now require a good deal of attention to keep them free from weeds and runners, which if allowed to grow will prevent the plants from fruiting freely. As soon as the plants are fairly in blossom, the surface soil should be covered with a layer of grass, straw, or similar material to keep the fruit clean. In heavy soils it will be advisable to lightly loosen the surface before the layer of grass or straw is put on.

In the vegetable garden it will be a busy time for the next few weeks, as various crops must be got in, and those that are making growth will require constant attention. The work of cleaning crops should be proceeded with whenever the weather and the condition of the ground is favourable, as weeds, if unchecked, will soon make headway at this time of the year. It must also be borne in mind that frequent stirring of the soil not only keeps the weeds down, but materially stimulates the growth of crops. Those crops that require to be thinned out should have their wants attended to promptly, not delaying the operation till the plants are injured through being overcrowded. Cabbages of such kinds as will stand the sun well should be planted out extensively, and seed may be sown for a succession crop. Peas may be sown freely, choosing a somewhat moister situation if possible than for previous crops. The wrinkled marrow varieties generally give the greatest satisfaction for summer cultivation. Kidney Beans may now be planted without much risk in all but the very late districts. Among the most desirable varieties are Canadian Wonder, Early Dun, Fulmer's Forcing, and Negro. Potatoes, both early and late kinds, should be planted in all except the latest districts. Carrots, Parsnips, Red Beet, Salsify, Skirret, Scorzonera, and Rampion may be sown for main crops, taking care to work the ground deeply for any of them.

Another sowing of Turnips may be made in order to keep up a regular supply. Lettuce, Radish, Mustard, and other small salad plants should be sown every fortnight to keep up a continuous supply. A small sowing of Celery may be made for an early crop next season, choosing a somewhat shady situation, or better still, sowing in a frame where the cultivator will have growth more under control. The surface soil of Asparagus beds should be kept loose in order to allow the stalks to come through without difficulty. As soon as growth commences the stalks should be removed regularly, and none must be allowed to remain until the cutting season is over. The planting of Globe and Jerusalem Arti-

chokes, Horseradish, and Rhubarb, if not finished, should be completed without further delay. Cucumbers and Vegetable Marrows in frames should receive constant attention in the stopping, thinning, and otherwise regulating the growth of the plants. The temperature of the frames should be kept as regular as possible, admitting a little air on warm days, frequently syringing the leaves in bright drying weather. If early plants are wanted for the open ground they should be forwarded in hot-beds, as also Capsicums and Tomatoes. Young plants from seed sown now, if kept steadily growing, will be fairly advanced by the time the season arrives for planting them out.

"OUR COSTUMIER."

By "LUCIA."

For the last three or four weeks the shops have presented a particularly gay and animated appearance. "Spring shows" have followed each other in rapid succession, and it would be difficult to name one of the large drapery establishments which has not announced and held "an exhibition of novelties for the Spring and Summer seasons." These shows are a regular institution nowadays, and one receives, as a matter of course, the most artistic and elaborately got up cards of invitation, requesting one's presence to inspect the latest novelties which fashion has prescribed as the correct thing for the season. Ladies flock to these shows in great numbers, those with long purses to buy whatever takes their fancy, their more needy sisters to get wrinkles which may prove profitable in replenishing their wardrobes, for there is no doubt that it is on these occasions that one learns what is the fashion.

The *étamine*, or canvas cloth, which I spoke of last month, has become quite established in favour, and is in fact the material *par excellence* for dresses this season. It has appeared in so many varieties, each of them so pleasing, that it is difficult to decide which is the nicest. Some have chenille tufts of the same or different colours, others are striped with plush, printed with chintz patterns in Oriental colours, or striped with silk and gold tinsel. A very effective gown seen by me lately was of cream canvas, elaborately embroidered in Russian cross-stitch, worked in navy blue and cardinal. It was made with what is called a "milkmaid skirt," that is, an overskirt falling at the right side almost to the edge of the underneath flounce, while at the left it was carelessly caught up almost to the waist. Small rosette-like bows were placed here and there, and a full bodice with ribbon belt completed a charming

toilette. The canvas muslins are pretty, and look well trimmed with velvet ribbons. By the way, velvet is the favourite trimming for muslins and all thin materials, a fact which shows how tastes change with time, for at no distant period it would have been considered a dreadful solecism to combine two fabrics of such totally different texture as velvet and muslin. The fashion of making up white muslin over some bright colour has been revived again, and will be worn by young girls for *fêtes*, races, etc. There are so many new and pretty cotton materials this season that all tastes should be satisfied. There are the tufted zephyrs to imitate the chenille-spotted cashmeres so fashionable of late; then there are plush-striped zephyrs (that is, of course, a cotton imitation of plush, reminding one of Turkish towelling); and there are cashmerettes, which look exactly like cashmere, although they are cotton.

The three new shades of green—*cresson*, *chartreuse*, and *absinthe*—have all a yellowish tint, and are consequently very trying to any complexions except those “whose red and white Nature’s own hand hath cunningly laid on.” These shades are mostly confined to millinery as yet, few being brave enough to appear in gowns of such trying hues.

In millinery, set styles are becoming daily of less importance, special fitness and originality being the *desiderata* of hats and bonnets rather than what is decreed by fashion. The hats are all made with high crowns, and, like the bonnets, many of them are transparent, being formed of drawn net, lace, or gauze, over a gilt frame. This style, however, is not likely to become popular, as it is by no means serviceable. Fine straw hats are to be had not only in white and the usual range of colours, but also in the newest shades, including the greens of which I have just spoken. Height being the chief characteristic of the new season’s hats and bonnets, it seems the thing to pile Ossa on Pelion in the way of laces, flowers, and feathers, all of which are employed in profusion. The beauty and perfection of the artificial flowers are such as to command admiration, and I may say the same of the fruit, which is certainly

as like nature as it is possible. Tinsel prevails in millinery, and gold is introduced in every imaginable way. In every department of dress tinsel seems to appear this season. It is incorporated in many of the canvas cloths, it is extensively used as braid on jerseys, and it predominates in fashionable *lingerie*. The frillings most worn are formed of folded bands of tinsel, and coloured crape or gauze, as for instance, one style is of stiff, folded gold tissue, placed in front of a band of red silk crape. Another variety is of white crape, arranged in points over a band of silver tinsel, each point having a pearl sewn on it. Frillings of canvas and chenille abound, as do mixtures of tinsel and lisse, and tinsel and crape. For neck decorations there are also little collarettes composed of bands of tinsel and crape, finished off in front by smart little bows of double loops; or else by a fan-shaped pleating of crape.

It is only fair to devote some space to children’s fashions, as nowadays it seems to be as important that the little folks should be as fashionably dressed as it is that their mothers should. As style is everything at the present day, the success of a child’s costume, like that of the grown people, depends more on a good cut than on the quality of the materials of which it is composed. A style much in vogue for children, and one which is recommended principally by its simplicity is the “button-holed skirt,” that is a skirt composed of box pleats, and having a buttonhole some inches long placed on each side of the pleat underneath. Through these buttonholes is run a coloured band or sash which ties in a large bow behind, giving the little frock a most dressy appearance. It is on much the same principle as the pinafores made with straps through which the sash is run, and looks exceedingly well in thick white muslin or any of the new fancy zephyrs. The bodice is of course gathered, and is often formed of a succession of small perpendicular tucks. Charming little gowns are made of light coloured canvas over some pretty shade, one of cream colour over pink being particularly dainty. It had a gathered bodice with a yoke of worsted

lace, and a wide sash of pink surah, which formed a large bow at the back. Sashes are almost universally worn, and many of them are of watered ribbon. Cream serge dresses with cardinal sashes, and navy blue linen frocks with sailor collars and wide sashes of Turkey red twill are very popular. High crowned hats are also fashionable for children, and the improved sailor shape with the brim projecting in front and narrowing at the back is one of the favourites. The old Leghorn flop hat has been revived, and Granny bonnets are as much worn as ever, with this difference, that they form a larger poke over the face, and in many instances have quantities of quillings and pleated lace inside. Tussock pinafores with high necks and long sleeves (in reality simple frocks) are shown in the shops, and are intended for Summer wear. They will no doubt be appreciated in the very hot weather, when they will answer admirably instead of dresses.

From English fashion journals we learn that there is a disposition to wear long out-door garments, which require no under-dress, and which, consequently, deserve the name of pelisse rather than paletot. They may be made in canvas (lined, of course), thin cloth, or any of the Spring materials. Some of the pretty fancy cloths look well made with collar and cuffs of velvet, the skirt being closely gathered at the back, and finished off with a wide sash. There is rather a tendency to make little frocks with short skirts and long waists; party frocks especially have regular little ballet skirts composed of muslin and lace flounces. Pure white materials are extensively employed for children's dress, particularly cambric trimmed with quantities of embroidery. A pretty style of making these is with a long casaque, the skirt being formed of a wide embroidered flounce. A *revers* of embroidery passes round the neck, and is carried down the front to the waist, where it terminates in a point.

THE OBSERVER.

Since the establishment of permanent white settlements in northern Arizona discoveries have been occasionally made of relics of prehistoric settlers, whose identity has been heretofore considered irretrievably lost. In the majority of such instances the discoveries were made in re-opening old mining claims from which in ages gone another race had sought to wrest the treasures of the earth. This has been especially the feature in the working of the Chrome mine of the United Verde group in the Black Hills, and the discoveries which have been made in it would indeed warrant an incredulous reception were it not for the reputation and standing of the men who stand

ready to vouch for them. While many of these discoveries have been made public through the agency of the local press, but one has heretofore elicited any considerable discussion among scientists, that being the unexpected opening of an old tunnel by the miners at present working in the mine. The tunnel so opened presented the appearance of having been worked many years ago, in a style still common among miners in isolated portions of Mexico and Spanish America. Throughout its entire length timbers had been placed to support the walls for the greater security of the workmen. Scattered along the floor of the tunnel lay a number of stone hatchets with well

worked edges, showing hard service in the hands which once wielded them. In the centre of the apartment, when it was first opened, stood a stake about four feet high and six inches square, on which was painted in a pigment obtained from red oxide of copper, a cross. While the astonished men were still regarding with amazement the wonders of their discovery, one of them, more inquisitive and perhaps possessed of more avarice than the rest, seized the stake so rudely that it dwindled to dust in his hand, as did also the more heavy timbers of the mine on being exposed to the air. At the time two theories were advanced to explain the strange occurrence—one being that the mine had been previously worked by ancient aborigines in search of the red oxide of copper for paint, and that the presence of the stake and cross was but the result of chance; the other was that the mine had been worked for the copper and silver, in which it is very rich, by Indian peons under the direction of Jesuit fathers, and the ore obtained shipped to ecclesiastical coffers in Mexico. The last theory was apparently sustained by the presence of a large quantity of slag near the mine, but was also apparently refuted by the abandonment of the mine at a point where the ledge was showing remarkably rich. Both theories were warmly discussed *pro* and *con* by their respective supporters, but that the last one was the correct one is now established beyond cavil. Since the date of the discovery, the miners, under the direction of Superintendent Thomas, have been engaged in carefully re opening the shafts and tunnels made by the prior workers. While this work has been done with the utmost care, it has also been done with such rapidity that a depth of 283 feet was speedily at-

tained. Next day the miners were surprised to find an iron article, which they at first supposed to be some household utensil, and together with the prize they immediately reported the occurrence to Superintendent Thomas, who was overjoyed to discover in it an ancient helmet of fine Milan manufacture, superb in finish and temper. Hastily returning with them, he at once placed at work a large force of men, and in less than an hour had exhumed two complete suits of armour, in which still remained the ilium, femur, and tibia of warriors who long had borne their weight in weary marches and fierce fights. Of the armour, one—the first discovered—was of exquisite make of Milan steel, so much prized by the soldiers of the sixteenth century, and consisted of helmet, breast-plate, and back-piece, with gussets reaching to the knees and jambes, while the other was of allcrot armour, much famed in the middle ages for its defensive qualities, and a favourite with light cavalry. Besides the armour were found two swords, one of renowned Toledo make, bearing a legend in Spanish, which, on being translated to English reads: "Draw me not without cause; sheathe me not without honour." The other is of unknown make. All the articles found were sent in by Supt. Thomas to Governor Tritle, who will, with the permission of the other members of the United Verde Company, present them to the Smithsonian institution.

From the general condition of the warlike relics, it is generally supposed that those who, one time, wore them were imprisoned and starved to death in the mine, either by accident or through the action of rebellious peons.
—*Arizona Miner*.

RETRIBUTION.

Hone not the cure of sin till self is dead;
Forget it in love's service, and the debt
Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget.

—*Whittier*.

MONTHLY NOTES.

SCIENCE.

By R. L. J. Ellery.

MOVEMENT OF FIXED STARS.—The stars visible to the naked eye forming the several constellations, and the groups or configurations so familiar to astronomers and star-gazers generally, have apparently retained the same relative position to one another from time immemorial, or, at all events, from the earliest times when they were grouped into the imaginary figures now called constellations, by ancient astronomers; and if Hipparchus, or any other astronomer of bygone days, could now look upon the starry heavens, he would see the constellations and stellar groups just as he saw them thousands of years ago. Fixed stars are therefore popularly regarded as immovable in space, and forming unchangeable points from which the astronomer may make his measurements of the distances and motions of those celestial objects which do move.

The more exact astronomy of modern times, however, has shown with regard to a very large number of these so-called fixed stars, that they are by no means so relatively immovable as they appear, or as they were formerly assumed to be, and that they have movements in the heavens which are measurable from year to year, and in some cases even from month to month. Some of these movements are regularly and continuously in one direction; others are in curves or even in circles, as if moving around some centre in the heavens. These motions are known to astronomers as *proper motions* of the stars; that is, *motions* relating to other and fixed stars generally as compared with diurnal and other smaller motions depending on the movements of the earth. All these movements are, so far as is apparent to the eye, or even to the most powerful telescopes, very small indeed; Nevertheless, considering the almost incomprehensible distance from us of the stars themselves, these motions must in reality be enormously large to become apparent to us at all.

The majority of the movements of the stars appear to take place at right angles to our line of sight, and continue from year to year in one definite direction; but there are many whose movements take place as already stated, in curves or circles. This is more especially the case in the instance of double stars or Binaries, where one star revolves in an orbit about another, or both revolve around some common centre.

As a rule, the brightest stars have the greatest proper motion, still there are many exceptions. The star which has the greatest

proper motion is of the seventh magnitude only, and if its movement were to continue at the present rate, it would complete its circuit of the heavens in 185,000 years. There are some cases where whole groups of stars have been found to have a proper motion together, as if they formed connected systems among themselves; for instance, in the constellation Taurus, the star *Aldebaran* and the *Pleiades* have a motion towards the east of about ten seconds a century. Five stars out of the seven brightest in the Great Bear move together as if also connected in one system.

The star Sirius, the dog-star, is an interesting example of proper motion, with certain periodic variations for which a cause was discovered in a most remarkable manner. These variations in the regular proper motion were investigated mathematically by Dr. Peters and by Dr. Anwers, of Berlin, and it was found that if there was a planet revolving around Sirius it would cause exactly such a variation as was observed. The orbit of this supposed satellite was computed, and it was called "the invisible companion of Sirius," but no one had, as yet, seen it. In February, 1862, however, Mr. Alvan Clark, Cambridge, United States of America, discovered a faint object which turned out to be the companion that was supposed to exist; when once found nearly every astronomer saw it, and it can sometimes be readily seen with telescopes of moderate dimensions. This is the only instance in which a satellite of a stellar sun, illumined by his light, has come within the reach of terrestrial vision. But there is another instance, in the case of Procyon, of a similar kind, where the motion of the star is disturbed by some companion or satellite, which has so far escaped detection.

The star α Centauri, one of the pointers of the Southern Cross, and considered to be the nearest fixed star to the earth, has also a large proper motion, but in this instance the star is a binary, and one star revolves around the other in an elliptical orbit in a period of seventy-seven years.

Proper motions of stars seem to take all possible directions apparently at right angles to the line of sight, but no doubt in reality they have all possible angles with that line, until those nearly or quite in the line of sight appear to all intents fixed and without this motion, for by no ordinary astronomical measurement can any motion be discovered.

The spectroscope, which has done so much to advance astronomical knowledge in many

directions, has furnished, in a most interesting and remarkable manner, the means of ascertaining whether stars have motion in this direction, and if so, the rate of motion also. Helmholtz once demonstrated that if on a rapidly moving railway train a musician kept a definite note sounding with a cornet or horn whilst the train passed a listener, the latter would find that the note got sharper and sharper as the train approached, and flatter and flatter as it receded from him. The note sounded consisted of a definite number of vibrations per second, but these vibrations would reach the listener's ears accelerated by the speed of the approaching train, and produce on the ear a greater number of vibrations per second than actually pertained to the note sounded, while the reverse would take place as the train receded. The behaviour of light and sound are very analogous, in so far as a definite wave length or rate of vibration gives in one case a definite note and in the other a definite colour; the lines in the spectrum may therefore be regarded as analogous to the notes of a musical scale. A low note or a red band in the spectrum denotes a slow vibration or long wave length, a yellow or green band a more rapid vibration or higher note, a blue line a still more rapid vibration or shorter wave, and therefore a shriller note.

Now if we observe the spectrum of a star which shows definite lines, like Sirius for instance, we find two very conspicuous lines which are found to be due to hydrogen, and by superposing the light from incandescent hydrogen gas, we find two beautiful lines, one red, one blue, which exactly fit on to two conspicuous dark lines in the spectrum of the star. In a series of careful observations made by Dr. Huggins, some years since, he found these lines did not exactly agree, but that in the spectrum of the star the line was a little

displaced towards the red end of the spectrum. It was at first thought this was due to want of accurate adjustment of the spectroscope, but repeated observation proved that the hydrogen line in Sirius was longer in its wave time than it should be, *that its note was getting flatter*, so to speak, or, in other words, that it was receding from us at the rate of twenty-nine miles a second. This was in 1868; more recent researches show us that in 1882 it was changing its distance from us very slowly, only about four miles a second, but at the present time it is approaching us at the rate of twenty-two miles a second; the hydrogen line is getting nearer the blue end of the spectrum, or in other words, its note is getting sharper and sharper, or nearer and nearer at the rate of thirty thousand miles a day. Sirius is more than a million times the distance of the sun from us, and should it continue to travel towards our system at the present rate it will occupy about one hundred and fifty thousand years on its journey.

Thus it will be seen that while the positions of the stars in the celestial canopy have been usually regarded as the very emblems of fixity, there are found among them numerous instances of continuous movement, and many until lately regarded as fixed, now by the aid of the spectroscope are shown to be approaching or receding from us in the line of sight, and therefore not apparently moving in relation to contiguous stars. First among these are Sirius, the two brightest stars in Orion (one of which moves seventy-six miles per second), Arcturus, and the brightest stars in the Lion and the Twins. It is, moreover, found by the same method of investigation that the stars on one side of the heavens, in which lies the constellation *Hercules*, are approaching us, while those on the opposite side of the heavens are receding from us.

ART.

MELBOURNE.

By E.A.C.

The vexed question of a Victorian Academy of Arts upon a better basis than the one now supposed to represent art in this colony, appears likely to be satisfactorily settled, as a meeting of some of our best artists was recently held in Mr. R. Dowling's studio, with a view to seeing what could be done in that direction. Nothing was finally settled, but it is probable we may have something of interest to record in connection with it in our next month's notes.

Mr. Dowling shows various striking portraits on the easel, amongst them one of Dr. Morrison, Principal of the Scotch College. Several other works are in progress, but want

of space forbids any detailed mention of them till next issue.

The wonderfully life-like portrait of Sir Alfred Stephen (taken during Mr. Dowling's recent visit to Sydney) must not, however, be omitted. The artist has depicted him in the attitude so familiar to all acquainted with the learned Chief Justice, and the clever face, with its shrewd, intent expression, as though only waiting a pause in the conversation to give vent to some brilliant repartee or satirical remark, stands out from the canvas with an almost startling reality.

Mr. H. Wallis has, we understand, recently parted, to a private buyer, with a choice example of Seiler's work, "Tracking the Route," one of his late importations; the sum of £500 has been paid, it is said, for this painting, which we believe (not having had

time to, as yet, again visit the collection) is of cabinet size !

Mr. Fletcher has at present on view some works forwarded by M. Von Guerard, representing scenes from Capri, Naples, etc. A steady improvement in colouring is discernible in all the later works sent out by this artist to Melbourne, and the drawing is, as usual, wonderfully accurate.

In the same gallery may be noticed a water-colour drawing by Mr. H. Johnstone. Two children, evidently sisters, are resting on a piece of rock ; behind them rises a grassy bank, sloping upwards to a fir-tree copse, through which is seen the soft blue of a summer sky. The attitudes of the little ones, holding their floral treasures, are full of childish grace and beauty, and the whole composition is a very pleasing one. It is said that the faces are taken from life.

Another studio has been opened in Grey Street, East Melbourne, by M. Charles Rolando, said to be a native of beautiful Florence, but who, for many years, has made his home in England and the United States. His object in visiting Victoria is to study her scenery. He brings with him some landscapes, representing views taken during his recent

stay at the Cape, and as they are, in a high degree, worthy of notice, we trust to again allude more particularly to them in our next issue.

A very fine collection of water-colour drawings was sold recently by Messrs. Gemmell, Tuckett, and Co.; the principal works were by A. K. Marshall, Mole, Cattermole, Weedon, W. J. Calcott, F. Byrne, C. F. Robinson, etc., etc. Good prices were given for the generality, that of Marshall being purchased for £75.

Another Art Gallery is spoken of in connection with M. H. Kochkoch, of 72 Piccadilly, London, who proposes to visit Melbourne at no distant period, bringing with him modern works by leading English and Continental artists.

An inspection of birthday-cards now on view at the establishment of Mr. A. J. Smith, in Swanston Street, shows what great improvements are being made in this branch of art. Several kinds are to be noticed, the satin, fringed, hand-painted, etc., etc. Those which have a background of rich, deep chocolate are extremely effective, and the delicacy of work and design, in all of them, must please the eye of anyone fond of the beautiful.

LITERATURE.

By "Gleaner."

It is announced that Mr. Ruskin's autobiography is to be published in thirty monthly chapters. The title is "Præterita."

The publication of General Gordon's Diaries excited so much interest that the whole edition of 10,000 copies was sold in a very short time.

"Familiar Trees" is the title of a new work to be issued shortly by Messrs. Cassell and Company, in monthly parts.

Mr. Elliot Stock, of London, announces a new volume, entitled "Urbana Scripta." It will contain essays by Mr. A. Galton, on five living poets—viz., Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, and William Morris.

It is announced that the first number of an English historical review will be issued next January. The new review is to be edited by the Rev. Mandell Creighton, and Mr. Reginald Lane Poole is to act as sub-editor.

It is reported that Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is writing a book on "Early Marriages and Long Engagements."

It is stated in some of the literary journals that the author who signs himself "Stepniak," and whose recent work on Russia has excited much attention, is Professor Dragomamof, formerly of the University of Kiev.

The death is announced of the Rev. Dr. Prime, the veteran editor of the New York *Observer*, one of the oldest and best conducted

religious journals of the United States. Dr. Prime had attained the ripe age of seventy-three, and had been for upwards of forty years connected with the *Observer*. He was an earnest and useful worker, and was esteemed, loved, and trusted by all denominations.

A uniform edition of the writings of Mr. John Morley is in the press, and will be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

Those who knew personally the late George Dawson, of Birmingham, or are acquainted with his published works, will be pleased to know that a volume of his biographical lectures will be published shortly. The volume will be edited by his successor, Mr. St. Clair.

The Rev. A. B. Grosart has issued prospectuses of two new series of reprints. The first is to be seven volumes of "The Catholic Poets of England." The second will comprise selected works of many of the poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Messrs. Macmillan announce, for immediate publication, a new edition of Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems, in three volumes.

The announcement of a discovery of Goethe's diary, from 1777 to 1832, was recently made by the Berlin *Tagblatt*.

It is stated that the celebrated *prima donna*, Mme. Adelina Patti, is writing a series of reminiscences of her professional career, for the pages of *Harper's Magazine*.

A work entitled "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," by Father Chiniquy, has just been published in America. It is said to contain much singular and surprising matter, autobiographic and other.

The amounts received by Goethe and his heirs from his publishers are often overstated. The official organ of the German book trade reports that Goethe himself received a sum equivalent to 40,109,030 marks, and his heirs 46,446,595 marks, or a total of 86,555,525 marks.

The last completed story by the late Rev. William M. Baker, author of several popular novels, including "His Majesty, Myself," is now appearing in the well-known magazine *St. Nicholas*, as a serial. The first part of the story was inserted in the June number.

The Church of England Book Society recently published a volume entitled "The Revival of Necromancy." The author, Horace Noel, M.A., vigorously denounces spiritualism.

In the Boston *Literary World* of May 30th, two pages are filled by a "Gallery of Literary Portraits," collected and arranged by Susan Coolidge from the works of Thomas Carlyle.

The New York publishers, Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, announce as now ready a volume of essays by Miss Cleveland, the sister of the President, and the present hostess of the White House. The title is, "George Eliot and other Studies." The sale has been unprecedented.

Under the title of "Rogues and Vagabonds: a series of studies by the waysides of life," Messrs. Chatto and Windus have just published an interesting volume by Mr. George R. Sims.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have just published a small but useful volume, entitled "Our Colonies and India: how we got them and why we keep them." The little work consists of four lectures, originally delivered to an audience, chiefly of working men, in the People's Hall of the Leeds Industrial Co-operative Society, by Cyril Ransome, M.A. Oxon, Professor of Modern Literature and History in the Yorkshire College, Leeds. It is a rare thing to find such a store of information condensed into a small volume published at a price placing it within the reach of all who value an instructive and interesting book.

It is stated that Mrs. E. C. Agassiz is writing a biography of her husband, Professor Louis Agassiz, with which will be incorporated many important letters of the great naturalist.

A Jewish magazine, reviewing the revised version of the Old Testament, says the marginal readings evince deeper knowledge of Hebrew than the text. It adds that the work of the American revisers appears in several instances to have surpassed that of their British colleagues in exactness.

A subscription list is being formed in England with a view to presenting a free-will offering to the American poet, Walt Whitman. The poet is in his sixty-seventh year, is afflicted with paralysis, and dependent for all that is needful on the sale of his poems and occasional contributions to periodicals.

Miss Grace A. Oliver's little volume, "Dean Stanley," has already reached a fourth edition. It has been most favourably noticed in many of the best journals in England and America. The Boston *Literary World*, referring to an order to the American publisher for an edition from England, adds: "It seems that the sister of the late Dean had spoken of the work to the Queen, who had asked for a copy, and thereby given the book, in more than one sense, a royal advertisement."

Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of New York, have in preparation for the holidays, a book of rare attractiveness, "The Sermon on the Mount," illustrated, in forty quarto plates, from designs by leading artists, with an introduction by Edmund E. Hale.

The sale of Miss Alcott's popular volumes we learn from the New York *Publishers' Weekly*, has been notable. In 1868, Messrs. Roberts Brothers published "Little Women," and of this volume 175,000 copies have been sold. Later on appeared "An Old-fashioned Girl," of which it took 24,000 copies to supply first orders. "Little Men" with its 45,000 copies, and "Pink and White Tyranny" 30,000, all were packed and shipped in a month and a half. Of these and other works of Miss Alcott over 500,000 copies have been sold.

"Jan Vedder's Wife," Mrs. A. E. Barr's new novel, has attracted much attention in Great Britain and America, has been most favourably reviewed, and has already been extensively circulated. The Boston *Literary World* says, "It does not every day fall to one's lot to read such a fine, thoroughly enjoyable, sweet, and wholesome novel as 'Jan Vedder's Wife.'" Mrs. Barr was previously widely known as the writer of many short stories which appeared in the New York *Christian Union*, and other journals on both sides of the Atlantic. She seems now to have found her fitting work. The scene of the story, it may be mentioned, is laid in Shetland.

Messrs. Longmans and Co. announce as nearly ready, a new volume by Dr. Tulloch, Principal of the University of St. Andrew's. The title is "Movements of Religious Thought in Britain during the nineteenth century, 1820-1860." The volume is the fifth series of St. Giles' lectures, recently delivered.

Messrs. Macmillan announce, for immediate publication, "Essays and Miscellaneous Writings of Vere Henry, Lord Hobart," in two volumes. Lady Hobart has edited the work, and supplied a biographical sketch. The volumes will contain much valuable information, especially on Indian questions.

A Memoir of Hugh Conway (Mr. Fergus), is to be published shortly as a volume of Arrowsmith's "Bristol Library." The London *Literary World* states that it will be based largely upon his letters, and will contain several of his early unpublished writings, together with an account of his later works.

The new volume of poems by Jean Ingelow, recently published, has met with a very favourable reception. It is quite equal to any of the previous works of the gifted and popular lady. It contains many poems of great excellence and beauty.

The July number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains the first part of an article by Mr. Swinburne on the life and writings of the great French poet, novelist, and orator, Victor Hugo. The essay is brilliant, full of passages of great power and beauty, and its perusal will be a feast of good things to all possessed of literary taste.

The chief attraction to many in the July number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* will be Mr. Henry Irving's address, delivered during his tour in the United States to the students of Harvard University. The subject of the address is "The Art of Acting." The accompanying portrait of the distinguished actor is a finely executed engraving.

In the June number of the *Monthly Interpreter* the Rev. Principal Douglas writes on "The Revision of the English Old Testament." The article is the first of a series on the subject, and is well written. The same issue contains a remarkable essay by Dr. George Matheson on "The Empire of Christ." In the July number there is an able paper by Professor A. B. Bruce on "The Kingdom of God," and a continuation by Dr. James Morison, of Glasgow, of his critical exposition of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

The most interesting article in the July number of *Harper's Magazine* is on "The Mohammedans in India." It is crowded with instructive information, and profusely and beautifully illustrated. Mr. W. D. Howells contributes the first part of a new novel entitled "Indian Summer."

Among many attractive papers in the *Century Illustrated Magazine*, that by Miss Rose G. Kingsley, the daughter of the late Canon Kingsley, may be placed in the front rank. The subject is "George Eliot's County," and the article refers to many scenes of the great novelist's childhood, and places described in her works.

We may direct the attention of parents who desire to supply healthy and interesting periodical literature to their young children to the English edition of *Harper's Young People*. It is now obtainable in monthly parts at most of the Melbourne book stores. The reading matter is abundant, varied, and just what young boys and girls enjoy. The illustrations are numerous, all well executed, and many very beautiful. The price is moderate, and parents who will add to *Harper's Young People*, *The Boys'* and *The Girls' Own Papers*, published by the London Religious Tract Society, will do much to gratify their young folks at home.

The admirers of the venerable American poet Whittier will find a beautiful new poem from his ever-fertile mind, in the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The title is "The Two Elizabeths," and the subjects are Elizabeth of Hungary, A.D. 1209, and Elizabeth Fry, A.D. 1780. To say the least, it is equal to any of the previous short poems of the gifted writer. Of the Hungarian Elizabeth the poet writes—

"She hath a tender place in hearts of every name,
And more than Rome owns Saint Elizabeth."

And he closes his fine description of the English Elizabeth thus :—

' She rests in God's peace : but her memory stirs
The air of earth as with an angel's wings,
And warms and moves the hearts of men like hers,
The sainted daughter of Hungarian Kings !

United now, the Briton and the Hun,
Each in her own time faithful unto death.
Live sister souls ! In name and spirit one—
Thuringia's saint, and our Elizabeth !"

Among many excellent articles in the July number of the *North American Review* there are two worthy of special mention. The first is by the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, who ably discusses the question, "Is Christianity Declining?" and the second is by Mr. T. W. Knox on "European Influences in Asia." Both articles are worthy of attentive consideration.

The last issue of the *Edinburgh Review* has an unusually large number of instructive and interesting articles, among which those on "The Poetry and other Writing of John Keats," and "Studies Literal and Historical in the Odes of Horace," may be named as likely to gratify literary men and classical scholars. To the lovers of biography the two long and able articles on "The Memoirs of Count Pasolini," the Italian Statesman, and late President of the Senate of Italy ; and "The Autobiography and Works of Sir Henry Taylor" will furnish many hours' pleasant reading. Theologians will find much to engross attention in the very full review of the Bampton Lectures on "The Relations between Religion and Science," by Dr. Temple, now Bishop of London ; and, without referring to other articles, it may just be added for the students of history there is a fine article entitled "France and England in North America," based on Mr. Parkman's "Historical Narratives," and his lately published work, "Montcalm and Wolfe."

The July number of the *British Quarterly Review*, among many excellent and instructive papers, has three of great value and interest. The first is on "The Coptic Churches of Egypt," a long and able review of the recently published work of Mr. A. J. Butler, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. The article contains a large amount of information, and will be found worthy of an attentive study. The second article is biographical, and has for its subject the eminent Hebrew, Solomon Maimon. The third article is a long and very thorough examination of "The Revised Old Testament." The writer is the well-known Hebrew scholar, Professor W. G. Elmslie. Of the revised version the writer says, "Its disclosures will intensify the tendency of our time no longer so much to believe in Christ because we believe in the Bible, but rather to believe in the Bible because we believe in Christ. From such a spirit the record of revelation has everything to gain and nothing to lose. The age that has learned more of Christ will not think less of Scripture, for from its pages, as once from human flesh, His Spirit breathes, who lived and died and is alive for evermore—Jesus, our Lord and our God."

Mr. Alexander Gardner, of Paisley, recently published a volume, entitled "Old Church Life in Scotland," by the Rev. Andrew Edgar, minister at Manchline. The volume contains

a series of lectures on Kirk Session and Presbytery Records, and is crowded with curious and interesting incidents regarding churches, manses, ministers, and many other matters in the days of old. Many of the incidents and anecdotes recorded are very amusing.

Among the many excellent educational works of the present day, the series of volumes published under the title of "Cassell's Readable Readers," by the well-known firm of Cassell and Co., London, deserves special notice. Six volumes have been issued. Numbers 1 to 4 are suitable for beginners, and Numbers 5 and 6 for advanced scholars and home study. The reading matter is admirably selected, the volumes are all profusely illustrated and strongly bound, and the price is wonderfully moderate. The series will be found worthy of the attention of parents and teachers.

As formerly noticed, Mr. Fisher Unwin, of London, recently published a volume of "Expository Discourses," by Dr. S. Cox, of Nottingham. The volume is now on sale in Melbourne, and it may be well to notice that it contains thirty-three discourses, many of which are on themes rarely discussed by ministers in their pulpit ministrations. We offer no remarks on some of the views of truth set forth by Dr. Cox. The discourses are full of fresh thoughts, and weighty utterances. The volume is handsomely got up and moderate in price.

Messrs. James Clarke and Co., of London, have just published two volumes of sermons by eminent American clergymen. "God and Bread" is the title of a volume containing twenty sermons by Dr. Marvin R. Vincent, of New York, who is widely known as one of the writers of the Commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons, and the author of a fine series of expository discourses published a few years ago, and entitled, "Gates into the Psalm Country." The second volume is by an eminent Congregational minister, the Rev. Washington Gladden, whose name and writings are familiar to the readers of the *Century Illustrated Magazine*. The title of Mr. Gladden's volume is, "Things New and Old in Discourses of Christian Truth and Life." There are nineteen sermons in the volume, and they include a great variety of subjects, many being quite out of the usual range of pulpit ministrations. Mr. Gladden wields the pen of a ready writer, and he states his views clearly and bravely.

Among the new books of the season a prominent place must be assigned to Dr. Lans-

dell's "Russian Central Asia." The two large volumes, extending to nearly 1500 pages, contain the record of a journey of about 12,000 miles by railway, water, horses, and camels. A large number of engravings, route and ethnological maps add to the interest and value of the work. The work is more than a mere record of travel: it aims to be a standard book upon the wide district traversed, each province of which is treated systematically as regards its geography, meteorology, geology, botany, zoology, ethnology, and political economy. A part of the work likely to attract much attention at present is that in which the history of the Russian advance into Central Asia is traced from the sixteenth century down to the annexation of Merv. Four chapters are devoted to an account of the antiquities of Samer-Kand, and a long account is given of the prisons which Dr. Lansdell went to Turkestan to visit. Another prominent feature of the book is its appendices of fauna, flora, and a bibliography of Russian Turkestan. It is impossible in a brief note to give an adequate description of this great work.

Messrs. Sampson, Low and Co., of London, have just published a very interesting work in two volumes, entitled, "Under the rays of the Aurora Borealis, in the land of the Lapps and Kvaens." The author, Herr Sophus Tromholt, while engaged in the work of the International Polar Research Expedition, visited the remotest regions of the European Continent. In the two large volumes just issued, he gives an account of his work. He was appointed to take observations of the remarkable phenomenon known as the Aurora Borealis, and he gives fully the results of his observations. This part of the book is instructive and interesting, but probably, to most readers, the author's account of the places he visited, and the people whom he met, their manners and customs, will prove the most interesting portion of the two volumes. There is a very large amount of information respecting the Lapps and Kvaens and their habits and modes of life. They are a people of whom very little is known. Their territory includes nearly the whole of Europe north of sixty-sixth degree of latitude, including part of Russia proper, Finland, Sweden, and Norway. The two volumes are profusely illustrated from photographs and drawings by the author. Few will read this work without being deeply interested, and laying it down thankful that their lines have fallen in a pleasanter place than among the Lapps and Kvaens.

CURRENT EVENTS.

By E. A. C.

All lovers of Natural History, as well as those of the community who simply like pleasure and excitement, must have been pleased at the great success that has attended the recent Dog and Poultry Show. The exhibits in all classes were good, and the large attendance every day showed the interest displayed by the public in the undertaking.

The Melbourne Hospitals must have re-

ceived substantial aid from the exhibition of gymnastics given at the Town Hall, on the 24th of August, by some of the best athletes belonging to the various clubs in Melbourne, its suburbs, and Ballarat. The boys of the Church of England Grammar School also took part in the demonstration. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Loch were present on the occasion.

Despite the severity of the season, the Camellia Show, held on the 26th of last month, was a fairly good one, though of necessity the blooms (taken as a whole) were neither so fine nor so numerous as at previous exhibitions. There was a good display of orchids, one shown by A. Stewart, gardener to Joseph Clarke, Esq., of Toorak, being specially deserving of praise, both for size, colouring, and number of blooms.

A numerous assemblage met on the 20th ult., at the Temperance Hall, on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Trinity College Dialectic Society. It was presided over by His Excellency Sir Henry Loch. The subject chosen for his address by the prelector of the society, Mr. W. H. Bryant, LL.B., was "University Representation in Parliament." Dr. Moorhouse, the Chancellor of the University, spoke for some time, taking as his topic the condition generally of the institution.

The first of a series of lectures upon the Imperial Federation question, arranged by the Victorian branch of that league, was given on the 28th of August by Professor E. E. Morris, in the supper-room of the Melbourne Town Hall, the Mayor being in the chair. A vote of thanks was moved to the lecturer by the Bishop of Melbourne.

The Australian trip of the popular lecturer and naturalist, Dr. J. E. Taylor, has been unfortunately cut short by the sad tidings of Mrs. Taylor's illness, which is of a sufficiently serious nature to determine him on at once returning home. Our New Zealand readers will be sorry to thus learn that there is no hope of their being able to enjoy the lectures with

which the Melbourne public have been so recently charmed. Dr. J. E. Taylor purposes starting for England in a fortnight, and will therefore have said farewell to our shores before these lines are in print.

Visitors to the Aquarium will find that numerous improvements have been recently effected, and that some important additions have been made to the collection. The trustees are to be congratulated on having obtained the services of so courteous and efficient a secretary as the gentleman holding that important office.

THAT NEW COMET.—The last San Francisco mail brings further particulars of the discovery of the new comet (mentioned in "Science," in August *Once a Month*), discovered by Professor E. E. Barnard, of Nashville Observatory, United States, America. In addition to the honour of the discovery, Professor Barnard received 200 dollars (£40), the same being the prize offered by Hon. H. H. Warner, founder of the Warner Observatory, at Rochester, New York, for each and every discovery of an unexpected comet. Professor Barnard has been especially fortunate as a comet-finder, the last counting his third within less than three years. For this he has received from Mr. Warner 600 dollars (£120.) The liberal offer of the distinguished American patron of science is extended to Australian astronomers as well; also an additional prize of £40 is offered to any person writing the best essay of 3000 words on the cause of the atmospheric effects—red light, etc.—accompanying sunrise and sunset for the past eighteen months.

MUSIC.

[THE LATE MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY.]

Charlotte Helen Dolby (to use her maiden name), was born in 1821, and manifested exceptional musical talent at a very early age. Before she was twelve years old she was a sufficiently good pianist to be admitted to the Royal Academy of Music, where she studied under Bennet, Elliott, and Crivelli, to such good purpose that when little more than sixteen, and before her voice was fully formed, she obtained the "King's Scholarship" for singing. Her *début* at the Philharmonic Concerts in 1841 gained for her at once the distinct acceptance of the public as a high-class and accomplished vocalist; and some years later Mendelssohn, on hearing her sing in his *St. Paul*, was so delighted that he at once engaged her for the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, and wrote specially for her the contralto part of *Elijah*, including that gem of purest water, "O rest in the Lord." From the time Miss Dolby stepped upon the platform of the Birmingham Town Hall, in September, 1846, to take part in the first performance of that inestimable oratorio under the gifted and amiable composer's own *bâton*, her magnificent reputation was

assured—a reputation she has more than lived up to ever since, whether as *artiste* or as woman. Though her voice had never the sweetness of Alboni's, Trebelli's or Patey-Whitlock's, it was a truer contralto than either's, and thanks to her admirable method of production and enunciation, far more than to its physical strength, possessed a "carrying power" that is rarely found beyond a high soprano or tenor register. From the press-gallery at the Sydenham Crystal Palace (situated at the extreme top and furthest end of the Great Transept, opposite the Handel Orchestra) every sound and syllable of "Their land brought forth frogs" (*Israel in Egypt*), when sung by Miss Dolby, as she alone could sing it, was heard as perfectly as in a concert-room. For more than twenty years she was one of the most prominent and idolised figures among that great band, who, from the time of Spohr's and Mendelssohn's visit to London and Birmingham, have formed and handed down, through well nigh half a century, the pure and noble school of English oratorio singing, that is the pride of the musical mother country. Where

are the rest of those bright lights? Where Clara Novello, Lockey, Staudigl, and Costa? Or to come down a little later, where are Parepa, Rudersdorf, and Weiss? Echo sadly answers, where? Sims Reeves alone remains, whose

"Age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

"An oak that is covered with snow-flakes."

Though Miss Dolby so early "won her spurs"—if we may suppose those equestrian appendages to be of any use without "divided skirts," which we never saw the lady in—she never "rested on her oars." When she had won her public in the United Kingdom by the majestic grandeur of her declamation, and the expressive force or delicacy of her delivery, with a voice that pealed like a rich organ amid deathly stillness, or brought the tears to eyes "unused to the melting mood" by her touching pathos in such ballads as "Auld Robin Gray," she speedily acquired a European celebrity, and was acknowledged by the most musical countries of the Continent to hold a place among the foremost singers of the world; while as she emerged from girlhood, her amiable unspotted character and high-bred ways gave to everything about her a tone and stamp that raised and dignified the whole profession. The last time that we ever saw Madame Sainton—for in 1860 she had united herself in marriage to the distinguished violinist to whose finished leading of the orchestral accompaniments she had so long entranced the public under Costa's bâton—was at the private performance—some seven or eight years ago, perhaps longer, of her first cantata,

The legend of St. Dorothea. Like most of her other published music, the work is scholarly and sterling, but bears no particular evidence of genius or originality. But the bright, quiet, graceful dignity of the lady herself, while Mons. Sainton was conducting, yet lingers in our minds. The union of two such *artistes*, each no less appreciated in the upper circles of society than by the musical public and the Profession, enabled Mdme. Sainton, in view of her retirement, to develop a fresh field of priceless usefulness in the establishment, at her private residence, of a "Vocal Academy" for girls, where, for some twenty years, she has been instilling her own splendid vocal method and traditions into the mothers of our future gentlemen. Some of her pupils have been professional students, but most of them amateurs of good position. Mdme. Sainton treated all alike, insisting upon the most serious and conscientious work, but with a motherly kindness and encouragement that was irresistible to her fair, budding friends. The good that she has thus done in elevating and refining the social life of England—present and future—is incalculable; would we had such an apostle among us here! While an irreparable loss is mourned, in all the bitterness of private anguish, by a devoted husband and his artist son, while a sigh of sorrow is heaved by the countless thousands who remember the great English contralto upon the orchestra, the purest tribute to the deceased lady's personal and artistic worth is the loving sadness with which so many English maidens and young wives feel that they have lost, in Mdme. Sainton, an unrivalled teacher, counsellor, and friend.

C H E S S.

By G. H. D. GOSSIP.

Solutions of Problems, applications for the "International Chess Magazine," and all communications on Chess should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Solution of Problem by Herr Kliesch.

1 B to K 4	1 B tk B or (A)
2 P to Q 4 ch	2 K to B 5
3 Kt to K 6 mate	

If 2 K tk P, 3 Q to B 3 mate; if 2 P tk P, 3 Q tk P at R 7 mate; if 2 K to Q 3, 3 Kt mates.

(A)

2 Q to K 6 ch	1 K to Q 3
3 Kt to K 8 mate	2 K to B 2

We republish from the *Hornet* a game played at the Divan, in London, many years ago, between ourselves and Mr. Zukertort:—

WHITE. (Mr. Gossip).	BLACK. (Mr. Zukertort).
1 P to K 4	1 P to K 4
2 Kt to K B 3	2 Kt to Q B 3
3 B to Kt 5	3 P to Q R 3
4 B to R 4	4 Kt to B 3
5 Castles	5 Kt tk K P (a)
6 R to K sq	6 Kt to Q B 4
7 B tk Kt	7 Q P tk B
8 Kt tk K P	8 B to K 2 (b)
9 P to Q 4	9 Kt to K 3
10 B to K 3	10 Castles
11 Kt to Q B 3 (c)	11 P to K B 3
12 Kt to Q 3 (d)	12 P to K B 4
13 Kt to Q B 5	13 B tk Kt (e)

14 P tk B	14 Q to K R 5
15 P to K Kt 3	15 Q to K R 6
16 P to K B 4	16 P to K R 4
17 Q to K 2	17 P to R 5
18 Q to R 5	18 B to Q 2
19 Q R to Q sq	19 Q R to Q sq
20 Q tk R P	20 Q tk Q
21 P tk Q	21 R to K B 3
22 Kt to K 2	22 B to K sq
23 R tk R	23 Kt tk R
24 Kt to Q 4	24 Kt to K 3
25 Kt tk Kt	25 R tk Kt
26 B to Q 2	26 B to K B 2
27 R tk R	27 B tk R (f)

Drawn game.

Notes from the *Hornet* :—

(a) This move is stronger than 5 B to K 2, wrongly advised by Mr. Wisker.

(b) Best according to the *Handbuch*. If

8	Q to R 5	Kt tk Kt P
B to K 3	P to K Kt 3	B P tk Kt
Q to K 5	P to Q 4	
11	R to K Kt sq	
12	winning easily.	

(c) Although Mr. Zukertort disapproves of this move, it seems good enough.

(d) If 12 Kt to K B 3 Black advances his K B P.

(e) P to K B 5, though tempting, would not have gained anything.

(f) The Bishops being on different colours the game must be drawn.

THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Owing to our serious and most unfortunate illness, the match between Mr. Esling and ourselves has been declared "off," only one sitting having taken place and one game being finished, which was won by Mr. Esling. A second game was left unfinished. Whilst we fully acknowledge the chivalrous behaviour of Messrs. Burns and Esling in not claiming the stakes (which they *could* have claimed under the terms of the match), we feel it incumbent on ourselves to give a few explanations. Our illness (bronchial pneumonia) was brought on by our having had to sit for months, for eight hours daily, in a room without either stove or fire, during the most severe winter ever known in Australia. Benumbed and paralysed with cold, we played the first game wretchedly—in fact many a Rook player would have played better. As to the adjourned game, we differ with the *Australasian*, that Mr. Esling has a winning position, and believe that with correct play the game should be a draw, Black having a fair game. We desire, however, to make a few comments on the following remarks of the *Australasian*, of 18th July :—"The general opinion is that Mr. Gossip, in issuing his challenge, over-estimated his capabilities, and certainly his play with Mr. Esling would seem to confirm that view, for it was weak, very weak. Still we never, even in our dreams, imagined that Mr. Gossip would, at the present time, attain to the eminence of Champion of Australia." Whilst we agree with the *Australasian* that our play was very weak and that we may have over-estimated our capabilities, we take

exception to the paragraph in italics above, inasmuch as it might lead to the inference that we were conceited and presumptuous in issuing our challenge. We would point out that the best Australian players reside in Melbourne; *ergo*, the Champion of Victoria is *de facto* the Champion of Australia. Now the population of Victoria is only, say, a million—that of Australia about four millions. In 1880 we played a drawn match, for a considerable stake, at the *Cercle des Echecs*, in Paris, with De Bezkrorny, who, at that time, was the Russian Chess Champion, had distinguished himself by brilliant victories over Anderssen and Clerc, won several first prizes in tournaments at the *Café de la Régence*, and has since tied for first prize in a tournament at St. Petersburg with that eminent player—Tchigorin—winner of the fourth prize in the London Tournament of 1883. The match in question was five games up. Each player having won four games, draws not counting, (we lost the first two games), we agreed to draw the match after we lost the two first games, the *Chess Monthly* taunted and twitted us for having engaged in the match, observing "that discretion was the better part of a chess player." In the same way, because we lost our first game with Mr. Esling, the *Australasian* jumps to the conclusion that we should have been certain to lose the match, and refuses to publish our explanatory letter. The *Melbourne University Review*, after announcing that our defeat in the handicap by Mr. Burns "was expected," duly announced our *first* drawn game in the said Tourney with Mr. Fisher, remarking "that the result of our next game with that gentleman would be looked forward to with much interest." But when, contrary to its expectation, we defeated Mr. Fisher, faithfully following the example of the *Chess Monthly* (which omitted to notice our victory over Mr. Donisthorpe), it suppressed the fact. Such partiality deserves exposure. All the games in our match with Bezkrorny were deemed worthy of publication and annotation by Rosenthal, in *La Revue des Jeux*. We might add that we won a majority of off-hand games of De Bezkrorny. If, therefore, *we could at least hold our own* with the representative player of a nation like Russia, with a population of eighty millions, surely we might *aspire* to the Chess Championship of Australia. True, we might not have been able to retain it; but we might have had a *fair chance* of *once* winning it. Now the only *true* test of strength at chess is "public form." During the sixteen months we have been in Melbourne we have played in the only two public contests that have taken place, in which the two leading players—Messrs. Burns and Fisher—participated. In the Intercolonial Match, we *won* our game. Mr. Fisher also won his game, but Mr. Burns lost. In the Handicap Tourney, Mr. Burns defeated us, and won the first prize; but he was only two points ahead of us in the total score. We won the third prize in this Tourney, whilst Mr. Fisher won no prize. Moreover, we defeated Mr. Fisher in this Tournament, playing three games with him of which two were drawn. So much for public form; and it may be borne

in mind that Mr. Fisher defeated Mr. Goldsmith in a set match for £40. As to off-hand games, the results of our play with Messrs. Burns and Fisher are that we won two games out of three of Mr. Burns, and won all the four games played with Mr. Fisher. It was on these grounds that we ventured to issue our challenge, and, notwithstanding the sneering remarks of the *Melbourne University Review*, we still maintain that the results of our play were such as to entitle us to think that we might not unreasonably *aspire* to the Chess Championship. Moreover, as to our play in the Tourney, we do not consider it a true test of skill. Fatigued, as we often were, with a very hard day's work, we were unequally pitted against Messrs. Burns, Fisher, and others, who, being men of means and position, came fresh to the play, with unimpaired energies. Our challenge was not issued in any boastful spirit, but with the object partly of testing our skill with a strong Australian player, and partly to give a stimulus to chess in Melbourne. The late match having so unfortunately fallen through, owing to circumstances beyond our control, we regret to learn that Mr. Esling is leaving Melbourne, as we hoped to have arranged for another match with him.

THE DANISH GAMBIT.

In the variation, quoted in the *Australasian* of June 6th, 1 P to K 4, P to K 4, 2 P to Q 4, P tk P; 3 P to Q B 3, P tk P; 4 B to Q B 4, P tk P; here the *Australasian* remarks "that Mr. Black-

burne thinks the third Pawn can safely be captured, and gives the following as Mr. Blackburne's continuation:—5 B tk Kt P, Kt to K B 3; 6 Kt to Q B 3 (best) (if 6 P to K 5, B to Kt 5 ch; 7 K to B sq, P to Q 4; 8 P tk Kt, P tk B; Black having the best game). B to Kt 5; 7 K Kt to K 2, P to Q 3 and again Black has the better game." But Mr. Blackburne goes wrong on White's sixth move; for 6 Kt to Q B 3, which he gives as *best*, and which, by his own showing, yields Black a very superior game, is, in reality, vastly inferior to 6 P to K 5, which he only notices in a sub-variation that he follows out incorrectly, again going wrong on White's eighth move. The proper play for White is 6 P to K 5, B to Kt 5 ch; 7 K to B sq, P to Q 4; 8 B to Kt 5 ch. (Here Mr. Blackburne makes White take the Knight and thereby lose the game). Black is now compelled to cover check with K Kt, and White then gets a winning position in half-a-dozen moves by 9 Q to K Kt 4 (see our February number, page 159). If Black play 8 P to B 3, then follows 9 P tk Kt, P tk B; 10 P tk P, R to Kt sq; 11 Q to R 5 or K 2 ch, White having a vastly superior game. We trust this *vexata quæstio* is now settled:—in other words Mr. Blackburne's analysis is proved to be wrong. And although the *Australasian* still ignores altogether Rosenthal's analysis, and the *Melbourne University Review* condemns our republication of it, we deem it only fair to M. Rosenthal to republish one of his greatest theoretical discoveries, and thus prevent Australian chess players from being misled.

THE HUMOURIST.

AGREED AT ONCE.

A distinguished personage once remarked to Talleyrand, "In the Upper Chamber at least are to be found men possessed of consciences." "Consciences," replied Talleyrand, "to be sure; I know many a peer who has got two."

MORE MEANT THAN MET THE EAR.

A certain West India judge was not remarkable for sagacity on the bench. At a ball at Government House he criticised the waltzing of a witty member of the Bar. "Ah, my friend, you are a bad waltzer!" "Ah, but you are a bad judge!"

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

In the parable the foolish virgins neglected to put oil in their lamps. In our times the foolish virgins put oil on the fire.

NO CHANCE OF IT.

The most ignorant man we ever heard of was the fellow who, having a grudge against a Kentucky colonel, threw arsenic into the latter's well. For reasons which need not be mentioned the colonel's health was nowise affected by the experiment.

A WORK OF ART.

"Did you ever execute a work of art?" asked a Boston girl of a young man from the country. "Oh, yes," was the cheerful reply. "We Scrubtown fellows hung Gov. St. John in effigy a couple of months ago."

APPROPRIATE "ITERATION."

A friend once sent Sydney Smith a note requesting him to sit for his portrait to Landseer. Sydney wrote back, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

MORAL SUASION.

The following is told of John B. Randall, the editor of the *Augusta Chronicle*. He attended one day a coloured church in the country, and had in his pocket a silver half-dollar, just the fare back to Augusta. At the conclusion of his sermon, the minister ordered a collection for his own benefit. "Of course," said he, "I s'pects every pusson to give some-thing; but I'se tole dat Mr. Thomas, up de land yonder, had some turkeys stole Friday night. I don't want any man who had a han' in stealing dem turkeys to put any money in de plate." When the plate reached Mr. Randall not a man had refused to contribute, and the preacher's eyes were on him. His half-dollar accordingly went into the plate.

NOTHING LIKE A GRAND NAME.

One of the regulations posted up in the opera house at Waco, Texas, is that expectorating on the floor or carpets is forbidden, and "By notifying an usher, tobacco users can secure the use of a cuspidor." It must seem odd to see the boys rushing about crying "Op'ra glasses, ten cents," and have them shove out a cuspidor towards you like a contribution box, with "Have a cuspidor, sir?"

THAT ACCOUNTS FOR IT.

Mrs. Plaine, after looking long and thoughtfully at a plaster cast of Shakspeare, remarked: "Poor man, how pale he was! He couldn't have been well when he was taken." "No replied Fogg, "he was dead." "Ah, that accounts for it," said Mrs. P., drawing a sympathetic breath.

AN ADDRESS WELL RECEIVED.

An adulatory address from Shrewsbury was once presented to James I., in which a hope was expressed that his majesty might reign as long as the sun and moon should endure. "Gude forbid! exclaimed the second Solomon; "If my son would hae to reign by candle-light."

NOT GUILTY OF MURDER.

Curran was one day walking with a friend who was extremely punctilious in his conversation. Hearing a person near him say *curoosity* for *curiosity* he exclaimed, "How that man murders the English language!" "Not so bad," replied Curran, "he has only knocked an *i* out!"

A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

Dr. Zimmerman was called from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day the king said to him, "You have, I presume, Sir, helped many a man into another world?" "Not so many as your majesty," replied Zimmerman, "nor with so much honour to myself."

A GOOD BARGAIN.

"Fifty dollars bid, gentlemen," cried the auctioneer at an art sale; "only fifty dollars for this fine landscape, with its flowers, trees, water, atmosphere?—and such an atmosphere! Why, the atmosphere alone is worth the money."

NOT IN THE BIBLE.

A teacher in one of the city schools had been telling her scholars the beautiful story of "Paul and Virginia," and a day or so afterwards Mrs. B., whose little daughter was much interested in the story, saw her child with a book in her lap eagerly scanning its pages.

"What are you looking for, Nellie?" she asked.

"I'm trying to find out something more about Paul and Virginia."

"Do you find anything?"

"Yes, mamma, there's a whole lot about Paul, but it don't say a word about Virginia. That's funny, ain't it?"

"What book have you?"

"Why, mamma, the Bible, of course!"

A LANDSLIDE.

"Well, well!" said the first as the two met and shook hands, "but I thought you had a farm in the western part of the State."

"I had until I lost it," replied the other.

"Lost it?"

"Yes—by a landslide."

"Mountain slide down on your farm?"

"No; farm slid away from me on a 5000 dol. mortgage."

A REPORTED SPEECH.

Mr. Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, was once asked whether he really delivered in the House of Commons a speech which the newspapers ascribed to him. "Why, to be sure," said he, "there are many things in that speech which I did say, and there are more which I wish I had said."

REDUNDANT EVIDENCE.

There was a court-martial held on a young officer who had gone on a spree and had a fight in a bar-room. The bar proprietor was brought before the court and put in the witness box. The prisoner was placed in full view. "Witness, do you recognise the prisoner?" "Yes, your honour, and most of the court."

GREAT MEN IN DANGER.

"Terrible thing, that attempt to blow up Gladstone, wasn't it?" said one cow county delegate to another at Sacramento the other day. "Awful, awful!" said the other statesman, with a shudder. "I wonder which of us they will go after next."

AN ERROR OF THE PRESS EXPLAINED.

By an error of the press the *Eclectic Review* was advertised as the *Epileptic Review*. On inquiry being made for it at a booksellers' shop, he said that "he knew no periodical of that name, but there might be such a publication coming out by fits and starts."

PROVED COURAGE.

A political orator, speaking of a certain general whom he professed to admire, said that on the field of battle he was always found where the bullets were thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of the auditors. "In the ammunition waggon," said another.

A ROUGH AND READY OCULIST.

A new church had been erected in the diocese of London, and a day was appointed for its consecration. The Bishop (Bloomfield) having received several letters attacking the taste of the architect, resolved to judge for himself. Accordingly he drove down two hours previously, having desired the architect to meet him. He was satisfied with both the exterior and interior of the building, but just as he reached the pulpit, he looked up at four wooden images. "What, Mr. Architect, do *they* represent?" "The four Evangelists, my lord." "They look to me asleep." "Do you think so, my lord?" "I do." The architect, turning round to one of the men working in a pew, called out "Smith, bring your chisel and open the eyes of the Evangelists."

NOT SAFE TO QUIZ.

Coleridge was a remarkably awkward horseman. On a certain occasion he was riding along the road in the county of Durham, when a wag, approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and thought him a fine subject for a little sport. "I say, young man," he exclaimed, "did you meet a *tailor* on the road?" "Yes," replied Coleridge, "I did; and he told me if I went a little farther I should meet a *goose*!" The assailant was silenced, and the traveller jogged on.

PASSED OUT.

Henry returns in triumph from the junior examination. "How did you get along, my son?" his doting parent inquires. "First rate," answered Henry, "I answered all the questions." "Good. How did you answer them?" "I said I didn't know."

A COMMON CAUSE.

Marshal Ney said contemptuously to the Swiss general, Bachmann, "We fight for honour; you for money." "Yes, Marshal," replied the Swiss; "we both fight for what we have not got!"

OPINION OF A CRITIC.

"What do you think of Fielding?" asked a Boston girl of a Harvard graduate. Oh, it's important, of course, but it don't amount to anything without good batting."

THE APOSTLE MARTIN.

"And so you've named your baby, have you?"

"Oh, yes."

"What is it you call him?"

"Thomas Muscovy Martin Luther Benson."

"The poor little toad! Why did you load it down with so much name?"

"Well, it seemed as though I couldn't slight my own brother, and I insisted on Muscovy on his account."

"But how about Martin Luther? You wasn't under any special obligations to him."

"No, but my husband was determined that he must be named after one of the apostles, and Martin was my choice of the lot."

MUTUAL BENEFIT.

"Hubby, I've just been reading how Daniel Webster improved his memory."

"How was it, my dear?"

"Well, you see, every night when he came home he told his wife everything he had done during the day, whom he had met, what he had said, everything he could think of. By and by he got so he could remember everything."

"Well?"

"Nothing, hubby, only I thought maybe you would like to improve your memory that way."

RIVAL REMEMBRANCES.

Gifford to Hazlitt.—"What we read from your pen we remember no more."

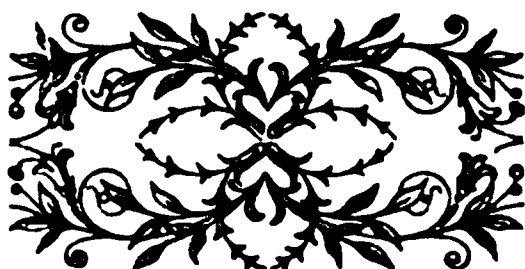
Hazlitt to Gifford.—"What we read from your pen we remember before."

A QUICK LITTLE GIRL.

In the Sunday School—*Teacher*—"Who reigned after Saul?" *Little Bessie*—"David." "And who came after David?" "Solomon." "And who came after Solomon?" "The Queen of Sheba."

THE GOUT.

Sir William Brown, the physician, said there were two kinds of gout—freehold and copyhold; the one, hereditary; the other, where a person *took it up* by his own act.



HERE AT HOME.

Notwithstanding H. H. Warner and Co., proprietors of WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES, offer a standing reward of £1000 for proof that they have ever offered a fictitious testimonial; there have been doubters who have said "That may be so, but why not give us Australian testimonials instead of English, Canadian, and American ones?" That is just what we now propose doing. Testimonials from a grateful public are daily coming to hand regarding the efficacy of WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES and their power over all forms of Kidney, Liver, and Urinary Diseases. From the mass of testimonials we select the following from well-known gentlemen, whose standing is unquestioned, and whose veracity is unimpeachable:—

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OPINION.

J. B. CASEBOLT, Superintendent of the Cable Road, Melbourne, says:—"I know of no medicine equal to WARNER'S SAFE CURE to brace a man up that is overworked and feeling out of sorts. For Kidney and Liver Diseases, it is a specific. I have seen its good effect in many cases, and never knew it to fail when taken according to directions, and in sufficient quantities."

FEELS YOUNG AGAIN.

S. WILLIS, No. 6 Eastern Arcade, writes as follows:—"Melbourne, August 14, 1885. —For the past ten years I have been troubled with serious Kidney and Liver difficulty. For the past year I have constantly been growing worse; I could not stoop to pick up anything, could not turn over in bed without great effort, and could not sleep nights, being compelled to rise six or eight times each night. My appetite was capricious, and my fluids frightful, so filled were they with sediment. I could not walk any distance without stopping to rest, my heart would pain me so. I had tried all the doctors of repute, but did not get any permanent help. When WARNER'S SAFE CURE first came under my notice I had but little faith in it, believing it, like too many proprietary medicines, of no account. I bought a bottle, however, and began its use, and was surprised the help I got from it. I continued it until I had taken five bottles, and I am free to say it has cured me. I feel like a young man again; all pain has gone, I can sleep nights, the deposits in my fluids have disappeared, my appetite is good, and every afternoon when it is pleasant, I walk without fatigue, or any trouble from my heart, from my place of business to my residence, 17 Drummond Street, Carlton, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. I give this testimonial freely and unreservedly that others troubled as I was may know that WARNER'S SAFE CURE and WARNER'S SAFE PILLS are all that they are represented to be."

CURED, WHEN DOCTORS FAILED.

WILLIAM BURGESS, Builder, 403 Lygon Street, Carlton, writes H. H. Warner and Co. as follows:—"July 27, 1885.—I desire to publicly testify as to the great good I have received from WARNER'S SAFE CURE and WARNER'S SAFE PILLS. For over a year I have not been able to do a day's work, and for the past nine months have been constantly growing worse. I suffered excruciating pains in the back; if I sat down could not rise or bend forward unaided. Could not sleep nights; my appetite one day was voracious, the next none at all; my fluids were very bad. I consulted both allopath and homoeopath physicians, and took their medicine, but received no benefit. One eminent Melbourne physician (so called) said my trouble was caused by 'periodical pains in the muscles of the back, and they would come and go.' It was not until I read of WARNER'S SAFE CURE and WARNER'S SAFE PILLS and the descriptions given in H. H. Warner's pamphlet of Kidney Disease, etc., that I knew what my trouble was. I at once purchased the medicine and began its use. It helped me from the outset, and now after I have taken seven bottles of WARNER'S SAFE CURE and two vials of WARNER'S SAFE PILLS, I feel that I am a well man. My pains have disappeared; I can sleep nights; the stiffness in my back has gone; my appetite is good, and my fluids are normal. I give this testimonial without solicitation from anybody, and conscientiously recommend WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES to any suffering as I was, believing that what they have done for me they will do for others."

SAFE, RELIABLE, HONEST.

BILLY EMERSON, the Prince of Comedians, under date of Melbourne, July 8, 1885, says:—"I have seen and know personally of the good effects of WARNER'S SAFE CURE, both in America and in Australia. It is used extensively among the profession, and always with the most gratifying results. For Pains in the Back caused by Disordered Kidneys, and for Liver Difficulties and Indigestion, I believe WARNER'S SAFE CURE stands without a rival, and I, from personal use and benefit, unqualifiedly endorse it as a safe, reliable, and honest medicine."

Testimonials from reliable sources, and from persons having no interest save the good of humanity at heart, should convince any fair-minded man or woman that what is claimed by the proprietors of WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES is not empty boasting, but resistless facts substantiated by the grateful people of three Continents.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, *March 14th, 1885.*

Once a Month, an Australian magazine, has the merit of savouring of the soil. Everything is really indigenous, from an interesting sketch of the Premier of New South Wales to a description of Christmas in the bush, and a rough, hearty ballad on sheep-shearing.

THE BOOKSELLER (London), *March 5th, 1885.*

Once a Month.—The first number of the second volume of an Australian Magazine, published in Melbourne by Messrs. Wm. Inglis and Co. Its leading article is a biographical sketch of the Hon. James Service, the Premier of Victoria, accompanied by a lithographic portrait. The fiction provided for the entertainment of its readers seems of excellent quality, and the general tone of its articles quite equal to that of its contemporaries this side of the equator. Many of its articles are illustrated either by lithographs or engravings.

PUBLISHERS CIRCULAR (London), *April 15th, 1885.*

From Messrs. W. Inglis and Co., Melbourne.—Although we are usually able to notice the magazines immediately after publication, an exception must be *Once a Month* which hails from the Antipodes. The part dated the 15th of December, 1884, is now before us, showing a pleasant collection of matter, including some very fair Christmas stories.

THE ARGUS, *March 23.*

* * * * The miscellaneous contents of the magazine are varied and interesting.

AGE, *June 15th, 1885.*

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Wm. Inglis and Co., *Once a Month* for June. It contains a biographical sketch of Mr. Adye Douglas, Premier and Chief Secretary of Tasmania; an article entitled "Sounds and Sandflies," by "J.H.," descriptive of the West Coast Sounds of New Zealand; the commencement of a series of articles on the Old English Opera; the continuation of the serial stories—Jacobi's Wife, By Sea and Lake, and Mary Marston; and a selection of instructive and entertaining matter. The illustrations comprise a portrait of Mr. Adye Douglas, and views in the West Coast Sounds and in Southern Tasmania. The whole is produced in excellent style.

DAILY TELEGRAPH, *June 13th, 1885.*

We have received the June number of *Once a Month*, which fully maintains the high reputation which this magazine has achieved. A portrait is given of the Hon. Mr. Douglas, the Tasmanian Premier, with a sketch of his life. The general contents of the magazine are varied and interesting.

LEADER, *June 20th, 1885.*

Once a Month for June (W. Inglis and Co.) contains a good likeness of Mr. Adye Douglas, Premier and Chief Secretary of Tasmania, with a brief sketch of his public career. There is also an illustrated article on Southern Tasmania, with the usual liberal supply of novelette matter, which for the most part is thoroughly readable



MARCUS CLARKE
AUTHOR OF "THE POET" AND "THE GARDEN"

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ONCE A MONTH.

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VOL. III.

GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No XI.

MARCUS CLARKE,

AUSTRALIAN AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST.

By HENRY G. TURNER.

The untimely death of the gifted young *litterateur*, Marcus Clarke, in August 1881, evoked a wide-spread expression of sympathetic interest throughout Victoria. It found utterance in numerous articles in the daily and weekly press, eulogistic of his originality and talent, and it took the still more earnest form of a voluntary subscription towards providing for the immediate wants of his bereaved widow and young orphaned children. When it is borne in mind that a considerable portion of his literary work was veiled by journalistic anonymity, and that he was chiefly known to the reading public by one powerful romance, dealing with so terrible a subject as the horrors of convict life, the wide area from which these subscriptions flowed in was an unmistakable indication of the vigour of style and realism of treatment which has fascinated so many readers.

His literary career, and the circumstances which influenced it, were very fully dealt with in the *Melbourne*

Review shortly after his death, and last year there was issued by subscription a memorial volume, containing a more detailed biography, and a judicious selection of extracts from his writings, giving an admirable idea of his surprising versatility, and ranging from the exquisite pathos of the story of "Pretty Dick" to the hilarious abandonment of the "Wail of the Waiter."

Though born in a London suburb, in 1846, Marcus Clarke may be claimed as essentially an Australian writer. He was but eighteen years of age when he arrived in Melbourne, and by the influence of his uncle, Sir Andrew Clarke, formerly Surveyor-General of Victoria, was placed on the staff of the Bank of Australasia. The dull routine of office life was too suggestive of Pegasus in harness, and though he secured the admiring regard of all his brother clerks, he utterly failed to acquire those methodical habits of patient application which might have made him equally esteemed by the management. Within a year he was

relegated to the Ledcourt station, in the Wimmera district, to gain what is euphoniously described as "Colonial Experience." Here, in the uninterrupted loneliness of bush life—for the selectors' farms which now cover the whole district had not then been called into existence—he was thrown back upon his own resources, and passed much of his time in writing weird stories and quaint sketches of the hangers-on of pastoral life, the photographic accuracy of which is unsurpassed in Australian literature. His keen perception took in alike all the quiet beauties of the sombre forest primeval, with its ghostly suggestions; the dappled shade of the ferny gullies; the glaring stretch of hot dusty plains; the wealth of colour with which the rising and setting sun painted the rocky face of the rugged Grampians; the eccentric blasphemy of the half-drunken bullock driver; the authoritative swagger of the representative of King Cobb; the pretentious gentility of the bar loafer, who had "known better days;" and the score of half-developed fragments of humanity that made up the life of such a centre as "Bullock Town," by which name he has immortalized the post town of his district, known to the official mind as Glenorchy.

In the exquisite story of "Pretty Dick," and in the admirable introduction which he wrote for a volume of Gordon's poems, he has described the prevailing characteristics of the Australian bush and its effect upon the imagination, in a manner that leaves nothing for his successors. In the more humorous sketches, where he deals so realistically with the eccentric humankind that animated the deadly dullness of "Bullock Town," his style bears a strong resemblance to that of Bret Harte. In no sense, however, can he be said to have copied that entertaining writer, for the humour is essentially and radically Australian, and the characteristics delineated are as racy of our own soil, as the creations of his American prototype are distinctively Californian. "How the Circus came to Bullock Town," "Grumblers' Gully," "Poor Jo," and "An Idyll of Bullock Town," are all of them so redolent of

a phase of life that has now quite passed away in Victoria, and are so clearly and sharply outlined, that they may be said to serve a similar purpose to that of a photograph of some whilom important building that the march of progress has ordained to destruction. The "Colonial Experience" which he gained on Mr. Holt's station did not appear to have been of sufficient value to warrant him in devoting his life to the then lucrative business of rearing sheep. He is very severe on the ordeal he went through, and in one of his sketches, entitled "In a Bush Hut," gives an amusingly exaggerated account of the lenten fare and general discomfort of his surroundings. When at length an opportunity offered of his returning to the more congenial atmosphere of metropolitan life he gladly availed himself of it, and, with a determination to embrace literature as a profession, commenced his chosen career in the office of the *Argus*. It is not necessary here to enter upon the particulars of his relations with the press. They were not altogether happy. Marcus Clarke was so essentially a Bohemian in his ideas, and a free lance by inclination, that he could not conform to editorial discipline any more than to banking restraints, and he seems to have wilfully ignored the recognized code of journalistic ethics. His pen was fluent, his style vivacious, his ideas quaintly original, and his productive power voluminous; but he could not work within defined limits, or restrict himself to one supervision. Thus it came about that his cynical and sometimes caustic comments on social matters flowed in turn from various and somewhat antagonistic sources. For a long time he gratified the readers of the *Australasian* by the lucubrations of "The Peripatetic Philosopher;" he wrote the "Buncle Correspondence" for the *Argus*; he became the weekly exponent of morals in the *Leader* over the signature of "Atticus;" and he contributed to the *Daily Telegraph* the series of papers entitled "The Wicked World." Of course, spread over so long a period, it may be assumed that these contributions are very unequal. The weekly column of this kind of pabulum that

has to be furnished, whether the writer is in the humour or not, must, of necessity, be produced at times under adverse circumstances. It may be safely said, however, that they are quite equal to anything of the kind that the Victorian press has been able to command before or since, and they contain more humorous philosophy and epigrammatic point than the long drawn out series with which "G. A. S." has regaled the readers of the *Illustrated London News*. A selection from the "Peripatetic Philosopher's" sayings was published some years since by George Robertson, and has doubtless assisted to while away many an hour on a tedious journey, or in a sick room. The humour may occasionally be a little forced, but there is not a line in the book to shock the most fastidious.

It has frequently been alleged that Marcus Clarke lacked the necessary industry to make the best use of his undoubted talents. The long list of his published writings, his extensive anonymous work as a journalist, and his official duties at the Public Library for nearly ten years, out of so brief a career, give an emphatic denial to this allegation. He wanted method in his industry, and he lacked close application to work out more enduring results, but he was foolishly prodigal of himself, and frittered away energies, that, carefully husbanded, would have made him a greater posthumous reputation. The whole of his literary work was accomplished within about fourteen years, and in that time he gave to the world two complete novels, upwards of thirty shorter tales and sketches, a most interesting volume of "Old Tales of a Young Country," a "School History of Australia," about a dozen dramatic works, including original comedies, burlesques, and adaptations from the French, some pamphlets on topics of the day, and he once plunged recklessly into controversy with the Bishop of Melbourne, on the well-worn topic of the Christian Evidences. Concurrently with these indications of mental activity, it must be remembered he had for some portion of the time daily journalistic work, and for the remainder the responsible duties of assistant librarian in Sir Redmond

Barry's great foundation. He wrote many capable review articles on such divergent subjects as "The Comptist Philosophy," "Balzac's Place in Literature," and "Gustave Doré and Modern Art;" while his summing up of Lord Beaconsfield's contributions to the world of fiction is about the most outspoken and scathing criticism that has been written on that gilded genius. Finally, it must not be overlooked that for a long time he edited a colonial monthly magazine, which was a financial disaster, and, for a shorter period, a weekly comic paper called *Humbug*, to which he was a considerable contributor himself.

Had Marcus Clarke been better endowed with worldly wisdom, he would doubtless have concentrated his power on the production of a few books that would have shown him at his best, and ensured some more tangible return than can be secured by the lighter labours of the *flâneur*.

That he was capable of such work no one who has read "His Natural Life" can doubt. Terribly depressing, nay, almost revolting as is the burden of this most powerful romance, it masters the reader by its enthralling interest, and the care with which all its incidents are worked out, so that we seem to be spectators of the action. Moncure Conway mentioned that he first met with it on board an Atlantic steamer, and it so fascinated him that he could think of little else during the voyage. He declared that he could not think of leaving Australia until he had visited Port Arthur and the surrounding districts so graphically described. The story has been translated into several European languages, and has had an enormous circulation in America. It was originally published in instalments in the *Australian Journal* in Melbourne, but great changes were afterwards made, both in the opening chapters and in the *dénouement*; and in its improved form it was published in the ordinary three volume style by Bentley, of London, with a dedication to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who had warmly expressed to the author his opinion of its great power. This edition, and the Australian one published by George Robertson, are

both long since out of print, and a new issue in a cheap form has just come into circulation with the prospect of a very large renewed demand.

The sustained effort, the tedious gathering of facts connected with the old convict *régime* of Port Arthur, and the labour attendant upon writing, and practically re-writing this book, superimposed upon his other work, did not altogether accord with Marcus Clarke's temperament. The humorous column of the *flâneur*, the fanciful story for the weekly journal, the quaintly philosophical social essay, or the graceful *vers de société*, flowed readily enough from his pen. He was permeated with Bohemianism, and liked, when "consuming the midnight oil," also to sacrifice at the Nicotian shrine. In a little Christmas volume called "Twixt Shadow and Shine," we get an unreserved picture of the comrades with whom he solemnized the "High Jinks" of that rollicking fraternity.

There is an admirable photograph of him by Batchelder, a lithographic reproduction of which is prefixed, and it calls him up at his best. There was a curious twinkle in his eye when in the humorous vein, and a certain hesitancy of speech, almost amounting to a stammer, often gave unexpected point to a ludicrous story. To those with whom he had tastes in common he was a most genial companion and attractive talker, but he had strong dislikes, often upon most inadequate grounds. Unhappily, too, he possessed a fund of such caustic repartee, not always under discreet control, that he managed, over trivial differences, to alienate many who would gladly have remained his friends. To some extent this feeling was probably due to the sensitiveness engendered by a chronic condition of financial trouble. Having somewhat heedlessly entangled himself in the toils of the usurers, probably without any conception of what sixty per cent. really implied, he worked for years to pay the interest to his bondmasters, until it seemed that, after all his labour, there was only bread and cheese for himself, and no reduction in the weight of the oppressive incubus. In one of his humorous papers, entitled "On Business Men," he assumes

to be rather proud of the rollicking Bohemianism that cannot vex itself about "the cursed lack of pence," and he enjoyed the luxury of borrowing without allowing his pleasure to be overclouded by anticipating the carking cares of repayment. In one sense he certainly did not value money, and nothing but the absolute inability to raise it could restrain him from a free expenditure, in which he was always ready to share his windfall with any less fortunate brother of the craft.

This Skimpolian proclivity was apparently incurable, and while during his bachelor days it brought only the semblance of trouble on himself, it became a very real and harassing anxiety when his responsibilities were increased by a wife and family. In extenuation of the happy-go-lucky system that led him into these financial entanglements it must be borne in mind that he was physically somewhat weak, with an apparently inherited tendency to self-indulgence, which was stimulated by his injudicious treatment in boyhood. In the early days of his literary career in Melbourne he met with a severe accident in the hunting field, being thrown and kicked on the head by his horse, sustaining a slight fracture of the skull and some injury to the brain. Though making a remarkable recovery he was liable to an occasional recurrence of the symptoms whenever overworked or mentally excited.

This inability to estimate at their proper value such qualities as frugality or prudential forethought was not removed by experience, and at last, like many before him, he came to look upon people who practised self-denial and acquired property with a certain feeling of dislike and contempt. Hence, though always humorously cynical, he became in later years bitterly caustic in his fanciful comments on the smug world, which makes up the majority of our fellow creatures, and his radicalism was very red.

He was married in 1869 to Marian, the second daughter of the late John Dunn, the well-known comedian. His widow is left with five orphans to make their way in the world, with little more than the reputation of their father, and

the histrionic abilities of their mother, to help them on. Kindly offers have been made to Mrs. Clarke of the gratuitous education of some of her bright boys, and, as already mentioned, the general public contributed a subscription towards defraying urgent necessities. It is to be feared that no substantial returns will accrue to the family from any of the literary works of the lost parent, although from the interest recently exhibited there appears every prospect of a considerable sale of the new edition of his great romance.

"The Marcus Clarke Memorial Volume" will give the casual reader a good idea of the wide field covered by the writer's inventive faculty, and, lest the published price of half a guinea should restrict its circulation, it is well to point out that it was produced with a view to assist the fund being raised for the benefit of his family, hence the purchaser will have the satisfaction of assisting to that praiseworthy end, in addition to the entertainment derived from its perusal. To those who are unwilling to incur this outlay there is a small volume available, published by George Robertson, for one shilling, entitled "Holiday Peak and other Tales," which contains about a dozen sketches full of character, and redolent of Clarke's peculiar humour. It contains, *inter alia*, the beautiful story of "Pretty Dick," which few persons can read aloud without a break in the voice.

As a versifier Marcus Clarke was clever, and apt in facile rhyme, but the majority of his contributions must be described as capital imitations. In his young days he had been an omnivorous reader, and, with the aid of a fine memory, a good classical education, a correct ear, and keen perceptive faculties, he could fall back on his mental storehouse for the materials of a story or a lyric, and dress it in appropriate language with little effort. He was fond of pondering over psychological problems, and in the extraordinary papers called "Cannabis Indica," "Human Repetends," and, still more noticeably, in the uncanny narrative of "The Mystery of Major Molineux," published after his death, he ensures the breathless attention of his reader in a manner that is

quite equal to the most powerful efforts of Edgar Allen Poe. It is not perhaps desirable to lengthen this notice by extracts from his published writings, because its object is to induce in the reader sufficient interest to ensure his reading some of the books, and judging for himself how far this estimate of what Australian literature owes to Marcus Clarke is justified. It will, however, serve as an introduction for those who have yet to make acquaintance with his writings, to quote two specimens from his less known productions—one in prose and one in verse.

The following extract contains the concluding paragraphs of a pamphlet he published on "The Future Australian Race," which deals somewhat whimsically with the politics, religion, habits, and appearance of the occupants of this great country in the next century:—

"For their Face.—The sun beating on their faces closes their eyes, puckers the cheeks, and contracts the muscles of their orbit. Our children will have deep set eyes with over-hanging brows; the lower eyelid will not melt into the cheek, but will stand out *en profile* clear and well-defined. This, though it may add to character, takes away from beauty. There will be necessarily a strong development of the line leading from nostril to mouth. The curve between the centre of the upper lip and the angle of the mouth will be intensified; hence the upper lip will be shortened, and the whole mouth made fleshy and sensual.

"The custom of meat-eating will square the jaw, and render the hair coarse but plentiful. The Australian will be a square-headed masterful man, with full temples, plenty of beard, a keen eye, a stern and yet sensual mouth. His teeth will be bad, and his lungs good. He will suffer from liver disease, and become prematurely bald; average duration of life in the unmarried, fifty-nine; in the married, sixty-five and a decimal.

"The conclusion of all this is, therefore, that in another hundred years the average Australasian will be a tall, coarse, strong-jawed, greedy, pushing, talented man, excelling in swimming and horsemanship. His religion will

be a form of Presbyterianism, his national policy a democracy tempered by the rate of exchange. His wife will be a thin, narrow woman, very fond of dress and idleness, caring little for her children, but without sufficient brain power to sin with zest. In five hundred years, unless recruited from foreign nations, the breed will be wholly extinct; but in that five hundred years it will have changed the face of nature, and swallowed up all our contemporary civilization."

The following little poem, though not perhaps as ambitious as some of his essays in rhyme, has the true poetical ring about it, *malgré* the little touch of cynicism to which his pen was so prone. The rhythm is as perfect as the sentiment is delicate and the treatment refined.

TEN YEARS AGO.

Dost thou remember the old garden, where
We used to steal,
To build our silly castles in the air,
My pale Lucille?
I was thy knight: and thou, my love and queen,
No shame didst know—
For had we not played babies on the green—
Ten years ago?

We part, we meet. Thou statelier grown, and cold,
I gaunt and grey.
For thou art rich, and I—in sorrows old
Since childhood's day.
"Lucille! at last my love!" Your pale cheek flames.
"Did you not know
My husband, sir; we met—where was it,
James?
Ten years ago!"

Well—mine the fault was if I did not please.
You judged the best.
You feared for poverty, and longed for ease,
Comfort and rest.
His horses stepped as high, your diamonds made
As brave a show,
For all he won them in the tallow trade,
Ten years ago.

Yet that white brow, methinks, is less serene
Than in that time
When bright birds sang, and trees and fields
were green,
In youth's fair prime;
When all the world smiled rosy at our feet
In fancy's glow.
Ah me! what wondrous dreams we dreamt,
my sweet,
Ten years ago.

Now you are sadly learned, I am told
Five tongues you speak;
You sing, compose—what leaf is that you fold?
Plato in Greek!
I see—you study at all times—you fret
At progress slow—
You had not needed Greek, dear, had we met
Ten years ago.

Nay, never blush, Lucille. I am not base
To him or you.
From thy soul's cell no love must his displace,
Thy whole life through.
His safeguard and thy solace lies in this—
Is it not so?—
His constant kindness since the bridal kiss
Ten years ago.

We meet. We part. If life's bright best be
lost;
Much still remains;
Perhaps a higher Heaven for him, the cost
Paid with thy pains.
Good-bye, my dear, and if this tale you tell,
These verses show;
Say only, "This man fought a hard fight well,
Ten years ago."

And ever fights! For if, as churchmen say
In skies above
Soul mates with soul, as ray melts into ray
And Heaven is Love.
He will be there, and—if he still loves thee—
Must never know
That thou on earth hadst e'er a thought for
me
Ten years ago.

Cut off at the early age of thirty-four, before his undoubted talent had attained the full ripeness of maturity, he has left behind him unmistakable evidence of the loss which our local literature has sustained. It is certain that those who read "His Natural Life" will seek to know more of the work of so powerful, so original, and so imaginative a writer.

A CHARACTER.

As through the hedge-row shade the violet steals,
And the sweet air its modest leaf reveals;
Her softer charms, but by their influence known,
Surprise all hearts, and mould them to her own.

—Rogers.

JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HER LAST APPEAL.

Mrs. Danvers had said to Jacobi, with respect to Clarice's consent to her engagement—"She will do what you want well enough if you don't hurry her. Give her time. She is like other young girls; she does not like the notion of being forced into marriage."

"I can't wait for ever," Jacobi had answered. But he took some trouble to carry out Mrs. Danvers' suggestion. He represented himself to Sir Wilfred as so extremely desirous to do exactly what Clarice wished, and no more, that Sir Wilfred ended by becoming impatient with his daughter's delay, and anxious to hasten the wedding in spite of her disinclination for it. He sent for her one day and tried to argue her into what he called a better mind. He soon relinquished the attempt. Clarice did not answer him; she did not shed tears; she sat with her hands folded, her face bent down, an image of white, silent despair. He was even glad to get her out of his room.

His next step was to send for Mrs. Danvers. To her he graciously explained the state of the case. "His health was becoming rapidly weaker," he said, "and he wanted to see his daughter married as soon as possible." He requested Mrs. Danvers to consult with Clarice as to the wedding-day, and to begin to make suitable preparations for her outfit, for which he placed in her hands a large cheque.

To his surprise Mrs. Danvers made some slight objection to his plans. She said that she thought Clarice was not willing to fix the wedding-day so soon, and was not in a fit state to undergo

the excitement that would ensue if her will was crossed. Also, that she ought to recover her health a little before she was married.

Sir Wilfred, very much astonished at meeting with opposition from a person whom he considered his inferior, reiterated his wishes in a more emphatic manner than before, and added an intimation that the wedding was to take place in the month of January. "That is to say in two months," he proceeded. "That date, Mrs. Danvers, will give my daughter ample time to accustom her mind to the idea of marriage, and you ample time to provide her with a suitable *trousseau*. You will inform her of my decision if you please."

And he dismissed Mrs. Danvers with a bow that was more formal than usual. Mrs. Danvers had gone down several degrees in his estimation since she dared to differ from him.

The conversation was at once repeated to Jacobi. He came to her in half-an-hour, raving with passion. He accused her of being untrue to his interests, lukewarm in his behalf. If she really wanted him to marry Clarice, why did she try to delay the marriage?

"You are blind," she said to him, coolly. "You do not understand that if you force Clarice Vanborough to marry you against her will you may drive her to frenzy. She is just the sort of girl who would do something desperate at the last moment, or go sheer out of her mind. I could bring her round in course of time; but if you insist on marrying her in January, I guarantee nothing."

"I shall marry her in January whatever you say," said Jacobi, shortly. "I shall soon bring her to reason."

Mrs. Danvers looked scornful. "Your way of bringing her to reason is a singular one," she said. "Allow me to congratulate you so far on its success."

Jacobi left her, swearing that he would have his own way, and that she need not try to oppose him. But in a few hours his passion was calmed down. He did not believe that Antonia meant to do more than tease and frighten him now and then; and she had undoubted power over Clarice. It would be difficult to replace her by anybody so trustworthy. Notwithstanding these occasional differences of opinion, Jacobi thought that he had reason to bless the day when he met his old acquaintance at the house of Mrs. Gilbert Vanborough, whither all applicants for the vacant situation of companion to Miss Clarice Vanborough had been invited to repair.

It seemed to him that Mrs. Danvers had done her work well with Clarice. She accepted in silence any allusions made to the approaching wedding in January. She looked with cold indifference, indeed, but without any outburst of anger or grief, at the preparations making for her future life. Dresses, linen, jewellery, all came down from London in abundance. Sir Wilfred had no wish that his daughter should not be well provided for. The wedding was to be strictly private, and Jacobi would then take his bride away for a week or two, if she were well enough to travel; but their absence was not to be further prolonged, as Sir Wilfred did not like to be left alone. Jacobi and Clarice were then to take up their abode permanently at Charnwood Manor. At least such was Sir Wilfred's anticipation, but, as a matter of fact, Jacobi intended to make Clarice's health an excuse for as much absence from Charnwood as he thought fit.

Christmas and New Year's Day came and went. Gilbert and Merle did not spend either day with Sir Wilfred, and the father did not press the invitation given to them. Although Gilbert did not openly discourage the

marriage, he was known to have an adverse feeling towards it, and on that account Jacobi was not anxious for his presence at the ceremony or before it. And while he did not suspect the real strength of Merle's character, and thought that she was so much under the influence of a husband to whom she was unquestionably devoted, that she would never dare to put herself in open opposition to him by allying herself with her sister-in-law against the other members of Gilbert's family, still he distrusted her for her candour and good sense, and did not want her to become Clarice's confidante. The twelfth of January was fixed for the wedding day, and the days went on apace.

It was on the tenth that Clarice seemed to awake from the state of apathy into which recent events had plunged her. She was sitting in the drawing-room, her hands listlessly moving over some easy embroidery work, her back turned to the window, whence one could see only a dreary vision of leafless trees, sombre damp walks, and black water—all that remained in January of the green summer beauty of the manor-house garden, when Jacobi entered with a jewel-case in his hand.

"Would you grant me the favour," he said, "to look at what I bring you here?"

Clarice lifted her heavy eyes from her work and glanced at him. He opened the case in his hand and laid it before her upon a little table at her side. It contained an exquisite emerald necklace, which Sir Wilfrid had recently despatched to London to be re-set. Clarice recognised it as an heirloom which her father had never yet allowed her to wear; but she remembered having seen it on her mother's neck. It was with a sudden flash of her dark eyes that she said—

"Why do you touch my mother's necklace?"

This was a bad omen. Jacobi answered, with great humility and gentleness—

"Your father has given them into my charge—to present to you. You will value them, surely, on his account, if not on mine."

"Yours!" she said, scornfully. Then, with a curl of her lip, "If they are from my father, he may give them to me himself; if they are from you, I decline to receive them."

"If you decline to receive an ornament from me," said Jacobi, his pale face growing a little whiter, "how is it that you are consenting to bear my name?"

"Your name?" she said, "Your name?" Then she rose up and burst into a wild shriek of laughter. "When did I ever consent to bear your name?" She laughed still, but her eyes grew wild and fierce as she fixed them upon the man who had asked the question.

Jacobi drew back at first when he heard her exclamation, and a look of something like fear crossed his face. But when he saw that she had spoken merely at random, and without knowledge that he had at any time, for any purpose, changed his name, he set his teeth, and, coming close to her, gripped her tightly by the arm.

"Come," he said, "Clarice, no more of this. You have promised to be my wife, and we are to be married the day after to-morrow. What is the good of making a disturbance about it? Calm yourself, my beauty, and let me see how you look in these pretty things!"

The insolent admiration, the offensive familiarity of his tone, seemed to freeze the girl into horrified silence. She merely looked on while he took the jewels from their velvet bed; but when his long supple fingers advanced towards her neck, when he actually tried to fasten the necklace upon her throat, her disgust and hatred of him conquered all other feelings. She thrust him back with both hands, then snatched the necklace from her neck and dashed it into his face with a low cry of bitter rage. Before he could recover himself, for his mouth was cut and bleeding from the blow, she had rushed from the room.

Mrs. Danvers met Jacobi a few minutes afterwards holding his handkerchief to his mouth, and looking very pale.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked.

"Matter?" he repeated. "She flew at me like a wild cat. I tell you, Antonia, I don't like this kind of business. She'll murder me before long. Look!"

"A scratch," said Mrs. Danvers, contemptuously. "What a craven you are! Come here; I will get you some warm water and sticking-plaster."

She led the way into a little house-keeper's room near the kitchen. Here, while doctoring the cut—a very slight one on lip and cheek—she heard the story.

"Keep your hands off her," she said, coolly.

"But we are to be married on Thursday," said Jacobi, in a complaining tone. Then a dark look of rage crossed his face, and he burst out with an oath—"—her! If she tries any of these tricks on me *after* the marriage, I'll pay her out—I'll punish her, 'by — I will! I'll make her repent it, the little tiger-cat! I'll tame her."

Mrs. Danvers laughed unpleasantly. "Don't excite yourself," she said. "I have no doubt you *would* punish your wife for the mistake of marrying you. Now, go into the library, lie down quietly, and rest. I'll bring you a book that you will like to read."

"A book?" he growled. "What do I want with a book?"

But he did her bidding. Presently she came with an open volume and placed it in his hands. "Read that chapter," she said, pointing to the page at which she had opened the book. "You will find a certain similarity in the cases."

He took it carelessly from her hand. It was a volume of Scott's novels—"The Bride of Lammermoor." She left him to its perusal, and went upstairs to Clarice.

As soon as the girl saw her, she rushed to her and sank at her feet, hiding her face in the folds of Mrs. Danvers' gown.

"Save me!" she said; "save me! You told me to hope—you told me I should not be forced to marry him against my will. Is it too late? Have *you* deceived me too?"

Mrs. Danvers looked down at her coldly.

"Yes," she said, after a little pause, "I have deceived you."

Then she tried to unfasten the clinging hands that held her dress. "Have you no courage?" she said, sternly, "no patience? Do what you have promised to do, without failing and fainting at the last moment. I cannot help you now."

"You were my last hope," moaned the girl, "What can I do? Where can I go?"

"You can do nothing; go nowhere. This is mere folly, Clarice. I will have no more of it."

Mrs. Danvers disentangled her gown from the nerveless fingers that tried to hold it fast, and raised the girl almost by main force into a sitting posture, with her head upon a low cushioned chair. She then rang the bell for Betsy Blane, and with her help administered a strong dose of sal volatile and brandy. In half an hour Clarice was lying, half stupefied, upon her bed; and Mrs. Danvers went downstairs to the library.

Jacobi had thrown the book that she had given him upon the floor, face downwards.

"Why —— it all," he said, in his sulkiest tone, as she entered, "the girl stabbed her husband on the wedding night. Is that what you think Clarice will do to me?"

"Possibly," said Mrs. Danvers, picking up the book. Then she added, in a tone of warning, "You don't understand her, and you don't treat her in the right way. Humour her—until after the wedding, at any rate—or it will be the worse for you."

She went away and left him to his own meditations, which were not of the most agreeable kind.

The day passed quietly. Clarice did not reappear downstairs. Mrs. Danvers reported that she had asked for her father late in the afternoon, and that when he had come in, looking worn and feeble, but very gracious and affectionate, she had asked to be left alone with him. What passed between them Mrs. Danvers did not know, but she heard Sir Wilfred's voice raised high and the sound of sobs from Clarice. When the old baronet came out his face was dark

and haughty. He looked as if he had been very much offended and displeased. Clarice lay upon her bed, her face turned to the wall, her whole frame shaken by violent sobs. Mrs. Danvers left her in peace and said nothing.

The companion went down stairs and met the servant, Martin, in the hall, nearly the only one of the old servants who had been retained.

"Martin," she said, softly, "has the *Times* come?"

The *Times* did not arrive until five o'clock in the afternoon at the village of Charnwood.

"I'll see, ma'am; I think it has."

And in a few minutes Martin handed her the newspaper, freshly opened and uncut. Mrs. Danvers thanked him pleasantly, and took it up to her own room. Here she unfolded the paper and found a certain column, down which she ran her finger eagerly. A look of disappointment crossed her face. She sighed heavily.

"Not yet!" she murmured to herself. "Surely—surely they would not hesitate! And what if they are too late!"

And then she fell into a deep musing fit, from which she did not rouse herself for full twenty minutes. Then she quietly re-folded the paper, carried it downstairs, and placed it on the library table, where it looked as if nobody had yet touched it.

The house was shut up at an early hour. Sir Wilfred went to bed at nine o'clock, Mrs. Danvers professed herself fatigued and retired early. Jacobi had ensconced himself in Sir Wilfred's study; there was a chair that he liked, and a bright fire; the drawing-room was rather cold. He had had some disagreeable sensations of illness during the day, which he generally combated by means of opium, but he had not felt it prudent to take it before evening. Now that night had come he mixed his accustomed dose of laudanum with some brandy, and resolved to go to his own room in a few minutes; but as he was cold, and as he knew that the laudanum would not take effect for some little time, he meant to rest first for half-an-hour by the fire. He took out a bunch of keys from his pocket, and pulled the writing-table closer to the

chair, then applied one of the keys to the lock of Sir Wilfred's desk, and was just about to open it, when a knock came to the door.

Hastily pushing back the desk, he stood up and called—"Come in."

Remembering that he had locked the door, he strode across the room and opened it, then started back in surprise.

The visitor was Clarice Vanborough.

She looked at him for a minute, and her pale face flushed slightly. He bowed, and held the door open for her with an affectation of politeness which did not well disguise the ugly sneer upon his face. The man's base mind could not attribute any higher motive for this visit than that she wanted to cajole him into a good temper and get the emerald necklace back again. Clarice let him close the door and advance towards the table, still with the false smile upon his face, without speaking. Finally he broke the silence.

"May I ask what has procured me the pleasure of this visit?" he said, as he offered her a chair.

She rested her clasped hands on the table and looked down at them. "A pleasure?" she said, slowly. "It is no pleasure to me."

"Your courtesy overwhelms me," Jacobi responded, sardonically. But he waited with some anxiety for her next speech or movement. Had Mrs. Danvers' suggestion of a book that he should read been without its grim meaning? But he reflected, although Clarice Vanborough might be capable in a moment of excitement of a sudden passionate deed by which she should free herself for ever from a hated tyranny, she was hardly likely to lay a plot, to devise a scheme, that should involve the guilt of murder. She was an English girl, he remembered, with the quiet habits and instincts of English life; not a Mexican half-caste, with a dagger underneath her dress, or a wild Spanish Indian ready to lie in wait with poison and steel for an enemy. There was a little silence before she spoke, and then she raised her large dark eyes to his face with a singular lustre in them.

"You will not guess why I have come," she said. "It is to throw my-

self on your mercy. I have appealed to everybody else in vain. Now, as a last resource I come to you. I want you to set me free."

Jacobi stared at her, and involuntarily raised his slender finger to touch the mark of the cut upon his lip. But if Clarice saw the movement she did not understand its significance.

"I have tried to do as my father bade me," she said. "I have tried to put the memory of Nigel Tremaine away from me; and I have tried in vain. I cannot banish him from my heart, although he is banished from my life. You would not wish to marry a woman who has no love for you? You would not wish me to marry you against my will?"

Jacobi stood still and looked at her, a slight smile stealing over his dark and subtle face. There was something in the spectacle of her distress which seemed to please him.

"Speak," she said, quickly—almost imperatively. "My father says you are a gentleman—you have a man's heart, at any rate, have you not? You do not want to make me wretched? You will have pity—you must have pity! Why should you make me miserable for all my life? I will bless you with my whole heart and soul if you will but let me go. My father will not listen to me, but you will; you will help me; you cannot refuse."

She clasped her hands; her dark eyes shone through tears; she almost knelt to him for mercy. She would have knelt had he not startled her from her intention by a low laugh of cruel triumph and insolent scorn.

"What!" he said, "you have treated me like a dog for the last six months, and now sue to me for pity? You threw that necklace in my face this morning—see, this is the mark it made—and now you beg for mercy? Ah, this is good! this is good! The best part of the play is just beginning. Go on, Miss Vanborough; pray let me hear all that you have to say; I like it."

He rubbed his hands; a restless light glittered in his eyes; a red flush had risen to his sallow cheeks.

"Did I treat you badly? I did not mean to hurt you," said Clarice, with something of the *naïveté* of a child.

"I did not know what I was doing. But it is not my fault that I cannot love you." And then a wave of strong womanly feeling swept away the childish inclination to evade the difficulty of answering him. "You are base, you are cruel, if you think of marrying me now," she said. "You know that it would be perjury for me to swear at the altar that I would be a loving wife to you till death! Death? God help me! death would part us very soon if ever I had to give that promise! How could I bear to live? But you could save me—you could give me back my happiness and my life. And surely, surely, you will."

Jacobi's smile of satisfaction still played upon his lips. He walked to the door, turned the key in the lock, and placed it in his pocket.

"I've got you now, my fine lady, have I? Then you shall hear what I have to say. Oh, I'll do you no harm; but you have a trick of slipping out of the room when I want to say a word to you, which I think I have prevented. Now we can settle the matter, once and for all. You little fool," he said, suddenly dropping his light tone, and speaking with a concentrated fury that made the girl turn pale and shrink away from him with fear; "do you suppose that I am going to let you out of my power before I have made my fortune by you? Do you suppose that by a few tears and soft words you can persuade me to surrender the prize I have worked so hard to gain? I don't marry you because I love you, but because I want money, because I want your father's house and lands. I like to hear you beg me to set you free. Oh, you will cry for mercy again before I've done with you—you will be punished for your behaviour during the last few months as soon as the ring is on your finger. I shall soon have you as much in my power as I have your brother Gilbert, your father Sir Wilfred, and as I should have your precious brother, Geoffrey, if he were here. What do I care whether you are happy or not?"

Something in Clarice's face warned him that she was about to cry for help. He sprang forward and placed his hand over her mouth.

"You need not make a noise," he said, "the only person who could hear you is your father, and he would believe my version of your reasons for coming here sooner than your own. Did you come to murder me, or make love to me? Which should I say? It is eleven o'clock at night, and everybody ought to be in bed. What is Antonia Danvers about that she does not keep you under lock and key? Now, scream at your peril."

She did not try to scream. She felt that a deadly faintness was taking possession of her—she would have fallen to the ground had he not placed her in a chair. When the sick dizziness passed off she found that he had moved away and was still talking, but talking more to himself than to her. There was a curious glibness in his speech, a curious oratorical fluency of which she was conscious, without understanding its cause. But anyone versed in the use of opium would have seen at once that its stimulant power was approaching its height. The pupils of his eyes were contracted—a vacant glitter had taken the place of their former eager and restless movement—a slight dew of perspiration was visible on his forehead. He had ceased to notice her presence in the room. She looked—she listened; but she did not dare to move or speak. For the moment she firmly believed that he was mad.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FLIGHT.

"She was a fool to come to me," said Jacobi, standing in the middle of the room, with the fixed light in his eyes growing brighter. "Why should she think I should help her? Help her to ruin myself? Why," he said, turning to her, as if suddenly reminded of her presence, "don't you know what a chance your brothers have given me? After hearing Geoffrey acknowledge—or as good as acknowledge the truth—to Tremaine, on that night when I lay in their tent unknown to both of them, what an ass I should have been not to take advantage of it? It was not worth while to go to the Darenths for help—small farmers only—though I am their 'cousin by marriage,' as they call it;

when Fate puts such weapons in one's hand, why not use them?"

Much of this was unintelligible to Clarice, but she listened, with a vague sense that he was now expounding the true motives for his conduct, if only she had the clue to guide her to the heart of the mystery. He walked up and down the room, and began to talk again.

"When we are married," he said, with a strange smile upon his face, "I will tell my wife—my wife—it sounds well!--my wife—I will tell her the story. She will not dare to make it public, even for the sake of clearing Geoffrey—no, it would implicate her father too much—'compounding a felony' is the word, isn't it?—besides Gilbert! Dios, how a man could sacrifice himself in that way for another is what I cannot understand. However, I have the proofs."

He went to the table and turned the desk towards him. The keys still hung from the lock. He opened the desk.

"Why did Sir Wilfred keep them?" he said, as he touched the spring which opened a secret drawer. "To hold them over Geoffrey's head?—prosecute him if he came back to England?"

He had got hold of some papers now; his speech was growing incoherent; he forgot sometimes to finish his sentences.

"If he came back, I would make Sir Wilfred prosecute too. The story would all come out—in the papers—what a scandal for the neighbourhood—Antonia says it would break Clarice's — What if it did? Yes, the proofs are all here. Sir Wilfred does not often look—never know if I took them—safer with me than with him—"

He paused, as if irresolute. He was holding in his hand a large envelope, unsealed, as Clarice could see, with a superscription in Sir Wilfred's hand. He held it up once, then laid it down upon the table.

"What would Geoffrey say," he murmured, slowly, "if he knew that I had the papers in my hand that would ruin the credit of the whole family if—if—I chose to use them? Ah, Sir Wilfred's keys—left about once too often—I have my own now."

He took up the keys and fingered them triumphantly; produced another bunch, containing a skeleton key, which he also laid upon the table, and then the door key. He removed the envelope from the drawer, and put it into his pocket; then seemed to change his mind, pulled it out and looked at it attentively. His eyes wandered round the room and fell upon Clarice standing in the shadow of a curtain which she had drawn partially round her. His face brightened a little.

"Take it, Antonia," he said. "You had better hide it while I am away. Put blank paper in the envelope; take the papers into your own room. He will never know. Nobody will know but—but—you and me."

Clarice took the envelope from his hand and hid it in her dress.

He looked round distressfully as if in search of something. His eyes were growing heavy; the light in them had died away.

"I think I had better take my dose of opium," he said, "and go to bed. I am very sleepy."

He walked a few steps aimlessly, and arrived at a sofa which had recently been brought into the room for Sir Wilfred's benefit. He sat down upon it, rose, and looked vacantly about him. "I am not sure about the papers," he said. He sat down again; his head fell backward upon the sofa-cushions; in another moment he was fast asleep.

Some of his last words had given Clarice a key to the situation. He had been taking opium in a large dose, evidently expecting no disturbance until morning; and his actions for the last hour had all been committed under the influence of that drug. Now was her time to take advantage of his unconsciousness for escape. And for anything else?

He had given her the very suggestion she wanted. She moved stealthily to the table, took out from the envelope two or three folded papers, selected some sheets of paper that bore a resemblance to those that she had abstracted and placed them in the envelope. Then she laid the envelope again within the drawer; but, before doing so, she glanced at the writing.

upon it. She saw these words in Sir Wilfred's handwriting—

"Papers relative to the cause of Geoffrey Vanborough's departure from England in the year 1877. In case of my death, to be forwarded to him, unread, by my executors; in case of his death before mine, to be burnt unread. June 10, 1877."

Clarice remembered that this was the date of Geoffrey's visit to Beechhurst, on that memorable night when she had promised to be Nigel's wife, and Geoffrey had called upon her to trust in him.

The drawer closed easily. She could not have opened it again if she had tried. She closed the desk, locked it, and placed it in its old position on the table. Then she put the keys in a little bunch on the table by the desk.

"He will think that he closed and locked it," she said to herself. "He will not suspect me."

She looked round the room. The lamp was burning brightly, full in Jacobi's face. She turned it down so as to leave only the faintest glimmer of light. Then she stepped lightly to the door with the door key in her hand. It grated as she turned it in the lock; but the noise failed to arouse the sleeper. She opened the door, and stood outside in the dark and silent passage with the papers in her hand.

What was now to be done? Should she go quietly back to her own room and sleep as if nothing had happened, with these papers in her possession? She knew well enough that every nook and corner of her room was open to Mrs. Danvers' survey, that even her toilette would during the next two days be subjected to diligent supervision. Where could she hide those papers, so as to prevent their falling again into Jacobi's hands? She dare not trust her father; she dare not give them to any member of the household; she dare not keep them herself.

She did not stay to examine them. Had she done so, it is likely that she would have failed to comprehend their bearing. Her whole soul was absorbed in the thought of their concealment.

She made her way downstairs and into the corridor that ran down the side of the house. A cold breeze made her

shiver as she passed one of the doors. She stood still, turned in at the door, and saw that the window of the empty room had been left slightly open. And then a course of action presented itself to her mind. She would leave the house, give the papers into a friend's safe keeping, and make one desperate effort to escape from Jacobi's clutches. If she could once gain Beechhurst—Nigel's house—Mrs. Tremaine would take her in, and she would be safe. What if seven weary miles of darkness lay between her and her lover's home? her fleet feet had often traversed a longer distance, with Nigel at her side.

It was the first time for months that she had not been carefully guarded and prevented from leaving her room. Mrs. Danvers' watch seemed to have relaxed its severity. The fact was, she had thought that Clarice's exhaustion was too great to allow her to dream of leaving her own room; and, but for the girl's state of febrile excitement, this supposition would have been true. But at present she knew no fatigue, she feared no danger. Her whole soul was absorbed in the prospect of flight from her father's house.

She wrapped a cloak which she found in the hall round her, and raised the window sash. It made considerable noise, and was stiff besides. At first her delicate fingers, numbed already with January cold, and trembling from agitation, almost failed to move it at all. When thrown wide, it was easy enough for her to mount upon the window sill and let herself lightly down upon the soft earth of the flower bed outside. The night was dark; rain had been falling for some days and nights, and although the steady downpour had stopped, the rising wind brought an occasional swish of water into the belated wayfarer's face, which whether from clouds or heavily-laden branches of the swinging trees, was equally bewildering and unpleasant. As Clarice stopped short, and considered which way she should take, she heard a distant clock strike—*One!*

She shivered, more from apprehension than from cold. What was she doing in the middle of the night, alone, outside her father's house? If the

vision of Jacobi, as a living, breathing, hideously familiar human being, had been one whit less present with her, she would even at that moment have renounced her expedition and gone back to her own room. But her horror of him overcame even her natural timidity. She went on.

She dared not go by the avenue. She would have to pass the lodge, and several cottages, more or less belonging to the "great house," and she feared lest she should be heard or seen and followed. She turned into the garden, passed the sheet of water, and plunged into the depths of shadow which, she knew, represented the park.

Here her progress was slow and painful. She could not see the pathway, and continually stumbled over projecting roots, struck her forehead against low branches, even fell more than once, and bruised herself against the trunks of trees. But at last, to her great joy, she came to the park fencing, and felt her way to a spot where one of the palings had been torn down, and there was an aperture large enough to admit of the passage of a human body. She resolved to creep through this opening into the road, instead of pursuing her way to the gate.

She carried out her purpose. There was a ditch on the other side of the fence. No sooner had she emerged from the hole into the wet hollow, full of decaying vegetation and dark water, than she became conscious that two bright eyes were bent upon her from the opposite bank. A man's form had been crouched in the ditch itself, and a man's rough face was looking into, and almost touching, her own.

"Eh, who's this?" said the man, whoever he might be.

Clarice could not suppress a faint cry. A strong hand was instantly laid upon her mouth—much as Jacobi had laid his a short time before—a rough voice swore at her in a whisper.

"D'ye want to bring the keepers upon us?" it was savagely demanded. "Doing a bit o' work on your own account—that's wheer it is. Hold your jaw, I tell yer, or I'll know the reason whoy."

Clarice cowered down as his strong hand compelled her to do, and waited,

without knowing why. After an interval of silence, which seemed to her like an eternity, she heard voices and footsteps approaching on the inner side of the fence. The first who spoke was a young keeper, whom she knew well by name and voice. He seemed to be contending some point with his companion in low but vehement tones.

"Heard 'em? To be sure I did. There was Black Tom and Jim Robbins a-setting of their snares a'ready. If you hadn't been so cursed long in getting up, we should ha' caught them, as sure as fate. They be miles away by now."

"You be allers too hasty, Willum Rogers," said his companion, who was the lodge-keeper and parish-clerk to boot, and whose voice was decidedly asthmatic. "There was no good in routing a man out of his warm bed acause you heard a traveller in the road, or a rabbit scuttling back to his warren. When you gets to my time of life—ugh, ugh! how bitter cold it do be, for sure!"

"Well, come along," said the keeper, irritably. "'Taint my fault if I hears poachers at dead o' night. I must do my dooty. But go back to your warm bed if you like, Stephen Clay, and don't boast no more about your faithful services and the like."

"It's my voice as'll be so mortal bad," grumbled the lodge-keeper. "And me to raise the toone at Miss Clarice's wedding o' Thursday! Not a note shall I be able to lift, saving 'Job' or the 'Old Hundredth,' which are not suitable, as it seemeth to me, to marriage hymns. Ugh, ugh! how cold it is!"

He passed on, coughed violently, followed by the younger man, who was evidently somewhat crestfallen. When the sound of their footsteps and voices had quite died away, the grasp on her arm relaxed, and she was allowed to rise, but not to depart. Very cautiously the man produced a small lantern from his pocket, but before he turned the light upon her face he spoke in a low, growling tone of voice.

"What business has women folk out at this time o' night? Let's see who you be. Molly Gibbons, I lay, come

out to see after her husband's—
Why?" as the light fell full upon the shrinking face beneath the cloak, "if it bea'n't the Squire's daughter herself!"

And then he put down his lantern, but did not quite release her arm. He looked at her suspiciously, swaying her a little to and fro by the strength of his rude grasp. Clarice took heart and spoke.

"Let me go," she said, as firmly as she could. "I am Sir Wilfred Vanborough's daughter, certainly, but I shall do you no harm. I will not say I saw you here. I have business to do; let me pass."

"They say you be demented," said the man, "and I part believe it. Business at twelve o'clock o' night. I dare say, now, I should get a good reward, and a drop o' liquor, if I took you to the house and gave you back to the folk as keeps you."

"I'll give you a reward," said Clarice, eagerly. "I'll give you money—but I have none with me now. You shall be well paid; I'll see that you are paid if only you will let me go."

"No money about you?—a likely story," said he, suddenly. "I think I'd better make sure whether you have any in your purse or your pocket afore I let's you go. I don't see why I shouldn't be paid for the trouble I've been at; nearly getting cotched by the keepers all along o' you, Missy."

"Indeed, I have no money," the girl repeated. "But I have an ornament—perhaps that will do instead?" and she showed a gold chain that hung round her neck. "You may take this—it is worth a good deal of money—if you will but let me go."

By this time the chain was between his fingers. He held it up, weighed it in his hand, looked irresolutely at Clarice, and back again to the chain.

"How am I to know," he said, doggedly, "that you won't go and set the p'leece on me to-morrow morning, a-saying that I stole this, and get me lodged in N—— gaol before the week is out? I think I'd better take you home and not run the risk. Or else," he said, with a gleam of sudden fierceness which might have dismayed a bolder heart than Clarice Vanborough's,

"I might take your chain and your rings too and your sparkling stones out of your ears and leave you in the ditch—where you wouldn't come out to tell the tale, Missy."

"Kill me if you like," said Clarice, meeting his eyes with an undaunted look. "I am very miserable. It is not death I am afraid of. You can take my earrings if you like. I shall not accuse you of stealing them if you let me go safely to my friends. But if you mean to hurt me—do this at any rate, see that these papers are given—to—to Joan Darenth, and let her keep them till Mr. Tremaine comes home. That is the only thing in the world I care about."

"You're a queer lot," said the man, releasing her. "I don't know what you're talking about. I think what they say of you mun be true. I don't want to hurt you, Missy. 'Twas only a bit of a joke of mine. Besides, if you're a friend o' Joan Darenth's, you wouldn't hurt a poor man like me. Take your chain. I'll come with you a bit if you're afraid o' the dark."

"No, no, I am not afraid," said Clarice, "I should like you to keep the chain. It may be useful to you. Thank you, I don't need anyone with me. I shall be safe soon."

And then she mounted the bank and pursued her way along the road. The man was left alone in the darkness, with the little gold chain in his hand.

"This here's a rum start!" he soliloquised. "Well, poor soul, it's no denying that she's mad—mad as a March hare, and no mistake, and the gold chain ull get me into trouble if I don't look out. I hope she'll come to no harm, and that's what I do. Howsomever, it ain't no business of mine." And then he raised his lantern and plodded homewards. He had got richer spoil than hares or rabbits that night. His name, be it remarked in passing, was Joel Price, and he was a ne'er-do-weel cousin of Patty Price, the girl whom Seth Darenth had recently married. Everybody is related to everybody in a small country village.

Clarice hurried on with throbbing heart and trembling limbs, in spite of her courageous words; and, when she felt herself out of the poacher's reach,

she was obliged to stand still and lean against a wall for some minutes before she could proceed. When she started she had scarcely thought of the possibility of meeting people who would take any notice of her; and her narrow escape from robbery, if not from a worse fate, thrilled her with new terrors. But in passing through the village she met absolutely no one; not even a dog barked as her light footfall was heard upon the rough pavement of the one straggling street. Then came the church, with its dark graveyard around it—the white headstones glimmered faintly through the shadows of the overhanging yew trees—then the turn in the road which brought her to Spence's cottage, and then the weary bit of hill before gaining the uplands, where Darenth's farm was the one conspicuous object amongst monotonous ploughed fields and grassy meadows. Past Darenth's farm—the Hill-side farm, as it was generally called—wound at some little distance the road to Beechhurst.

Clarice felt her strength and courage fail her as she toiled up the ascent. She was very weak, and the recent encounter with the poacher had given her a terrible fright. The mere physical act of walking was difficult, because the road was deep in mire, and the wind and rain blew into her face with such fierce, sudden gusts that at times she nearly fell.

"I shall never, never reach Beechhurst," she moaned at length, as she stopped, panting and exhausted. "Well, better to die on the road-side than live to marry that wicked man."

But her own words to Joel Price suddenly recurred to her. Would not Joan Darenth help her on her way? Would not Joan Darenth shelter her in the farmhouse for a time? Would she not, for Geoffrey's sake, help to conceal the wretched papers that might work his ruin? Heart and brain were alike failing her; she could go little further; but Joan—faithful, trusty, noble-hearted Joan—would do for her all that she could not do for herself. And again she roused herself and dragged her weary feet in the direction of Darenth's farm.

Each step grew more and more

painful and difficult to her. She had heard the clock strike two as she passed through the village; how long she was in making her way to the farm she could not tell. Once or twice she stopped to rest, and must have become unconscious for some little time. It was afterwards calculated that she must have been more than an hour in walking from the village to the Darenth's gate; and here she remained for some little time, feeling as if she could not move another step. By and by, however, she toiled up the garden walk, reached the porch, and sank down upon the wooden settle, numb, cold, powerless, but not entirely without consciousness. How she was to make her presence known she could not tell. Nobody was stirring, and she had not strength to knock or call.

Before five o'clock Joan was downstairs, moving actively about, as was her wont. She had unfastened the shutters and lit the fire before Seth appeared; he, like herself, being an early riser. He unfastened the door, and then called out hastily—"Why, here's a tramp! Joan."

But to his amaze the figure lifted its head and he recognised the wan, worn face as the face of his master's daughter. She rose to her feet by a supreme effort and staggered past him into the kitchen, where Joan dropped the cup she had in her hand, with a cry of amaze and terror.

"Miss Clarice!" And then, with a rush of pity and surprise, "My dear, my darling, how did you get here?"

She took Clarice into her arms and held her close. Then the girl tried to speak, and forced the papers into her hand.

"They are—for Geoffrey," she said. "You must keep them—till he asks you—for them. Nobody else—nobody else—must know. You will keep them safe—quite safe? His honour is in your hands now. Nothing is safe with me."

"I will keep them safe for him," said Joan, with grave assurance.

She felt in seeing Clarice's anxious eyes and haggard face, as well as by the hearing of her words, that the matter must be of vital importance,

and she gave the pledge required—in Seth's hearing.

Then Clarice forgot that she had meant to ask for aid, forgot that she was flying from home and must not linger on the way, forgot to explain her presence, forgot everything but a sense

of relief and protection and sudden bodily weakness, and fainted away in Reuben Darenth's kitchen without a word that could put her friends upon their guard.

(To be continued).

HOW THE LIGHT CAME.

By T. L. GRACE DUMAS.

Above the darkened eyes the sunlit sky
 Arched cloudless in the noontide glow,
 Around, the summer zephyr's low soft sigh
 Wafted rich perfume to and fro.
 But on one saddened life a darkness lay,
 A shrouding shadow, dense and drear,
 Through whose deep gloom there pierced not one faint ray
 Of hope to comfort or to cheer.

Shut out for ever from all love and light,
 From all the joys that gladden life,
 Condemned, in manhood's prime, to idle night,
 To pass from out the busy strife ;
 What comfort was there, in this darkest hour,
 Could reach the tortured, aching heart,
 From which a dread and yet a kindest Power
 Had bid life's fairest hopes depart ?

Blind, and alone ! Through dreary future years,
 The phantoms of his hopes pass by ;
 While round in ruins, watered by his tears,
 Youth's fair ærial castles lie.
 For ever must be banished from his heart
 The wild sweet dream that nestled there,
 His and his darling's paths lie far apart ;
 His, dark—hers, by God's blessing, fair.

Helpless, and blind ! How should he guide and guard
 That life he would have cherished so ?
 How dare to link his future, dark and marred,
 With that fair life in spring-tide's glow ?

Through the obscure his arms must stretch in vain
For fairer hopes his heart to bless ;
Along life's path his darkling steps, in pain
And loneliness, must onward press.

"Light! give me light! Strange awful shapes of doubt,
People the darkness, drear and dread,
That veils all love within, and light without,
Till faith and trust themselves seem fled."
Soft on the low bowed head a light touch fell,
Into clenched hands soft fingers stole,
While low sweet accents whispered, "It is well,"
To doubting, stricken heart and soul.

"Cling close to me, dear love, and closer still,
Lean, darling, on your future wife ;
SHE has a right to share your every ill,
Who is so soon to share your life.
What, sweetheart, will you lack, when hand in hand
We pass along life's pleasant ways?
The sunshine, flooding now the summerland,
Shall brighten all your future days.

"Bright blooming flowers, dawns and noons of gold,
Rich purple sunsets in the west,
All pleasant things will you not still behold,
Through those dear eyes you love the best?
And still one path shall ever upward wind
Till, toils and cares for ever past,
The ONE who giveth sight unto the blind
Shall lead us gently home at last.

"How sweet it is to think, O love of mine,
That this poor beauty which you praise,
When faded grown in other eyes, in thine
Will bloom as in these youthful days.
Time cannot rob me of one charm or grace,
Whiten one tress, bring aught of ill,
You shall not mark time's furrows on my face,
The years shall leave me youthful still."

Blind and alone no more! All doubts were fled,
All aching sorrows laid to rest,
The sunshine clung around that golden head,
That nestled closely on his breast.
All radiant now the smiling heavens above :
From out the shadow pain had passed,
For with the blessed glow of human love.
The God-sent light had come at last.

NEGLECTING NUMBER ONE.

By JAMES HINGSTON.

To "take care of Number One" is popularly supposed to be, like self preservation, instinctive with all of us. Financially regarded, this is, however, strange to say, very far from being the case. "Number One," looked upon in its generally understood monetary sense, is utterly neglected, and unaccountably so, by thousands upon thousands of people—otherwise considered as sensible beings.

We can all understand a philosophic spirit disregarding money, and a poetical one also being occupied with thoughts and aspirations out of the common. Religious feeling will, again, frequently lead many to neglect Mammon in the way of money-seeking. But where no exertion in money-making is needed—where the money is ready-made, and awaits only calling for, taking up and using—why it should in any instance be neglected and seemingly forgotten is puzzling indeed.

Yet the secretaries of every public company know well of such puzzling behaviour of people. For twenty or thirty years, or for a longer time, so many shareholders out of every thousand never ask for their dividends. The Bank of England is particularly favoured in this way of having its coffers full of unaccountable money. Its list of unclaimed dividends fills several volumes. We look through them, with astonishment, to see what thousands upon thousands of people have, year after year, omitted to call for their cash. It is to be remembered that dividends are to be had without intervention of any one—by a call being made at any time of the week, month, or year, after due date. Personal attendance is not even required for getting the money so to be had for asking—it may be received by any banker, agent, or messenger, having a proper authority to ask for it.

To most of us, and it would be said, except for the existence of such mysteriously neglectful people, to all of us, ready money is so useful as to be always welcome. Many go great distances to get it—to India, California, and other ends of the earth; but some of these so neglecting to take up their dividends have addresses not a mile off from where the neglected money awaits them. All our banks, and all our public and private companies, unlimited and limited, have these unclaimed dividends on their hands, and that, in some instances, to an amount really astonishing—astonishing at least to that large majority of the world so much in want of money. With the one exception of the Bank of England, however, we know of no institution which publishes a list of such defaulters—so to call those who will not take up money which is due to them.

It is obvious to any one that such neglect of their personal and pecuniary interest by these very strange people must excite many curious feelings among the few who know of it. The "few," of course, applies only to those in other institutions than the Bank of England, which is publicly anxious to let everybody know what it has on hand of other people's moneys. In other companies the directors and the accountant, and perhaps a few of the clerks only, may become aware of what is so unclaimed, and which year after year remains so. The feeling of a wish to put the unused talents to good use has doubtless prevailed with many, who see useful money—so much wanted by themselves and others—lying all idle and unproductive. For no interest, it must be borne in mind, is ever carried to the credit of what, as it may be claimed at any time, cannot be put by its unwilling holders to productive purposes.

We read lately of an old lady dying at Marseilles, who had, lying at her call, £20,000 of accumulated dividends. So loth was she to disturb the slumber of this pile of ready money that she occasionally borrowed of her friends to supply her wants. The unclaimed moneys of the Court of Chancery tot up to more than eighty millions sterling. The dividends due to creditors in Bankruptcy Estates foot up to five millions and odd, and run on increasing at the rate of fifty thousand a year.

There is said, in sailor's language, to be a rat at work in every ship. This idle money tempts many who would like to put it to a useful purpose. The trouble lies in this—that the sleeping, or eccentric, owner may any day wake up and come for it. He may, like the Prodigal of the parable, be tending sheep or hogs, until he suddenly resolves to return where better things await him. It is the unexpected which always happens, if it can be said that a claim for a pile of ready money can be of the things unexpected. This thought, more than the awkwardness attaching to meddling with what is not one's own, has kept many nervous and as many daring hands off unclaimed dividends.

After neglect of twenty years or so to call for one's money, it might, with a show of reason, be imagined that the unclaimed fund belonged to nobody. In that view of the case, the idea has grown upon more than one to make a use, considered no doubt to be good, of what thus lay idle. It is easy with many people to persuade themselves to anything when the handling of money comes in question. A notable instance of this will be told; more especially of interest, not only as illustrating the neglect of number one, but as affording a sample of perseverance highly noteworthy.

It was in the early years of the Forties that a retired London surgeon, named Fletcher, found himself with much spare time and little money—a state of things not unusual. The unclaimed dividend lists of the Bank of England attracted his attention. In that idle state, in which Dr. Watts tells us how readily our hands turn to mis-

chief, we find his thoughts similarly directed. A Miss Turner had, it appeared, omitted to claim her dividends for fifteen years—a sum of seven thousand pounds having thus accumulated to her credit. Fletcher had once an aunt, like-named to this lady, from whom he had also expectations; doomed, on her death, not to be realized. The idea occurred to him to now make amends for this disappointment, by assuming his deceased aunt to be the lady on the Bank's books. If she were not dead, as very probably she was, after fifteen years neglect of her dividends, he would make her appear to be so. With that idea in his mind he proceeded, in American phraseology, to realize upon it.

There was in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, at that time a respectable firm of solicitors, known as Barber and Bircham. It was to Mr. Barber that Fletcher now introduced himself, with the representation that he was the sole surviving relative of the Miss Turner, whose name appeared upon the Bank's books. In that case, he was advised that he was entitled to administer to her estate upon the usual and necessary affidavits of facts. These were in due course prepared upon the information afforded by Fletcher. Everything appearing to be straightforward, administration was obtained from the proper court; and, in the due course, official letters were issued to the administrator. The usual charges having been made and paid, Fletcher departed with the parchment from his lawyer's office, and lodged the same, with notice of his claim, at the office of the Bank of England. What course he took to account for not finding and producing the scrip certificate did not appear, but he probably made affidavit of the loss of it. He produced the certificate of his own aunt's death and burial, as being those of the lady whose moneys he claimed. His solicitor identified him as the one entitled under the administration, whereupon the Bank transferred the neglectful lady's account to his credit.

It were well that we all, and criminals especially, could let well alone. It is more essential with them, perhaps, that ill should be also let alone—as being more likely to give trouble. With so

many thousands "realized" in a way so very dangerous to the "operator," it would be considered that Fletcher might have been satisfied to tempt Fortune no further. Many, it is conceivable, having gone so far, would, in one sense, have gone further—gone much further, in fact, in the way of clearing out for other lands—leaving no clue to their whereabouts behind them. If Fletcher ever thought of so seeking safety, he altered his intentions at the end of only eighteen months. Whether the ill-gotten gold had by that time run out, we are not told; but reasons appeared to have arisen for getting more—and in a similar way, too.

Fletcher had seemingly come to the idea that he had an unworked mine before him in these large sums of unclaimed dividends. He looked up another likely case, and soon found it—helped by all his experience in the previous one. A lady in one of the West of England counties had neglected her money for nearly thirteen years, and some thousands in this case, as in the other, lay awaiting a claimant. Miss Watson's money was, however, now to be claimed by an easier method than that of relationship. Fletcher produced a will, all in due form, by which the Bank funds and other named property were bequeathed to him. The other specified property was probably only put in as make-weight in the matter—as giving a more genuine look to the ingenious scheme.

This second claim of Fletcher's was also placed by him in the hands of the same solicitor. If it were genuine, nothing would seem more appropriate than to give business to an office in which it had been previously done satisfactorily. It tended to disarm suspicion that a second attempt at deception would be so tried, when the taking of the business to another office was so easy a matter. It will be questioned, as it was afterwards, whether a solicitor has a right to regard his client as being a rogue and swindler. Fletcher was apparently a highly respectable man, and had been, as such, introduced to Mr. Barber. He was therefore so treated, and his business was done on that

understanding. The proper affidavits were prepared and sworn, the will duly admitted to probate, and the parchment, as before, handed to Fletcher. The books of the legal firm showed that only the proper charges in such cases had been made and paid.

Fletcher was again identified by Barber at the Bank counter as the rightful claimant; and again were the thousands of neglected money transferred to his account. In sporting language he had "landed" safely his second venture, and might, in all reason, to say nothing of conscience in the matter, have rested satisfied. As "satisfied" as such a criminal could have been, will be the thought of many who try to imagine their own feelings with such a load of forgery on the mind—sleeping and waking. Such an inducement to emigrate, or to do anything—even to hanging himself, as Fletcher now had, will be evident to everyone—not constituted as he was. With his knowledge that the persons he had made appear as dead might be alive, and turn up at any hour, his easy-mindedness is simply wonderful. To us quite as wonderful is the conduct of the two ladies who so tempted his rascality by their strange neglect of Number One. He was, perhaps, philosophic enough to reason himself into the belief that they were in that way accessories to his doings, and so co-conspirators with him.

Alexander Selkirk, when enunciating his preference for "dwelling in midst of alarms" in place of his desert-island home, set limits, in his mind, to such alarms. He did not count upon every tap upon the shoulder being possibly from a policeman, with lawful right to take that liberty—and further ones to follow. The legitimate alarms to domesticity in city life did not, in Selkirk's mind, include what we may imagine Fletcher had to endure. We all of us carry our lives in our hands sufficiently in the common dangers constantly around us when we walk abroad; but none of us—or it is to be hoped that none of us—ever have in our thoughts the hands of the officers of the law as among the obstacles to our safe return home. Such, it might be imagined, was of what might burden

Fletcher's mind—extra altogether to the proverbial trouble and care which wealth, however obtained, brings to its possessors.

Habit must have grown upon Fletcher, and continued immunity must have rendered him callous. With many, such a life of nervous dread as they must have lived would lead to madness. The affliction of insomnia—the sleepless night attending upon an overwrought mind and brain, is trouble enough. Intensified it must be indeed, when, throughout the awful length of such a night, multiplied remembrances of crime crowd upon the mind as nightmares. In supposing these things we are thinking of those rightly constituted. By some, however, fear is as little felt as is by others the need of a fire's warmth. "A bad heart and a good digestion," were averred by the Frenchman to be all in all as sources of happiness; and at that we must, for want of better explanation, leave Fletcher's apparent easy-mindedness.

Whatever Fletcher suffered, and what he did with his ill-gotten gains, are alike of the unknown. The money must have gone quickly as the process of getting it, or the excitement of so obtaining further wealth must have morbidly attracted him. In a year, or little longer, we find him again studying the dividend books—selecting, in racing language, another "dark horse" or "outsider," to win him a large stake. He was soon prepared, favouring again, as in the two preceding cases, one of womankind. In this third case it was once more a will which he had to concoct—that of a lady who had neglected to claim her money for eleven years. Again he took the document to Barber, and again were the essential affidavits prepared and sworn, the probate obtained, and Fletcher, again identified by Barber, put in possession of the funds. Belief is almost staggered at three claims like these, for similarly large sums of money, rightly accruing to one man within so short a time. Fortune certainly plays strange freaks, and individuals have been favoured aforetime with windfalls equally large. The exact similarity of the cases was, however, calculated to arouse suspicion with anyone, and

this view of the matter was made to tell afterwards very strongly against Fletcher's solicitor. That Barber could produce his books to show regular charges only, and aver, as he did, the taking of no share in the plunder, so three times obtained, was thought by many to be all insufficient.

That there is "luck in odd numbers" does not always hold good. Ill luck, or perhaps we should say something very different in character, awaited Fletcher on this third venture of his. Within a month after obtaining this last addition to his funds, the rightful claimant walked into the Bank of England. Fletcher had tempted Fortune too far in this case. The lady was taken to the Bank's solicitors, and her case was put into their hands, and by them into the hands of the police. The facts of the two preceding cases were looked up; and the real owners of the funds transferred to Fletcher were found also to be living. It was resolved by the Bank authorities and their advisers to include Fletcher's solicitor in these matters, and to make of them charges of conspiracy for fraudulently obtaining moneys. Many will consider that such a course was thoroughly justifiable on the part of the Bank as knowing only what could then be known of the facts of the three cases.

The Old Bailey Central Criminal Court was crowded to its utmost limits, on the occasion of the trial of Fletcher and Barber. Eyes were equally curious with ears; for the parties to be put into the dock were out of the common run of burglars and pickpockets usually seen there. There was one among the crowd, who claimed attention now for the first time in a London Court. He was up to that day wholly unknown as an advocate in the British metropolis, but was to be unknown no longer—a position very different now unexpectedly awaited him.

Clarkson, Ballantine, and Bodkin had, at this time and for long years past, more or less monopolised the Old Bailey business of defending criminals. The new comer, now making his appearance, was destined henceforth to take from them the larger share of such practice. This was Mr. Wilkins, as he then was, but afterwards well and

widely known to the world as a Serjeant-at-Law. What little practice he had hitherto had been restricted to the provincial town in which he had formerly been but a schoolmaster. Barber, it is to be presumed, professionally knew of the real proficiency of this obscure country practitioner. Otherwise Wilkins would not have been entrusted, as he now was, with the sole charge of his client's defence.

When it is considered what an important matter is a professional man's reputation, to say nothing of his liberty, we may better see the importance of the case entrusted to the newly-found advocate. The "good name," of which Shakspeare so tersely tells us the value, was all in all to such a man as Barber. Traders, dealers, and artificers of all kinds, are not, as are lawyers, absolutely deprived of the means of earning a livelihood by the loss of reputation. Their talents and their work will always find a market of some sort. But it is different with a solicitor, who, convicted of a crime, is punished, beyond any imprisonment, by a loss of his certificate, and all further right to practise as formerly. We are thus enabled to see the weightiness of the matter entrusted by Barber to the counsel chosen as his sole advocate. There must have been much talent indeed discovered by the accused in one who could, as Wilkins had done, inspire such confidence and trust. All the Bar of England was open to Barber to choose from, with means in plenty for paying heavy fees.

Fletcher might reasonably enough have pleaded guilty at once; but he trusted, no doubt, to the chapter of accidents, in which legal procedures show so many escapes. There was nothing to be said, and little to be done for him, by all the talent he could employ; and the best in that way was engaged in his defence. With Barber's case, however, it was all very different. Direct knowledge by him of Fletcher's criminality could not be proved. It was against him all a case of suspicion only, and of circumstantial evidence. On this great opening for the exercise of an advocate's power, Wilkins proved equal to the occasion. The arguments he adduced, and the eloquence with

which he enforced them, carried the day in favour of his client. Fletcher was convicted, but Barber was acquitted. The world of London rang that evening and thenceforward with the name of the now famous advocate. But the Bank authorities were not to be thus satisfied as to Barber's innocence, and pressed on the second of the charges for trial. Therein, another jury took a different view of the matter, and convicted both prisoners, who were then sentenced to transportation for life.

Had matters rested with the execution of that sentence, and had no more been heard of the convicts, there would, perhaps, be less reason to recall their notable case. It occurred, as before stated, as long back as the early years of the Forties; but the world had its facts recalled to it periodically for twenty or more years afterwards. In these subsequent recurrences to this case appears one of the most remarkable instances of perseverance, and successful perseverance, too, which the history of our own times has to show. It is worth referring to as helping to prove what perseverance will do; and in that way is an example calculated to encourage the despairing, and assist in stimulating the efforts of those who have good cause for making them.

Transportation in those days was to Van Diemen's Land, whither Barber and Fletcher were deported. The latter settled down as contentedly to his well-merited fate as any convict could do. It was different, however, with Barber, who chafed incessantly at a fate which he declared all undeserved. He petitioned all persons in authority for alleviation from his sentence. To such efforts were added whatever outside aid his friends at home could be induced to give. Inattention to these endeavours never seems to have damped his ardour. One application was followed by another, and always with some additional argument in support of his claim for a reconsideration of his case—backed up by supplementary matter from time to time added, as evidence of his innocence.

In time these pertinacious petitions bore their first-fruits. Permission was

given to Barber to return to Europe, but not to Great Britain. There was no revocation of the conviction or the sentence, but penal servitude at Van Diemen's Land was ameliorated to exile only from the United Kingdom. No long time was lost by Barber in removing himself to Brussels, as the nearest point to the land he was precluded from again treading. Could he have foreseen what Australia was in a few years to become—what a grand field was there opening to one of his energy and abilities—it is possible, and indeed probable, that it would have weighed not a feather-weight with him. He asserted the injustice of his conviction, and gave his mind to proving that much and that only.

His efforts were incessant to that end, and he was as persistent in Belgium as he had been at its antipodes. Argument and evidence—evidence and argument—were pressed upon the Home Secretary, and again and again were the matters of them dilated upon. This incessant siege, so ably pursued, told in the end—as perseverance in a good cause may, it is to be hoped, always do. Liberty to return to Great Britain was now accorded to Mr. Barber. After five years of exile he again walked the streets of London—no longer a transport and an exiled conspirator, but still a degraded man. He had been struck off the list of those in his profession. This removal of his name from the roll of solicitors debarred him from again practising as a lawyer. He was but half pardoned, while so punished.

Now commenced his long-continued applications at Westminster Hall, term after term. Every Judge of the Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer Courts was in turn made to hear his oft repeated applications for reinstatement on the roll of attorneys. For a time the Law Society appeared to oppose him, but at last they were wearied with doing so, and left him to be dealt with by the courts unassisted by such opposition as they had hitherto offered. Year after year went by in this way of repeated application, with the like result of no success. On one of these occasions Lord Campbell, then Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench,

dismissed the application in a tart manner, which would have disheartened many of a less persevering nature than Mr. Barber possessed.

"If you did not suspect Fletcher's criminality, when coming to you so many times on similar business, you should have done so. If you wilfully shut your eyes to it, you were in fault, and rightly dealt with in being struck off the roll. If you had no such suspicion, then you are too simple a man to be restored to it."

Nothing daunted, the persevering man yet persevered—feeling that he had a better cause than Lord Campbell seemed to see. The applications were therefore continued as before, with additional arguments by Barber to remove from the minds of other judges that which had weighed with those previously applied to. In the end he met with one who saw the matter in the way he wished for, and Mr. Barber found himself restored to the practice of his profession. The Law Society of London had again, by order of the Court, to replace his name on the roll.

He might have said at this great result of all his long labours—echoing the language of Macbeth—

Thou hast it now: King, Cawder, Glamis, all!

Liberty had been restored to him. Exile from Great Britain had been cancelled. He had been reinstated in the ranks of his honourable profession. But long years had been consumed in the efforts necessary to effect these desirable results. During those years he had been debarred from earning a living by his calling. That tardy justice had been done to him at last was, with him, but evidence that it should have been done earlier. The injustice he had suffered was now a matter for reparation. Mr. Barber determined upon going to Parliament for compensation for his now acknowledged wrongs. To determine upon doing so was, with one of his disposition, to begin at once. To begin was to persevere, and to persevere was, with him, to succeed. In that way he might have exclaimed with Disraeli—"I have tried at many things and have always succeeded at last."

We have now to regard Mr. Barber, session after session for five long years, petitioning Parliament. The same efforts were now to be repeated which had led to the cancelling of his sentence of transportation, and then again to the allowing of his return to Great Britain; and the further long sustained ones, which had regained him his place in his profession. Members of the House of Commons were interviewed, from time to time, by the persistent petitioner. One by one they were gained over to his view of the justice of his claim. By degrees the majorities grew less and less, session after session, against his claim. At length came the day when there was a majority in his favour; and an award of five thousand pounds was voted as compensation for his long sufferings.

What lessons does this remarkable case afford to those who study life and character? We have in it the strange instances of three wealthy people, regardless for long years of their wealth, and all proper use of it. We see the temptation which this carelessness of theirs afforded to the unscrupulous schemer and swindler. We see his utter disregard of all caution in his dishonest schemes. We are shown a fair sample of how it behoves all men to look with shrewdness, not to say suspicion, upon those who employ them. Lord Campbell's remarks have

infinite sense in them. We may be harmless as the dove in our doings, but we are bound to show the wisdom of the serpent as well. Otherwise our simplicity may be treated as was Barber's, and we be forced to suffer, as he was, for helping others to plunder, of which he had no share.

But above all that, we have in this case the sight which is said so much to please the gods—the good man struggling with difficulties. Greater difficulties than poor Mr. Barber had to contend with seldom fall to the lot of man. Ninety-nine out of every hundred would have felt utterly crushed by such a cruel fate as his. It was as one man against the world, to attempt the struggle he began. His carrying it through, for long years, to such a successful issue, is a most noteworthy chapter in the history of perseverance. In this light it is to be commended as instructive to all, and as stimulating to those who fail to realize the truth that, with a just cause to sustain it, "*Perseverando vinces.*"

Forty years do dreadful damage with poor humanity. Of the many who are named in this little narrative it is believed that but one, Serjeant Ballantine, now survives. Wilkins, his rival, and victor for a time, was meteor-like in the shortness of that time. He must have been now deceased some twenty years past.

NIGHT.

O majestic Night!
 Nature's great ancestor! day's elder born!
 And fated to survive the transient sun!
 By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
 A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
 An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
 Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
 In ample folds of drapery divine,
 Thy flowing mantle form; and, heaven throughout
 Voluminously pour thy pompous train.

BY SEA AND LAKE.

By ALISON RAE.

CHAPTER XIV.

BY THE LAKE OF NEUCHATEL.

Sorrow comes into our life sometimes with wave upon wave, flowing relentlessly like a great sea that sweeps over some poor shipwreck battling vainly for existence; the tide never ebbs, and the heart grows weary as our fondest hopes are crushed, our highest aims fall short of the mark, and death bears from us those to whom most of all we cling. We divine no cause for our trouble, nor can we see beyond it, and deep pulsations of resistance go surging through heart and brain, as we clench our hands and cry out against it—"Why is it? Why is it?"—but, from the far-reaching darkness, the echo of our words alone comes back, and we are no wiser than before. The benumbing influence of despair lays hold on us, for there is no light—no light anywhere; we are too dim-sighted to discern the lifting of the clouds and the silvery line of brightness in the west; and, believing the days that were best to be dead, we would be glad to die too.

It was thus with Sally as she gazed upon the dear face in its cold statuesque beauty; all she asked was that the passing bell which had rung for her aunt might soon ring for her; everything most needful to happiness was gone out of life, then wherefore should *she* stay? Overwhelming grief took possession of her during the days that followed Mrs. Reid's death, when the blinds were all closely drawn, a terrible stillness reigned throughout the house, and everyone came and went dismally, attired in black; but her heaviness of heart was greatest when the funeral was over, and the reading

of the will, and life, with the blinds up once more, resumed its ordinary course. She spent long hours in idly wandering from room to room, striving in each to feel less desolate; but she kept saying to herself that nothing was her aunt's, all that had been hers was Ted's, and he was master now. It was right enough, perhaps; Sally knew that the Hall could not have fallen into better hands; but—oh, home was not home at all without Auntie, and there was nothing to be glad about any more.

Sally's favourite resort in the evenings, at this time, was the study. She would draw up a stool beside the old chair that had been her aunt's favourite, and sitting down, lay her cheek affectionately against the arm, as all her life she had been accustomed to do when she had anything special to communicate. She felt in this room as if she got nearer to her beloved dead, and as the twilight shadows deepened, she could fancy that they two were together again.

It was here that Mrs. Peters found her one evening, when, having but just heard of Will's engagement herself, she chose to imagine it the cause of Sally's continued grief. Sally heard and recognised the heavy step upon the floor, and kept very still, hoping the housekeeper, not seeing her, would go away; but it was a vain hope, for Mrs. Peters had come with a kindly-meant intention of "cheering Sally up," and she advanced straightway and seated herself, unthinkingly, in the chair against which the girl was leaning. Sally could have struck her, it seemed such desecration. But matters were

worse when a hand was put out to stroke her hair, and Mrs. Peters said "My dear," in a loud, cheerful voice.

Sally drew her head away, and lifted her tear-stained face. "What?" she asked.

"My dear, you mustn't stay here all alone; you mustn't."

That remark was another stab to the poor sensitive heart; she was not "all alone;" Auntie had been there until Mrs. Peters came.

"My dear, you'd be better—a deal better—to come away and sit with the others. What can't be mended is best let alone, and it ain't right to fret over things that can't be put straight. Where's the good of frettin' and vexin' your life out over a man you're well rid of? Though, bless me! I can hardly believe it of him, I hardly can; such a nice gentleman-like young fellow as he was! But I wouldn't cry over it if I was you, Sally; I really wouldn't, it's not worth while. It isn't ever a bit of use to cry over spilt milk—cryin' won't help to sop it up again; and it's all that Geraldine's fault—she's at the bottom of the mischief, you be very sure of that! Whatever mischief was made, she was at the makin' of it—take my word for it, she was. I always did mistrust her with that sweet smiling way she's got, and though you wouldn't perhaps think it to look at her, she's as sly and full of deceit as what an egg is of meat—just as sly and full of deceit—"

"Oh, no, no, Mrs. Peters, you mustn't say that!" said Sally, brokenly, feeling it her duty, although almost incapable of speech, to stand up for Geraldine. "You mustn't say that. We have been friends all our lives. Oh no, Geraldine's not like that. She's pretty, and she's been spoiled."

"Well, my dear, I don't want to say more than I ought, and I don't want to vex you. I wouldn't for the world. But that's my notion of her, it is. And law bless you, Sally, I can't help my notions of people any more than you can help your tears, my dear. But if I was you," said Mrs. Peters, slowly and emphatically, "I'd hold myself straight, and look the world in the face. I wouldn't have anybody saying of me that I broke my heart over a

man that didn't care for me, if I was you; and I'd have more pride than to let Geraldine see I was hurt, I would. That's all she's after—trying the best she can to hurt you; you may shake your head, my dear, but I've seen something of the world, and Miss Heriot don't deceive *me*, whatever she may do for other people; and I tell you it is, Sally—that's all she's after, trying to hurt you; and I'd show some spirit, and let her see I didn't care a rap if I was you. Let them marry; they'll soon tire of one another!" Mrs. Peters paused, expecting some remark from Sally, but as none came she laid her hand on the girl's head, and continued more gently—"I know you're thinking, my dear, that it's all very well for me to talk that hasn't got to bear it, and perhaps life is easier to people that's old, and can take a calmer view of it. But, law, you'll soon get over it—you'll soon forget it; and when a year's gone by you'll wonder at yourself for cryin'."

Sally did not particularly care what was said to her just then, she was so utterly crushed, but Mrs. Peters' loud-voiced cheerfulness grated on her weakened nerves. "I know," she began, with a great sob, "Oh, I know you mean it all kindly—but I cannot bear it now. Do leave me, please. Do go away and leave me. I know it is selfish—but do understand me, dear Mrs. Peters. I don't want to be unkind, but I am best alone."

"But, my dear, it's not good for you; you may think what you like, but it's not. Come—give me your hand," said Mrs. Peters, rising; "come, we'll go and sit with the others. That'll brighten you up a bit."

"No, no, I can't!" sobbed Sally. "I am really best alone. Indeed, indeed, I am, Mrs. Peters. Do leave me."

"But, Sally my dear," said the housekeeper, distressed beyond measure at the girl's grief, "What would your poor dear aunt say if she could come back and see you sittin' all alone crying by yourself? She'd think I was neglecting you, she would. And after her askin' me to be a mother to you too! Oh, my dear, I couldn't bear for her to think I'd forgot all about you directly

her back was turned—I couldn't, my dear. You're left to my care, and, please God, I'll watch over you while I live, I will."

"Yes, I know you will—you are very good—very good and kind," said Sally, throwing her arms round Mrs. Peters' neck, and sobbing violently.

"There, there, my dear! you mustn't cry like this. You mustn't, Sally my dear; you'll be ill."

"I think," said Sally, slowly, "I'll go to bed now if you don't mind."

"Just as you like, my dear. But I think you'd be better to come and sit with the others, I think you would. They're dull without you."

"I'll come to-morrow. I'll sit with them to-morrow, and I won't stay by myself again. At least I'll try not."

"That's right, Sally. That's right, my dear," said Mrs. Peters, as she walked into the hall with Sally, and watched her begin wearily to climb the stairs. "We shouldn't ever be selfish in our sorrow even, we shouldn't. Good night, good night. Not that I was meanin' you were selfish, for I hadn't a thought of the kind, not I—and I daresay you'll be best in bed; I daresay you will. Good night, my dear, and keep up your heart—there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, Sally, there is."

Mrs. Peters, though apparently cheerful, was all the while anxious about Sally, and on the morrow consulted with Dr. Hill, who also was anxious, having observed the girl's inclination to droop and look ill. And the result of their double anxiety was a hurried departure of the entire party, Tom included, to the Continent.

I cannot pretend that Sally was sorry to find herself, a fortnight after her aunt's death, far removed from the scene of all her troubles, or that she was too unhappy to enjoy the beautiful surroundings of their present resting-place; for resting-place it was merely, Tom assured them, hinting at Geneva as their probable destination. Since they had got so far, why not extend their travels? Why not make up their minds to spend six or eight months on the Continent; to winter there in fact, as Tottie would not hear of being married until the Spring? Of course

they could not be married out of England, but arrangements might be made for returning early in April.

They had arrived overnight at Neuchâtel; and, from her bedroom window on the third floor of the Hotel Bellevue, Sally, as she dressed, moving quietly for fear of awaking Tottie, took peeps over the checked muslin blind at the beauteous far-stretching lake quivering brightly in the morning sunshine. She opened the window the least bit, to get a breath of pure air and let in the unfamiliar sounds. The ringing of a bell on the opposite shore was audible across the tremulous expanse of waters, and it seemed to ring a message in the girl's heart; removing a tithe of the desolate, wearied feeling she had brought away with her from home; as it sounded not merrily, not sadly, but with that measured swinging motion that tells of a buoyant, invigorating life somewhere in the world; a life imbued with strength of healthful toil and replete with honest hopes. There were children running about the pier, whose voices rose tunefully above the pleasant clanging accompaniment of sabots, shouting at a boat coming in with a noise of oars crisply plashing the clear water; there was a great black dog, retiring backwards every few minutes to bark at his master who had just thrown his fishing-line into the lake and awaited the result; there were sparrows twittering in the plane-trees along the pier's edge, and the pretty Swiss town seemed full of a wonderful brightness, so different to England, so different to Lenley, that Sally almost wished she might stay there for ever, removed from the bustle and hurry of English life, to settle down to quietness and peace,—perhaps even, in time, to forget what had gone before. She fancied that here, surrounded by unknown, unimagined sights and sounds, there must be rest, freedom from sorrow—seeing, as she ever did, all but the reality, which nevertheless soon forced itself into notice.

The days drifted by, unmarked by any event beyond the little excitements of Tottie's walk being prolonged, and Mrs. Peters losing herself in an attempt to find her way, unknown to her friends, to the Château; until the 16th of

August was come, and they had been a whole week at Neuchâtel. Then Sally began to watch for the *facteur*, and to go down whenever he arrived and ask if there were anything for her, for Mrs. Forbes (the Rector's wife) had promised to let them know how matters went on at Lenley in their absence, but no letters came; yet, although his answer was invariably the same, every morning and evening he was met at the hotel entrance by Sally, and he speaking some English, they had their daily chat and became quite good friends over it.

"Mademoiselle waits for letters of her English lover?" he said, enquiringly, one morning, when, as usual, he had nothing to give her.

Sally shook her head, and smiled a little sickly smile.

"*Mais oui*," persisted the little man in the blue coat, poking his head forward and peering into her face. "*Mais oui*; I am sure of it. Mademoiselle grows a little more pale each day."

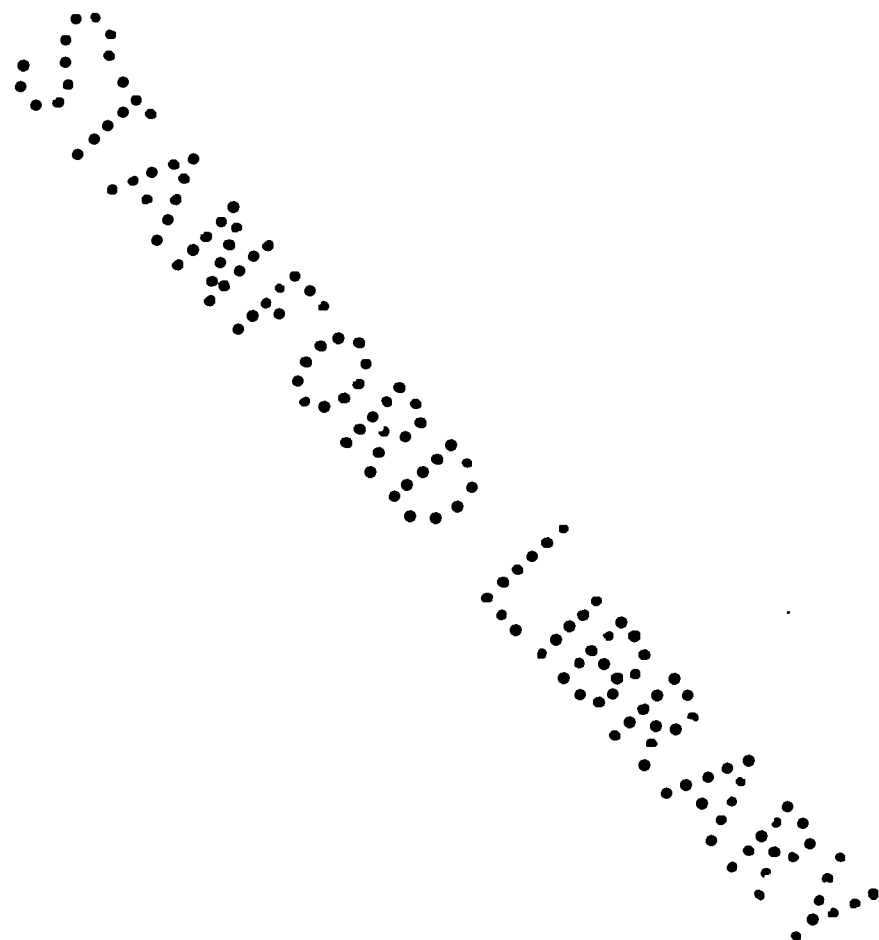
Sally turned abruptly away, and in the evening sent Florry to ask for letters. There was one, but it was for Mrs. Peters, and when she had glanced over the first page she retired to her own room to read it. For twenty-four hours she said no word of her news, which had evidently something to do with Sally, for her eyes were constantly fixed on her, and a smile of satisfaction occasionally showed itself upon her plump face as she regarded the girl. But at the end of that time her secret had become too much for her—she felt that she must confide in some one—so she confided in Florry when the two were dressing for dinner; and from their conversation it was clear that Sally had only to say "Yes" to an individual who had been closeted "for two *whole* hours" with the Rector and his wife at Lenley—to become a bride. "So you see, my dear, said Mrs. Peters in conclusion, taking it for granted that the girl would give a reply in the affirmative, "Sally'll be better off than any one of you. She's a lucky girl, she is. Five thousand a year's something for a young couple to start in life with! Why, bless you, Peters and me, when we married, hadn't above one-twentieth part of that, we hadn't. But

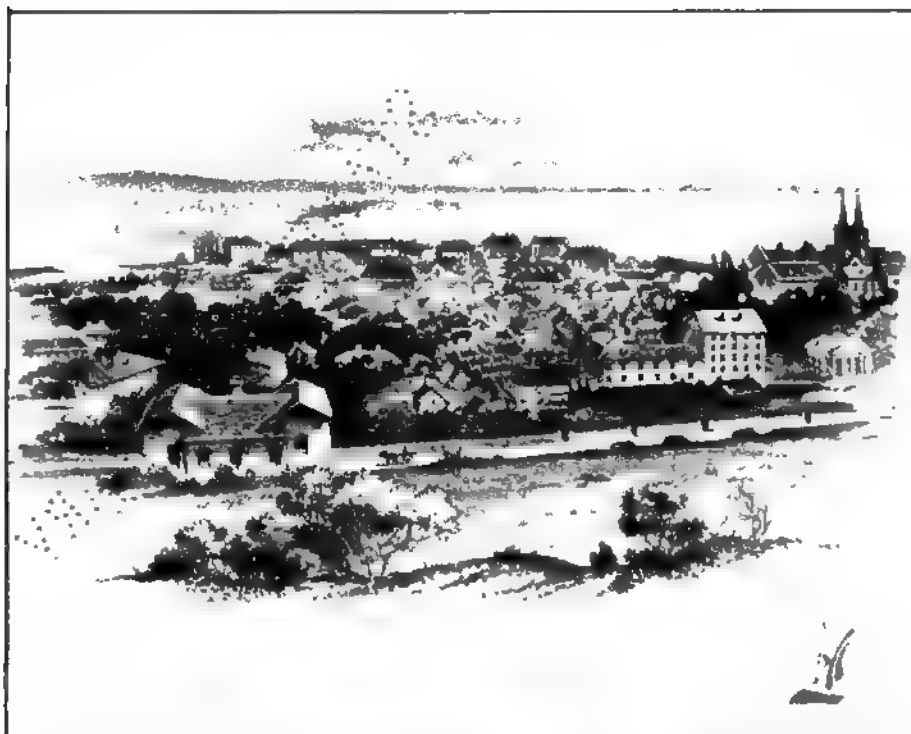
things is different now-a-days to what they was when I was young—that they are, my dear. Girls don't believe in love in a cottage, and savin' the pennies, and gettin' a bonnet once in two year, or turnin' the ribbons to look like new now; no they don't, and they won't. They'd rather keep a man waiting all his days than marry on less than three or four hundred—and perhaps they're right. I daresay they are. But Peters and me was very happy in our little house, with a bit of a girl to do the rough work, and me to look after the cooking—Very happy, almost as happy as the day's long, we was. I only wish your cousin may be as happy, Florry. I do, for if there's a deservin' creature in this world it's Sally; a good girl she is, and I always said she'd get a good husband, I did." And having delivered herself of all she had to say, for the present, on this subject, Mrs. Peters left Florry, and entered their private *salon* to satisfy herself with another look at Sally. Two or three more days went quietly by; then Tom received a telegram over which Tottie and he did a good deal of whispering.

"You don't mind us having a secret, do you, Sally?" said Tottie, turning her head towards her sister, who was sitting further back in the room, with her work in her hand, and her eyes fixed straight in front of her upon three black figures; the rest of the party which were visible from the open window fast dwindling into mere dots upon the quay.

"Secret? No. Why should I?" said Sally, without moving her eyes. She was wishing Ted would marry Florry, that she might be sure all her days of a companion she loved, but could not make up her mind about their affection for one another—whether it would ever get beyond the easy-going brotherly and sisterly tone that at present existed; she would have liked to ask Tottie's opinion upon the matter, if Tom had been absent.

"Of course it's not to be a secret for ever. You'll know all about it soon, but we don't think it advisable to tell you just at present. And, Sally"—Tottie brought this sentence out rather nervously, for she was afraid





I Lake Neuchâtel from Lake of Town
 II Lake Neuchâtel from the Quay

her sister would guess the truth and spoil everything—"Would you mind going out this afternoon with Mrs. Peters? I know it's hot, but you could go to the Museum, or somewhere like that where you would be out of the heat. Will you?"

"Yes, certainly," said Sally, good-naturedly. "But won't Mrs. Peters be tired?"

"No. That's the best of Mrs. Peters, she never is tired. I think she must be made of iron. Oh you see she'll go at once, and Sally, you're an angel." Tottie could not resist the temptation of jumping up to kiss her sister at this juncture. "You're just an angel, you dear good Sally. Isn't she, Tom?"

Tom of course assented, stroking his fair silky moustache, and looking not at the "angel" but at Tottie.

So it fell out that Mrs. Peters and Sally walked up to the Museum, where the latter forgot to wonder over the *fiancé's* "secret," and forgot the heat too, so thorough was her interest in all that the long narrow building at the western end of the town, with its high windows, contained. She saw everything. The Salle representing by its instruments and utensils the ages of stone, bronze, and iron; cuirasses and helmets taken at Granson in 1476; when Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, endeavoured to conquer the Swiss and was beaten back by the brave mountaineers; guns, swords, cups in silver and gold, banners and flags of all nations in every state of dilapidation; sceptres, from courts of justice long extinct; collections of coins found in the lakes of Neuchâtel and Morât; and objects of curious workmanship from China and Japan, from India and Egypt.

Mrs. Peters' interest centred itself in a mummy, which, standing upright in one of the windows so as to exclude the light, and surrounded by legs, arms, hands, and feet of other mummies, seemed, whilst terrifying, to have some horrible attraction for her, and she gazed and gazed upon the withered countenance. She endeavoured to turn her attention to the flags that hung overhead from the roof, but in vain. Her eyes, "of themselves," as

she told Tottie, always wandered back to the grim, erect figure, until she was certain she would "never sleep a wink for thinking of it in the dead hour of night," and she would have screeched out she was as positive as she was living, if Sally hadn't let her go that minute. Once in the street, the good lady's spirits rose, and she "fancied" a look at the shops; there was something clean and wholesome about *them*—she never could understand anyone preferring those old fusty buildings, and if she'd known the turn she was to get with that great ugly creature, she'd have stopped at home, she would; so off Sally was trotted to Jeanjaquet Frères, there to sit and wait, and marvel, not so much at the jeweller's excellent English, as at the inexhaustible patience which enabled him, in such weather, to exert himself to the extent of producing brooches, bracelets, and necklaces of jet, by the dozen, for Mrs. Peters' inspection; and she as little understood her friend's pleasure and excitement over the opening of each fresh box or case, as Mrs. Peters her delight in the contents of that "old fusty building," the Museum. She sat, however, and waited near the open door, with her eyes, for the most part, upon the lake that sparkingly reflected the sun's rays, but turned sometimes with longing glances towards the hotel, as she wished herself within the cool shelter of its walls. And boat after boat discharged its passengers, took on board fresh ones, and steamed away again, and Mrs. Peters talked, and examined, and talked anew, till the long bright day was near its close; till the sun went dipping westward, the omnibus that met the evening trains rattled down the hill from the station, and the bell announcing its arrival rang loudly from the hotel. It was only at that sound that Mrs. Peters, realizing the fact of its being possible to miss one's dinner, considered the hour. "Law, my dear, is it so late?" she exclaimed, "And you never to tell me, Sally! Why I might have stayed here till doomsday, I might, and never have known it but for that bell;" and hastily desiring that a certain brooch should be laid aside, as she would step over

and take another look round in the morning, she chased Sally before her with her skirts as she might have chased a chicken, and departed.

They were of course late in entering the *Salle-à-manger*. The soup plates were being removed when Mrs. Peters and her companion took their seats; and it was only after the first few seconds of nervousness, consequent upon her entrance to a crowded room, had passed away, that Sally observed the places next on her left, and hitherto vacant, to be occupied, and raising her eyes she encountered those of Geraldine. She turned red and then white, and tremblingly put out her hand, but did not dare to look beyond Geraldine, who spoke at once, saying in her low distinct voice, "I thought you were not going to notice me at all. We arrived just before dinner from Lausanne. Sir Francis wanted to continue our route; but when I knew your whereabouts I was determined to see you. So here we are."

Sally stared when Geraldine said "Sir Francis." Who was he? She took courage, and turned her head so that she got a glimpse of the man sitting next Geraldine. He was very handsome, but dark—dark enough for a Spaniard. It was not Will. This "Sir Francis" must be some friend who was travelling with them. But where was her husband—where was Will? Sally jumped at once to a hasty conclusion which destroyed her appetite, and caused her to push away her plate with the soup in it almost untasted. Will has known of their presence in the hotel only upon his arrival there, and he is keeping out of the way up-stairs.

"You don't look very strong yet," said Geraldine, seeking to read in Sally's clear eyes her opinion of Sir Francis. "You ought not to stay too long in one place if you want to get well. Why not come to Lausanne when we go back there?"

"We are going to Geneva, I think."

"Well, so are we. Let us arrange to travel together."

Sally thought it a strange way of enjoying a honeymoon—picking up one's friends by the way; but she made no remark, and when they all

rose from the table, instead of joining in the usual after-dinner chatter she withdrew quietly, leaving Mrs. Peters and Florry to entertain Geraldine.

Tottie saw her sister go, and she followed her up the staircase. Ted came loitering just behind.

"I suppose you have guessed our secret by this time," said Tottie, dragging Sally down beside her on to a sort of double armchair, when they reached the *salon*.

"Your secret?" said Sally, musingly. "Did you know that Geraldine was coming?"

"Why yes, of course. That telegram Tom got was from her, asking him to secure rooms. And what do you think of her husband?"

"Her husband?"

"Yes. That was Sir Francis sitting next her."

"But you said her husband. I don't understand," said Sally, staring into her sister's face eagerly. "Didn't she marry—"

"A jolly good thing she didn't marry any but the man she's got," put in Ted. "He's about a match for her, I can tell you."

"Listen," said Tottie, twitching Sally's sleeve to enforce her words. "Don't pay any attention to Ted; the grapes are sour in that quarter—"

"I'll be hanged if they are! I never felt so jolly glad in my life.—Well, I won't say any more—"

"No I wouldn't, if I were you, Ted. It's always safest not to commit oneself. Now, listen to me, Sally—mind, you're not to interrupt. That man with Geraldine is her husband, Sir Francis Blake—brother of the Mr. Blake who stayed at the Cedars when Lena was married. Well, it appears that she took some freak into her head—perhaps she thought *Lady* had a pleasanter sound than plain Mrs.—I don't know; but, at any rate, it was as clear a case of "Off with the old love and on with the new" as ever I heard of. For she jilted Will on the last day of July, and married Sir Francis post-haste on the the fourteenth of August. What do you think of that? She's a managing young woman, isn't she? There are not many girls of twenty equal to that! At least it's to be hoped not."

"How strange!" was all Sally said, and she sighed a sigh of relief as if some burden had been lifted from her heart.

"She's about as much heart as a stone," said Ted, savagely.

"Grapes! Sour grapes, Ted."

"It's nothing of the kind, Miss Tottie," said her brother, leaving the window to walk about the room. "It's very well to laugh, but it's nothing of the kind, I tell you. Look here, I call it jolly shabby of a girl to fool a fellow into believing she's fond of him, and then to kick him over—"

"That's letting the cat out of the bag, if you like, Ted. I didn't know matters had gone so far."

"I wasn't speaking of myself," said Ted, sharply. "And, by Jove, you'd feel it if——" and then he went out, leaving the two girls, and slammed the door behind him.

Tottie's face became grave at once. "Poor Teddie! They had been friends for so long," she said, understanding perfectly her brother's meaning in this burst of indignation, and thinking of Will.

And Sally thought of Will too, leaning back in her chair, dreamily content, to listen to the band playing its farewell tune outside in the twilight, while the stars glimmered and the dew fell softly.

By the next afternoon Sir Francis was tired of Neuchâtel and proposed a return to Lausanne, but his wife would not hear of such a thing, and declared her intention of remaining where she was for "at least a week;" and having made her declaration she took up her fan, and went along the corridor to her friend's *salon* for tea and a gossip, leaving Sir Francis to smoke or not as he felt inclined. She found Sally alone, writing letters.

"Oh! are you busy?" she said, standing by the table, and looking down at her friend. "I am not come to disturb you. See, if you can give me a book, I will take a seat over here out of your way by the window, and you can go on with your writing quite comfortably." And she pushed before her the easiest chair in the room, and sat down in it.

"My letters are not important, they can wait," said Sally. "And I expect

you know our books. We have only about half-a-dozen in all—mostly novels."

"Never mind—don't trouble about them, I would much rather talk if you are sure your letters can wait," Geraldine said, opening her fan, and settling her shoulders against the back of her chair. Seeing that her friend closed her blotter, and took up some needlework that had been lying beside her, she continued, "What do you think, Sally? Sir Francis actually expected me to be ready to start for Lausanne in an hour. Just imagine! In all this heat, too, and when we only arrived last night. Isn't it ridiculous? I suppose he's annoyed because I spent the morning with Tom and Tottie on the lake, instead of sitting listening to his grumbling that he's not at Berne."

"Did he wish to go to Berne?" said Sally, wondering a little at Geraldine's manner of speaking of her husband.

"Yes. And I know as well as possible that as soon as he had got there, and dined, he would want to start for some other town—it's been the same all along," was the languid reply. Really, Sally, you cannot think how unpleasant it is, and how glad I am to have found a friend I can talk to. I believe if we had continued our travels in that solitary way, with only Shaw for company, I should have been dead in less than a week. You may smile, but it is impossible to understand what it is—moving rapidly from place to place, and scarcely speaking to a soul, especially when one has all one's life been accustomed to a great deal of society. I intend never to visit the Continent again as long as I live. Certainly not in this way, alone with Sir Francis; there's no pleasure in it. If he were like Tom, cheerful and jolly, it would be different; and I do wish he were, for I am sure we would get on much better."

Sally raised her head and looked at the speaker in some surprise; and her eyes grew suddenly bright, and her cheeks flamed, as she said in her quick way, "Geraldine, I don't think you know what you are talking about. It is very wicked of you to say such things. If you didn't love Sir Francis

you shouldn't have married him, and you speak as if you didn't. Of course," she added, half apologetically, "I don't believe you mean all that you say, but I am quite sure that if Sir Francis had been like Tom you wouldn't have cared a bit better for him. You would have tired of him as soon--if not sooner."

"Perhaps you are right," said Geraldine, languidly, and then she yawned and fanned herself, and sat silently watching Sally work, until a tear trickled down the girl's cheek, and dropped upon the fine muslin she was stitching. A smile, half of amusement, half of contempt, crossed Geraldine's face. "You poor foolish Sally," she began, in a bantering tone that made her friend very uncomfortable, "you take everything so seriously that it is almost dangerous to say a word to you. One would imagine, to hear you speak, that Sir Francis and I led what is vulgarly called a cat-and-dog life. Pray don't get that idea into your head for we don't. We are always quite polite to one another, and never spit or scratch; only one is sometimes troubled with *ennui* in these stupid towns, where there are no English people." And she yawned and fanned herself again, whilst Sally worked on steadily and kept her eyes down, wishing Lady Blake would choose some other subject than her husband for conversation. She did at last, wondering in a suggestive way if afternoon tea were a possible refreshment in Swiss hotels. Sally rose at once and rang the bell, glad of any excuse for moving, and when she sat down again it was with her back to the light. Then, to prevent a recurrence to the obnoxious subject of "Sir Francis," she enquired for Timothy. He was well, Geraldine replied, and staying at the Hudsons' when her mother wrote.

"Oh! and by the way," she continued, in a triumphant tone, unable to resist the temptation of a little stab at Sally, "Mr. Clifford is gone to America. It is unknown for how long, but he sailed on the fifteenth--or was it the fourteenth? The fourteenth was my wedding day, and I rather think it was on the fifteenth he went, I am not very sure, but at any rate it was one or the other. And I have an idea

Mother said he had sold his Cornwall estate. I can't quite remember--"

"Tea, if you please," said Sally, in a rather feeble voice, to the man who answered the bell. She felt relieved that almost as he withdrew Mrs. Peters came panting into the room, and she could busy herself, and conceal from her visitor her perturbed state of mind, by assisting the tired lady to untie her bonnet strings and remove her mantle.

From that day Geraldine was constantly with the Hays, and Sir Francis left more and more alone. Ted growled, and declared their rooms were not their own (he always retired when Lady Blake made her appearance), and Tom also growled--he never had Tottie to himself--Geraldine "expected him to dance attendance upon her as much as ever," he said.

"And it's not the kind of dance you like. At least you'd have us believe that," said Tottie, with a little laugh; she had stayed at home on the morning of this particular day, preferring that to having Geraldine, for the fifth time in half a week, make a third in their walk; and from that hour Sally, whose watch over Tottie had more in it of a mother's tender anxiety than a sister's mere loving carefulness, observed that a slight stiffness of manner existed between the lovers. But when she made some remark about Tom being constantly with his cousin, Tottie loyally excused him. "It's not Tom's fault," she said. "Geraldine insists upon going, and he can't refuse without being rude. I wonder, though, how she'd like it if I flirted with Sir Francis?"

Fortunately Sir Francis was not a fool, or there is no saying to what mischief Geraldine's appropriation of Tom might have led. But coming in from a solitary wandering on the fourth day of their stay in the hotel, to find his wife gone to the Château with Mr. Heriot, he ordered Shaw, his informant, to pack her mistress' boxes, as they would leave Neuchâtel by the first train, on the morrow. Then, having knocked at the door of the Hays' *salon*, and thanked the inmates for their kindness to Lady Blake, he met his wife upon her return with Tom at the head of the stairs, and her friends

saw no more of her, for she did not appear at dinner ; and, on the following morning, when Sally went down to breakfast, she was surprised to hear her brother laughing heartily over what he considered the best joke of the season. "Fancy Geraldine Heriot being forced to march two hours before breakfast ! I told you she'd met her match," he said, triumphantly. But Geraldine's departure made no difference in Tottie's treatment of Tom ; she would not go anywhere with him, and he sulked and wrote letters, and answered in monosyllables when any one addressed him. And, when this had continued a couple of days, and there was no sign of improvement, Ted and Florry laughed at them ; so did Mrs. Peters ; but Sally, thinking over her own sorrows and of Will all those thousands of miles away, could not endure that any such unhappiness should enter her sister's life, and planned a little trick for reconciling the two, when an opportunity for doing so suddenly offered itself. She had been suffering with severe headache, and unable to join in an excursion which was to conclude with a "real English tea" in their private *salon* at half-past seven ; Tottie remained with Sally, and this being the case Tom of course objected to join ; so but half the party went. Towards afternoon Sally was a little better, and thinking of her plan, persuaded Tom to take herself and Tottie for a row upon the lake ; he agreed and went off at once to prepare. When the girls arrived at the quay, Tom was sitting waiting in the boat. Sally made her unsuspecting sister get in first, and at a sign from her Tom pushed off ; Tottie looking up gave a little scream of dismay, which Sally answered with a laugh. "Good-bye — you can fight it out now," she said, cheerfully, and went back to the hotel, and threw herself upon her bed to rest, feeling sure they would return happier than they went out. And so they did, but ever after Tottie called her sister "a designing creature."

The sun was near setting when Sally, who had unintentionally dozed off, awoke. She sprang up at once and began hastily to change her dress, thinking of the "English tea," and

the lateness of the hour ; it must be almost seven, with the sun so far down. She stood a moment, with her brush in her hand, watching it slowly near the tops of the pine-fringed Juras, and wondered if Tottie were returned. That thought brought her back to the tea again, and her desire to have the table arranged as like to the table at Lenley, in the evenings, as possible. She said to herself that it would please Mrs. Peters, and she went along to the *salon* and opened the door, expecting to find the cloth spread and the dishes set out, but there were no such preparations—no signs at all of a coming meal. The room was flooded with light, the strong golden shafts from the west striking upwards, and glimmering upon everything, from floor to ceiling ; walls, pictures, the white tiled stove in the corner, the china ornaments on the cabinet and piano, the bead-work cushions and lamp-bracket—and on the bright hair of some one sitting by the open window. Sally paused, holding by the half-open door. What was this ? Was she dreaming ? She let go the door, the breeze from without blew and closed it sharply. The figure started up, tall and straight, between her and the light. Ah no ! it was no dream—it was reality. She covered her face with her hands, afraid of what would happen next. But there was no sound, no movement, for what seemed to her a long, long space of time, until the silence had become almost unendurable. Then a voice said brokenly, "I had to come—I could not stay away, Sally—can you forgive me for being such a fool ?"

She said nothing. She only put out her hands to her lover and felt at peace. All the waiting, the weary, weary waiting, the longing and the anxiety were at an end.

A fortnight passed away. A fortnight of perfect happiness for Sally and Will, and then they were to be married. Sally did not in the least object to being married out of England ; and to the unutterable disgust of Lena, who, accompanied by her husband, had come over for the wedding, went about for two whole days before the ceremony was to take place with the

wedding-ring upon her finger. Mrs. Smith thought her sister really ought to have a little more sense now that she was about to enter into society; but Sally only laughed, and declared that Will had put the ring there, and there it should stay till the clergyman asked for it.

It was the afternoon previous to the wedding day, and the sisters had renewed their discussion upon this subject in Sally's room, as that young lady sat watching Mrs. Peters packing her portmanteau for her, with the assistance of Florry and Tottie. Lena, finding that she could gain nothing by talking, that, in fact, Sally was obstinate and would not remove her ring, retired to the least untidy corner of the room, and sat fanning herself and giving advice in a general kind of way. It was oppressively warm: the men had gone for a row, and Sally kept lifting the blind to look out, but Lena entreated her to desist, the action was a most irritating one. Sally obeyed until the room began to darken perceptibly, and a distant peal of thunder made her start, when she jumped up, and pushing aside the blind once more uttered a cry that brought the others to the window. The sky was overcast with thick dark clouds, and the lake, of a dull leaden colour, was swelling and heaving against the sides of the quay, tossing to and fro the boats at anchor upon its bosom. Sally shuddered as she looked. Florry alone shaded her eyes; but they all clung together,—those five women around the window,—waiting. No lip moved, but in every heart there was a prayer. And—alas! their prayers were in vain. Ere they were even thought, one of their dear ones had gone to his rest, sunk beneath the chill waters of the lake.

The boat had not upset—merely swung round with the strong current of wind that drove across the mountains before the storm came—and in that moment Will had disappeared.

It was never known how he met his death. Ted always blamed himself for

not catching at an oar which he believed struck his friend, and threw him into the water.

But Dr. Smith knew the exact truth.

CHAPTER XV.

"Après."

Sally returned to Lenley, and took up her village life again. Still, often in the warm summer evenings, she thinks of the pretty Swiss town, and the blue far-off mountains, and the lake, and longs with a great yearning to see it all once more.

She does not sorrow, nor is her face always grave, but she cannot help being a little sad to-night, as she sits playing some old, almost forgotten tunes, for Tottie's little ones to dance to. Florry is gone from her to-day to a home of her own; she married the curate, who for seven years had loved, but never ventured to say a word of what his hopes were until he had a home of his own to offer her. And so she is gone to live in the North of England. She calls her husband's hair auburn, and Tottie laughs at her, though she loves her none the less.

That pretty matron watches Sally as she plays, and says, with tears in her eyes, speaking in a low voice to Tom, "It is sad, but I am sure it is best. Sally has a nature that idealises everything and everybody, and had she married Will and wakened up to the fact that he was not perfection it would have broken her heart. I am certain it would. So that it must be best that he died. Poor Will!"

And I believe Tottie is right; although Sally cannot help looking down the long room, and sighing over the partings that have been, and for the faces that are never there now. Most of all for that one with the laughing blue eyes.

"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"

* * * * *

"Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death and time shall disappear,
Forever there, but never here!"

THE END.

THE AUTHOR OF "CALLED BACK."

By "AUSTRAL."

To become as suddenly popular as he was suddenly snatched away, has been the fate of the author of "Called Back." Whether he will be known to posterity must be a question—looking to the ephemeral nature of his writings, and his rocket-like rise to the world's notice. It is a secondary question whether any remembrance of him will be under his real name of Fergus, or his adopted one of Conway. The elementary similarity of three of the stories, by which the reading public now best know him, quite warrants a little consideration being given to Mr. Fergus and his taking style of writing. The stories to which we refer are "Called Back," "Dark Days," and "Carriston's Gift"—the latter being the mid-summer-number story of the *London Graphic*.

The world has been told of the few particulars noticeable in the biography of Fergus: That he was a native of Bristol, and showed an irrepressible desire, excusable in one born and brought up in such a well-known port, to know something of a seafaring life; and that he was, for this reason, placed for some two years on board the training-ship "Conway," from which he took his *nom de plume*, when he began his writings. That the life on board the training ship was satisfactory, if not satiating, is pretty evident in his then settling down quietly to office-life at Bristol, where he married and resided until the fatal Continental trip which left him to die at Nice. His publisher, Mr. Arrowsmith, has told us of his earlier contributions to literature, which were comparatively unnoticed up to 1883.

"Called Back" was produced as the Christmas Annual number of a yearly publication by Arrowsmith, who first produced it in a different form to that in which the general public know it. In that form, however, it chanced to

meet the eyes of the editor of *London Truth*, who became deeply interested in the story. The notice given of "Called Back" in the next issue of *Truth* was so eulogistic that it started the reading public's curiosity. Edition after edition was called for, and some 350,000 of the little shilling book were disposed of by the time that "Dark Days" was given to the public as the second effort of this new literary star. "Called Back," as a story, had enough in its popularity alone to support its attractions when adapted as a drama. Its dramatic material is not at all otherwise sufficient, and had it been produced in that form originally, unbacked by the glamour acquired by it as the popular tale, it would, doubtlessly, not have been the stage success it proved.

The sad story is well known now, how the author went on a well-earned holiday—how the malaria of Italy's capital laid hold of him, as it has of too many others, and how he died at Nice on his way back to a home which he was not again to see. That one who had scarcely reached middle-life should be thus taken off, was a sad thing for his wife and family; but if it be a good thing to die—Gordon-like—at the flood-tide of fame, then the death of Fergus was well timed. Of his personal peculiarities we are told that he was, thus early in life, very bald and very deaf. It was doubtless the latter trouble which drove him from society and sociality to the company of books and the exercise of his pen.

"Called Back," "Dark Days," and "Carriston's Gift," are short narrations only and show an exactly similar style of narrative. It is alike in all three to that of Defoe or to the more commonly known form of a sailor's "yarn." Novelists of the day never pretend that their stories are otherwise than fanciful and imaginary—

never arrest the reader, here and there, by reiterated assertions of truthfulness, as did Fargus. It was characteristic of Defoe to do otherwise. He laboured, with a pre-Raffaelite minuteness of detail, to make everything realistic. "True to the life" is what readers of Robinson Crusoe declare the impressions to be of the world-famous story. When Defoe descended to a supernatural narrative, as in his ghost-story of the wondrous after-death visitation to Mrs. Veal, he still adhered to the same style—perseveringly telling the reader of the veritable truthfulness of his highly improbable tale.

There is too much of this altogether in the three stories by Fargus to which we have alluded. Over and over again, in "Dark Days," the reader is bidden to lay down the book, if the truthfulness of the narrative be for a moment doubted. This is descending to the level of the fortune-teller, and the narrator of quarter-deck yarns; and, but for the success it has met with, would not have been thought likely to be popular out of spiritist circles. The marvellous and the mysterious, which are the staple of the three tales alluded to, were popular half a century ago, in the writings of Mrs. Radcliffe and others; but the writers were content to call their works "romances." Their flights of imagination and fancy were honestly given to the world as such, and were not of the less interest to their hosts of readers. Mr. Fargus has not, therefore, hit upon any novelty in the material or the form of his narratives, and we shall have to look elsewhere for the causes of their success.

This success is primarily, in a great measure, due to the style of the story-telling. The thread of the narration is never broken by digressions. The reader is carried onwards, by the easiest of reading, and with no call upon memory for what has been told previously. Hastening onwards to the conclusion, we have not far to go; and the whole story may be skimmed in an hour, and retold in half the time when the book is closed. Three volume novelists must envy the easy work thus effectively done. They have to digress from their primary plot, to work out underplots, and to weary the reader

with speculative digressions upon this, that, and the other, not pertinent to the tale they are telling. This necessity for "padding out" the matter of their novels has been forced upon them by the publisher. The story must run to three volumes, to suit the arrangements of the circulating libraries. As these are the mainstay of publishers their interest becomes paramount, and the authors have to work to order—the hardest of work.

Dickens became an innovator in style of publication, when introducing his stories to the public in shilling monthly parts. In that method he was followed by Thackeray and Lever. For a time this was successful, but only for a time. Bulwer and Disraeli never attempted it with their novels, and soon the three volume form was again commonly established. Dickens' "Christmas Annuals" were, however, of the form adopted by Arrowsmith in giving "Called Back" and "Dark Days" to the world. "A Christmas Carol," "The Chimes," "The Battle of Life," and others of the series, were shilling books of the length only of those of Fargus. They had a similar turn of popularity and innumerable imitators. Fashion goes in cycles, and we have now but a revival of what was popular some forty years ago.

In "Carriston's Gift" the reader finds the shortest of Fargus's stories, and, as many will think, the most interesting of his writings. There is a strange similarity to be seen in the death of Carriston and that of poor Fargus himself. The hero of the story dies, and so also does the heroine, while on a Continental tour; and the latter is carried off by a fever contracted, as was that of Fargus, during a visit to Rome. Presuming this to be the last of his writings, we may imagine it to be written with a premonition of the writer's similar fate. The story of "Carriston's Gift" is one of "second sight"—such being the "gift" referred to in its title.

It is altogether as full of glaring improbabilities as "Called Back" and "Dark Days." From the closeness of the narration and the speed with which the reader is hurried onward it is, however, none the less of interest—as a

"yarn." We are called upon implicitly to believe in "second sight." The hero can, when in a state of natural or unnatural coma, produced without mesmeric aid, see what is happening fifty miles or more away. He can, on recovering from this condition, sketch with his pencil the faces and forms which he has so seen. This "gift" enables him to tell the situation of his abducted *fiancée*, though he cannot tell the whereabouts of her imprisonment. The weakest part of the story is where one who is benighted in a snowstorm, in a wild part of the country, blunders upon the habitation in which the lady is kept prisoner. It was necessary to the story that this should be discovered, and second sight had failed in localising it. We will not further trench upon details which may be read with interest by those who have been fascinated by the same author's longer stories. In this last and shorter one

he is to be read, to our thinking, at his best. We cannot but regret that we can read nothing more from his imaginative brain and especially interesting pen.

Of late we have had many painful instances of suddenly acquired fame being followed by as sudden extinction of life. A lately published notice of Gordon's Diary insists that life after such doings as he records would have been but an "anti-climax." Skobelev's death—at a like early age as that of Fergus—followed quickly on the world's acquaintance with his popular name. So, too, with Burnaby. His "Ride to Khiva" was a daring achievement, well told in his popular narrative of the journey. Ere the many editions of such doings had ceased to issue, we find their author snatched away from a world in which he fairly promised to gain much more of attention.

BEHIND A FAN.

Just for a moment, in arch surmise,
With brows uplifted in mock surprise,
Comes one swift glance from saucy eyes
Behind a fan.

Then sandal-wood and a bit of lace,
Wielded with artless, airy grace,
Securely guards a blushing face
Behind a fan.

Ah, I love her! She knows how well!
Does love for me in that bosom dwell?
What fluttering thoughts now make it swell
Behind a fan?

O longing heart, cease throbbing so!
She speaks, my love, so sweet and low,
'That I am sure she won't say "No"
Behind the fan.

—*Detroit Free Press*

A TRIP TO MOUNT GAMBIER.

By "CARPE DIEM."

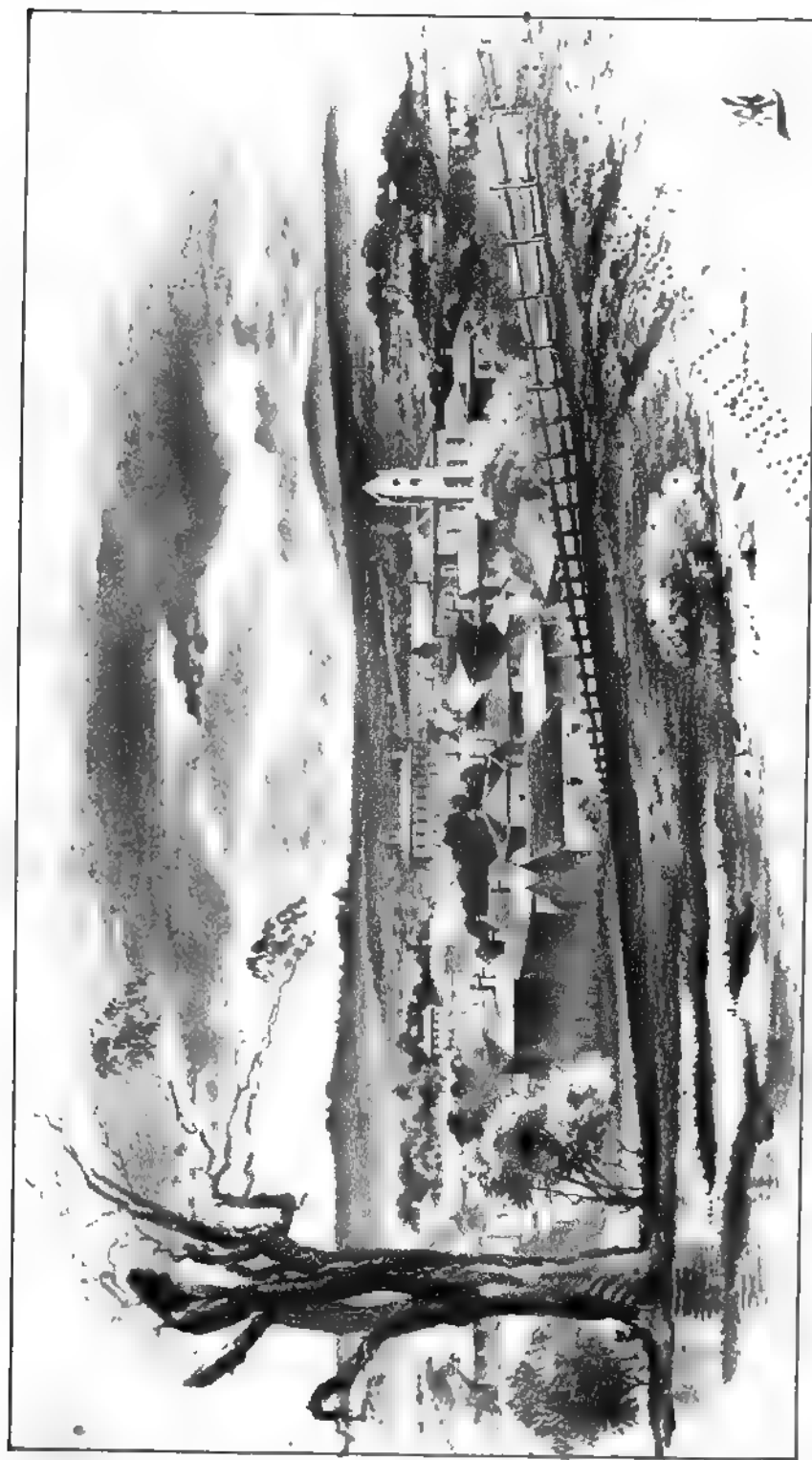
It was just after successfully going through the somewhat trying ordeal of a very difficult examination, more than a year and a half ago, that I proposed to a friend and fellow student that we should wear off the effects of our hard brain-work by taking a long walking tour. He thought it an excellent idea, and the outcome of it was that we left Melbourne about a week afterwards by the midday train, our intention being to have a tramping holiday through the Western District of Victoria. Our luggage was, of course, reduced to a minimum, but we took care to have plenty of socks and a change pair of shoes. We were obliged to stop at Ararat one night, as there was no train to Hamilton, from which our walking was to commence, till the following afternoon. Accordingly we put up at Tuson's Hotel, not yet feeling much like tramps. Before breakfast next day we had a most enjoyable swim in the Corporation Baths, in nine feet of good clean water, and spent most of the forenoon in examining the above-ground workings of a large mine, which, so far, has been a great failure. In order to get to my subject I shall merely say that we reached Hamilton the same afternoon, and stayed there for the night. We started our walking next day in real earnest, and in excellent spirits, hoping to reach Coleraine before evening. For the first few minutes we were treated to light showers of rain, but they were rather agreeable than otherwise, and the sun soon coming out in all his country glory made our hearts beat with joy. I think it a remarkable thing that with the exception of the above-mentioned shower we had really splendid weather all through our tour. We arrived at Wannon about noon, and here we experienced a real disappointment, as there was not a drop of water at the

Falls. This fact, however, gave us a better opportunity of observing what a grand example these Falls afford of the degrading power of water, as it is evident from the geological aspect they present that they are slowly but surely receding. The bed of the river is composed of hard stone, and is underlaid by soft shale, which is easily acted on by the water. After a certain period of time the overlying strata of hard rock must fall away, merely for want of support.

It was late in the afternoon when we obtained our first sight of the charming village of Coleraine. Situated as it is in an undulating valley, and surrounded on all sides by hills, it presents a most striking picture to the eye, one that once seen can never be forgotten. We remained in Coleraine over Sunday, and if time had permitted, would gladly have remained longer. On Monday a short walk of eighteen miles brought us safely into Casterton; and we spent the next two days in tramping from there to Mount Gambier, or Gambiertown, a distance of fifty miles, three-fourths of the road consisting of heavy sand.

Near Strathdownie, which is about midway, an aboriginal accosted us in the most friendly manner, and inquired if we wanted a job. He seemed greatly surprised when we told him we were not tramps, and sincerely hoped he had not offended us. The incident was rather amusing, and helped to enliven the monotony of our walk.

Having thus traversed ninety miles by easy stages, we found ourselves in perhaps the most beautiful and attractive township in the Southern Hemisphere. The Blue Lake is in itself a sight sufficiently magnificent and wonderful to render Mount Gambier famous. Roughly speaking, it is like a basin half full of water. the sides



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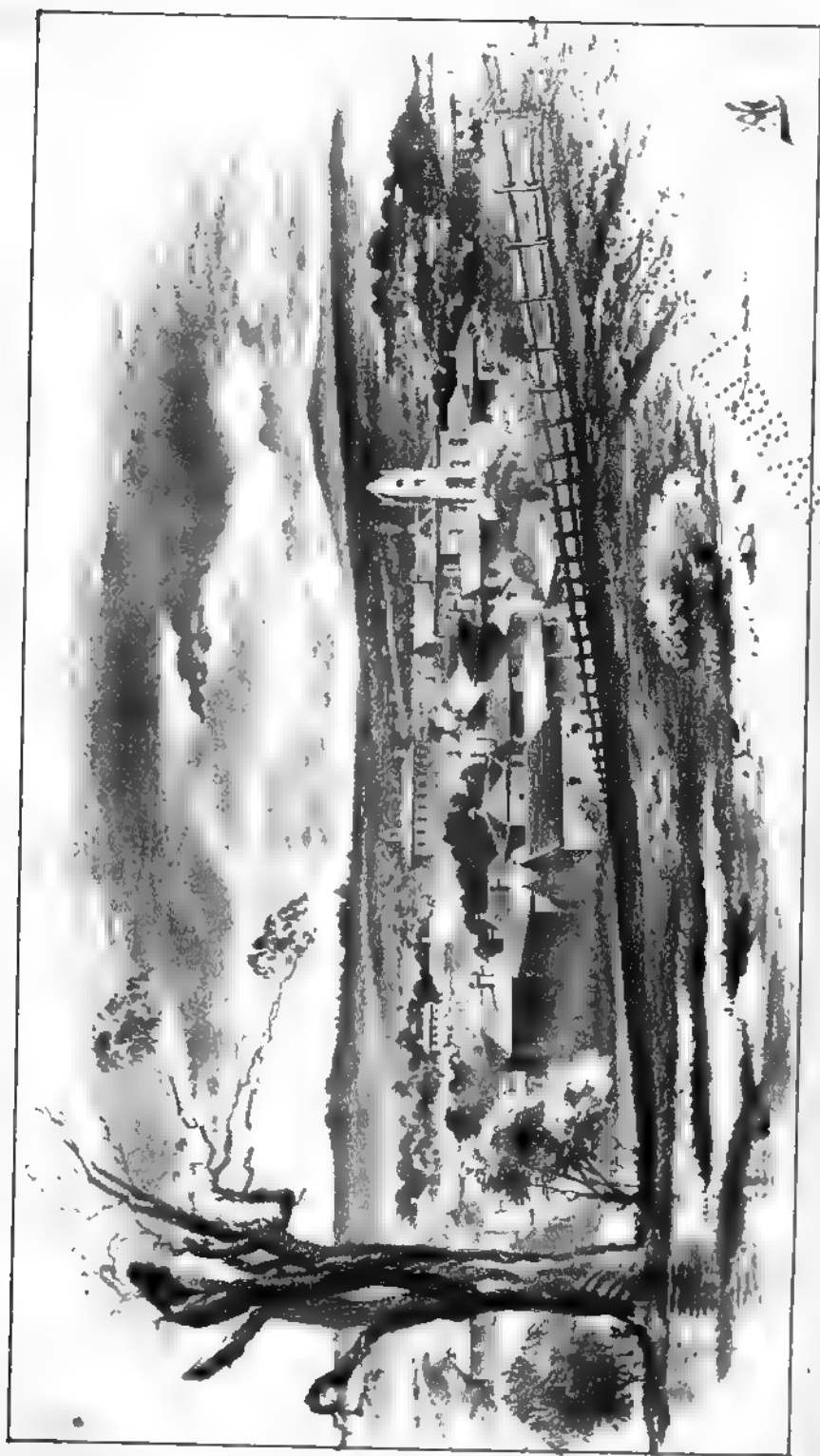
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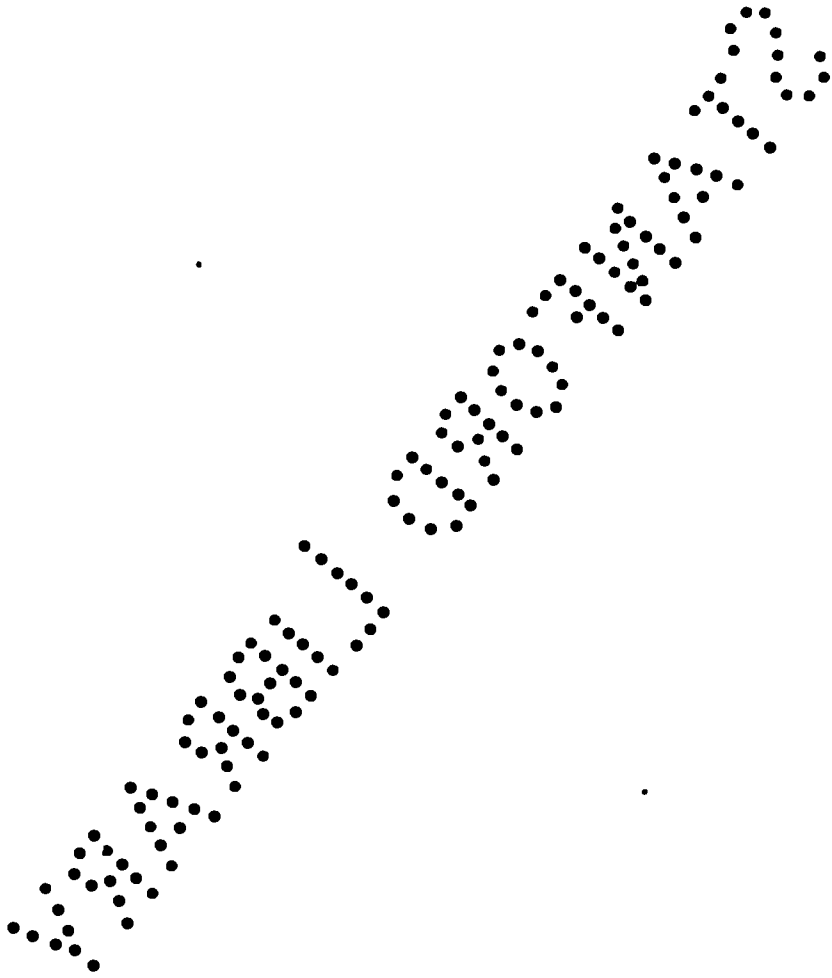
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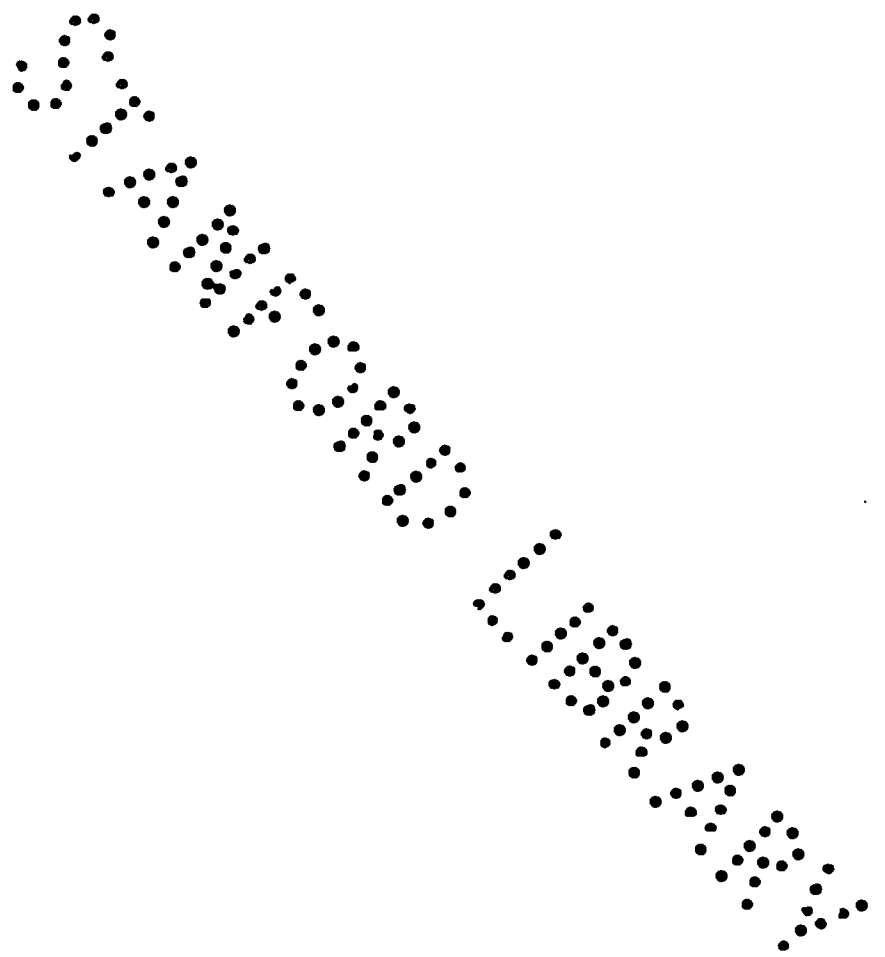
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THE DISTRICT HOUSE

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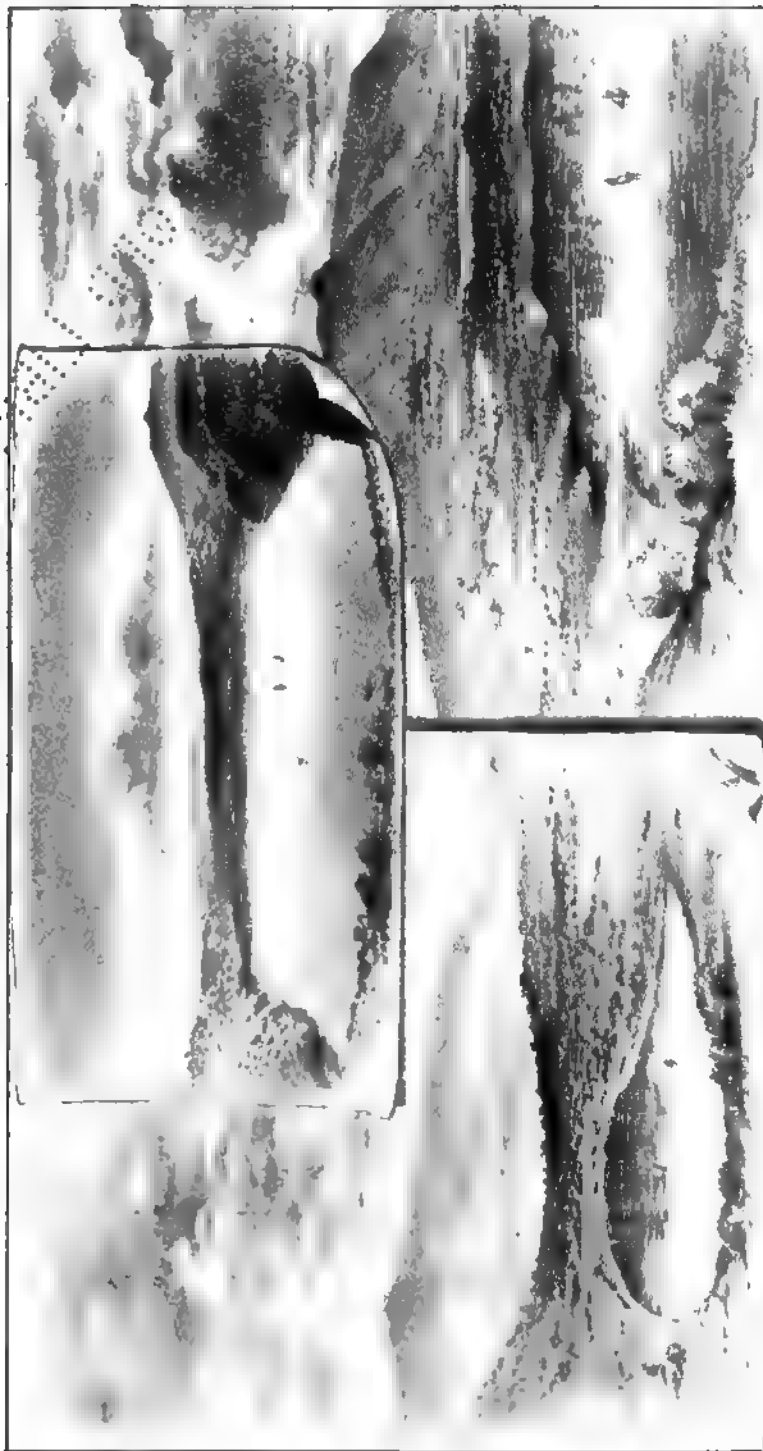




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from the top to the surface of the lake being richly and beautifully studded with various kinds of scrub and foliage. It is almost circular in plan, and about two miles in perimeter. The water is very clear and cool, and in some places hundreds of feet in depth; the popular theory being that it is supplied from the ocean, a distance of nearly seventeen miles. This assumption is very likely to be correct, as the surface of the Blue Lake, and of various other lakes of a similar nature in the immediate vicinity, is at the sea-level. The whole of the surrounding country is one mass of limestone, from the Mount to Macdonnell Bay. The sea water has in all probability, in times gone by, been filtered through the porous strata, and by a well-known chemical action the salts have been deposited as the water oozed through. This theory, of course, may be fallacious; but it is at all events quite possible, and very interesting. The Blue Lake is undoubtedly the crater of an extinct volcano, and all the rocks and earths around are of a decidedly volcanic nature.

The town is built chiefly of limestone, which is sawn into blocks as easily as soft wood, and hardens on exposure to the atmosphere. The churches, hospital, town hall, and other large buildings are constructed mainly of a reddish coloured sandstone, which for architectural purposes cannot be excelled, and for durability is almost equal to bluestone. It is not hard or strong enough to be fit for building bridges, but is used with gravel for ballasting the railway from Mount Gambier to Rivoli Bay or Beachport, a distance of over fifty miles. The gauge there is only three feet six inches, and the road is run in almost a straight line.

There are two smaller lakes close to the Blue Lake, called the Valley and the Leg of Mutton, but all the surrounding scenery, like Shakspeare's Cleopatra, beggars all description. On crossing the South Australian border we immediately came upon a splendid road of limestone which kept to us till we got back into Victoria again. The only objection to this excessive use of almost white material is that

on sunny days it must be very trying to the eyes.

Mount Gambier is a step above most of the country towns we passed through, in having a splendid water-supply. A reservoir, with all its appurtenances, is constructed on the top of the hill, near the Blue Lake, at the place where the Macdonnell Bay road takes a sharp curve to the right. As there is a fall of perhaps 150 feet, the town is plenteously supplied with the best water at a very high pressure. The main street in this flourishing "*rus in urbe*" is called Commercial Street, and is paraded by the Salvation Army at various times in the evening. Mount Gambier possesses Mr. Riddoch's handsome cup for the cricket championship of the district; but Penola, which is thirty-two miles away, is generally its match at football. The Oval is a very fine cricket-ground; and, doubtless, in the future, we shall hear of English and Australian elevens taking a trip through the south-eastern portion of South Australia.

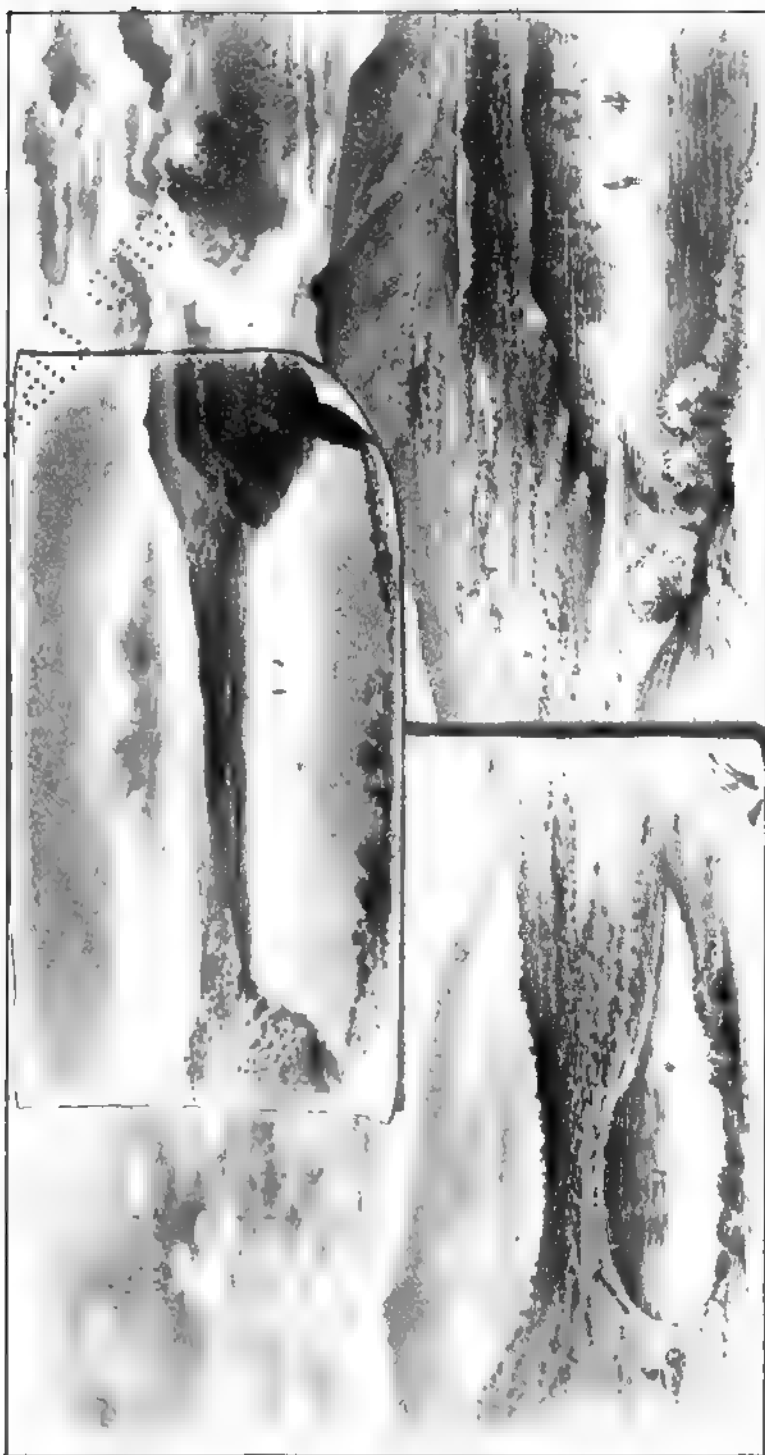
On the Casterton road Gambiertown is twelve miles from the border, and Bordertown is fourteen miles away in an easterly direction. It takes two days to reach there from Melbourne, and it used to take the coach six hours from there to Casterton, which is only fifty miles. From Casterton to Hamilton the road is in first-class condition, and the scenery is to match. One can also get to the Mount by taking the steamer to Port Macdonnell, and eighteen miles of good road from there in a buggy if required. You can also avoid any driving at all by proceeding to Beachport by sea, and then taking the train.

Mount Gambier contains, I believe, about 5000 inhabitants; but it may be much larger than that now, as it is a regular go-ahead sort of a place, and is likely to be a great centre of traffic at a not very distant period of time. The soil is so rich that the produce is in some cases quite unique. For anyone fond of coursing, riding, shooting, hunting, or any out-door sport, a better place could not be found. Kangaroos, hares, wallabies, 'possums, and crows are as plentiful there as flies and dust in Melbourne. Splendid fishing can

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be had in the Glenelg, and there is a very well organised hunt club in existence. In fact, were I to mention even the principal attractions of this model of a country town, I should fill a great quantity of space, no doubt, but I am afraid I should become wearisome to even the most good-natured readers. I might say in conclusion that, socially speaking, Mount Gambier is a great success. It has two very readable locals, published twice a week each, called the *South-Eastern Star* and the *Border Watch*. There are assembly balls, concerts, and private entertainments of all descriptions, from tennis, billiards, croquet, and musical evenings at the parsonage, to a select bible-class for young men at the same place. The climate is magnificent; there are at least half-a-dozen first-class hotels; and why the place is not better known and more spoken about I cannot understand.

It was with mingled feelings of wonder and pleasure that we left this

"Sweet Auburn" of our travels. We reached the mouth of the Glenelg about five o'clock in the evening, and crossed the river by a punt. We spent the night at Brown's Inn, and went to rest very early, as our final and hardest day's walk was to be accomplished next day. After a most enjoyable swim, and a short row up the river, we partook of an excellent breakfast, and left Nelson, as this ambitious place is called, a little before eight o'clock. We arrived in Portland about an hour after midnight, having walked through forty-four miles of heavy sand with only three or four hours rest. Here our long walk ended, and, after spending three days in Portland, we came home by the steamer "Dawn," in company with a cargo of pigs and potatoes. After a long but pleasant passage, despite the aforesaid cargo, we reached Melbourne in the best health and spirits; and have ever since looked back on this, our first walking tour, with the deepest feelings of pleasure and pride.

A HAPPY PAST.

We have known no hours of sorrow
 That have deeply touched the heart,
 Though life has had its petty griefs,
 And we have borne our part;
 But never, since the village bells
 Rung out our wedding peal,
 Have we felt or known a sorrow
 That affection could not heal.

Yes, life will have its petty griefs,
 And tears, unbidden, start,
 But we've known no hours of sorrow
 That have deeply touched the heart.

We have known no hours of sorrow,
 For we never knew regret,
 And the future casts no shadows
 Of a coming care-cloud yet;
 No, our lots are linked together,
 And, whate'er our fate may be,
 I can know no hours of sorrow
 If I share those hours with thee!

MY ROSE.

[A MEMORY OF THE COMMUNE.]

By F. W. L. ADAMS.

I.

I had a particular, as well as a general, interest in the siege of Paris. The particular interest was, that I had some pressing business to transact there, and the longer the siege continued the less chance had I of transacting my business satisfactorily. Well, at last Paris capitulated and I went across.

Years ago (more years than I care to be accurate in numbering), I thought that it was my vocation in life to be an artist. My father thought otherwise, but (wise old merchant!) did not oppose, rather assisted me in arriving at a real conclusion in the matter. He made all necessary enquiries: found (or so I suppose) that Paris and Laurent were considered the best place and man for me: lit upon M. Belot, a Lycée schoolmaster and keeper of a *pension*, and entered me for "a course" with Laurent. In a few months I had had enough of it. I returned contentedly to business, my father's business, with no more abiding results of my experiment in art than a general sense of pleasure in beautiful things and a fairly strong attachment to my master and Madame Belot. I have always kept up a correspondence with these two estimable people, a correspondence varied now and then with small presents, and whenever I go to Paris I always stay at the Belots'.

I arrived, then, late one evening at the Rue de Fontenoy (one of the then new streets by the Arc de Triomphe), and found the Belots in no wise changed by their experiences of the siege, although Madame Belot at once assured me they were both as thin as slate-pencils. There was no one with them. I had "my room" (as we called it) as usual.

After I had had something to eat, and Madame Belot had told me how carefully she had provisioned the house for the siege, but how the little dog I had given her, "that dear Lucy (poor heart)," had been seized and turned into soup, and how etcetera, etcetera, etcetera: after all the news had been told, I went into my room to unpack. The evening was rather chilly, but I opened wide both the window-doors, for packing or unpacking is, at any rate for me, an infliction. I am wont to say that it is almost worth getting married, so as to have someone to do your packing for you—*almost*! As for this inevitable trunk of mine, I say that it has added ten years to my life. On those occasions I always make these reflections, which have become, as it were, an inevitable formula at the offering up of myself at the shrine of my garments.

Presently I stopped unpacking and took a rest. Then I produced my cigarette case, lit a cigarette, and stepped out into the balcony. There was a splendid view of the city from here. It was not a particularly clear night. There were stars to be seen now and then in breaks of black floating steaming clouds. I stood smoking and looking out into the night and over the city. A sort of ominous hush seemed brooding everywhere. We have all noticed what somebody calls "the Sabbath hush," and I, for my part, do not believe that the perception of it is, as some think, merely subjective. And here, to-night, then—what should have made me perceive this sort of ominous hush if it had not existed? I had no feeling of either ominousness or hush in myself. My thoughts were

full of my business, and then of Madame Belot's experiences, the fate of Lucy, etc., and, lastly, there were my reflections about packing in general and this inevitable trunk of mine in particular. The great city lay darkly spreading below and before me. The light from the lamp inside came through the door window on to me, and let me see the smoke wreathing and twisting about as it left my mouth. The evening, I said, was rather chilly, and yet it felt oppressive. I began to feel a strange uneasiness. I looked along the balcony, now this way to where it ended against a block of different buildings, now that way to where it wound round the corner of this block. I almost felt as if I should see some dark mysterious figure coming along it, coming along it to me! I leant over the balcony and looked down. It was many feet to the ground. One or two people were passing along the pavement underneath. They entered the oblong of light cast from a shop window a few doors higher up, and disappeared from it. I watched several of them, and presently forgot my befooling fancies. I finished my cigarette, and threw the stump out of the way. As it was falling, a little round red dot, I heard someone singing. The cigarette-stump struck the street, threw up a little shower of sparks, and quickly faded away. The singing continued. It was not loud singing—it was soft singing, like that of a girl who sings to herself as she works. I listened. It was the Marseillaise. I have heard the Marseillaise murdered too often on barrel-organs to have much, if any, attachment to it intrinsically. But this girl or woman (some of the notes were of a depth and richness that made me think it was not likely to be a girl)—this woman sang it in a manner that made it seem new to me. There is in the song a tramp and forward movement, unrestrained, fierce; as *she* sang it, the tramp and forward movement had lost their unrestrainedness and fierceness, just as they would if we were to hear them a long way off in a windless night. I listened. The sound of the song grew, and, as it were, came nearer. Then it suddenly ended in an

inarticulate noise. I started, and at once thought: *Where is she?*

I looked about me, and especially before and below me to the left, whence the song had seemed to come. On the other side of the street (it was a very narrow street, quite a back street) was a row of houses whose roofs were on the level of the story below mine. Another street ran out at right angles to this one. The window of the top story of the corner was half open, and light came forth from it. The singer was probably in there.

That row of houses was a poor one. The room of the top story of the corner was a poor one—a garret, in fact. The chances were that the singer was poor—probably a milliner; or, as we called them then (each year, nay, each few months, in Paris, the name changes) a *lorette*. The time of my youth and art experiment rose before me. I thought of Alfred de Musset and his sweet *grisette* of the roof-window; of Henri Murger, and Muni and Musette; and of dear little Josephine and the happy vagabond hours we two spent together at Fontainebleau and Saint Cloud. Ah me, with all their toil and moil (toil and moil that were too much for me and art) those days had a happiness about them that—Well, they were miserable enough at the time; and there are, as I know, other sorts of happiness than that of playing about in the country with dear little Josephine.—*Josephine? And where is she now?*

Speculations on this subject were not pleasant. Presently I gave them up. What is the use of such? No use at all, it would seem, and yet some trifle, such as the song of this *lorette*, will bring back a flood of old memories, and a fool will waste hours in dreaming about what might have been but has not been, what may be but will not be.

I went back to my trunk.

II.

The business I had to transact was not only pressing but considerable, or, to be more accurate, it was considerable, and some of it was pressing. I had calculated on a week's hard work, and a month's easy work, and then I

proposed to myself another month as holiday. My calculations were quite futile. The prostration of ordinary business in the city was appalling. It was hopeless to think of getting anything done quickly. Add to this an almost universal gloom, in some a fear, in some a belief, that the country was ruined utterly and for ever, and some idea may be got of the material a man in a hurry to get some difficult business done, had to work upon. *Nolens volens* I had to be idle. I went to see Laurent, whom I found arranging his paint brushes, paint pots, etcetera, preparatory to, as he said, recommencing his painting seriously; for during the siege he too, old man with white head, had done his duty with the rest! Laurent had a way of saying things that made them amusing. Discontented, not to say surly, as I was, owing to an uselessly spent morning, he set me off laughing at once. (He had never made any difference to me on account of my failure at art. "You know the Scriptures," he said, "Many are called, few chosen. Let us hope that you will achieve a success with your business." That was all: we, as I have said, continued good friends).

He, too, gave me an account of his experience during the siege and kept me laughing for an hour. Then he grew grave. (Herein lay, I think, the chief charm of the man, that fun, *persiflage*, and seriousness, all found a harmonious place in him.) He was afraid, he said, that we were not yet at the end. There were still other things to come. The corruption of the Empire was something terrifying, so thorough, so universal! And the socialistic ideas had had time to spread among and permeate the people. France had taken Napoleon to save her from the Republicans, for Napoleon meant, at any rate, order. But to-day? Who *was* there? No one. For this poor Thiers, what could *he* do? He was beyond measure respectable, a regular bell-wether; but could he save us from the Socialists, that was the question?

I knew little or nothing about these things, and did not care very much, but the little man's gravity, at times

approaching distress, impressed me. He thought that we should have another revolution. I hoped not—for the sake of my business principally, but also for the sake of this unhappy country. Who, I asked, would start a revolution, and why? The workmen, prompted by the Socialists, who are also Secularists. (Laurent was, as he used to say, a most unworthy son of the Catholic Church.) It could not be successful. The Liberals, the peasant proprietors, and the tradespeople, would ultimately stamp it out, but there would be blood spilt, he was sure of it.

It was this talk with Laurent that first set me off really to observe the state of the city. I was very anxious about some of my business, and a revolution now in Paris meant literally a loss of two or three thousand pounds to me. Naturally, then, I wanted to make out for myself if I thought one was coming or not.

Up at the Rue Fontenoy everything was quiet, but about in the city signs of disaffection were numerous. For all that, I could not make up my mind to a revolution. In the first place, I did not at all want one, and it takes strong proof to make us disagree with an inclination; in the second place, I had an average Englishman's distrust, not to say contempt, of all French revolutions since the Great One. There might, I thought, be a barricade or two shot up and a few workmen killed, but that would be all. My excellent M. Belot was of the same opinion, and so confirmed mine. And yet I was not by any means easy in my mind.

One day after *déjeuner* I was sitting out on the balcony in the sun, smoking and thinking of all this, when I happened to look at the window of the top story of the corner opposite. It was wide open. A small bird-cage was hanging outside on a nail. A woman was sitting in the window, working at something. I could only see her knees and one of her arms which, every now and then, passed across them. I was right, then—the singer was a woman, and this was she! I looked at the window with some interest. I noticed the cage—it was empty. Suddenly it flashed across me that she might be Josephine! Then

the absurdity of the idea came upon me and I laughed. None the less I should like to have seen—should like to see—her face.

I got up, bent down over the rail, and tried, vainly, to get a glimpse of it. This much, however, I learnt: she was cleaning a boot. And the bird-cage was empty! Probably its inmate had been eaten. What a fancy, then, of hers to put the empty cage out into the air. A pretty fancy. Alas, poor birdie! that had, like Lesbia's sparrow, gone, too, on "the darksome journey!"

I went into my room to write a letter, and woman and boot and bird-cage were all forgotten. Forgotten—but only for the time. I never went out into my balcony to smoke that I did not take looks at the window of the top story of the corner opposite. It was generally closed—the bird-cage never re-appeared. The woman never sang again; but two or three times I saw her cleaning her boots, or caught a glimpse of her dress as she moved about the room.

One day, leaning over the rail and looking down into the street, I saw a woman coming along with a bag in one hand, and in the other something wrapped up in a piece of newspaper. She was followed by a gaunt skulking dog that kept smelling at the piece of newspaper. Presently the dog seemed to have made up his mind for an effort; he caught hold of the piece of paper with his teeth, dragged it out of the woman's hands and turned to run. The woman turned also, and set up a cry. The villainous beast had stolen her meat, she exclaimed. She started off, ejaculating, in pursuit. Of the few passers-by, some turned and looked and laughed, some went unconcernedly on their way. I laughed; it struck me as comical. Then I heard a voice below me enquire of someone what was the matter. I looked at once to see who was speaking. It was a man, with his head and shoulders out of the window below that of the top story of the corner opposite, who was speaking to another man at the window to the right below his own. The other man growled out that it was nothing; he thought it might

have been the Prussians come back for some more money. Then the first man laughed, and they both drew in again. As I raised my eyes, a sort of a start and a thrill went through me, the woman was at her window, and we were looking at one another. She laughed, I smiled in sympathy with her, and she, too, drew in.

"What a fine face!" I said to myself. I was quite stirred.

III.

Events progressed, and swiftly—I mean political events; the events of my business did not progress at all, but rather seemed to recede. I was beginning to be discouraged. Madame Belot and Laurent were the two most pleasant elements in my daily life, I used to go off every afternoon to see Laurent, and smoke and chatter with him in his rooms. Finally he suggested that he should paint my portrait: and, after some strife occasioned by my taking the suggestion seriously, saying I should want to adorn my house with it, insisting on paying him his proper price for it, etc., he began. In the evenings, after dinner, I used to sit in the *salon*, and talk and drink tea with the Belots, especially with Madame. She was the only French woman I ever knew who could make tea properly. It was, as she said, a weakness of hers. My unfailing present to her each Christmas was a chest of the best tea I could get. M. Belot, like Laurent, an "old man with white beard," somewhat deaf, considerably dogmatic, I always found wearisome after a time; but Madame Belot, with her bright wit, knowledge of the world, reading (I wonder if any woman in Paris read as many books, novels and others, as she did)—Madame was always pleasant and refreshing to me. She, like Laurent, thought that something terrible was close at hand, something very terrible! Even if my business was nearly or quite completed, I doubt whether I should have left Paris—it would have seemed to me something like a desertion of these two old friends of mine. I have made a fairly large number of acquaintances, but only three friends, and the third was

thousands of miles away. I am a lonely man, but with, I suppose, curious parts of tenderness in me.

Sauntering out one morning, I happened to stop opposite a florist's. How our thoughts come and go! In a moment I was thinking of that Sunday afternoon, years ago, when I stood like this, making up my mind what flowers I should buy for Josephine. And then I thought of how I had bought a bouquet for her, and gone with it to Jack Payne's (he had rooms then in one of those streets behind the Batignolles and near that church by the Rue Blanche); and how, as we stood on his balcony smoking, we saw two fair damsels in light attire in the balcony below; and how at last we let down the bouquet to them with much laughter, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

I went into the shop, bought some flowers, and took them up to my room, thinking that, if the singer appeared at her window again, I would throw them to her. I frequently observed to myself that I was a fool for all this, and what was the good of it? but none the less, after *déjeuner* I stood leaning on the balcony rail, smoking, with the flowers in a glass of water ready on a chair just inside.

Her window was open. Was she in? Would she appear? I felt as stirred, as fluttered about it all as I had been when, a boy of seventeen, I made my first advances to my dear little Josephine. I smoked on until the amount of tremulousness that was in me was exhausted. She would not appear. Decidedly, then, I *was* a fool! Still I lingered. What an idiotic position for a man like me to be in, I thought. Who that knew me, who of my London acquaintances, Laurent, Madame Belot—which of them would believe it of me? *Believe it? Believe what?* I began to laugh. What a "much ado about nothing!"

Presently I regained my self-possession. She appeared. I lost some of my self-possession again, but happily not all. She stood leaning against the window, looking out across the city, rather dreamily. I threw out my cigarette; it fell close past her, attracting her attention. She looked up. Our eyes met. I smiled and laughed; this

time it was she who smiled in sympathy. I smiled again, drew out the bouquet, shewed it to her, and threw it. It lit in the embrasure in front of her window, some of the petals being dashed off. She turned half round, looking into the room. Truly she had both a fine face and a fine figure. Straight brow and nose, and a round curved chin; dark loose hair knotted simply at the back of the head; a marbly regal throat, and regal forms shown to perfection in her shabby brown, collarless, short-armed dress. And a warmth of colour, rare in a Parisienne. Standing thus in the window, neither in light nor shade, but in the atmosphere of both, she made, what we used to call at the studios, "a fine subject," and more, a fine picture, the "values" were all so good. All this struck me as I watched her. This sight of her beauty was overcoming all my self-consciousness.

At last she smiled, drew back a little, and a man put out his head and looked up at me with a smile, or shall I say a grin? She too looked up at me with a smile. After a moment's inclination to feel foolish, the comicality of the situation came upon me, and I looked down at them both with a smile too. The man was a good-looking man, not unlike her, generally speaking, but more swarthy and pallid.

He laughed brightly. "But say, then," he said, turning to her, "but say, then, thanks to the gentleman; rise, my beauty."

She, still smiling, took up the bouquet, kissed it, looked up to me, and said: "Thanks, sir!"

Then, with mutual bows, they went in, and I soon did the same. I lay down on my bed, with my hands under my head, staring at the ceiling, and wondering if the man was her brother. Alas, in a world that dogmatically disbelieves in pretty girls' cousins, one is apt to be sceptical even about brothers. Ultimately I fell asleep, and did not awake till six, half an hour before dinner.

This was the day in which the Commune burst upon us. M. Belot had a horrible story to tell us. One of the officers on duty at the Tuileries had been caught by a mob of petroleuses

and others, saturated with petroleum, set alight, and burnt to death. The Tuileries were in flames.

IV.

I do not think I am a coward by nature, but, if I had been, the courage of M. and Madame Belot, and, for the matter of that, of Laurent, would have made me brave. M. Belot was a republican, a middle-class republican of the dogmatic stern type. When Napoleon was leaving Paris, M. Belot, happening to meet the procession, did not take off his hat, but stood, as he said, sternly staring at the man: this was noticed, and M. Belot was hustled and his hat torn from him. "The pale-faced scoundrel," said M. Belot, in recounting the incident to me. "I knew it was the last time we should see him here, and *he* knew! He does well now to leave us to quell the tempest he has raised." M. Belot was out most of the day passing from house to house, seeking any who were not too panic-struck to attempt to resist the anarchy that was upon us. Madame Belot and I went more than once to meet him at different places later on in the day. We were stopped at a barricade here and there, and told that we could not proceed unless we piled up a stone on it. Madame Belot at once quietly refused, and we made a circuit—the men and women who had asked us were surly and angry, but did nothing to us. Laurent, too, was moving about, trying to do some good. Both he and M. Belot described the state of panic as appalling.

A few days later I, for the first time, saw a man killed. I was standing in the middle of a crowd that was being fiercely harangued by a wild socialist, when suddenly, just above us, we heard the crack of a rifle, and a puff of smoke rose from a second-story window of a neighbouring house. A man, not half a yard from me, was hit. We were too closely packed to let him fall. His back was to me; he kept quickly throwing his head forward. Then I saw his face; it was twisted with pain or effort, and he was blowing blood and foam from his mouth.

"Thus," thundered the Socialist,

"thus they assassinate the people! Revenge! Let us take our revenge!"

There was a shout and rush, and I and the man who had been shot were separated, but not before I had seen that he was killed. I came back home, and had tea with Madame Belot. M. Belot had not yet returned, and she was anxious about him. At twelve o'clock, however, he arrived unhurt. "It is a night-mare," were the first words he said, "they will lay the city in ashes rather than surrender, and, what is heart-rending, is that so many of them have noble hearts! Let us speak of it no more to-night. Give me something to eat, my friend, I am hungry."

It was indeed, as he said, a night-mare. And yet, or so it seemed to me, the whole affair was being carried on by a small but determined minority in the face of a panic-stricken and imbecile majority. I wandered about the city fearlessly. What struck me most, was the number of women who were actively engaged in the revolution, and their courage and ferocity. I was told that they would go out to the guns and bribe the gunners with drink or kisses to let them shoot. Perhaps it was so. Nothing was too extravagant either for the saying or the doing at this time.

Coming back one afternoon from one of my walks, it occurred to me to enquire after the singer, as I used to call her to myself. Her window had been closed for several days. It was a small, "poor furnished hotel" in which she lived. The waiter informed me that the young lady after whom I was enquiring was called Mademoiselle Rose. No other name? "But no, sir; Mademoiselle Rose," quite short. And it was evident, from the waiter's manner of speech, that he had small, if any, belief in the personal disinterestedness of my enquiries. There was more yet to learn, it appeared, after an interchange of a five-franc piece. Mademoiselle Rose had been out most of the week, only coming in now and then for a few hours, and, besides, Mademoiselle Rose had not been back since yesterday morning, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. I was interested in all this, more interested than

either I cared at the time to admit, or could quite explain to myself. I went away, and, happening to see some roses for sale in a courageous shopkeeper's window, bought them, and took them home, intending to throw them to her if I had the chance. I was, I think, beginning to look on this girl as a sort of incarnation of my past life, and the might-have-been of it. I could not get her face and form out of my mind. I dreamt about her. I dreamt that I loved her, and was married to her, that we were living together in an English country village in June, that I found her plucking roses, that I came and plucked one, and gave it to her, saying—"This—this is *my* rose!" And she smiled, and kissed it, and put it into her breast. And I awoke. I could not get out of the influence of my dream for the rest of the morning.

This was the last day of the siege. The Versailles troops broke in, I was told, at Auteuil and drove the revolutionists before them with fearful slaughter. The noise of rifle-shots, now close, now far, continued, off and on, all day. At Madame Belot's request, I stayed with her and M. Belot, who was ill in bed, his exertions having been too much for him. "This finishes, this finishes," he kept saying, "but afterwards? what shall we do afterwards?" At last the evening came, and then the night. Occasional shots close to us could still be heard at times. Once a bullet came through the *salle-à-manger* window and buried itself in the ceiling, a wanton shot probably.

The next morning after breakfast, the moment that I stepped out into the balcony, I saw that Rose's window was open. I leant as usual over the railing, smoking a cigarette. Presently I saw her appear. She stood as before, looking out across the city, leaning one arm against the side of the window and her head on her arm. But, my God, how she was changed! Her face was quite pallid, nay, almost livid; her eyes had great black semi-circles underneath them; her brows were knitted, her lips drawn tight. Pain and grief, and weariness, and a brooding wrath seemed to be struggling for expression in her face. The sight of her like this gave me a shock. I could scarcely

believe my eyes. An impulse came into me to take and try to help and comfort her. She closed her eyes and her head moved down a little. Poor girl, she was quite worn out. Where had she been? What had she been doing? She opened her eyes again and probably by chance (for I cannot now believe, as I did then, that she had felt I was near her and wishing to try to help and comfort her)—probably by chance, turned them to me.

"Ah," I said, "May one throw some flowers to Madame? There are roses."

At first she did not seem to understand me. I went in, brought out the roses, and shewed them to her.

"May one?" I asked, making a gesture as if to throw them.

She bowed her head, smiling rather wearily and dreamily. I threw them. They fell at her feet. She bent, picked them up, and then, looking to me; said—

"I thank you, sir, you are very kind."

She paused a moment, gazing out over the city, and then went into the room. I would have given a hundred pounds to have been there and able to try and comfort her. Then I too went in, and did a little business-work, and wrote a little, and read a little, and dawdled a little, till it was time for *déjeuner*.

The moment *déjeuner* was over, I considered that I had, as it were, a right to go out on to the balcony again for my post-prandial smoke. I went out, then. Rose's window (she was Rose to me now) was still open, but I could see no signs of Rose. I stood leaning over the rails, smoking, watching the wreaths of smoke mounting, and being caught and carried away by the air currents. Above was an almost cloudless blue sky, the sun shining brightly. Some way up the street (not the Rue Fontenoy, the front of the house faces the Rue Fontenoy, and my room was in the side) I saw a batch of soldiers coming along. Two, officers, were ahead of the others. Even that far off I could see that they had been in the fight. I watched them with interest as they came nearer and nearer. They were small men and by no means smart. They slouched along rather than walked, but there was something both resolute, and, as it

were, sinewy in their look, that made me think they knew how to march and to fight as well as most. One of the officers was a young fellow, passably fierce and swaggering. He came along talking loudly, and gesticulating sharply to his companion, who answered little or nothing, twirling his moustache savagely with his left hand. Unfortunately for me, my powers of hearing are not commensurate with my powers of seeing. I could not hear what they said, till they were quite close. The young man was recounting a death-scene.

"I caught hold of her," he cried, "my revolver like this, thou seest. Your hands—show your hands. Black, Good. Pist—crac—pouf! There she was in bed!" He laughed out.

I threw away my cigarette-stump. The wind caught it and carried it back, so that, instead of falling into the road, it fell on to the pavement. The elder man threw up his head with a savage expression to see who had thrown this, as he probably supposed, at him. The next moment he leaped straight into the air, so high that I absolutely started back from fear that his distorted face should strike mine. The crack of a rifle was heard, and as it was echoing away among the houses, he fell forward heavily on to his face on to the pavement, with his arms bent back. Dream-like, nightmare-like, though it all seemed to me, there was yet a horrible reality about it that never for a moment let me doubt it had positively taken place. My heart seemed suddenly to stop as I looked at Rose's window, and saw her standing there, bending over the balcony, looking down into the street, a smoking rifle in the hand that was bent backward so as to rest the rifle's weight on the floor. There was a fierce cry from the soldiers. Two shots were discharged, one bullet ripping up the woodwork just by her arm. She rose deliberately, saying calmly, aloud—

"I have missed. So much the worse," and went in.

I waited to see no more. The only thing I seemed to care about in the world was to get to her—to save her. I rushed out of my room, and along the passage to the hall-door. I

fumbled and wrenched at it. At last I saw that it was locked. Back I ran into the *salon*. No one. I burst into M. Belot's bedroom, where he was in bed, with Madame Belot in a chair beside him.

"For God's sake," I cried in English, "give me the key—la clef—la clef. Je ne l'ai pas—je l'ai perdue. O vite, vite, vite!"

Madame Belot, without for a moment losing her presence of mind, took her latch-key out of her pocket and held it to me. I snatched it from her, saying thanks, and ran to the hall-door again. I managed somehow to open it. I went running and leaping down the stairs, and out by the large door into the Rue Fontenoy. I could hear a chorus of angry voices. I was round the corner in a moment, and the whole scene burst upon me. Rose standing against the wall by the window of the tap-room, the officer fiercely interrogating her, two soldiers holding her, one by either wrist. She, erect, flaming out defiance at them.

"You are a petroleuse," cried the officer, "your hands are still black."

"You are an assassin," she answered, "a coward of Versailles! You have killed my brother. Kill me too then. You are assassins, all of you!"

I hurried forward, crying "Sir, Sir!" A soldier caught hold of me, exclaiming—"Here is another! We are hand to hand! Quick, then, quick!"

The rest was as in a whirlwind and a night-mare. Rose erect, defiant: the flash of the rifles at her very breast. I uttered an agonised cry and hid my face in my arm, the soldier still holding me.

It was finished. She lay there dead. I knelt down beside her, and looked at her face, and put her dear arms down to her sides. But, when I saw in her breast one of the roses that I had given her in the morning, I broke down and sobbed like a child. And now, now that ten years have passed and all is changed to me, when I think of it I sob again.

Ah, poor faded lump of brown scented leaves, lying here in my desk with the few things that are all precious to me in the world, you are all I have, and (so it seems) all I know of "my Rose."

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES.

By D. FRASER-LUMSDEN.

The Eisteddfod is an institution that is peculiar to Wales, and amongst the people of that interesting province it has existed from time immemorial. It is unique in its character, and although venerable with age, it was never more popular, nor more potent in its influence for good, than it is to-day. Englishmen do not know much about it, and are inclined to treat it with contempt; but Welshmen all the world over glory in it. It is their great national festival; and in reply to the sneer of the alien critic, they ask whether it is not better to thus do homage to the muses, than to go wild over a horse race, or exhaust one's surplus energies in tap-room brawls. The inference is that Englishmen have no higher recreations than are provided on the turf, or in the gin palace; and many Welshmen who have never been far beyond the confines of their own native hills believe this as implicitly as they believe in the records of Holy Writ. The Welsh, as a people, have not developed any love of sport, nor do their bacchanalian proclivities predominate. The only national recreation they have is this meeting of the bards. It occupies the same position amongst them as did the Olympic games amongst the Greeks, and the highest ambition of the youth of the Principality is to achieve distinction in its various competitions.

The Eisteddfod had its origin in the institution of the bards, who, under different names, were admired and revered from the earliest ages, not only in Britain, but throughout Europe. Pennant tells us that the bards of Wales "were supposed to be endowed with power equal to inspiration. They were the oral historians of all past transactions, public and private. They related the great events of the State, and like the scalds of the northern

nations, retained the memory of numberless transactions, which otherwise would have perished in oblivion. They were likewise thoroughly acquainted with the works of the three primary bards—viz., Myrddyn ap Morfryn, Myrddyn Emrys, and Taleisin ben Beirdd. But they had another talent, which probably endeared them more than all the rest to the Welsh nobility, that of being accomplished genealogists, and flattering their vanity in singing the deeds of an ancestry derived from the most distant period. In *Leges Wallicæ*, edited by Wotton, fol. London 1730, it is stated that by the laws of Howel Dda, made about the year 940, the court bard was a domestic officer. He occupied the eighth place in the prince's court; he held his land free, the prince was to allow him a horse and a woollen robe, and the queen was to allow him a linen garment. At the three principal feasts he was to sit next the prefect of the palace, who delivered the harp into his hand; and at the same festival he was to have the robe of the steward for his fee. The bard who had won the badge of the chair, which is an honour still conferred at Eisteddfodau, and the bard of the hall, sang when required. When invested with this office, the prince was to give the bard a harp, and the queen was to give him a gold ring.

Any slight injury perpetrated on the royal bard was to be compensated by a fine of six cows, and a hundred and twenty pence, and his murder by a fine of one hundred and twenty-six cows. The marriage fine of his daughter was a hundred and twenty pence. Her nuptial present was thirty shillings, and her dower three pounds. Generally the bards occupied an important position in society, and were looked upon with reverence and esteem. When

Wales was conquered by Edward I., 1284, they lost their privileges, and were, according to tradition, persecuted and put to death. But they were countenanced by succeeding princes, and continued to exercise great influence amongst the people. The Eisteddfod was a literary festival presided over by the bards, the object of which was the preservation and encouragement of the language, literature, and arts of the Cymry, and it is stated that its judges were originally appointed first by the Princes of Wales, and after the conquest of the country, by the Kings of England. According to Pennant, such a commission was in his day in the possession of Sir Roger Mostyn, together with the silver harp which had from time immemorial been in the gift of his ancestors to bestow on the chief of the faculty. This badge of honour was about six inches long, and was furnished with strings equal to the number of the muses. The commission was the last granted, and it was dated 23rd October, 9 Elizabeth. The minstrels of England were probably the successors of the ancient bards in that country; but towards the end of the sixteenth century they had sunk so low in public estimation that a statute was passed by which "minstrels wandering abroad" were included among "rogues and vagabonds and sturdy beggars," and were subject to punishments accordingly. This, says Bishop Percy, seems to have put an end to the profession.

The bards of Wales, however, have survived, and although they have lost their original character and their position in society, they continue to hold their Eisteddfod much in the same way as it was held centuries ago by their forefathers. The title of bard is obtained by passing certain examinations, and giving evidence of a talent for poetry. The degrees are conferred by the Gorsedd, and each recipient is given a bardic name by which he is afterwards known within the mystic circle. A bard is not necessarily a poet. He must write verses; but his verses may be, and often are, simple doggerel. The only poet of admitted eminence that Wales ever possessed is Mr. Lewis Morris, and yet she has a

legion of bards, who have written verses enough to swamp the literature of the world. The average bard is a curious specimen of humanity, and would admit of a lengthened description. But this I will not at present attempt. The history of the Eisteddfod has been one of vicissitude. A few years ago it was in the hands of irresponsible and unqualified persons, and it became a very attenuated semblance of its former self. But some of the leading men of the Principality, at the head of whom was the late Sir Hugh Owen, came to the rescue, and as the result of a conference of literati and bards, changes were introduced which raised the Eisteddfod to a higher degree of excellence than ever it had before attained. It was placed under the control of a National Eisteddfod Association in conjunction with the Cymmrodorion Society of London, and the influence of the whole nation was evoked to aid in the resurrection of the dry bones. Instead of half a dozen so-called "National Eisteddfodau" it was resolved that only one Eisteddfod should be held each year. The Cymmrodorion Society undertook to subsidise the funds, and to form a literary section for the discussion of subjects of importance to the Principality. The institution is now under most efficient management; it obtains the support of all classes of society, and it is a credit to the people of Wales. Even Her Majesty the Queen has given it her patronage, and the wife of Mr. W. E. Gladstone has spoken upon its platform.

As I have stated, the object of the Eisteddfod is the preservation and encouragement of the language, literature, and arts of the Cymry. An ancient bard who lived about four centuries ago, said the object was "remembrance of the past, study of the present, and judgment of the future." Then he added, "What is past cannot be amended, what is, must remain as it is, what is to come may be improved." This is a thoroughly bardic definition, and I give it as a commentary on my first statement. But my experience has been that "remembrance of the past" has in some degree excluded "the study of the present"

and "the judgment of the future." The national vanity of the Welshman has little to feed itself upon in the study of the present, and he is, therefore, always thinking and talking about the distant past, when, as history informs us, Wales was a centre of culture and refinement, with its seats of learning, and its associations of minstrels and bards. Wales has always been a distinct nation. The people have clung with great tenacity to their mother tongue, and have lived in a state of almost complete isolation from the great world outside. This has retarded their progress; but they are now striving to adapt themselves to the requirements of the times, and great changes are taking place amongst them. On the recommendation of a Departmental Committee that was appointed the Government have undertaken the establishment of a complete system of higher and intermediate education, which is eventually to have its summit in a national university. Two colleges have been founded, one in North, and the other in South Wales, each of which receives a grant from the State of £4000 a year. The Principal of the latter college, which is located at Cardiff, is Mr. J. V. Jones, the son of the late Rev. T. Jones so well known in Melbourne. He is only twenty-eight years of age, but he had previous experience as Principal of the University College at Sheffield. Wales has now opportunities of advancement that she has never had before, and there is a grand future before her. But at present she is much behind both England and Scotland, and the great powers which her sons and daughters undoubtedly possess, are not developed and utilised as they ought to be in the various departments of activity in the state. Welshmen are still too fond of living in the past and dreaming of the future instead of acting in the present—"Heart within and God o'erhead." Apart from this, the results of the Eisteddfod have been excellent, though not brilliant or remarkable.

The most valuable work ever produced at an Eisteddfod was "The History of the Literature of the Cymry," by Thomas Stephens; and the institution has given a first incentive to several

persons who have afterwards risen to eminence, one of whom is Mr. Brinley Richards, the distinguished composer. But libraries of poetry and prose have been written by the votaries of Eisteddfodau, which have only been fit for the waste-paper basket, and the modern literature of the country has not received any extensive additions from this source. Contributions have been described by incompetent adjudicators as being equal to anything written in ancient or modern times, but they have never afterwards been heard of. The Welsh do not now excel in either literature or art, but in vocal music they show great aptitude and ability. Wales is the land of song. Almost every Welshman is gifted with a good voice and an appreciative ear, and in no other country in the world could so many choirs be drawn together from the ranks of the working classes who could render the works of the great composers in a manner that would give pleasure to the most fastidious critic. The first prize in the great choral competition which took place at the Crystal Palace in 1870, was won by a Welsh choir, under the leadership of Caradog. The majority of the choirs are trained by non-professional conductors, and the excellence to which they attain is therefore remarkable. At the same time the performances of such choirs is seldom free from defects. Their genius is a natural growth, it is redundant and conspicuous, but it lacks the perfect culture which only science can impart. The competitions in music form the chief feature of every Eisteddfod, and it is in this department the institution has achieved its most marked success.

I will now ask my readers to go with me to Wales, and to place themselves in the position of spectators of this great national festival. This is the first day. The town in which the meeting is held is gay with bunting. Venetian masts line the thoroughfares, streamers of banners span the streets. Every flag-post has its bright appendage, and the approach to the Temple of the Muses is through a magnificent triumphal arch, the most striking decorations of which are the huge red dragon and the motto inscribed in

the vernacular "Truth against the world." The town is thronged with Taffies from the hills, and as we mix with them we catch some of their exuberance of spirits, although we cannot understand what they say, for they speak in a tongue that is foreign to us. A procession starts from the Town Hall, headed by a band, and an open state carriage drawn by four grey horses, on which rides a demure postilion in scarlet jacket and velvet hunting-cap. In this carriage is his worship the mayor, with cocked hat, gold chain, and flowing robe, and the President of the day, who is no less a person than a peer of the realm. The main body of the procession is composed of aldermen and councillors, members of the Cymmrodorion and National Eisteddfod Association, members of the general committee, bards, etc. The route is lined with spectators, who demonstrate their enthusiasm in stentorian cheers. The journey ended, we proceed to the spot in the field adjoining the pavilion at which the meeting of the Gorseddogion is to take place. The Gorsedd is a relic of Druidism, but its origin is unknown. It is a meeting of the bards at which addresses in verse are delivered, and bardic degrees conferred, etc. It has a religious as well as a literary side. The meeting is held within a circle of twelve stones, which represent the signs of the zodiac; and in the centre of these is a larger stone, which symbolises the Druidic ark. This latter stone is called by the bards *Maen Llôg*, or the "stone of the oath," and the explanation given is that it was on this stone the Britons took their solemn oath. In ancient days, says the Welsh historian, a bard robed in blue stood at each symbol of the zodiac, and the chief bard, robed in white, with a nimbus of gold on his head, and the *Tydain* in his right hand, took his stand on the ark with his face to the east. He bore a character for great sanctity, and was "a priest of the highest order known to the children of men." The Gorsedd is now deprived of all elaborate ceremonial, but it retains to some extent its original character, and to the uninitiated Philistine its ritual is absurd and meaning-

less. It is, however, interesting as a relic of the dim past. The crowd having assembled around the circle of federation, and the bards having taken up their places, the chief bard steps on to the stone of the oath. He is eighty-three years of age. He is venerable in appearance, with a keen bright eye, and hair and beard white almost as the driven snow. He is a good type of his class. He presents no evidence of great intellectuality, and he certainly would not be mistaken for a Tennyson or a Browning. The Gorsedd is opened by a fanfare of trumpets, and the officiating priest invokes the divine blessing in a prayer, which is said to have come down from Druidic times. The following is a translation:—"Render us, O God, thy protection, and in that protection power, in that power wisdom, in that wisdom knowledge, in that knowledge to know the just, in knowing the just to love, and in loving to love every attribute, and in loving every attribute to love God." The chief bard then repeats the mottoes of the Eisteddfod, and between each he asks "Is it peace?" to which the bards answer "Peace." He next recites words to the following effect, "God of all goodness; heart to heart; who kills shall be killed; O Jesus permit no evil," and makes a proclamation that the Gorsedd is opened. "When the age of Christ was 18—and the period of the Gorsedd of the Isle of Britain approaching the autumnal equinox, that is, the computed course of the sun, and at the hour when the mist had arisen from the earth, and after summons had been issued through all Wales by the horn of the country, and shout above shout, and made evident in the sight of the country, this Gorsedd is now opened in the ancient town of ———," etc. Then there is another fanfare of trumpets, the bards recite original verses, and a sword is sheathed as an emblem of peace. This brings the meeting, which has been conducted in the open air, "in the face of the sun," and "in the eye of light," as the Welsh express it, to a close, and the Gorsedd is adjourned to a subsequent day when the degrees will be conferred. We now enter the

pavilion, and witness the proceedings of the Eisteddfod. A large and enthusiastic audience has assembled, the great majority of whom are persons from the hills, for Welshmen flock to this festival as Mahomedans to Mecca on the occasion of the annual pilgrimage. The building is decorated with flags, banners, and mottoes, and as one gazes on the scene before him he feels as if he had just passed from some sylvan grove in which ancient druids worship into a centre of modern activity and life. A considerable proportion of those present are competitors and they carry sheets of music in their hands. They are full of excitement, and converse with each other in animated tones. Some of them speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and their phraseology is peculiar. We catch such sentences as "Indeed now look you," "Yes, yes, bachan," "Was you ever see such thing," etc. They are people of the lower and middle class, and we are at once impressed with the excellence of the institution which is able to bring them together for so laudable a purpose. On the appearance of the noble president, who is accompanied by a number of ladies and gentlemen of high social position, the audience rise *en masse*, and cheer after cheer reverberates through the commodious building. Then with great appropriateness, for the Welsh are a loyal people, the National Anthem is played upon the organ, and as soon as the last note of this piece is sounded a fanfare of trumpets calls the multitude to silence. An address is presented to the president, and he delivers his opening speech, which is an erudite disquisition on the ethnological antiquity of the Cymry. This ended, the conductor calls upon the bards to come forward according to ancient usage, and address the chair in englynion. The invitation is responded to by a number of very ordinary-looking individuals, with long hair, and weird faces, who recite their verses in somewhat ponderous tones. The merits of these pieces may be described as bad and indifferent. Here is a specimen—

"The bards have given greeting,
In the fine old Cymric tongue,

To our venerable President,
Who, thank God, seems very young.

"Could I command the language
Of every tribe on earth,
I would sing in varied stanzas
Of his transcendent worth."

Yet this gentleman rejoices in the title of "bard," and I have not heard that he has since been excommunicated. We are all glad to see the backs of these representatives of the *genus irritabile vatum*, and we listen with a feeling of relief to a fine rendering of the song "Men of Harlech." Then the business of the Eisteddfod is commenced, and, in the eloquent words of an unpublished poem by Mr. Lewis Morris:

The close ranked faces rise
With their watching, eager eyes,
And the banners, and the mottoes blaze above,
And without, a solemn band,
The eternal mountains stand;
And the salt-sea river ebbs and flows again,
And thro' the long drawn vales the wandering
winds complain.

Here is the congress met,
The bardic senate set:
And young hearts flutter at the voice of fate.
All the fair August day
Song echoes, harpers play,
And on the unaccustomed ear the strange
Penillion rise and fall through change and
counterchange.

The innocent, peaceful strife,
This struggle to fuller life,
Is still the one delight of Cymric souls.
Swell blended rhythms! still
The gay pavilions fill:
Soar, oh, young voices, resonant and fair,
Still let the sheathed swords gleam above the
bardic chair!

The salt sea ebbs and flows,
And the song tide wanes and goes,
And the singers and the harp players are
dumb;
The eternal mountains rise
Like a cloud upon the skies,
And my heart is full of joy for the songs that
are still,
The deep sea, and the roaring hills, and the
steadfast omnipotent will.

The Eisteddfod is continued over four days, and on each day the attendance increases until on the last day the pavilion will not contain the mass of Welsh men and women who have made the pilgrimage to the shrine of the muses. I will not attempt to describe all the details of the meeting, but minimise what took place into a few sentences, in which I will try to embody every incident of importance. Speaking generally, I may say that

adjudications are delivered on essays, musical compositions, poems, etc., which have been sent in, and competitions are conducted on the platform in vocal and instrumental music. The former are not of much interest to us as outsiders, but we observe that some of the prizes are withheld, including what is known as the "Chair" prize—owing not to the want of competitors, but to the absence of merit. The chair prize is the most coveted trophy of the Eisteddfod. The winner is chaired and made a bard forthwith, and in addition he receives a gold medal and £21. In other instances the remarks of the adjudicators are flattering, but it is not in poetry or prose that the genius of the people is shown, it is in music. The competitions in music are a great treat, and in listening to these we enjoy ourselves to the top of our bent. The solos on the harp are excellent, but it is the singing that pleases us most. This is simply grand, and the adjudicators, who are all men of eminence, speak in high terms of praise of the talent of the singers. There are solos, duetts, trios, quartettes, and choruses. Where the competitors are numerous, they are "weeded" in an adjacent tent, and only the best are, therefore, heard by the audience. The prizes vary in value from £2 2s. to £100. The latter prize, with a gold medal, is offered in what is always known as "the great choral competition." The pieces selected for this competition are from Handel, Sullivan, and Jenkins, and the only condition imposed is that the choirs shall not consist of less than one hundred and fifty, nor more than two hundred voices. Six choirs have entered, and they sing in turn as previously arranged. During this contest the pavilion is crowded to excess, and great excitement prevails, every choir having its partisans amongst the audience. When the adjudicator rises to pronounce judgment there is perfect stillness, but as soon as he gives the name of the successful choir, which is the only choir amongst the number that is under the care of a professional conductor, uproar ensues, and the remainder of his speech cannot be heard. The enthusiasm of the partisans of the choir

is beyond restraint. They cheer, wave handkerchiefs, and throw their hats into the air, and when they have thus exhausted their energies they adjourn to the refreshment room to enjoy a convivial drink, and discuss the incidents of the contest. After this order cannot be restored, and the Eisteddfod is soon brought to a final close with a recital on the organ. At the close of each competition the winner ascended the platform, and was invested by a lady with a blue riband, at the end of which was a purse containing his prize. At one Eisteddfod I attended, a handsome girl came forward to receive her award, and the wicked old conductor, overcome by her charms, seized hold of her, and imprinted a kiss upon her ruby lips. I suppose that at the time he had what the Welsh call the *Hwyl*, or in other words the Cymric fire, upon him, and it was an act of involition. I forgave him because I should have been very glad to have done the same thing myself; but the general public did not, and he was afterwards very severely censured for his impertinence and indiscretion. Nothing of this kind now takes place; but the ceremony of investment is nevertheless not without incident. During the Eisteddfod we visit the Art department and the Cymmrodorion section. In the Art department a striking example is presented to us of the value of the Eisteddfod in discovering genius where it exists. The silver medal is awarded to a crayon drawing from cast sent in by a youth of humble origin, and the adjudicators are so much struck with the ability the work displays, that they call special attention to it and say that the young artist "is likely to repay the consideration of those who may give him the means of further artistic training." The noble President of the first day is spoken to on the subject, and he sends the youth to London to study under an eminent artist. All Wales is now watching his career with interest. The Cymmrodorion section resembles a section at a British Association. A variety of subjects are discussed and we learn much about Wales that we did not know before.

We also attend the concerts that are held in the evening, and hear a number

of distinguished vocalists from London, some of whom are able to sing in the Welsh language. At one of these concerts Idris Vychan gives us a specimen of the art of penillion singing of which he is the only living representative. The peculiarity of penillion is that the singer accompanies the instrument, instead of the instrument accompanying the singer. He has to be careful to begin each stanza with a bar,

and the skill of the singer is shown in the adaptation of the words to the music. The performance on this occasion causes some amusement, as the vocal accompaniment is the alphabet and the multiplication table.

The week of the Eisteddfod is one of general festivity. In addition to the concerts there are banquets, garden parties, dances, etc., and the business of the town is to some extent suspended.

MARY MARSTON *

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WEDDING DRESS.

For all her troubles, however, Mary had her pleasures, even in the shop. It was a delight to receive the friendly greetings of such as had known and honoured her father. She had the pleasure, as real as it was simple, of pure service, reaping the fruit of the earth in the joy of the work that was given her to do; there is no true work that does not carry its reward, though there are few that do not drop it and lose it. She gathered also the pleasure of seeing and talking with people whose manners and speech were of finer grain and tone than those about her. When Hesper Mortimer entered the shop, she brought with her delight; her carriage was like the gait of an ode; her motions were rhythm; and her speech was music. Her smile was light, and her whole presence an enchantment to Mary. The reading aloud

which Wardour had led her to practise had taught her much, not only in respect of the delicacies of speech and utterance, but in the deeper matters of motion, relation, and harmony. Hesper's clear-cut, but not too sharply defined consonants; her soft, but full-bodied vowels; above all her slow cadences that hovered on the verge of song, as her walk on the verge of a slow ærial dance—the carriage of her head, the movements of her lips, her arms, her hands; the self-possession that seemed the very embodiment of law—these formed together a whole of inexpressible delight inextricably for Mary associated with music and verse: she would hasten to serve her as if she had been an angel come to do a little earthly shopping, and return with the next heavenward tide. Hesper, in response all but unconscious, would be

waited on by no other than Mary ; and always between them passed some sweet, gentle nothings, which afforded Hesper more pleasure than she could have accounted for.

Her wedding-day was now for the third time fixed, when one morning she entered the shop to make some purchases. Not happy in the prospect before her, she was yet inclined to make the best of it so far as clothes were concerned—the more so, perhaps, that she had seldom yet been dressed to her satisfaction : she was now brooding over a certain idea for her wedding-dress, which she had altogether failed in the attempt to convey to her London *couturière* ; and it had come into her head to try whether Mary might not grasp her idea, and help her to make it intelligible.

Mary listened and thought, questioned, and desired explanations—at length begged she would allow her to ponder the thing a little : she could hardly at once venture to say anything. Hesper laughed, and said she was taking a small matter too seriously—concluding from Mary's hesitation that she had but perplexed her, and that she could be of no use to her in the difficulty.

"A small matter? Your wedding-dress!" exclaimed Mary, in a tone of expostulation.

Hesper did not laugh again, but gave a little sigh instead, which struck sadly on Mary's sympathetic heart. She cast a quick look in her face. Hesper caught the look, and understood it. For one passing moment she felt as if, amidst the poor pleasure of adorning herself for a hated marriage, she had found a precious thing of which she had once or twice dreamed, never thought as a possible existence—a friend, namely, to love her : the next, she saw the absurdity of imagining a friend in a shop-girl.

"But I must make up my mind so soon!" she answered. "Madame Crepine gave me her idea, in answer to mine, but nothing like it, two days ago; and, as I have not written again, I fear she may be taking her own way with the thing. I am certain to hate it."

"I will talk to you about it as early as you please to-morrow, if that will do," returned Mary.

She knew nothing about dressmaking beyond what came of a true taste, and the experience gained in cutting out and making her own garments, which she had never yet found a dressmaker to do to her mind ; and indeed Hesper had been led to ask her advice mainly from observing how neat the design of her dresses was, and how faithfully they fitted her. Dress is a sort of free-masonry between girls.

"But I cannot have the horses to-morrow," said Hesper.

"I might," pondered Mary aloud, after a moment's silence, "walk out to Durnmelling this evening after the shop is shut. By that time I shall have been able to think ; I find it impossible with you before me."

Hesper acknowledged the compliment with a very pleasant smile. If it be true, as I may not doubt, that women, in dressing, have the fear of women and not of men before their eyes, then a compliment from some women must be more acceptable to some, than a compliment from any man but the specially favoured.

"Thank you a thousand times," she drawled, sweetly. "Then I shall expect you. Ask for my maid. She will take you to my room. Good-bye for the present."

As soon as she was gone, Mary, her mind's eye full of her figure, her look, her style, her motion, gave herself to the important question of the dress conceived by Hesper ; and during her dinner-hour contrived to cut out and fit to her own person the pattern of a garment such as she supposed intended in the not very lucid description she had given her. When she was free, she set out with it for Durnmelling.

It was rather a long walk, the earlier part of it full of sad reminders of the pleasure with which, greater than ever accompanied her to church, she went to pay her Sunday visit at Thornwick ; but the latter part, although the places were so near, almost new to her : she had never been within the gate of Durnmelling, and felt curious to see the house of which she had so often heard.

The butler opened the door to her—an elderly man, of conscious dignity rather than pride, who received the

"young person" graciously, and leaving her in the entrance-hall, went to find "Miss Mortimer's maid," he said, though there was but one lady's maid in the establishment.

The few moments she had to wait far more than repaid her for the trouble she had taken: through a side-door she looked into the great roofless hall, the one grand thing about the house. Its majesty laid hold upon her, and the shopkeeper's daughter felt the power of the ancient dignity and ineffaceable beauty, far more than any of the family to which it had for centuries belonged.

She was standing lost in delight, when a rude voice called to her from halfway up a stair—

"You're to come this way, miss."

With a start, she turned and went.

It was a large room to which she was led. There was no one in it, and she walked to an open window, which had a wide outlook across the fields. A little to the right, over some trees, were the chimneys of Thornwick. She almost started to see them—so near and yet so far—like the memory of a sweet, sad story.

"Do you like my prospect?" asked the voice of Hesper behind her. "It is flat."

"I like it much, Miss Mortimer," answered Mary, turning quickly with a bright face. "Flatness has its own beauty. I sometimes feel as if room was all I wanted; and of that there is so much there! You see over the tree-tops too, and that is good—sometimes—don't you think?"

Miss Mortimer gave no other reply than a gentle stare, which expressed no curiosity, although she had a vague feeling that Mary's words meant something. Most girls of her class would hardly have got so far.

The summer was backward, but the day had been fine and warm, and the evening was dewy and soft, and full of evasive odour. The window looked westward, and the setting sun threw long shadows towards the house. A gentle wind was moving in the tree-tops. The spirit of the evening had laid hold of Mary. The peace of faithfulness filled the air. The day's business vanished, molten in the rest of

the coming night. Even Hesper's wedding-dress was gone from her thoughts. She was in her own world, and ready, for very quietness of spirit, to go to sleep. But she had not forgotten the delight of Hesper's presence; it was only that all relation between them was gone except such as was purely human.

"This reminds me so of some beautiful verses of Henry Vaughan!" she said, half dreamily.

"What do they say?" drawled Hesper.

Mary repeated as follows:—

"The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
And backward life at last comes on.
And here in dust and dirt, O here,
The Lilies of his love appear!"

"Whose did you say the lines were?" asked Hesper, with merest automatic response.

"Henry Vaughan's," answered Mary, with a little spiritual shiver, as of one who had dropt a pearl in the miry way.

"I never heard of him," rejoined Hesper, with entire indifference.

For anything she knew, he might be an occasional writer in *The Belgrave Magazine*, or *The Fireside Herald*. Ignorance is one of the many things of which a lady of position is never ashamed; wherein she is, it may be, more right than most of my readers will be inclined to allow; for ignorance is not the thing to be ashamed of, but neglect of knowledge. That a young person in Mary's position should know a certain thing, was, on the other hand, a reason why a lady in Hesper's position should not know it! Was it possible a shop-girl should know anything that Hesper ought to know and did not? It was foolish of Mary, perhaps, but she had vaguely felt that a beautiful lady like Miss Mortimer, and with such a name as Hesper, must know all the lovely things she knew, and many more besides.

"He lived in the time of the Charleses," she said, with a tremble in her voice, for she was ashamed to show her knowledge against the other's ignorance.

"Ah!" drawled Hesper, with a confused feeling that people who kept shops read stupid old books that lay about, because they could not subscribe to a circulating library.—

"Are you fond of poetry?" she added; for the slight shadowy shyness into which her venture had thrown Mary, drew her heart a little, though she hardly knew it, and inclined her to say something.

"Yes," answered Mary, who felt like a child questioned by a stranger in the road; "—when it is good," she added, hesitatingly.

"What do you mean by good?" asked Hesper—out of her knowledge, Mary thought, but it was not even out of her ignorance, only out of her indifference. People must say something lest life should stop.

"That is a question difficult to answer," replied Mary. "I have often asked it of myself, but never got any plain answer."

"I do not see why you should find any difficulty in it," returned Hesper, with a shadow of interest. "You know what you mean when you say to yourself you like this, or you do not like that."

"How clever she is, too," thought Mary; but she answered, "I don't think I ever say anything to myself about the poetry I read—not at the time, I mean. If I like it, it drowns me; and if I don't like it, it is as the Dead Sea to me, in which you know you can't sink, if you try ever so."

Hesper saw nothing in the words, and began to fear that Mary was so stupid as to imagine herself clever; whereupon the fancy she had taken to her began to sink like water in sand. The two were still on their feet, near the window, Mary, in her bonnet, with her back to it, and Hesper, in evening attire, with her face to the sunset, so that the one was like a darkling worshipper, the other like the radiant goddess. But the truth was, that Hesper was a mere earthly woman, and Mary a heavenly messenger to her. Neither of them knew it, but so it was; for the angels are essentially humble, and Hesper would have condescended to any angel out of her own class.

"I think I know good poetry by what it does to me," resumed Mary, thoughtfully, just as Hesper was about to pass to the business of the hour.

"Indeed!" rejoined Hesper, not less puzzled than before, if the word should

be used where there was no effort to understand. Poetry had never done anything to her, and Mary's words conveyed no shadow of an idea.

The tone of her *Indeed* checked Mary. She hesitated a moment, but went on.

"Sometimes," she said, "it makes me feel as if my heart were too big for my body; sometimes as if all the grand things in heaven and earth were trying to get into me at once; sometimes as if I had discovered something nobody else knew; sometimes as if—no, not *as if*, for then I *must* go and pray to God. But I am trying to tell you what I don't know how to tell. I am not talking nonsense, I hope, only ashamed of myself that I can't talk sense.—I will show you what I have been doing about your dress."

Far more to Hesper's surprise and admiration than any of her half-foiled attempts at the utterance of her thoughts, Mary, taking from her pocket the shape she had prepared, put it on herself, and slowly revolving before Hesper, revealed what in her eyes was a masterpiece.

"But how clever of you!" she cried. —Her own fingers had not been quite innocent of the labour of the needle, for money had long been scarce at Durnmelling, and in the paper shape she recognised the hand of an artist. —"Why," she continued, "you are nothing less than an accomplished dressmaker!"

"That I dare not think myself," returned Mary, "seeing I never had a lesson."

"I wish you would make my wedding-dress," said Hesper.

"I could not venture, even if I had the time," answered Mary. "The moment I began to cut into the stuff, I should be terrified, and lose my self-possession. I never made a dress for anybody but myself."

"You are a little witch!" said Hesper; while Mary, who had roughly prepared a larger shape, proceeded to fit it to her person.

She was busy pinning and unpinning, shifting and pinning again, when suddenly Hesper said,

"I suppose you know I am going to marry money?"

"Oh! don't say that. It's too dreadful!" cried Mary, stopping her work, and looking up in Hesper's face.

"What! you supposed I was going to marry a man like Mr. Redmain for love?" rejoined Hesper, with a hard laugh.

"I cannot bear to think of it!" said Mary. "But you do not really mean it! You are only—making fun of me! Do say you are."

"Indeed I am not. I wish I could say I was! It is very horrid, I know, but where's the good of mincing matters? If I did not call the thing by its name, the thing would be just the same. You know people in our world have to do as they must; they can't pick and choose like you happy creatures. I daresay, now, you are engaged to a young man you love with all your heart, one you would rather marry than any other in the whole universe."

"Oh dear no!" returned Mary, with a smile most plainly fancy-free. "I am not engaged, nor in the least likely to be."

"And not in love either?" said Hesper—with such coolness that Mary looked up in her face to know if she had really said so.

"No," she replied.

"No more am I," echoed Hesper; "that is the one good thing in the business: I shan't break my heart, as some girls do. At least, so they say—I don't believe it: how could a girl be so indecent? It is bad enough to marry a man: that one can't avoid; but to die of a broken heart is to be a traitor to your sex. As if women couldn't live without men!"

Mary smiled, and was silent. She had read a good deal, and thought she understood such things better than Miss Mortimer. But she caught herself smiling, and felt as if she had sinned. For that a young woman should speak of love and marriage as Miss Mortimer did, was too horrible to be understood—and she had smiled! She would have been less shocked with Hesper, however, had she known that she forced an indifference she could not feel,—her last poor rampart of sand against the sea of horror rising around her. But from her heart she pitied her, almost as one of the lost.

"Don't fix your eyes like that," said Hesper, angrily, "or I shall cry. Look the other way, and listen—I am marrying money, I tell you—and for money; therefore I ought to get the good of it. Mr. Mortimer will be father enough to see to that! So I shall be able to do what I please. I have fallen in love with you; and why shouldn't I have you for my—"

She paused, hesitating: what was it she was about to propose to the little lady standing before her! She had been going to say *maid*—what was it that checked her? The feeling was to herself shapeless and nameless; but, however, some of my readers may smile at the notion of a girl who served behind a counter being a lady, and however ready Hesper Mortimer would have been to join them, it was yet a vague sense of the fact that was now embarrassing her, for she was not half lady enough to deal with it. In very truth, Mary Marston was already immeasurably more of a lady than Hesper Mortimer was ever likely to be in this world. What was the stateliness and pride of the one compared to the fact that the other would have died in the workhouse or the street rather than let a man she did not love embrace her—yes, if all her ancestors in hell had required the sacrifice! To be a martyr to a lie is but false ladyhood. She only is a lady who witnesses to the truth, come of it what may.

"—for my—my companion, or something of the sort," concluded Hesper; "and then I should be sure of being always dressed to my mind."

"That *would* be nice!" responded Mary, thinking only of the kindness in the speech.

"Would you really like it?" asked Hesper, in her turn pleased.

"I should like it very much," replied Mary, not imagining the proposal had in it a shadow of seriousness. "I wish it were possible."

"Why not, then? Why shouldn't it be possible? I don't suppose you would mind using your needle a little?"

"Not in the least," answered Mary, amused. "Only what would they do in the shop without me?"

"They could get somebody else, couldn't they?"

"Hardly to take my place. My father was Mr. Turnbull's partner."

"Oh!" said Hesper, not much instructed. "I thought you had only to give warning!"

There the matter dropped, and Mary thought no more about it.

"You will let me keep this pattern?" said Hesper.

"It was made for you," answered Mary.

While Hesper was lazily thinking whether that meant she was to pay for it, Mary made her a pretty obeisance, and bade her good-night. Hesper returned her adieu kindly, but neither shook hands with her, nor rang the bell to have her shown out. Mary found her own way, however, and presently was breathing the fresh air of the twilight fields, on her way home to her piano and her books.

For some time after she was gone, Hesper was entirely occupied with the excogitation of certain harmonies of the toilette, that must minister effect to the dress she had now so plainly before her mind's eye; but by-and-by the dress began to melt away, and, like a dissolving view, disappeared, leaving in its place the form of "that singular shop-girl." There was nothing striking about her; she made no such sharp impression on the mind as compelled one to think of her again; yet always, when one had been long enough in her company to feel the charm of her individuality, the very quiet of any quiet moment was enough to bring back the sweetness of Mary's twilight-presence. For this girl, who spent her days behind a counter, was one of the spiritual forces at work for the conservation and recovery of the universe.

Not only had Hesper Mortimer never had a friend worthy of the name, but no idea of pure friendship had as yet been generated in her. Sepia was the nearest to her intimacy: how far friendship could have place between two such I need not inquire; but in her fits of misery Hesper had no other to go to. Those fits, alas! grew less and less frequent; for Hesper was on the downward incline; but when the next came, after this interview, she found herself haunted, at a little distance, as it were, by a strange sense of dumb

invisible tending. It did not once come close to her; it did not once offer her the smallest positive consolation; the thing was only this, that the essence of Mary's being was so purely ministration, that her form could not recur to any memory without bringing with it a dreamy sense of help. Most powerful of all powers in its holy insinuation, is *being*. *To be* is more powerful than even *to do*. Action *may* be hypocrisy, but being is the thing itself, and is the parent of action. Had anything that Mary *said* recurred to Hesper, she would have thought of it only as the poor sentimentality of a low education.

But Hesper did not think of Mary's position as low; that would have been to measure it, and it did not once suggest itself as having any relation to any life in which she was interested. She saw no difference of level between Mary and the lawyer who came about her marriage settlements: they were together beyond her social horizon. In like manner moral differences—and that in her own class—were almost equally beyond recognition. If by neglect of its wings, an eagle should sink to a dodo, it would then recognise only the laws of dodo life. For the dodos of humanity, did not one believe in a consuming fire and an outer darkness, what would be left us but an ever-renewed *alas!* It is truth and not imperturbability that a man's nature requires of him; it is help, not the leaving of cards at doors, that will be recognised as the test; it is love, and no amount of flattery, that will prosper; differences wide as that between a gentleman and a cad, will contract to a hair's breadth in that day; the customs of the trade and the picking of pockets will go together, with the greater excuse for the greater need and the less knowledge; liars the most gentleman-like and the most rowdy will go as liars; the first shall be last, and the last first.

Hesper's day grew on. She had many things to think about—things very different from any that concerned Mary Marston. She was married; found life in London somewhat absorbing; and forgot Mary.

(*To be continued*).

"OUR DOCTOR."

By "IATROS."

NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

Nervous depression, so common nowadays, and apparently on the increase, is one of the outcomes of an increased civilization. We are often assured by fathers and grandfathers that there were no such things as "nerves" in their day; while our elderly female friends tell us "when they were girls they never had 'hysterics,' and if they had ——!"

Almost everyone in these days, however, has had more or less acquaintance with both *nervous depression* and *nervous excitation*. The few favoured individuals who have experienced little of these nervous complaints find it difficult to believe how real the suffering often is. They say they cannot understand how a man or a woman becomes laid up with "the nerves." Naturally such people vote the malady an imaginary one; and generally manage to convey the idea to the afflicted person that they think so. What was already sufficiently hard to bear is thus rendered still more unbearable.

Of course there are frauds perpetrated in this respect as in so many others; but this by no means proves that all cases of nervous depression are feigned. Such a malady certainly exists, and is just as real as is either typhoid fever or heart disease.

The symptoms of nervous depression are very varied, but there is one dominant feature in nearly all cases—apprehension of impending evil. Of course the apprehension is manifested in various ways. Some persons afflicted with this malady will never venture out when the wind is at all high, lest they should be the specially selected victims of some falling tiles or chimneys.

Others are always in constant dread when passing a high building or tall wall, for fear it may topple over on them. Then others will walk miles rather than travel by rail; and as for entrusting themselves to the tender mercies of the sea ——!

In fact apprehensions of every possible kind are common symptoms. Concomitant with this condition are various other symptoms. The most notable are headache, giddiness, specks floating before the eyes, noises in the ears, inappetency and nausea, palpitation, trembling, etc. The sum of these symptoms constitutes nervous depression. Those afflicted with the complaint are listless, constantly weary, fatigued with the slightest exertion, and declare life to be a burden to them. So much for the most noticeable symptoms of the disorder. Then, as to cause, nervous depression is chiefly to be met with among men occupied with intellectual pursuits requiring severe protracted strain on the mental faculties. But persons otherwise employed often suffer in this way especially if the work requires long hours and close confinement during that time. To those subject to nervous depression the first three months of the year are always very trying. The above-described morbid sensations are always greatly intensified at this season without any apparent cause, without any extra work or worry; and thus it is not seldom concluded at this time that life is *not* worth living.

Many of the habits of modern life cause a considerable strain upon the brain. Hurry, worry, excitement, and, in fact, excesses of any kind seem to us to be at the root of the evil we are

speaking of. We live too fast. To "take things easily" seems to be an utter impossibility in the rush of life at present; and yet it is a piece of advice which should ever be present to the minds of those engaged in any kind of work liable to stimulate the mind and feelings excessively.

Women seem to be affected by a very different set of causes to those which bring about the same results in men. The most common cause seems to be the want of definite employment, excessive novel-reading being often an unsuspected, but really a very powerful accessory aid. Then, again, anything which tends to derange the digestive apparatus, such as too close confinement to the house and constant tea-tipping may produce the same results.

As to treatment. In the first place the sufferer should be given to understand that his complaint is curable; in the second that the chief part of the cure will rest with himself. If he strives resolutely to get well, and determines not to give way to depression-fits, the cure is half made already. A complete change of scenery and surroundings often accelerates the recovery wonderfully. Afterwards moderate work should be returned to. If the pursuit a nervous sufferer is engaged in be one of a very depressing or very exciting nature it ought to be given up altogether, if possible; or, at all events, avoided for a considerable time. We would not wish it to be inferred from what we have already said that a complete *dolce far niente* is advisable in cases of nervous depression. Far from it; for idleness is the very hot-bed for the growth of all kinds of morbid fancies. No; get the sufferer away from his present surroundings, and he will always find something to do to interest and amuse himself. Shakespeare says:—

"'Tis ever common

That men are merriest when they are from home."

This should ever be borne in mind in the treatment of cases of nervous depression.

One of the most constant symptoms, and in many cases the direct cause of nervous depression is dyspepsia. This requires for treatment great care in diet, and generally the use of some tonic which we should recommend to have prescribed by some medical man. Then careful attention to the ordinary hygienic rules will do much good—plenty of fresh air, abundant use of cold water for bathing, and a fair amount of exercise. Above all, stimulants should be avoided. When depressed the daily quantity of stimulants should rather be diminished than increased; for at this time the already enfeebled nervous system would become still more and more debilitated by the temporary excitation and sequential reaction and prostration following upon each ingestion of alcohol.

To sum up. Change of air and scenery, exercise, fresh air, careful dieting, tonics, avoidance of alcohol, are all necessary conditions to be adopted to ensure restoration to health. But still the most important part of the treatment remains to be considered.

That is the part that lies with the patient himself. He must make up his mind not to give way to his depression. He must fight against his languor and dread impressions. With resolution formed to combat all difficulties, and hope that convalescence will soon commence, on the part of the patient, the work of the physician is comparatively easy. Once convalescent, the previous sufferer must adopt simple habits of life, moderation in all things, cheerful rational amusements, and reasonable care.

MISFORTUNE.

Misfortune stands with her bow ever bent
Over the world: and he who wounds another,
Directs the goddess by that part he wounds,
Where to strike deep her arrows in himself.

—Youn³²_{8,11}.

"OUR GARDENER."

By DAVID A. CRICHTON.

Many spring flowering plants only retain their beauty for comparatively short periods, and when they have bloomed afford no further attractions. In this class we may place the Primrose family, as also such early flowering bulbs as Hyacinths, Tulips, Ranunculus and others. After the blooming period is past, these plants add nothing to the appearance of the flower garden, but on the other hand they occupy places that could be filled to better advantage during the summer. Every one who cultivates a flower garden should endeavour to make the most of the area at his command, and more especially in places where space is limited. Besides Primroses, Polyanthuses, Daisies, and other small Alpine plants, if growing in exposed situations during the hot weather often suffer severely from the effects of heat and drought, and very frequently die off. This risk may in a great measure be avoided if the plants are taken up as soon as they have done flowering, and re-planted in some spot where they can be shaded and supplied with moisture without much labour. In taking up bulbs the roots must not be disturbed more than can be avoided, as it is essential that the plants should perfect their growth of leaves unchecked. Among the many attractive plants that may be utilized in flower gardens, the Fuchsia family deserves a higher position than it generally occupies. These plants are most generally cultivated in pots, but a great number of the florists' varieties make excellent border plants. The sorts best adapted for border cultivation are those that are of robust habit and make compact growth. If planted in moderately good soil, in situations where they will be sheltered to some extent from the effects of strong winds, many varieties will continue in bloom, more or less, during

the greater part of the year. In addition to the florists' varieties many of the species are very effective for garden decoration, and therefore deserve attention. One of the handsomest of these is *F. syringæflora*, a compact shrubby species having bright green leaves and masses of beautiful lilac flowers, which are produced in profusion throughout the year. *F. serratifolia* is a handsome broad-leaved species, which flowers chiefly during the autumn and winter, and is well worth the trouble of cultivation. *F. corymbiflora* and its white variety, *alba*, are desirable plants, well worthy of attention. *F. fulgens* is a very desirable species having broad leaves, a vigorous habit of growth, and its bright vermillion coloured flowers are produced in great profusion. *F. gracilis* is another very desirable species which produces in profusion small red flowers, and continues in bloom for a considerable period. This species may be used advantageously for small hedges, as it will stand clipping well, has a neat and attractive appearance, and is very hardy. Among other species that deserve attention as border plants are *F. globosa*, *F. conica*, *F. arborescens*, and the New Zealand species, *F. excorticata*.

The planting of Pelargoniums, Salvias, Heliotropes, Petunias, Verbenas, and other summer blooming plants should be no longer delayed. Gladioli may still be planted out for late flowers, and those plants that are showing for bloom should be carefully staked and tied before the spikes get too heavy, as being very brittle they are easily broken by high winds and heavy rains. Carnations, Picotees, and Pinks should be neatly tied and staked, and if the buds are too numerous, and specially fine flowers are desired, they must be carefully thinned out before they are far advanced. Climbers should receive

any necessary pruning to keep them within bounds as soon as they have done flowering. Convolvuluses, Sweet Peas, and other border climbers should have sticks or other supports before they attain a greater height than six or eight inches, as if left longer they are liable to injury from strong winds. Plants of a straggling habit of growth, such as Petunias, Heliotropes, and Verbenas, will require cutting back occasionally to keep them within bounds, and it will be advisable not to delay the operation after it becomes necessary. If supported by sticks these plants may be grown with good effect as pyramids, and more especially Verbenas. Roses will require attention in the removal of suckers and stock shoots from worked plants, and keeping down aphides and other troublesome insects. Cultivators should bear in mind that Roses, as also other plants, suffer less from insects, if growing vigorously than otherwise, and the more they are protected from the effects of dry weather the better. Annuals must be carefully thinned out before they are large enough to injure each other by crowding, and those kinds that are classed as "tender," such as the Amaranthus family, Portulacas, Zinnias, etc., may be sown, and planted in open borders without much risk. In transplanting annuals or other plants during the summer months, it will be advisable to afford shelter from the sun, and supply water, if necessary, till fresh growth commences. Dahlias may now be planted out for blooming early, but for fine autumn flowers planting must be deferred till later in the season. The pruning of evergreen trees and shrubs, when necessary, should be finished as soon as possible, and rank or straggling shoots must be pinched back to preserve the shapeliness of the plants. Newly-planted trees and shrubs should receive careful attention in staking and tying, in order to prevent injury from high winds. At this time of the year lawns will require extra attention in mowing, in order to obtain a close, even sward, that is at all times pleasant to walk upon.

Pot grown plants at all times require attention to keep them in a healthy condition, and secure good specimens,

but at no other time do they want more care than during the next few weeks. Their various wants should also be attended to promptly, as any delay may cause serious effects. Insects that are troublesome should never be allowed to make headway, and as soon as they are discovered the usual remedies must be applied. Plants that are in an active state of growth must have plentiful supplies of water, and the syringe should be used freely in harsh dry weather. The growth of most plants is materially assisted by frequent syringings, which also assist in keeping down some of the most troublesome insect pests. On bright days greenhouses, frames, and other structures where plants are kept, should be freely ventilated, but care must be taken to avoid strong currents of air, which are very injurious to plants whose foliage is tender. On the other hand, on dull cold days it will be advisable to keep houses and frames rather close, in order to prevent the temperature from falling too low. All plants growing under glass will now require careful attention in shading, to prevent their leaves from getting scorched. When practicable, the shading should be regulated by the character of the plants, as some want more protection than others. As a rule ornamental-leaved plants require a denser shade than those that are cultivated for their flowers, and if not growing in houses by themselves they should be placed on the shadiest side. Ferns and Lycopods are included in this class. Flowering plants while making their growth only require shading sufficiently dense to break the power of the sun, and a strong light is essential to healthy development. When they are in full bloom, however, they should have a deeper shade, which will tend to brighten the colours of the flowers, and make them last longer than otherwise. Fuchsias and Pelargoniums should receive constant attention in watering, staking, and tying, till they are in full bloom, and late plants should be repotted, if they require it, giving only slight shifts. Cinerarias, if required for another season, should have their flower stems cut away as soon as they have done blooming, as the

development of seed is weakening to the plants. Calceolarias showing for bloom should have their flower stems neatly supported, and succession plants must have slight shifts when their pots are well filled with roots. Plants of the Cactus family showing for flower will require plenty of water till they are in full bloom. Epiphyllums and other kinds that have done flowering should be placed in some open situation where they will get plenty of light and air. All ornamental-foliage plants should be kept in a free state of growth, as otherwise the size and colour of the leaves will not develop properly. Cultivators must also bear in mind that, with one or two exceptions, this class is grown only for their fine leaves, and the flower stems should be removed as they make their appearance, their development weakening the plants.

In the fruit garden it will be advisable to regulate the growth of young fruit trees by the operation known as disbudding. As a general rule the whole of the shoots should not be allowed to perfect their growth in the case of young trees, as if so, many of them will have to be removed at the winter pruning. When all the shoots are allowed to grow the vigour of the trees is distributed through a larger number of channels than are necessary, and as a consequence there is a considerable waste of power. Therefore, as a general rule, no more shoots should be allowed to mature their growth than what are likely to prove serviceable to the trees. The concentration of growth into a few channels will cause more rapid development in the trees than would take place under other conditions. Peaches, Nectarines, and Apricots often bear too freely, and if fine, well-flavoured fruit is required, it will be advisable, if practicable, to remove a portion before growth is far advanced. Young Orange trees are also apt to bear too freely, and when such is the case, a portion of the fruit should be removed. It should be borne in mind that as regards young trees the production of wood is of more consequence than fruit. Vines will require strict attention in stopping, tying, and training the shoots. As the young bunches of fruit set it will be

advisable to snip off the points of the shoots three or four joints above. Strawberries must have their runners regularly removed, and water should be used freely in dry weather. The fruiting canes of Raspberries should be carefully tied to their supports, and superfluous suckers must be removed. As soon as there is an appearance of settled dry weather it will be advisable to mulch newly-planted trees, and those of the Citrus family, as also plantations of small fruits. Mulching is a great aid to the cultivation of fruit trees during the hot weather, and should be practised as much as possible.

In the vegetable garden growing crops will require constant attention to keep them free from weeds, the most economical and effective system being to stir the surface soil frequently.

No time should be lost in getting in the various seasonable crops, and those that have served their purpose should be promptly removed, as decaying vegetables harbour slugs and other vermin, and besides, have a very unsightly appearance. Peas should be sown for succession as soon as the previous crop is through the ground. Kidney Beans should be sown every fortnight if a regular supply is required. The main crops of Carrots, Parsnips, and Red Beet, if not already sown, should be got in without further delay. White or Spinach Beet may be sown, and also a small crop of Turnips. Another crop of Cabbages should be planted, and seed sown for a successional one. The planting of the main crop of Potatoes should be finished without delay, and advancing crops must be earthed up when five or six inches high. In warm districts the Sweet Potato may be grown with advantage, as it is very prolific, and greatly relished by many persons. It requires a very rich soil, and should be planted in rows about five feet apart each way. New Zealand Spinach is also a very useful vegetable for summer use in hot dry districts, and should be generally cultivated. It will stand heat well, but is somewhat impatient of an over supply of moisture, and thrives best in the hottest and driest weather.

Cucumbers in frames will require constant attention in syringing and stopping the shoots. Cucumbers, Melons, Pumpkins, Vegetable Marrows, Tomatoes, Capsicums, and Egg Plants may

now be sown in the open ground. All these plants being very strong feeders require rich soil, and in preparing ground for them plenty of manure should be used.

"OUR COSTUMIER."

By "LUCIA."

There has been much said at various times regarding the regulation of dress by good taste, and were we, as individuals and as a nation, to put in practice even the half of the valuable advice we have received on the subject, we should be, to say the least of it, an artistically-dressed people. Ruskin says—"You are always to dress yourselves beautifully—not finely, unless on occasion; but then very finely and beautifully too." Sir Jonah Barrington has declared that "Dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind," by which he, of course, meant womankind as well, if not in particular. George Herbert gave the following advice:—"Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation upon thy body, clothes, and habitation;" and the sentiment expressed by the wise Zimmerman was that "Beauty gains little and homeliness loses much by gaudy attire." A refined taste, then, is the best guide we can have in matters pertaining to dress, and those who are ambitious to shine in this respect must cultivate such a taste as essential to their object.

This season there is such a range for fancy in the fashions that one must exercise discretion in making choice of toilettes. Gay colours are in vogue, and such shades as heliotrope and sky-blue have been revived. It is in the combination of colours that taste may be displayed, and such mixtures

as have been described on several recent public occasions are, at any rate, dangerous. For instance, at a late fashionable gathering a billiard-green faille was worn with draperies of heliotrope silk gauze. This was spoken of as *recherché* and *distingué* in effect, but to the imagination it is decidedly striking, not to say pronounced.

The lightest materials are to be had in the palest colours for summer wear. There is a leaning towards biscuit, coffee, and cream colours, but white threatens to almost eclipse them. Lawnes, percales, cotton foulards, cashmerettes, zephyrs, sateens, and muslins are the favourite cotton materials. Sateens are not much worn in the plain sorts, but are usually striped, spotted, or flowered. Spotted polonaises are often worn over striped skirts, and very stylish they look. Muslins of every description are very popular. The finest French muslins printed in delicate colours, and bearing artistic floral designs, are trimmed with a profusion of lace and narrow ribbons. Spotted and plain muslins in cream, *écru*, and pure white, are made over coloured foundations; and the new canvas muslins are made up in the same way. Cotton crapes in the most lovely colours imaginable command attention, some of them being figured with quaint designs in æsthetic shades. Embroidered batistes and Indian muslins are favourite materials with young

ladies, and these light summer fabrics are almost universally made with round-waisted bodices. Costumes composed of plain and printed tussore silk are very fashionable and will be much worn for races and *fêtes*.

Roman sashes of canvas, striped with tinsel and rainbow tints, are in great favour, and small scarves of the same description are employed for trimming hats. Handkerchiefs of canvas with deep gold borders, on which are printed heraldic and mediæval devices in oriental colours, are also largely used for hats, and often form the only trimming, with a handsome pin or dagger. This is indeed "the golden age" in millinery, for scarcely a hat or bonnet is to be seen in which some gold is not conspicuous. Gold agrafes are particularly fashionable, and sprays of golden berries and grasses are equally popular. The "wearing of the green" is another sign of the season, as all shades of green, especially the new ones, seem to have met with general favour, and predominate in the headgear of to-day. The feature of the summer season in the way of millinery consists in the transparent bonnets of embroidered gauze or golden net-work. Some pretty bonnets are of cream lace with flowers in shaded velvet, and striped gauze ribbons or Alsatian bows.

Grenadine has been restored to favour, and is much worn both in black and colours. The broché grenadines are most used with odd designs brocaded on lace-like grounds, the floral patterns of some seasons ago being replaced by stripes, spots, blocks, and outline figures. The basque and draperies of the gown are formed of the broché grenadine, the skirt being either of plain grenadine or merveilleux satin. A beaded vest and front width serve very much to enhance the appearance of the toilette. Broché grenadine may be had closely beaded, the pattern being outlined, and, in many cases, almost filled in with jet beads. Mantles are made of this material, and many of the short capes and mantelettes are literally smothered with beads.

With few exceptions all the summer gowns are made with some sort of waistcoats, or else a plastron which

has the effect of a *gilet* is added by the wearer. The Roman striped scarves which I mentioned above, answer this purpose splendidly, and, in some cases, add a stylish touch of colour to an otherwise sombre toilette. Anyone possessed of a little ingenuity can devise varied arrangements of muslin, satin, silk, net, striped surahs, spotted foulards, or velvet and lace, and so manage to have sets of vests for different gowns. If the figure is at all stout, then the vest should be folded or gauged so as to lie quite flat and close; if slight, a Fedora puff may be adopted. A very pretty arrangement is made as follows:—Take an oblong piece of rich net, or piece lace, and trim it all round with lace, catch the two ends at the back of the neck with an ornamental pin, bring the net round the throat and fasten it in front with a dainty brooch, gathering the falling portion in your hand and forming it into a point at the waist where it terminates. A spray of soft pretty roses fastened in among the lace, has a charming effect. *Apropos* of roses, I may say that English fashion journals announce that Jacqueminot and Maréchal Niel Roses are the correct flower for evening wear, and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales patronises them for both day and evening wear. The Maréchal Niel appears to be Her Royal Highness' favourite, as she wore a bouquet of those roses on each day at the Goodwood races. The clove pink ranks as the next fashionable flower, and this apparently is the favourite of the Princess Louise. Another item of flower fashions is that brides are adopting white roses, jasmine, myrtle, and lilies of the valley very generally in place of orange blossoms. No doubt most people are tired of the conventional bloom which is always employed for the adornment of brides; certain it is that hand-bouquets of orange blossoms completely died out for a while, and have only reappeared of late because they are covered over with white tulle for a change, and anything in the shape of novelty takes for a while at any rate.

From Paris we learn that lace is to be more worn than ever this season. Not

only are whole skirts formed of rows of it, but even the bodices are covered with it in such quantities that the size given to the figure is often abnormal. There should be moderation in all things, and any style which is unnatural should be avoided. For instance, a gown of cigar brown silk has the whole

corsage front covered with rows of lace from shoulder to shoulder, narrowing in to a point at the waist, giving the wearer "much the appearance of a pouter pigeon." Washing dresses are, as a rule, trimmed with guipure or embroidery this season, in preference to lace, as it washes better.

MONTHLY NOTES.

SCIENCE.

By R. L. J. Ellery.

WEATHER WISDOM—OLD AND NEW.— If we compare the knowledge of Meteorology, or the weather wisdom of to-day with that of a century ago, we shall find that it was then barely entitled to be classed among the sciences, and that if we except a few isolated facts having reference chiefly to local conditions of the atmosphere, very little indeed was known of those general laws of atmospheric movements and changes which rule over the whole of the earth's surface, and which now constitute the basis upon which our present weather wisdom and power of prognostication depend. The electric telegraph has been the greatest factor in bringing this about, by giving meteorologists a group of atmospheric conditions and the state of weather at localities surrounding their own, and so enabling them to trace out, from the weather in one locality, the sequence of meteorological events in others; by enabling meteorologists in America to inform meteorologists in Europe and elsewhere what are the ruling conditions of weather over that continent and *vice versa*, so that from the simultaneous information thus afforded, meteorologists are able to make deductions as to impending atmospheric changes considerably in advance of the changes themselves.

We had barometers, thermometers, wind and rain gauges as now, though of a less refined kind, the principal laws of atmospheric pressure and temperature, and of the relations of moisture, temperature, and pressure of the atmosphere had been already investigated, but weather wisdom especially among the mass of people was of a very primitive

character. Prognostications were often based upon old adages, old superstitions, upon some supposed occult influences of the moon or planets, or upon certain celestial conjunctions and other astrological vagaries. Nevertheless a great deal of knowledge of an observational kind, and applicable over limited areas, and for short periods, had been handed down from time immemorial, and it is interesting to compare, as Mr. Ralph Abercromby (a well-known English meteorologist) has done, old sayings and old signs with our present weather wisdom.

It will be well to select a little of this old weather lore as examples.

One of the earliest attempts at systematic weather prognostication appears to be that of *Aratus*, who lived about the year 250 B.C., the time of the first Punic war. He wrote a poem containing predictions of the weather, based upon a belief that the planet Jupiter was the great governor of the universe, as well as upon signs and portents, many of which are still popular, and have borne the test of experience of ages. The "*prognostica*" was, however, for the most part compounded of a lot of mythological and superstitious nonsense.

The character of sunsets and sunrises has always been regarded as significant of coming weather.

In the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew, second and third verses, we find the Pharisees and Sadducees, asking Christ for a sign from heaven, are told, "When it is evening ye say it will be fine weather, for the sky is red, and in the morning, it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering. Oh, ye hypocrites,

ye can discern the face of the sky, but ye cannot discern the signs of the times." Numerous natural signs and portents have been handed down to us from olden times, and, stripped of superstitious nonsense with which they were associated, the most important are given below :—

SIGNS OF FINE WEATHER.	SIGNS OF FOUL WEATHER.
Red sunset.	Pale cold sunset, behind clouds.
Grey sunrise.	Red sunrise.
A low dawn.	Sea birds flying inland.
Sea birds flying early seaward.	Swallows flying low.
Swallows flying high.	Pigs carrying straws to their styes.
Rainbow at night.	Clearness of distant objects.
Old moon in new moon's arms.	Sounds heard afar.
New moon on its back.	Mackerel sky.
	Rainbow in morning.

Concerning these signs I shall have something to say by-and-by. Among the early English superstitions is the well-known one of St. Swithin. The story goes that St. Swithin was, according to his own request buried, not at Winchester Cathedral, to which he was attached, but under the eaves of a neighbouring church, "where the rain from the roof might drip on him, and the passers-by walk over him." After a hundred years or so, the Winchester clergy thought it scandalous to allow the old man's bones to rest in so damp a place, and had them dug up and re-buried in the Cathedral. During the exhumation, rain set in and lasted forty days, which was at once attributed to this disregard of the saint's last wishes, and even to the present time a wet St. Swithin's Day is looked upon by many in England as an omen of a wet time. In "Chambers' Book of Days" we find this :—

"St. Swithin's day if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's day if thou be fair,
For forty days rain will be rare."

The belief in this virtue of the manes of St. Swithin is still cherished among the country folks in England, and I dare say it would not be difficult to find many good old ladies who believe in this old legend more than in the forecasts and weather bulletins of the Meteorological Office of Great Britain.

The poet Gay in his "Trivia" refers to these popular fallacies in the following lines:—

"Now if on Swithin's feast the welkin lour,
And every penthouse streams with hasty showers,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
And wash the pavement with incessant rain;
Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind,
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind."

The last line refers also to a once popular belief that the weather on St. Paul's Day governed the character of the weather of the coming year. It is still believed in many Catholic countries that a fine St. Paul's Day denotes a fine year, and *vice versa*.

A fine Candlemass Day was in the olden times considered to portend a long winter and a bad crop, and there is an old German saying "That a shepherd would rather see a wolf enter into his stable than that the sun should shine into it on Candlemas Day."

The weather prophets of a century ago, and up to within the last forty or fifty years, and in some few instances up to the present time, unhesitatingly made up a year's predictions at a time, and published almanacs in which the weather for every day of the year was set down. Many of us remember Murphy's Almanac and Moore's Almanac, in which this was done, and not only this but the political events and national catastrophes of the coming year were prophesied, or rather portrayed, in a species of hieroglyphical sketches. It is needless to say that these weather predictions rested upon no true or scientific basis, but were simply guess work. Nevertheless, the reputation of these almanacs was immense in their time, and every farmer or even labourer in England who could afford a sixpence annually for it, got it and kept it near his family bible, and it would not be saying too much that many believed in one as much as the other. Murphy's Almanac was first published, with predictions, in 1838. In the weather column for that year the 20th of January was predicted to be "Fair, probable lowest degree of winter temperature." By a happy chance (for Murphy) this did turn out a fearfully cold day, the thermometer standing at 36 deg. below freezing point—a fulfilled prophecy, and Murphy the prophet! His almanacs rapidly reached a premium, and he is stated to have cleared £3000 by that year's almanac alone. This thoroughly established Murphy's reputation, though I never heard of any other *palpable hit* in his predictions—that one hard frost sufficed; but Murphy would now be almost forgotten but for the following lines :—

"Murphy has a weather eye,
He can tell whene'er he pleases
Whether it will be wet or dry,
When it thaws and when it freezes."

(To be continued.)

ART.

By E. A. C.

Amongst our art notices this month, the exhibition of china shown by Messrs. Thomas Webb and Sons, on the occasion of opening their new premises in Collins Street East, must certainly find a foremost place.

It would be impossible, in our limited space, to in any way enumerate all the various exhibits worthy of mention, but enough may

be written on the subject to show how really fine a collection was displayed at the private view held on the 22nd ult., and now thrown open to the public. Amongst the most noteworthy specimens of glass is the "Dragon's blood" (*Sanguis draconis*); the colour is magnificent, and, combined with its brilliant surface, renders it no mean rival of the world-famed Gubbro-Ware.

The firm has already achieved a name for its cameo-glass, and the vases, etc., now on view, are exquisite in all their details. Those decorated with flowers are especially beautiful; the designs are so natural that the usual stiffness seen in "floral" glass or china, is not in the least apparent, and it almost seems as though the leaves, blossoms, sprays, etc., had been coaxed to twine around the bowls and other forms, instead of forming part of them; jonquils, tulips, geraniums, anemones, calceolarias, roses, iris, and the graceful sprays of the blackberry, all find a place in these specimens, and are wonderfully true to nature.

The "peach-glass" is singularly lovely, and the same may be said of an "ornamental" one whose speciality is its delicate graduation of colour from pure azure to greyish-green, and deep glowing ruby to a tender carnation tint; the effect is very fine, and can scarcely fail of riveting the attention of the visitor.

Several other exhibits from well-known firms are also on view in the collection, and lovers of china find much to admire as they pass through the show-rooms. Amongst the most interesting are the examples of Spode China, the designs of which are taken from the original pattern-books of Josiah Spode, the founder of the Stoke-upon-Trent works; the *faïence* and pottery of Burmantoft's clay, Crown-Derby, Doulton, and Worcester. The decoration of the rooms is by Mr. Robert Reid, whose artistic tastes in that line have been so admirably displayed in the "art-decoration" of some of Melbourne's best-known residences.

M. J. Carabain-Moraint has at present several portraits on view: those of the parents of Mr. Guilfoyle, curator of the Botanical Gardens, promise to be highly successful, but they are merely sketches of the proposed pictures, which are to be full-length portraits taken from cabinet photographs. Another extremely life-like one is that of the well-known phrenologist, Professor Shepherd. M. C. Moraint is peculiarly happy in his flesh-tones, and this is specially noticeable in the last-named portrait, and in one of a Jewish lady, the exquisite oval of whose face, with its lovely dark eyes, is sure to win attention on entering the studio.

Though art is certainly becoming more appreciated in Melbourne, it is yet treated in many cases with a species of ignorant contempt unknown in Europe. The following incident, a perfectly true one, will show that such is *occasionally* the case:—An artist was one day called upon by a visitor who, after due inspection of

the studio and the works exhibited there, announced her intention of having her portrait taken, and inquired, "What do you charge a day?" The astonishment and disgust of the gentleman so addressed can easily be imagined. Our readers will scarcely credit the fact, but after every sitting the lady (?) laid down a certain amount—"the day's wages," as she probably expressed it in her own mind. The artist in question wisely looked upon the affair in its ludicrous light, but the incident shows how little Art is truly understood by many of the *nouveaux riches* to be found in the colony.

Painting on satin finds a worthy exponent in a brother of Mr. C. Moraint, who shares the same studio; and a visit there will show some good work in that branch, though his abilities reach to much higher stages of art. Ladies who desire their dresses so adorned would do well to inspect the exhibits now on that gentleman's easel.

Both Mr. Thallon and Mr. Mather intend sending some pictures home to the forthcoming Exhibition, and we shall doubtless have a few words to say about them in our next issue.

The proposed re-arrangement of the Victorian Academy of Arts still remains unsettled, many difficulties springing up to retard what would certainly prove a new era in the annals of the artistic world. Those, however, who are most interested in it, seem hopeful as to a favourable result of their efforts.

Mr. Hugh Patterson has nearly completed the decorations of Messrs. Glen and Co.'s concert-room, and the effect is extremely good. All round the hall are representations of well-known operas, two principal figures, surmounted by the portrait of the composer. The attitudes are easy and natural, and the further art decorations of the hall are in admirable taste. When completed, it will be one of the finest music-rooms in Melbourne.

A very fine painting by Mr. J. F. Paterson is now on view at the rooms of Messrs. Paterson Bros., in Collins Street East. The subject is again the Yarra, showing a dredger and some vessels. The scene is quite a commonplace one, but is redeemed by the poetic aspect thrown over it by the fine treatment. There is great breadth and freedom—the colouring is extremely pure, and the sea and cloud effects even superior to what is generally seen from the same brush. The work is one that well repays examination, and will no doubt secure approbation from the English critics when shown at the forthcoming Exhibition in London.

LITERATURE.

By "Gleaner."

Miss Cleveland's volume of essays entitled "George Eliot's Poetry and other studies," has met with so rapid a sale that at the latest date it had passed to a seventh edition. The volume is very favourably reviewed in American journals.

The first two volumes of the publications of the New York Shakspeare Society, were to be issued in September. No. 1 is "Ecclesiastical Law in Hamlet," by Mr. Guernsey; and No. 2 "A Study in Warwickshire Dialect," by Mr. Appleton Morgan.

It is stated that over 100,000 copies of Ouida's novelette, "A Rainy Day," were subscribed for before publication.

Many will be gratified to learn that Mr. Frederick Harrison is preparing for publication a volume, composed of essays and reviews of a purely literary character which he has contributed to magazines and quarterlies during the last twenty years.

"New India: or, India in Transition," is the title of a work by Mr. Henry Cotton, of the Bengal Civil Service. The work will be published shortly.

Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. announce for publication in the autumn, "A History of Toryism, from the termination of Mr. Pitt's first ministry in 1785, to the death of Lord Beaconsfield, in 1881," by Mr. T. E. Kebbel, the editor of Lord Beaconsfield's speeches.

The now very aged and well-known writer, Rev. Dr. J. A. Wylie, has in preparation a History of Scotland, in which special attention is bestowed on the heroes of the Covenant.

An enterprising firm, Messrs. Goodall, Backhouse and Co., of Leeds, has published a penny edition of Charles Dickens' famous novel "Nicholas Nickleby." It is in 8vo. size, and contains 216 pages of small type, in double columns, with ten page illustrations.

Messrs. James Clarke and Co. have just published in a handsome volume, "Memoirs of Dora Greenwell," by the Rev. William Dorling. The memoir dates from 1821, the year of her birth, and closes with her death in 1882. Miss Greenwell's writings are not very numerous, but have been a store of delight to many readers.

Messrs. Cassell and Co., of London, announce the issue of a new edition, in parts, of their "Gleanings from Popular Authors."

Under the title of "The Mystery of God," the Rev. J. V. Tymms, of Clapton, is about to publish a volume of essays on modern forms of unbelief. It will be issued by Mr. Elliot Stock, of London.

The American Dante Society announce that Professor E. A. Fay's "Concordance to the Divine Commedia" will be ready by 1887. It will be a monumental book of its kind.

Messrs. Cassell and Co., of London, have commenced a re-issue in monthly parts, of Mr. Edward Walford's popular work "Greater London." It may be stated that this work gives a detailed account of all that is curious and interesting in the villages and hamlets within about fifteen miles of Charing Cross, but which are outside of the boundaries of London proper. The work will be profusely illustrated.

It is announced that Prince Ibrahim Hilmy, son of the ex-Khedive Ismail, will shortly publish, through Messrs Trübner and Co., of London, an exhaustive work on the literature of the Soudan, ancient, mediæval, and modern. The bibliography will embrace printed books, periodicals, MSS, maps, and drawings.

Messrs. Scribner's Sons, New York, recently commenced the publication of a series of volumes under the title of "Stories by American Authors." From the start the books were successful, and already about

100,000 copies have been sold, while the demand continues as steady as ever. The publishers have paid the authors represented in this series £600 for the privilege of using their stories.

That singular work, Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism," has reached its fifth edition, and the sale is apparently unaffected by the recent disclosure of Madame Blavatsky's methods.

The London Religious Tract Society will shortly publish a new volume by Professor Sayce, on the Assyrians and Assyrian history. The volume will be one of the series in course of publication under the general title of "By-Paths of Bible Knowledge."

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., of London, announce a new series of shilling volumes, to be entitled "Travellers' Joy Books." The editor proposes to give in a brief and popular form, some idea of the celebrated works which have long been recognised throughout the world as masterpieces of literature. The first volume will be "Don Quixote," illustrated.

The *Literary World* states that Mr. Lucien Wolf is engaged on a work on "Old Jewish Families in England," which will relate at length the histories and traditions of all the important Jewish families in England, as well as of many obscure families possessing interesting histories or remarkable genealogies. His work will be a substantial contribution to Anglo-Jewish history.

The Boston *Literary World* says there are rumours that *Scribner's Magazine* will be revived by Charles Scribner's Sons, with the coming year, and that active preparations to this end are already in progress. Rumour further says that the new periodical will not be illustrated, and that through its earlier numbers important correspondence and other biographical data relating to Thackeray will for the first time be made public.

Professor David Masson's recently-published lectures on "Carlyle: personally and in his writings," are classified by Mr. W. Wallace in the *Academy*, as one of the most important of recent contributions to the now formidable literature which has for its object the vindication of Carlyle's memory, if not the rehabilitation of Carlyle's character. The volume, it may be stated, is published by Messrs. Macmillan.

Under the title of "The Light of Asia, and the Light of the World," Messrs. Macmillan, of London, announce a volume by an American writer, Mr. S. H. Hallogg, of the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., and formerly a missionary in India. The work is a comparative study of Buddhism and Christianity, and the object the author has in view is to correct what he deems the erroneous impression of the relations between the two religions, which has been created by some recent publications.

In the *New York Independent* of July 23rd, there is an interesting article entitled, "The Editor's Regrets," which contains much that will arrest the attention of literary men. We select a few items:—"It is said that the Harpers held manuscripts for which they had advanced more than £12,000, which, in the

pressure of fresh matter, they could not find place for, and that to utilize these in part, their *Young People* was established." Referring to the rejection of articles, the writer states:—"That James Russell Lowell once made an exhaustive study of American humour, and sent the paper, *incognito*, to the late J. T. Fields, then editor of the *Atlantic*. A few days later, when Mr. Lowell was in the editor's sanctum, Mr. Fields informed him that he had recently received a most absurd estimate of American humourists, and being unable to read it, had thrown it into the waste basket. A kindred myth is told of Miss Alcott, who, after accumulating a trunkful of rejected MSS, when her time of triumph came, responded to every editorial request by sending articles which they had once rejected. Another myth is of a lady who sent to two editors the articles which the other had rejected, and had them both accepted."

In the article from which the above paragraph is taken, the writer gives many instances of success after failure, referring to Anthony Trollope, James Payn, and others. The following paragraph is interesting:—"One of the most distinguished of American writers, Washington Irving, being assured by his publishers that his writings were defunct, was about to turn his attention to some other pursuit, when the late George P. Putnam breathed new life into the works already published, and inspired the facile pen to renewed labour." Another sentence in reference to two successful literary men is interesting:—"To-day Bret Harte receives £200 for a single magazine sketch, and E. P. Roe £1000 from the *Current* for the privilege of first printing one of his serials." The article gives some information respecting American periodicals, and the extent of their circulation. Some have achieved great success, but many have failed. A notable illustration of failure is mentioned. "Judge Tourgea, in the *Continent*, made a most tempting and persistent bid for a worthy clientage, spending, it is said, £40,000, and three years of unwearying labour, and when he relinquished his charming weekly, he had 6000 subscribers to turn over to the *Christian at Work*." Papers of a different class have a great circulation. Of Mr. Bonner's *Ledger* and Messrs. Smith and Street's *Weekly*, more than half a million are distributed. Mrs. Leslie's *Journal*, and similar publications, flood the land.

The August number of *The Century Illustrated Magazine* has a varied table of contents, and is profusely illustrated. The lovers of fiction will find a plentiful supply of good reading in the usual serials and in the complete stories. The poetry is, as usual, good, and all other departments of the magazine are well supplied with instructive and interesting reading.

The English Illustrated Magazine for August contains many very beautiful engravings, and a plentiful supply of good papers on interesting subjects. The article entitled "Pilgrimage of the Thames" is a fine bit of descriptive writing. In fiction, besides other stories, there is the first portion of a new serial entitled "Beneath the Dark Shadow."

In the August number of *Longmans' Magazine* there are further instalments of the two serials, "White Heather" and "Prince Otto." The article likely to attract most attention is that by Mr. W. H. Pollock on "Garrick's Acting as seen in his own Time." It is long, contains many anecdotes respecting the great actor, and is full of interest.

The August number of *The Nineteenth Century* contains the concluding portion of Mr. A. C. Swinburne's article on "The Work of Victor Hugo." It is written in the same laudatory strain as the preceding portion of the article in the July number of the review, and abounds in paragraphs of great power and beauty. The article by Father Ryder on "A Jesuit Reformer and Poet" gives a fine sketch of the life and writings of Frederick Spee, a Jesuit father of the sixteenth century, and is a fine bit of reading. There is in the same number a delightful article on "County Characteristics," in which the writer, Mr. H. G. Hewlett, gives an account of many historical events and incidents connected with the fine county of Surrey.

Harper's Monthly Magazine for August is well deserving of high commendation for the number and variety of its articles, and the abundance and beauty of its illustrations. The articles entitled "A Trip on the Ottawa," "Social Democrats in the Reichstag," and "A New England Colony in New York," are interesting and pleasant reading. There are many other good papers, and the two serials, "Indian Summer" and "East Angels," with some complete stories, will please the lovers of fiction. The poetry, as usual, is excellent, and the other departments of the magazine quite up to the usual standard.

In the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly* there are two articles of special interest. The first is "The Port Royal of Mère Angelique," which contains a record of many things connected with the religious history of France in the first part of the Seventeenth Century. The second article is partly biographical and partly critical, and has for its subject Miss Ingelow and Mrs. Walford, and the principal works of these widely-known novelists. This article will be read with pleasure by those acquainted with such volumes as "Off the Skellings," "Fated to be Free," and "The Baby's Grandmother."

The *North American Review* for August has several good articles, among which may specially be named Dr. Felix Oswald's article on "The Animal Soul," which is worthy of careful study, and "A Profane View of the Sanctum," an article in some parts amusing, but throughout full of wise and thoughtful remarks and suggestions on the improvement of the all-powerful newspaper. The writer, Mr. M. J. Savage, describes his ideal of a newspaper, and all who know even imperfectly the influence of a well-conducted daily or weekly journal will rejoice to see his ideal become a reality.

Among many articles in the *National Review* for August there are two which will be of special interest to literary men. The first is the concluding article of a series on "The Liberal Movement in English Literature," by

Mr. W. J. Courthope. In this closing article the writer discusses "The Prospect of Poetry." The second article is on the Russian novelist, "Ivan Turgenieff," by Mr. Arthur Tilley. This is the continuation of an article which appeared in the January number. It is an ably written and interesting paper, and gives a full notice of the chief works of the novelist. Of Ivan Turgenieff, Mr. Tilley writes, "I know of no novelist whose range of portraiture is so wide, and whose touch is so sure from one end of the range to the other." Further, after a reference to Sir Walter Scott and George Eliot, he adds, "To match him we must go beyond the sphere of novelists, and say boldly that his only rivals are Shakspeare and Velasquez." Mr. Tilley closes thus: "Whatever the future of Russia may be, whether she be destined to greatness or not, it is surely not a rash prophecy to say that this much of greatness she will always have—the greatness of being the country of Ivan Turgenieff."

Among many able articles in the last issue of the *Quarterly Review* there are two which to literary men and theologians will be of special interest. The first class of readers will be gratified with the long and exhaustive review of the Earl of Lytton's poem, "Glenaveril: or the Metamorphoses." An analysis of the poem occupies many pages, and the article is enriched with copious extracts from the poem. Theologians will find much to please them in the fine article on "Fenelon," which is based on the recently-published volume by M. Emmanuel de Broglie, entitled "Fénelon à Cambrai, d'après sa correspondance, 1699-1715." It is an admirable historical sketch, and will richly repay a careful study.

The August number of the *Contemporary Review* has many instructive articles on subjects of general interest, among which may be named Dr. Fraser's paper on "The Church Problem in Scotland," General Sir Arnold B. Kemball's article on "Persia and Afghanistan," and "The White Cross," by the Bishop of Durham. In "Contemporary Records" Mr. W. P. Kerr notices fully a number of recently-published volumes of poetry.

"Victor Hugo: A Memoir and a Study," by James Cappon, M.A., is the title of a goodly sized volume just published by Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons, of Edinburgh. The work does not profess to be a biography in the strict sense of that term. With the exception of the introduction it was written before the death of the great poet-novelist. It is a study, and apart from what the author says of Victor Hugo and his writings, he has much to tell of prominent men and events of Hugo's era.

Mrs. Oliver's volume, "Arthur Penrhyn Stanley: His Life and Teachings," which was published recently in America, and very favourably received in England, has been checked in its circulation on the ground of interfering with the copyright of Dean Bradley's "Life of Stanley." Mrs. Oliver's work is interesting so far as it goes, but will not satisfy the admirers of the late noble Dean of Westminster.

Clergymen of all denominations desirous of keeping abreast of the advanced thought and

teaching of the age will find much to help them in a volume of essays collected by the Rev. Dr. C. F. Deems from his magazine, and published under the title of "Christian Thought: Lectures and Papers on Philosophy, Christian Evidence, and Biblical Elucidation." The volume is published by Messrs. Phillips and Sons, New York, but can easily be obtained by order through any Melbourne bookseller.

Among new books of great interest recently published a prominent place must be assigned to "The Life and Reminiscences of Gustave Doré," by Blanche Roosevelt. The work is compiled from materials supplied by Doré's relatives and friends, and from personal recollections. The biography is throughout of great interest, and many of the anecdotes and reminiscences pleasant reading; numerous illustrations and original unpublished sketches add greatly to the value of the volume. The publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., have done their part of the work well, and all who can afford the price should add this beautiful book to their library.

Students of botany will find a book every way suited to delight and instruct them in the "Text-Book of General Botany," by Dr. J. W. Behrens, which has been recently translated from the second German edition by Mr. Geddes, F.R.S.E., Demonstrator of Botany in the University of Edinburgh. In addition to the large amount of interesting and valuable information which the volume contains, its value is increased by upwards of four hundred illustrations. The price is moderate.

Other works on botany have recently been published, among which may be specially named two small volumes issued by Messrs. Harper, of New York, namely, "Chapters on Plant Life," by Sophie Bledsoe Herrick, and "Home Studies in Nature," by Mary Trent. Both volumes are illustrated.

Teachers may be interested to know that the New England Publishing Company has just issued a volume entitled "Talks with my Boys," by Mr. W. A. Mowry, of Providence, Rhode Island, a well-known teacher of long experience and high standing. The *Boston Literary World*, of July 25th, says:—"Mr. Mowry's 'Talks with my Boys' are brief, pointed, practical addresses which he has given in the schoolroom in the course of twenty years to the 3000 boys who have passed through his hands. . . . These 'Talks' are suggestive examples of what a good teacher can do in behalf of manhood."

"The Bibles of Other Nations" is the title of a volume recently published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., of London. It contains selections from the sacred writings of the Chinese, Hindoos, Persians, Buddhists, Egyptians, and Mohammedans. To these the editor has added "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," and selections from the Talmud and Apochryphal Gospels. Dr. Hodgson writes an able and instructive introduction to the volume. The work is small, and is published at a moderate price.

Lord Lytton's poem, "Glenaveril," the issue of which was commenced in monthly parts, is now completed, the publishers having

relinquished the monthly issue, and sent forth Books iv., v., and vi. together. The whole work is favourably reviewed by English literary journals. The London *Literary World* closes its notice thus:—"We have now afforded the reader a hasty glance into some of the main incidents of this powerful and most charming poem. It is one that every lover of good poetry must not omit to read through. Since a comparison has, by some critics, been made between 'Glenaveril' and 'Don Juan,' it occurs to us to remark that Lord Lytton's poem is as free from impurities as Byron's is full of them. There is nothing in 'Glenaveril' that could offend the most prudish mind. It is a record of stainless lives, written in unblemished verse. May we have more of such noble poems, and fewer of the sensuous order that pander but to the lower instincts."

Messrs. Partridge and Co., of London, have just published a volume of great interest, and crowded with valuable information, under the

taking title of "The Cross and the Dragon: or, Light in the Broad East." The author, the Rev. B. C. Henry, is a minister of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and was for ten years a missionary in China. In the first part of the volume, extending to about 200 pages, he gives a large amount of information respecting the great district of which Canton is the chief city, the characteristics of the people, Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism, ancestral worship and geomancy, feasts, pastimes, and folk-lore. About 300 pages are devoted to a most instructive account of Christian missions and educational work in China. The chapters in which Mr. Henry writes of native agents, native Christians, the trials of converts and the tests of faith are exceedingly interesting reading. The work is very handsomely got up, and is published at a moderate price. We can conscientiously and heartily commend this volume to the notice of all who desire to possess a good work on China.

CURRENT EVENTS.

By E. A. C.

A concert was given on the 28th of Sept., in the Exhibition, under the auspices of the Gordon Memorial Committee. Nearly 5000 children belonging to State Schools took part in it, assisted by some well-known artists. An interesting feature of the proceedings was the giving of prizes by Lady Nicolson to the three girls whose essays on "Gordon as a Hero" had been successful.

The members of the Field Naturalists' Club obtained several valuable specimens of various kinds, on the occasion of an excursion to Cheltenham on the 26th ult. Some fine orchids were found of the species *Lyceranthus nigricans*, and the rare *Phyloglossum Drummondii* was also secured. A grand specimen of the blue-tongued lizard was captured, and will be presented to the Zoological Gardens.

A meeting was held on the 14th of September in connection with "The South Yarra Home" for women desirous of leading a better life. It was presided over by the Very Rev. the Dean of Melbourne, and the report showed an urgent necessity for increased accommodation. It is the intention of the committee to apply to Government for a piece of land for building purposes, and they appeal earnestly to the public to come forward and assist them with funds for erecting a Home large enough to meet all demands. Many poor women would, they are assured, quit their life of sin and misery if they could find admittance into the Home.

If the readers of *Once a Month* would enquire into the particulars of this most worthy institution, we feel sure they would be satisfied that any donations they might give to the cause would be well bestowed. In rich Melbourne there should be no difficulty in raising the comparatively small sum required.

The need of the enlarged Home is an absolute necessity, for anyone applying to the "Rescue Brigades" of our noble Salvation Army, can learn for themselves how gigantic is the evil against which they are so manfully battling, and how numerous are the "Homes" of all kinds that are required to meet the pitiful cases arising on every side.

Miss Ward's generous effort on behalf of the Women's Hospital at Carlton is likely to prove a complete success. It is to be hoped that the Committee may now see their way to a reformation that has long been needed in the institution, namely, that of having some wards set specially apart for married women in their hour of pain. Though comparative poverty or some other reason may compel them to quit the loved shelter of their own homes at such a time, it must be painful to them to know of their surroundings, however kindly and tenderly-disposed they may feel to their poor sisters suffering the like trial. The subject has been often made matter of comment by those interested in such cases, and the news of some different arrangement in regard to them will be gladly received by the public.

MUSIC.

[MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON.]

By E. A. C.

The early life of this charming Queen of Song, is a very interesting one. The "Swedish nightingale," as she also is sometimes termed, was born at Wederslof, in Sweden, in 1843, the same year as that in which Adelina Patti saw the light. Very different, however, has been the life led by the two women, though their artistic career has been the same. The parents of the former were evidently of the poorer class of society, for little Christine was a well-known personage at the village fairs, which she used to regularly attend, and her chubbish figure might have been noticed wandering through the gay scene, carrying a violin, on which she used to accompany herself as she sang. When about fourteen years of age an event happened that altered the whole course of her future life, and gave to the world a singer who has since then won almost universal admiration.

Whilst following her favourite amusement of playing and singing at a fair being held at Ljunby, her sweet voice and childish aspect attracted the attention of a gentleman who happened to be present on the occasion. The stranger was a M. Touérhjelms, who, fortunately for both himself and the child in whom he had taken so strange and sudden an interest, was a fairly wealthy man. Charmed with the richness of tone in the voice thus casually heard, and feeling certain that great possibilities might be attained were it placed

under competent instruction, he formed the somewhat singular resolution of adopting her as his own daughter. This plan was at once carried out, and not many weeks elapsed before Christine found herself a student at Halmstadt, on the Kattegat, with only the memory of those wanderings in the village-fairs to remind her of past days. Her benefactor gave her a splendid musical education, for on leaving Halmstadt she went to the capital, where Franz Berwald took charge of the fresh young voice that already evinced such glorious promise of a successful artistic career. From that gentleman's care she passed over to Paris, where she studied under eminent instructors.

Like Piccolomini, the character of Violetta in "La Traviata" was the one chosen in which to make her début, and in October, 1860, at the Théâtre Lyrique, in Paris, the former child-singer at the Swedish fairs electrified an immense audience with her magnificent voice.

Twelve years later a wedding took place in Westminster Abbey, when the then popular and brilliant artiste became the wife of M. Auguste Rouzond, the son of a wealthy and much esteemed French merchant.

Of the sad events which have clouded some of her later years our readers are aware, but brighter days seem once more to have dawned for one who, in her private and professional life, has done so much to adorn the vocation of a public singer.

CHESS.

By G. H. D. GOSSIP.

Solutions of Problems, applications for the "International Chess Magazine," and all communications on Chess should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. (Charlton).—We wrote by first mail to New York to advise your order, which will be executed in due course.

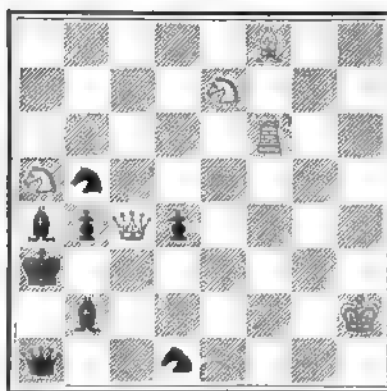
C.B. (Wellington).—Glad to hear you received the back numbers of the *I.C.M.*

PROBLEM.

By DR. GOLD.

The following problem is considered by Signor Orsini to be one of the best in Dr. Gold's recently-published work; but we think White's first move is too obvious. However, it is a remarkably pretty problem.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The following beautiful game was played at the Divan in London about two years ago, between Messrs. Mortimer and Donisthorpe. The former player, it may be remembered, defeated Messrs. Zukertort and Skipworth in the great London Tournament of 1883. He also played a drawn match for £10, at the Divan, with Mr. Fisher, winner of the second prize in the Vizayanagaram Tournament (*not* the chess editor of the *Australasian*). Mr. Donisthorpe is well known in London chess circles as a talented amateur, and he tied for third prize, with Herr Gunsberg ("Mephisto"), in the late Divan Tourney.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

WHITE. (Mr. Mortimer.)	BLACK. (Mr. Donisthorpe.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to B 4	3. B to B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. B tk Kt P
5. P to B 3	5. B to Q 3 (a)
6. Castles	6. Kt to B 3
7. P to Q 4	7. Castles
8. Q to B 2	8. P to Q R 3
9. P to Q R 4	9. P to Q Kt 3
10. B to R 2	10. B to Kt 2
11. P tk P	11. B tk P
12. Kt tk B	12. Kt tk Kt
13. P to B 4	13. Kt to Kt 3
14. R to K sq	14. Q to K 2
15. B to R 3	15. P to B 4
16. Kt to Q 2	16. K R to K sq
17. P to B 5	17. Kt to R 5
18. P to K 5	18. Kt tk Kt P best (b)
19. R to K 2	19. Kt to Kt 5
20. P to B 6 (c)	20. Kt to B 5 (d)
21. P tk Q	21. Kt tk R ch
22. K to B sq	22. Kt to K 6 ch
23. K tk Kt	23. Kt tk Q
24. R to K B sq	24. R tk P
25. B to Kt 2	25. R tk P ch
26. K to Q 3	26. Kt to K 8 ch
27. K to B 4	27. B mates

Notes:—

(a) A defence recommended by Kieseritzki and considered sound by Mr. Donisthorpe, who successfully adopted it against Mr. Mason.

(b) If 19 P tk Kt, Kt tk R; 20 P tk Q, Kt tk Q, etc.

(c) A most ingenious move!

(d) Splendidly played and far better than Kt tk P.

The *Melbourne University Review*, in its June number, writes:—"We have specially chosen an article from the pen of the Rev. G. A. MacDonnell (Mars) than whom there could be no more trustworthy critic. Mars says Blackburne is the only first-class player, with the exception of the late John Wisker, who has ever visited Australia. Grander players there were, but none so match strong as John Wisker. He was the Staunton of that age. During those years he was to English players what Steinitz was to foreign players. Puny whipsters, whom in his zenith he would have scouted as opponents and disarmed with ease, have lately arisen to decry his talents and drag him down to their own miserable level."

Assuredly a more absurd paragraph than the above was never penned. No *less* trustworthy critic than Mars exists. His notes to the games which he publishes in the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, are, as the editor of *Ashore and Afloat* rightly pointed out, mere analytical twaddle, and certainly nothing more preposterous can be conceived than the comparison of Mr. Wisker as a match player with Mr. Staunton; for whereas this great player *successfully conceded odds* to Harrwitz and others, Mr. Wisker was *beaten* by Rosenthal, Bird and Zukertort. As to the "puny whipsters," Mr. MacDonnell considers himself a first-class player, but kindly relegates ourselves to the second class or the category of the aforesaid puny whipsters. Now, on the only occasion we ever encountered Mr. MacDonnell in public play, viz., in the Vizayanagaram Tournament, we *defeated* him with ridiculous ease, his game being hopelessly lost on the seventeenth move, and this, too, although he had the advantage of the move, *vide Book of the London International Chess Tournament* 1883, p. 325, game 255. Moreover, he was always *beaten* easily by Mr. Burn, viz., in the Handicap Tournaments of the "Counties' Chess Association," at Clifton 1873, Birmingham 1874, and subsequently (playing on *even terms*), whereas we made even games with that eminent player, whom we defeated in the British Challenge Cup Tourney, 1870, but who beat us at Birmingham in 1874, where however, we defeated Messrs. Wayte and Skipworth, the former of whom has also defeated Mars. Again we defeated Mr. Donisthorpe in a set match. Now Mr. Donisthorpe is also one of those players whom Mars places in the second class, *i.e.*, *beneath himself*. Yet Messrs. MacDonnell and Donisthorpe both competed in the late Divan Tourney. *The former won no prize*, whilst the latter tied for third prize with Herr Gunsberg; therefore, on public form, which is the only reliable test, we have proved ourselves to be *superior* to Mr. MacDonnell, who was defeated in the Vizayanagaram Tournament by several other gentlemen, whom he conceitedly designates as second class players, *i.e.* puny whipsters, viz., Messrs. Benima, Fisher, and Ranken, whilst in that very same Tournament we defeated Messrs. Benima and Ranken, who beat him. What we desire to expose is the systematic unfairness and almost inconceivable arrogance and conceit of the members of a petty chess clique in London, who, by the assumption of an intellectual superiority which they do not possess, impose upon Australian chess editors by their misrepresentations. It is just as much an imposture to pose yourself as a superior player to those who have *proved* themselves to be at least your equals, if not your superiors, as to palm oneself off upon society as the holder of a diploma to which one has no right. To such charlatans may be aptly applied the lines of Dante:

" . . . la lor cieca vita è tanto bassa
Che invidiosi son d'ogni altra sorte.
Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa;
Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna.
Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

In its July number the *M. U. Review* refers to the disgraceful attacks made upon ourselves ten years ago by the *Westminster Papers*—that miserable periodical of which the *Canadian Spectator*, in its review of our "Theory," wrote:—"We congratulate Mr. Gossip on the opportune appearance of his book at a time when, in consequence of the extinction of the *Westminster Papers*, a review of it could not appear in that journal," and which the *International Magazine* (p. 176), rightly designates as "*a spurious source which used to deal with many sorts of impure fabrications of facts.*" In order to give Australian chess players an idea of the opinion held in America of the *Chess Monthly* and the *Field* (under their present chess editor, Mr. Hoffer), and the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, we copy the following abridged extract of an article from the *New York Turf, Field, and Farm*:—"Some weeks ago we published a letter from Mr. Gossip, in which the writer stated some important facts within his own experience in the London Tournament of 1883, which went far to confirm the somewhat vague and general complaints which Mr. Steinitz had before made in our columns against certain of the controlling spirits of the committee which governed that contest. Mr. Gossip's statements were so directly to the point that they carried conviction to the minds of many who had previously suspected that the grievances of the master from *Cheski-Krai* might be imaginary. The latter's statement was sufficient for those who knew him, his honesty of purpose, and the bull-dog tenacity with which he is accustomed to cling to his convictions of

right. Mr. Gossip's standing in the chess world gave credit to his corroboration of Mr. Steinitz's charges. There are many things openly said in London concerning the action of the rulers of that Tournament, which we do not print; but, taking the statements of Messrs. Steinitz and Gossip, and the other evidence we have, we are free to say that it looks very much as if there existed a preconcerted plan to induce Mr. Steinitz to enter that Tournament, and then to spring upon him as controllers of play his bitterest and most avowed enemies, who had a direct interest in humbling him and exalting another, and who were not above resorting to every device to work upon the sensitive nature of their foe, and lessen his ability to play up to his full strength. It is with a conviction that some such plan existed in the mind of Mr. Hoffer (editor of the *Chess Monthly*) that we give place to the following letters received from Mr. Gossip. His former epistle called for some response from Mr. Hoffer, and it came in the last issue of the *Chess Monthly*—a Hoffer-like production it is—evading every question relevant to the issue, and, by attacks upon Mr. Gossip, seeking to divert the observation of the chess public from the charges made against himself. Mr. Gossip asks us to make public his answer to the *Chess Monthly*—a demand we cannot refuse, seeing that in all England there is not one chess column which has the independence and devotion to a plain duty owing to the public to expose the impostors who seem to be all powerful in British chess."

THE HUMOURIST.

NOT TO BE SOLD.

William Jerdan discovered at Monmouth, in an old ruined chapel, under one of the seats still left, a spirited and Mephistopheles-like carving of the archfiend, and offered the beadle a sovereign for it. If he had given a shilling or half-a-crown for it, he might have had it; but the largeness of the bribe alarmed the Cerberus. While Jerdan was sitting after dinner in his hotel, the landlord walked in with the following message: "The beadle presented his respects to the old gentleman in the spectacles, and is sorry that he durst not let him have the old gentleman he wanted to buy."

THE RIGHT USE OF A LIBRARY.

"We need more books," said the professor.
 "More books," said the merchant? "Why, have you read through all you have already?"
 "No; I never expect to read them all."
 "Why then do you want more?"
 "Pray, Sir, did you ever read your dictionary through?"
 "Certainly not."
 "Well, a library is my dictionary."

A CORRECT DISTINCTION.

When Onslow was Speaker of the House of Commons, a member who was fond of hearing himself speak, but whom the house were not fond of hearing, on one occasion made a direct appeal to the chair, in consequence of the noise that was going on. "Mr. Speaker, I desire to know if I have not a right to be heard?" The Speaker hoped at first to escape the necessity of reply, by calling "Order! Order!" but this proving of no avail, the Hon. Member inquired, in a louder tone than before, "Sir, have I not a right to be heard?" "Sir," replied Onslow, "you have a right to speak."

A VALUED PRESENT.

A Boston girl was showing her rural cousin the Christmas presents she had received, and the latter particularly admired a gold watch set with pearls. "But here is a gift," said the Boston girl, taking up a book, "that I value more highly than all the other presents combined." The rural cousin took the book and read the title, "The Dissection of the Atomic Theory in its Relation to Evolution."

HE NAMED NOBODY.

During the debates on Fox's India Bill, Mr. John Robinson being Secretary to the Treasury, Sheridan, one evening when Fox's majorities were decreasing, said this was not to be wondered at, when a member was employed to corrupt everybody, in order to gain votes. "Who is it?" "Name him!" "Name him!" resounded from all parts of the House. "Sir," said Sheridan to the Speaker, "I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and an invidious thing to do so; and therefore I shall not name him. But don't suppose, Sir, that I abstain because there is any difficulty in naming him; I could do that, Sir, as soon as you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

NOT AT ALL.

It is said that a disconsolate Boston widower, who attended a *séance* the other night, succeeded in establishing communication with his dear departed, who had during her temporary and irksome tenancy in the clay been a leader in the æsthetic circles of the Hub. The d. w. inquired solicitously whether she was happy in Heaven and whether she liked her new surroundings, to which she replied: "Well, dear, it is very charming and lovely, and all that; but, of course, you know, dear, it isn't Boston."

A DEFERRED OPINION.

A candidate for admission as a member of Rowland Hill's congregation being required to give some account of his religious impressions related a dream by which he had been led to serious inquiry. When he had ended, Mr. Hill said, "We do not by any means wish to despise a good man's dream; but we will tell you what we think of the dream after we have seen how you go on when you are awake."

THE REASON WHY HE DIDN'T KNOW.

A sharp boy at a commercial college had addressed a letter to a firm as "Gents."

"You mustn't do that," said the instructor.

"Why not?" asked the boy.

"Because 'Gents' is vulgar. Don't you know that invitations to negro balls are always addressed that way?"

"Well, no; I never got one," replied the boy, with such significance that the instructor blushed and hurried on to the next desk.

AN INSANITY EXPERT.

It was during a murder trial. A witness for the defence was on the stand.

"What do you intend to prove by this witness?" asked the Judge.

"That the prisoner is insane," replied the attorney.

"Does the witness know anything about insanity? Is he an expert?"

"Expert?" repeated the lawyer. "Well, I should say he was. He knows all about insanity. Why, your Honour, he has been as crazy as a loon for these past ten years."

A PROOF OF WISDOM.

"I wonder," said James II. to the poet Waller, "that you should think Queen Elizabeth one of the greatest princesses in the world; but I must confess she had a wise council." "And pray, Sir," said Waller, "did your Majesty ever know a fool choose a wise one?"

AN APPROPRIATE REWARD.

A man who wished to gain the attention and favour of Charles II., climbed in his presence to the top of the spire at Salisbury. "Make the fellow out a patent," said the king, "that no man may ever again stand there but himself."

NOT THE ONLY ONE.

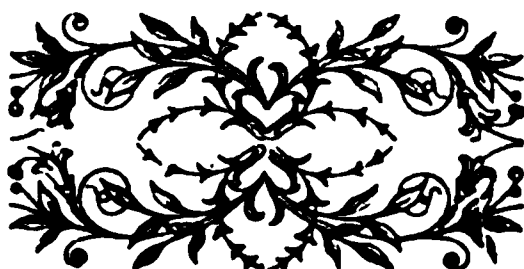
One of the Japanese students, while out for a stroll, was accosted by a sophomore with the inquiry, "What's your name?" The gentleman from Japan answered politely, giving his surname. "Oh," replied the questioner, "you heathens don't have but one name, I see." "What was the first name of Moses?" was the reply.

SOMETHING LEARNED.

A little boy in the infant class of a Sunday school "out west" was asked by his teacher if he had learned anything during the past week. "Oh, yes," said he. "What have you learned?" "Never to trump your partner's ace," was the reply.

LOSS OF TIME.

A female devotee who confessed the great attachment she had to play, was reminded by her confessor of the sad loss of time which it occasioned. "Ah, t e," said she, "there is a deal of time lost in shuffling the cards."



HERE AT HOME.

EDITORIAL ENDORSEMENT.

H. G. CROKER, Editor of the *Masonic Journal* of Melbourne, writes, under date of 10th September:—Messrs. H. H. Warner and Co.—Gentlemen,—For the past fifteen years I have suffered from kidney and liver difficulties, and their attendant troubles, pains in the back, accompanied by frightful periodic headaches, from which I could obtain no relief. I believe I have tried half the preparations that have been on the market advertised for these diseases during this time, and very many of the medical profession, and obtained no permanent relief. About the 10th of July, 1885, through the advice of a friend, I began the use of WARNER'S SAFE CURE and SAFE PILLS, and from that time to this have been free from pain of all kinds. I have purposely refrained from giving expression to the merits of these preparations before this, to thoroughly satisfy myself that the medicine has done what was claimed for it. Knowing this, I conscientiously recommend Warner's Safe Remedies.



THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OPINION.

J. B. CASEBOLT, Superintendent of the Cable Road, Melbourne, says:—"I know of no medicine equal to WARNER'S SAFE CURE to brace a man up that is overworked and feeling out of sorts. For Kidney and Liver Diseases, it is a specific. I have seen its good effect in many cases, and never knew it to fail when taken according to directions, and in sufficient quantities."



FEELS YOUNG AGAIN.

S. WILLIS, No. 6 Eastern Arcade, writes as follows:—"Melbourne, August 14, 1885.—For the past ten years I have been troubled with serious Kidney and Liver difficulty. For the past year I have constantly been growing worse; I could not stoop to pick up anything, could not turn over in bed without great effort, and could not sleep nights, being compelled to rise six or eight times each night. My appetite was capricious, and my fluids frightful. I could not walk any distance, my heart would pain me so. I had tried all the doctors of repute, but did not get any permanent help. When WARNER'S SAFE CURE first came under my notice I had but little faith in it. I bought a bottle, however, and

began its use, and was surprised the help I got from it. I continued it, and I am free to say it has cured me. I feel like a young man again; all pain has gone, I can sleep nights, the deposits in my fluids have disappeared, my appetite is good, and every afternoon when it is pleasant, I walk without fatigue, or any trouble from my heart, from my place of business to my residence, 17 Drummond Street, Carlton. I give this testimonial freely and unreservedly that others troubled as I was may know that WARNER'S SAFE CURE and WARNER'S SAFE PILLS are all that they are represented to be."



CURED, WHEN DOCTORS FAILED.

WILLIAM BURGESS, Builder, 403 Lygon Street, Carlton, writes H. H. Warner and Co. as follows:—"July 27, 1885.—I desire to publicly testify as to the great good I have received from WARNER'S SAFE CURE and WARNER'S SAFE PILLS. For over a year I have not been able to do a day's work, and for the past nine months have been constantly growing worse. I suffered excruciating pains in the back; if I sat down could not rise or bend forward unaided. Could not sleep nights; my appetite one day was voracious, the next none at all; my fluids were very bad. I consulted both allopath and homoeopath physicians, and took their medicine, but received no benefit. One eminent Melbourne physician (so called) said my trouble was caused by 'periodical pains in the muscles of the back, and they would come and go.' It was not until I read of WARNER'S SAFE CURE and WARNER'S SAFE PILLS and the descriptions given in H. H. Warner's pamphlet of Kidney Disease, etc., that I knew what my trouble was. I at once purchased the medicine and began its use. It helped me from the outset, and now after I have taken seven bottles of WARNER'S SAFE CURE and two vials of WARNER'S SAFE PILLS, I feel that I am a well man. My pains have disappeared; I can sleep nights; the stiffness in my back has gone; my appetite is good, and my fluids are normal. I give this testimonial without solicitation from anybody, and conscientiously recommend WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES to any suffering as I was, believing that what they have done for me they will do for others."



OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, *March 14th, 1885.*

Once a Month, an Australian magazine, has the merit of savouring of the soil. Everything is really indigenous, from an interesting sketch of the Premier of New South Wales to a description of Christmas in the bush, and a rough, hearty ballad on sheep-shearing.

THE BOOKSELLER (London), *March 5th, 1885.*

Once a Month.—The first number of the second volume of an Australian Magazine, published in Melbourne by Messrs. Wm. Inglis and Co. Its leading article is a biographical sketch of the Hon. James Service, the Premier of Victoria, accompanied by a lithographic portrait. The fiction provided for the entertainment of its readers seems of excellent quality, and the general tone of its articles quite equal to that of its contemporaries this side of the equator. Many of its articles are illustrated either by lithographs or engravings.

PUBLISHERS CIRCULAR (London), *April 15th, 1885.*

From Messrs. W. Inglis and Co., Melbourne.—Although we are usually able to notice the magazines immediately after publication, an exception must be *Once a Month* which hails from the Antipodes. The part dated the 15th of December, 1884, is now before us, showing a pleasant collection of matter, including some very fair Christmas stories.

THE ARGUS, *March 23.*

* * * * The miscellaneous contents of the magazine are varied and interesting.

AGE, *June 15th, 1885.*

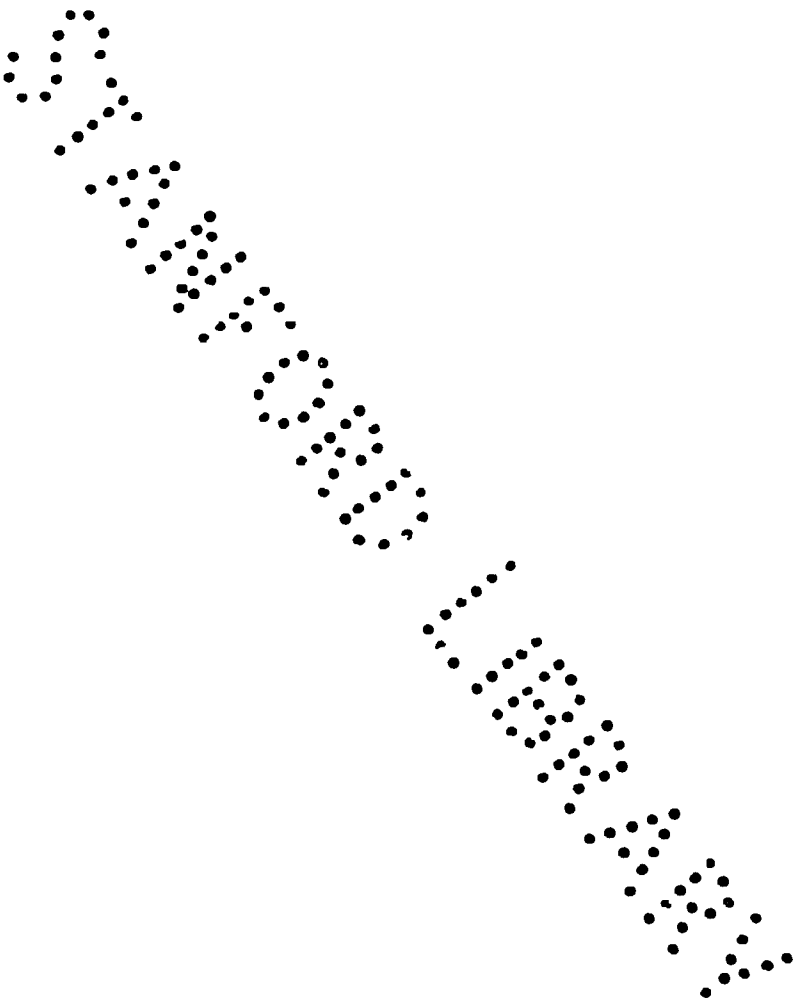
We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Wm. Inglis and Co., *Once a Month* for June. It contains a biographical sketch of Mr. Adye Douglas, Premier and Chief Secretary of Tasmania; an article entitled "Sounds and Sandflies," by "J.H.," descriptive of the West Coast Sounds of New Zealand; the commencement of a series of articles on the Old English Opera; the continuation of the serial stories—Jacobi's Wife, By Sea and Lake, and Mary Marston; and a selection of instructive and entertaining matter. The illustrations comprise a portrait of Mr. Adye Douglas, and views in the West Coast Sounds and in Southern Tasmania. The whole is produced in excellent style.

DAILY TELEGRAPH, *June 13th, 1885.*

We have received the June number of *Once a Month*, which fully maintains the high reputation which this magazine has achieved. A portrait is given of the Hon. Mr. Douglas, the Tasmanian Premier, with a sketch of his life. The general contents of the magazine are varied and interesting.

LEADER, *June 20th, 1885.*

Once a Month for June (W. Inglis and Co.) contains a good likeness of Mr. Adye Douglas, Premier and Chief Secretary of Tasmania, with a brief sketch of his public career. There is also an illustrated article on Southern Tasmania, with the usual liberal supply of novelette matter, which for the most part is thoroughly readable.





HEN J W DOWNER QC
 President of the Institution

AMERICAN

INSTITUTE

ONCE A MONTH.

No. V.

NOVEMBER 15, 1885.

VOL. III.

GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. XI.

THE HON. JOHN WILLIAM DOWNER, Q.C.,

PREMIER OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

By G——.

In moulding the political structure of these young Australian democracies, the mechanism of popular government produces so many rapid transitions in the reflex of the public mind, that few men of ordinary talents are denied the opportunity of leaving their distinctive mark on the history of their time, and none need deserve the reproach of being useless members of the community, which Pericles attached to every citizen who neglected his share of public duty. These constantly changing phases of political life necessarily bring into the front ranks of colonial statesmen, some whose credentials of fitness for the responsibilities of office have yet to stand the test of minute examination, whose fame is expectant rather than established, or whose success in one distinctive groove of employment is accepted as evidence of their capacity for another. Such a man is the Hon. J. W. Downer, Q.C., the Premier and Attorney-General in the present Ministry of South Australia.

As Mr. Downer is only about forty-one years of age, and has had but a brief experience of parliamentary life, the most important incidents of his public career, it may be reasonably assumed, lie in the womb of the future. Birth, education, and professional training he owes to the colony whose affairs he now directs. A native of Adelaide, he had the advantage in his childhood of preparation for the stern duties of the world in the educational establishments for which that city has long been famous, and after a course of study in a private academy in the neighbourhood, finished his education with exceptional credit at St. Peter's College. In 1868, Mr. Downer was called to the bar, and on Mr. A. G. Downer being admitted to the same privilege in the following term, the two brothers established the business firm, which has since continued with steadily increasing prosperity. The secret of success in Mr. Downer's case, as in many others, is to be found in his unremitting diligence and

painstaking care bestowed on every case, great or small, in which his professional services are engaged. To abilities that are respectable, if not brilliant, he unites an inflexible purpose of will, and a power of concentrating anxious and thoughtful attention upon details, so that his clients have always a comfortable confidence that every intricacy of law, and loophole or conflict in evidence, has been carefully examined before the cause is submitted to judicial review. As a pleader, Mr. Downer deservedly enjoys a high reputation. His speeches are marked by clearness, simplicity, and accuracy of expression, and by a masterly and delicate treatment of the technicalities or ambiguities of the law. There is no obscurity or vagueness in his logic by which the links of his argument may be snapped, and he has a faculty of seizing the essence of a legal doctrine and of illustrating its pertinent application to a particular case, which, if uniformly prevalent in the courts of criminal and civil jurisdiction would go far to reduce the practice of the law to the rigorous certainty of science. Mr. Downer entered the Parliament of South Australia in 1878, having been returned unopposed to the House of Assembly as one of the members for Barossa. One of the principal planks of his platform was the subject of law reform, his competence for dealing with which was generally recognised; for Mr. Downer had by that time achieved a high reputation at the bar, and in that same year, 1878, his merits had been rewarded by elevation to the standing of Queen's Counsel.

Mr. Downer appears to have discovered, however, that the exacting claims of legislative functions involve large sacrifices on the part of one whose time is absorbed by the demands of a lucrative profession. His exertions in the cause of law reform were disappointing, and the irregularity of his attendance in Parliament was the subject of complaint with a section of the electors of Barossa, who determined to put forward a local candidate to contest Mr. Downer's seat at the election in 1881, and endeavour thus to secure a more zealous representation of their

special interests. Dissatisfaction was also expressed at the mildness of the support he gave to a protective tariff, for Mr. Downer had not then formed such pronounced views in favour of protection as he has lately enunciated as the head of the existing Government. But Mr. Downer was again returned, and on the resignation of the Morgan Ministry he took office as Attorney-General in the Government of which the Hon. J. C. Bray was Premier. That Administration lasted for so short a space of time within three years, that Mr. Downer, at the time he went out of office, had served the full period, except two or three weeks, which entitles a Minister of the Crown in the colonies to be recommended for the privilege of retaining the permanent title of "Honourable."

In the session of 1882 Mr. Downer introduced, and succeeded in carrying, a measure which enables persons accused of criminal offences to give evidence on oath. The Attorney-General, in a lucid and exhaustive speech, discussed the cardinal principles on which the administration of justice ought to be based, and declared that personally he would be prepared to go to the extent of making a prisoner on his trial not merely a voluntary, but a compellable, witness. This, he contended, would place the accused on a level with his accuser, and he met the objection raised—that a prisoner might thus be made the instrument of his own conviction, with an assertion to the effect that the punishment of the guilty and the escape of the innocent should be the true aim of the tribunals of the land, and to procure this result by any means was only to assist the mechanical working by proper agencies of the eternal laws of justice. The Bill was vigorously opposed by Mr. J. H. Symon, Q.C., on the ground of the evil that would arise through the temptation to which prisoners were exposed, by their liability to cross-examination, to commit perjury, in their frantic efforts to escape punishment and regain their liberty. The debate was not left exclusively in the hands of lawyers, for the question raised embraced a wide range of considerations affecting the moral and legal rights of society, in which laymen.

felt an obligation to express independent opinions, and ultimately the Bill passed the Assembly by a large majority, and was adopted by the Council. Immediately afterwards Mr. Symon brought in a Bill for the abolition of oaths in judicial proceedings, but failed, by a few votes, to carry it through the second reading. He has renewed his exertions in each subsequent session, and though consistently opposed by Mr. Downer, he has had the satisfaction of seeing his proposal more than once accepted by the Assembly, and although lost in the Council, rejected by a gradually declining majority. During the session of 1882 Mr. Downer managed, after very trifling opposition, to place on the statute book of South Australia a Married Women's Property Act, framed much upon the lines of a similar enactment that had been ordained by the Imperial Legislature. The habits of industry acquired in the practice of a laborious profession are discernible in every cause where Mr. Downer's abilities by the accident of political position find a field of employment, and in every province of constitutional, social, or moral ethics to which his sympathies or interests extend.

Mr. Downer, in conjunction with his colleague and chief, Mr. J. C. Bray, represented the colony of South Australia at the Federal Convention, held at Sydney in 1883. On the deliberations of that body Mr. Downer brought to bear the valuable assistance of a reflective and instructed mind, the operations of which were impelled but not misguided by the natural temper of enthusiasm for the political growth of the land of his birth. Though deeply attached to the colony in which the whole of his life has been spent, Mr. Downer's ideas are not bounded by the horizon of local prejudices, or controlled by the sectional narrowness which would subordinate the good of the whole to the selfishness of the part. When explaining the right sense of interpretation to be placed on the resolutions passed at the Sydney Conference, he insisted upon the importance of delegates entrusted with such a serious responsibility working with one disposition for the benefit of all. He is

young enough to encourage the hope that he will live to see the day when a political organisation of these colonies shall present the aspect of a United Australia, bound by strong but voluntary ties for the maintenance of common interests and the defence of common rights.

The public services of a man who has attained high eminence in political life will, of course, be viewed through the various lights and shades of party feeling; but the severest critics will not deny to Mr. Downer the merit of having been guided in his legislative career by the dictates of conscience, and the fearless advocacy of measures which a cool judgment has approved. His speeches in the House somewhat resemble those of a counsel who holds a brief for the particular cause under consideration, but that fault, if fault it be, is modified by the moderation of his language, and the manifest desire to do justice to opinions divergent from his own. An unimpassioned practical temper, and untiring patience in investigating abstruse questions, enable him to depend upon the strength and cohesion of the conclusions at which he has arrived, and which he temperately submits to the acceptance of his fellows without showy and shallow arts of rhetoric. His ingenuity is never disfigured by casuistry, but it is occasionally received with such surprise and success as to suggest that the harmlessness of the dove is not divorced from the wisdom of the serpent. This useful combination of amiable and philosophical instincts was exhibited to perfection by Mr. Downer in the course he took in regard to the efforts of the South Australian Parliament to bring to an irreducible minimum the facilities for gambling on the race-course. Although not a purist who hopes to extinguish all immoral passions and practices, at all events by legislation, Mr. Downer entertains the opinion that the energy and virtue of the youth of these colonies are being sapped by seductive snares, many of which it is in the power of legislative agency to remove. On the introduction of the Bill legalising the totalisator, he unfolded his views of the mischief to

which he supposed it would give rise, but his remonstrance was unavailing, and the totalisator was sanctioned as a regulated instrument for increasing the emoluments and popularity of racing clubs. After a short experience, a Totalisator Repeal Bill was successfully carried through its various stages, mainly through the tact, readiness, and dexterity of Mr. Downer. The supporters of the totalisator had relied much upon the argument that betting in one form or another was an indestructible vice, which the wisest legislation could do more than mitigate, and that it was better to restrict it within the safe limits which the device of the totalisator provided, than to leave unprotected dupes to the mercy of the bookmakers. The eagerness to preserve the totalisator led some of its defenders into unguarded accents of reproof of the folly of attempting to eradicate so deep rooted a passion as gaming, and one or two members of influence in the House indiscreetly committed themselves to a promise to support a more drastic measure to prohibit gambling in public places altogether, but would not draw an artificial distinction for the purpose of suppressing the totalisator. With a rare display of individual courage, Mr. Downer accepted the challenge, and imported into the new Bill a clause rendering gambling under any circumstances in a public place a penal offence, and he claimed the proffered support when it was too late for promises deliberately made to be withdrawn. His boldness triumphed, and except in clubs or private houses, the castles of free-born Englishmen, the sanctity of which it is not thought advisable to invade by the officious intrusion of the police, gambling in South Australia enjoys no protection or even toleration by law.

When the Colton Ministry were displaced at the beginning of the session of the present year, Mr. Downer was entrusted with the formation of a Cabinet, although all eyes were turned towards Mr. Bray, who was then on his return journey from England. The financial difficulties of the colony, and the troubles incidental to a protracted period of commercial depression aggravated the task

which is never slight in the absence of definite party lines. But Mr. Downer was not long in getting together a team ready to brave the storms of the session, which must necessarily be boisterous when the chief feature of the political programme is one almost of fiscal revolution. Mr. Downer no longer cherishes any lingering attachment to the principles of free trade, or if he does, his soundness of sense has subordinated his personal feelings to political necessities. With a just pride he claimed, on the retirement of one of his colleagues to make room for Mr. Bray, the grateful recognition by the colony of the assiduous labours of his Ministry in constructing the highly protective tariff on which they had been chiefly engaged since they took office. He received from his former leader a loyal and generous support, and Mr. Bray accepted a portfolio under his former subordinate, without imitating the petty example that has been set in New Zealand of asserting rights of precedence, and higgling over points of etiquette as to who is to sit on the right or left of the Governor at the dinner-table, or to walk in or out of a room first. The accession of Mr. Bray has given stability to the Cabinet, concerning which signs of coming trouble were beginning to be visible, but the absence of any organised Opposition had been the means of preventing a crisis at an earlier date.

It would be unsafe to speculate whether the future career of Mr. Downer will sustain the confident hopes of his friends as to the place he will occupy on the muster-roll of South Australian statesmen. He has, so far, more than realised the expectations of the public in the branch of legislation for which his experience specially qualifies him, and, as we have seen, his reforms have rather kept ahead of the popular demands. His rise to political power has been sudden even for the favourable conditions of colonial rule, and however discordant may be the views as to some of the experiments he has tried in pitting Acts of Parliament against human follies and frivolities, his original mind and perceptions, quickened by opportunities, will be recognised as important factors in shaping

the destinies of a free and intelligent people. By the inevitable whirl of political events ministries must go in and out, and all alike are attended with the applauses of their followers, and the rough touches of adverse partisans. Individuals change also, and it is not always those that change the least who are admired the most. A controversy has been and still is raging in South Australia on the rival advantages of protection and free trade, which notably illustrates this truth. Numbers of disputants are to be found on either side who now worship everything they once would have burned,

and are ready to burn everything they once would have worshipped. As creatures of circumstances public men must often bend to the pressure of the hour, and praise and blame are alike indiscriminate. But when the impartial historian comes to review the several parts played by the actors on the political stage of Australia, amongst a long list of capable actors the name of J. W. Downer, though not the foremost, will hold not the least conspicuous position, while for rectitude of conduct and steadfastness of purpose he will be assigned a place below few, if any, of his contemporaries.

A SKETCH IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

QUATRE BRAS.

By "THE BARON."

Respectfully Dedicated to Mrs. Butler.

When joy was at its highest 'mid the mazes of the dance,
 There passed a hurried whisper, that told the foe's advance ;
 There was grief in many a bosom, there were tears in many an eye,
 And halls, with music echoing still, heard many a sad "Good-bye."
 Faltered the lips that uttered them, fair faces paled with sorrow,
 For who might tell the soldiers' fate in the battle of the morrow ?
 Hushed now the music of the dance, and stilled the voice of pleasure ;
 And ah ! how few might e'er return to tread the blithesome measure !
 Full eighty thousand horse and foot, while the distant cannon roared,
 In the grey of early morning from Brussels forth they poured,
 To Quatre Bras they bent their march, where the Frenchmen, led by Ney,
 Tried hard their British valour on that long and weary day.

How truly does the artist's skill record its lasting praise
 To the gallant "Twenty-eighth," and their renown in other days !
 How grim and firm their serried ranks, at the corner of the square,
 All wreathed with filmy smoke that floats upon the laden air !
 Above, the gloomy sky is dark, as mourning for the dead ;
 Beneath, the poppies seem to vie with the corn's ensanguined red.

Upon the right a cuirassier has fallen from his steed,
That faithfully has served him in his time of hardest need,
All dented his cuirass, while on his casque the sunlight beams,
And in his stiffened gauntlet's grasp still strained his sabre gleams.

The front rank almost kneel upon two forms whence life has fled,
But units in the number of the great uncounted dead.
A Frenchman and a Briton, in hate and fight, have died ;
In death the feud forgetting, they are lying side by side.
Upon the left a Lancer of Napoleon's chosen band
Gallops along the bristling line, his spear grasped in his hand ;
All heedless of the bullets, daring chance, and trusting fate,
A thousand muskets menace him, a thousand looks of hate ;
Ha ! he reels ! a shot has struck him ; up flies his hand in pain,
And the lance his grasp relinquishes will never strike again.

In front, upon the left, a man has fallen on his face—
Another forward stepping to take his comrade's place—
One arm his bleeding head supports, a shot has pierced his brain ;
One hand upon his brow is clenched, he ne'er will rise again ;
His curly locks, once black as jet, are dabbled now with red,
And from the fatal field afar the soldier's soul has sped.
Next in the rank a soldier kneels with manly face and form,
Who like an oak has borne him firm through all the leaden storm,
And on his right a wounded lad his arm relaxed has cast
Around the other's neck, and holds his lappet tight and fast ;
His matted hair, in clotted locks, falls down his ashen cheek,
But still he strives to hold his gun with nerveless hand and weak ;
His eyes already glazed and dim, fast ebbs the fatal drain,
But never will he yield his place while life and breath remain.
Beyond and near two laughing boys, in open-mouthed delight,
Observe afar some French mishap or blunder in the fight.
Upon the left the second rank keep up a running fire,
A sweeping gust of leaden hail that never seems to tire.

How grandly has the artist limned that noble figure there,
With handsome face, determined mien, and locks of crimsoned hair !
A blood-stained scarf around his face is fastened in a knot,
And down his gun with eager hands he rams the deadly shot.
An officer, with helmet gone, we see behind him stand,
And eager, o'er the battlefield he points with sword in hand ;
The ready marksman close beside but waits, before he fires,
A nearer, clearer view, to give the aim that he desires.
And see that laughing Irish lad, with hair of glowing red :
His shako, by a bullet struck, is falling from his head ;
And there another over leans, and laughs, and bites his nail ;
They laugh—the foemen fiercely scowl—but who are first to quail ?

The Colonel in the centre sits upon his charger brave,
And over him the ample folds of England's banner wave,
While borne aloft beside it, with each breeze unfolding wide,
The colours of the Twenty-eighth, the standard of their pride !

O golden scroll of glorious names of battles fought and won,
'Mid ice and snow of Inkermann, 'neath Egypt's burning sun !
Now let us, as we turn our gaze from yonder pictured strife,
Give honour both to those who lived, and those who gave their life !
The dead—be this their epitaph—"They fell like soldiers tried ;
At duty's summons death they dared—in England's cause they died !"

JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WEDDING MORNING.

Jacobi's sleep lasted until seven in the morning, and then he was awakened by a loud knock at the study door and the sudden entrance of Mrs. Danvers with a candle in her hand.

"Are you here?" she said, in an agitated voice. "I've been to your room and could not find you, I almost thought--Where is Clarice?"

"Clarice?" he repeated, in a stupefied drowsy way. "How am I to know where Clarice is?"

Mrs. Danvers noted the disorder of his dress, the languor of his attitude, with a quick, observant eye. "Have you been sleeping here all night?" she said.

"I suppose I have. I am wretchedly cold. I must have fallen asleep on the sofa," said Jacobi, rising and looking round him with a yawn. "What do you want?"

"I have bad news for you. Clarice is not in the house."

"Not in the house!" Jacobi gazed at her for a moment with wide-open eyes, then stamped violently on the floor and uttered a savage oath. "Where is she then?"

"How can I tell! She was in her room last night."

"No, she was not; she came here."

"Here!"

"Came and had some conversation with me. She left me about twelve o'clock—or a little later," said Jacobi, beginning to speak slowly, and to endeavour to recollect as much as possible of last night's scene. He knew that the amount of opium he had taken must have begun to affect him very soon after Clarice's entrance. He remembered that she had been pleading

with him about her marriage; but he could not remember that he had seen her leave the room. He supposed, however, that she must have done so at a fairly early hour, while he had his wits about him sufficiently to lock up Sir Wilfred's desk and turn down the lamp (for although it burnt dimly, it was still alight); but whither she could have gone, and how she had left the house, was still a mystery.

"It's your fault," he said, turning upon Mrs. Danvers with an accent of unmistakable rage. "You have played me false; you did not watch her as you ought to have done. Why did you not lock her into her room?"

"I thought I had done so," said Mrs. Danvers, looking uneasy. "I will set the servants to work; we may find some traces of her in the garden. You had better change your clothes and come downstairs too. Was she begging you to break the engagement when she came last night?"

Jacobi nodded sullenly.

Mrs. Danvers, as she neared the door, looked back over her shoulder.

"Then I hope we shall not find her at the bottom of the pond," she said, significantly.

A servant met her on the stairs.

"Farmer Darenth's daughter wants to speak to you, ma'am. It's something about Miss Clarice, I believe."

Mrs. Danvers stopped short.

"Where is she?"

"In the hall, ma'am."

"Tell her to come to the house-keeper's room; I will see her there."

Scarcely a glimmer of light came in at the window of the little room whither Joan was shown. She had to wait a

few minutes for the arrival of Mrs. Danvers, to whom she had thought it best to apply. At last Mrs. Danvers entered, with the candle still in her hand. She was suffering from the cold of the early winter morning, as well as from her anxiety about Clarice, and she had drawn a pale blue woollen shawl round her head and face in going about the passages. She was out of breath, too, and her voice was rough and hoarse with suppressed emotion as she enquired, eagerly—

“Have you heard anything of Miss Vanborough?”

“She came to our house this morning, ma’am,” said Joan, gravely, “and I do not know how long she has been out of doors. Fortunately the weather was not very cold. She was in a faint for a long time, and we took the liberty of sending for Dr. Ambrose almost at once, and as soon as I could leave her I came away here. I am afraid her mind is wandering.”

Mrs. Danvers sank into a chair and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

“The poor child! So soon before her wedding too! Sir Wilfred will be much obliged to you for your care.”

“We are glad to do all that we can do for Miss Clarice,” said Joan, simply. She looked at Mrs. Danvers as she spoke with no great sympathy; she did not like what she had heard of her, and she thought this display of emotion a little overstrained and forced. “She is quite welcome to stay with us until she can safely be moved.”

“I will go and speak to Sir Wilfred,” said Mrs. Danvers, softly, and then she glided from the room without another word of thanks or recognition of the trouble Joan had taken. The girl waited in some perplexity for nearly half an hour, and at last made an expedition into the kitchen, where she asked old Martin whether Mrs. Danvers wanted to see her again.

“Why, bless me,” said the old man, testily, “don’t you know that Mrs. Danvers and Mr. Jacobi started ten minutes ago in the close carriage for your father’s farm? You must have heard the carriage go round to the door.”

“No, I did not hear,” said Joan, with a curious sinking at heart. This

was surely a hard way in which to be treated in Geoffrey Vanborough’s home.

She left the house, and made the best of her way back to the farm. The Vanboroughs’ carriage and Doctor Ambrose’s gig were both standing at the gate. When she entered the house she found Jacobi and Doctor Ambrose engaged in some discussion as to the advisability of removing Clarice back to Charnwood Manor. Jacobi had authority from Sir Wilfred to decide on the best course, and he wished her to be removed at once. The doctor demurred a little; he was not quite sure whether the change would be for Clarice’s good; but finally he consented to it. And Mrs. Danvers sat by, listening to the discussion, but scarcely saying a word.

Clarice was wrapped in blankets and lifted into the carriage. She seemed unconscious of the change of place thus effected, and did not recognise any of the faces around her—only muttered to herself, and looked vacantly before her. Joan, who had been busy adjusting shawls and rugs around her, stooped to kiss the pale, suffering face before she left the carriage. As her lips touched Clarice’s cheek a gleam of intelligence shot into the girl’s lustreless eyes. She roused herself a little, looked at Joan’s pitying face, and uttered one word in a very different manner from the one with which her disconnected murmurings had hitherto been accompanied.

“Remember!” she said, suddenly, with a sharp note of warning in her voice, and a look of complete recollection and entreaty. “Remember!” And then she sank back, smiled, and fell to muttering to herself once more, with fingers plucking at the shawl that Joan had wrapped around her.

Mrs. Danvers exchanged a sharp glance with Jacobi as she took Clarice’s head upon her lap. He scowled as he glanced at Joan. He suspected her already of knowing more of the true state of things than she ought to know.

He took the vacant place in Doctor Ambrose’s gig, and the doctor went with Clarice and Mrs. Danvers in the carriage. No explanation of Clarice’s appearance at the farm could be given

—nobody knew why or when she had left the house. Even Jacobi could only suspect that his refusal to set her free had driven her to despair; but he was certain of nothing.

For some time it was doubtful whether brain-fever would not supervene. The preparations for the marriage were suspended; a physician was summoned from London. But in a few days this danger seemed to be completely averted, and the girl's elastic, if feeble, constitution triumphed. The physician declared that her restoration to bodily health was probable, but he doubted the entire re-establishment of mental health. Only very favourable conditions, and great freedom from care and anxiety, he said, could ensure that.

But in a fortnight from the time of Clarice's attempt to escape it was announced that she was well enough to come downstairs.

"Keep out of the way," said Mrs. Danvers abruptly to Jacobi, who had not seen Clarice since the beginning of her illness. "I do not know whether she has strength to bear a visit from you."

She brought Clarice down to the drawing-room, and found her rational enough, weak indeed, but comparatively cheerful. From some words the girl let drop it seemed that she was labouring under the delusion that Jacobi had gone away for ever. Mrs. Danvers dared not at present combat that idea.

She was pleased to see her father, who came and sat by her for some little while with her hand in his. By-and-by the drawing-room door opened a little way—stopped—was pushed open again; but no one entered.

"Pray come in," said Sir Wilfred, irritably. "Who is it, Martin?"

It was not Martin. It was Jacobi's face that appeared at the open door; Jacobi's smooth, subtle face, with its false smile and plausible expression of amiability. With a sudden word of anger Mrs. Danvers tried to interpose herself between him and Clarice's eyes, but she was too late. The girl started up with a cry of terror, pressed her hands over his face, then sank back fainting upon the couch.

"You fool!" said Mrs. Danvers, in an emphatic whisper to Constantine Jacobi, as he drew near the sofa, and looked with real curiosity at Clarice's unconscious face; "did I not tell you to keep out of her way? Do you want to make an idiot of her altogether?"

Jacobi shrugged his shoulders, and offered no reply. But on inquiry next day it did not appear that Clarice was worse or better than she had been before. Mrs. Danvers did not seem easy about her; but Jacobi began to think that Mrs. Danvers made an unnecessary fuss about Clarice's health. He was half inclined to suspect her of wishing to postpone the marriage.

Under these circumstances he took matters boldly into his own hands. First, he quarrelled with Dr. Ambrose, and forced Sir Wilfred to quarrel with him too. And then he pressed the question of the wedding-day, and, finally, informed Mrs. Danvers, with scant ceremony, that he had made all arrangements for the performance of the marriage-rite, and that it must and should take place at Charnwood Church that very week. There were three days in which to prepare Clarice's mind, and he would not brook another hour's delay.

"Have you told her?" he asked, later in the day.

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing."

"Did she not cry?"

"No. I think she is past crying."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't think she understood me. But you know," said Mrs. Danvers, with an odd smile, "that *that* does not matter."

"No," said Jacobi, rather hesitatingly. "Though, if a man must marry, he would prefer not to marry a mad woman."

"She is the easier disposed of afterwards. Take courage; a sane woman might give you more trouble."

And then Mrs. Danvers left him to his own reflections, with the same curious smile upon her lips.

Clarice came downstairs that evening, but seemed to take little notice of any one. Even when Jacobi spoke to her

she scarcely raised her eyes or gave any sign of dislike. He commented on this fact to Mrs. Danvers with some show of triumph afterwards.

And thus the three days passed by, and Clarice's wedding morning came.

It was Thursday, the first of February, and the first touch of spring was visible in the fields and on the hedges. The trees were beginning to turn pink with the lovely flush of new life as their buds swelled and reddened upon the bare branches; the snowdrops and crocuses were pushing up their heads through the brown earth; the sunshine was bright and clear. Early in the morning Mrs. Danvers was astir. She had not slept all night, and it was a relief to her to walk round the garden, and breathe the fresh, keen air, before beginning her day's work.

She had been asked to stay at Charnwood during the absence of the bride and bridegroom, and she had consented. Nevertheless she had quietly packed up all her things; her boxes now stood locked and corded in her room as though for instant departure. Some plan or project was certainly in her mind which she had not imparted to anyone at Charnwood; for to all observations tending towards a belief that she was going to remain with Sir Wilfred during Clarice's absence she smilingly assented, and yet went on with her preparations for departure all the same. And this morning, after her walk round the garden, she let herself out at the park gate, and went to the tiny village inn, where she asked for the landlord.

Mr. Greaves, the landlord, came out rubbing his hands, much perplexed by the visit of Mrs. Danvers, who was considered in the village as the virtual mistress of Charnwood Manor, and a very fine lady indeed.

Mrs. Danvers wanted to secure a room for a friend of hers, who might arrive that morning—a lady. She did not give the lady's name. A small, quiet room, where she would be secure from interruption and remark.

"Coming down by train, ma'am, I suppose?" said Mr. Greaves, cheerfully. "Shall we send the fly to the station, ma'am?"

"No," said Mrs. Danvers, rather slowly. "She will not come by train."

The room was small, confined, dark; but Mrs. Danvers said it was the very thing the lady would require.

"Fine day for the wedding, ma'am," said the irrepressible Greaves. "Lady coming down for the wedding, ma'am, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Danvers, quietly, and not a word more could the landlord extract from her. "She seemed in a hurry to be off," he remarked to his wife, as they watched her from the door with some curiosity.

By the time she reached the Manor the post bag had been brought in, and lay unopened on the library table. Jacobi had the key. But Mrs. Danvers took out of her pocket another little key, which she applied to the lock in a way which showed that she was not unaccustomed to this manner of procedure. She inspected all the letters very carefully; over one (not addressed to herself) she hesitated for some time, as though doubtful whether to replace it in the bag at all. Finally she dropped it back, re-locked the bag, and put it once more on the table. Then she rang the bell. Martin appeared.

"Mr. Jacobi would like to have the letter-bag early, perhaps, this morning, Martin. You had better take it to him at once."

Martin took the bag, and Mrs. Danvers went upstairs to see if Clarice was awake, and to give her her breakfast.

The wedding was to be managed with all possible quietness. It had not even been thought necessary to send Jacobi away that he might make his appearance from the village inn instead of from the house itself. Mr. Hilton would be at the church at ten; Sir Wilfred and his daughter would drive thither together; another carriage would take Jacobi and Mrs. Danvers.

At half-past nine Clarice sat before the looking-glass in her own room, while Mrs. Danvers fastened the veil upon her drooping head. The wedding might be quiet enough, but Sir Wilfred would not suffer one jot of the bride's personal adornment to be abated; white satin, Brussels lace veil, orange blossoms, and pearls, had been provided, as if a hundred guests would be

there to see. Mrs. Danvers allowed no one but herself to touch the bride's dress that morning. With soft, steady fingers she arranged the lace and the orange-sprays over the thick dark hair, clasped the necklace of pearls round the slim white throat, fastened the long white gloves upon her blue-veined wrists. Thus arrayed, the girl's beauty was almost startling in its excessive delicacy. There was not a touch of red in her cheeks or lips; her drooping eyelids seemed too heavy to be raised from the dark eyes; the veins showed upon her temples with painful distinctness. She yielded herself passively to all the changes made in her dress, but took no special notice of any one thing. When Mrs. Danvers had finished all her preparations, the one servant, Betsy Blane, who had been present to assist, went into an ecstasy of admiration.

"I never did see nothing so lovely, mum! And she ain't looked at herself in the glass one bit. Oh, do look at yourself, miss, now do! Won't you tell her to look, mum?"

Mrs. Danvers swung the looking-glass forward a little.

"Look at yourself, Clarice," she said in a low voice.

The girl raised her heavy, uncomprehending eyes obediently, and directed them towards the white and splendid figure in the glass. The sight excited her to no show of interest, no animation. She looked as she was bidden; then looked away and began to hum a little tune. The faint, vacant smile that hovered upon her lips added to the positive ghastliness of her beauty. Mrs. Danvers let the glass swing back into its place.

"It does not matter," she said, as if to herself, with unusual abruptness of manner. "She will have another chance." But what she meant poor Betsy Blane could not tell.

A knock came to the door. "Is Miss Vanborough ready?" Sir Wilfred was waiting to lead the bride downstairs.

"Mr. Jacobi is ready to start, ma'am," said Martin to Mrs. Danvers. "He told me to ask if you were ready too."

"Tell him I will follow," said Mrs. Danvers. "He ought to be there first.

I will come either with Miss Vanborough or on foot."

And with this answer Jacobi, though somewhat offended, had to be content.

Mrs. Danvers heard him drive away, saw Clarice go downstairs on her father's arm, then locked herself into her own room. Sir Wilfred and his daughter started ten minutes later, but she did not accompany them. She would be there almost as soon as they were, she had assured Sir Wilfred when he conducted Clarice from her room; but she had a few changes to make in her dress which would occupy her for a few minutes.

"I trust you will be there in time, Mrs. Danvers," said Sir Wilfred, rather anxiously. And Mrs. Danvers had assured him that she would. They would have to make a considerable round by the avenue and the road, but she could easily take the path through the park to the church, she said. But nobody saw her go.

Sir Wilfred had been anxious on the score of Clarice's weak health and excitability, but he was reassured by her perfect quietness on this occasion. Her white veil partially hid her face from him; but, although she hardly spoke in answer to his occasional questions, he felt that she was wonderfully tranquil, and was glad to think that he had followed Jacobi's advice and hastened the marriage.

News of the wedding had got abroad. The village people were crowding round the church doors and filling the pews inside. But no friends of the family had chosen to attend the ceremony. The curate's wife had ensconced herself in a corner of the building to witness it, but even she meant to keep herself a little out of sight. Joan Darenth had come with her father; both gravely interested in the event. At the last moment some excitement was created by the arrival of Mrs. Tremaine with one of her daughters in a close carriage. She looked pale and agitated, and her appearance aroused great interest in the minds of the villagers, who had long discussed the likelihood of a marriage between Miss Clarice and Mr. Nigel.

The bridegroom, evidently nervous, but wearing the smile by which he

always tried to mask anxiety or fear, had taken his place at the altar, with his best man—a young surgeon of the neighbourhood who had supplanted Doctor Ambrose at Charnwood Manor, and who bore a reputation of not being over scrupulous as to the ways and means of his advancement.

Last of all a veiled woman in black came in by the side-door, and took a seat near the centre aisle, half-way up the church.

Sir Wilfred's carriage drove up. Sir Wilfred was inclined to be fussy and anxious; he wanted to wait until Mrs. Danvers should arrive. But the gaping crowd at the churchyard gate induced him to hasten matters a little. The door was opened; he got out and held forth his hand to assist his daughter.

The church was situated on a knoll, and the pathway from the door to the gate was steep and irregularly flagged. It was necessary that the bride should first mount some steps to the churchyard gate, then make her way to the door on foot. Some matting had been laid over the uneven stones.

She had taken her father's arm and placed her foot upon the lowest step, when Sir Wilfred's attention (not hers) was arrested by the fact that the people's heads were turned another way, that a little crowd was collecting in another direction, that a curious murmur of suspense and alarm seemed to be gathering in the air. Angered by what he considered to be a breach of decorum, a token of disrespect, he would have mounted the steps without any visible notice of the growing agitation beyond a slight quickening of his pace; but Clarice was too feeble to be hurried. A faint buzz of voices began to rise. Somebody in the distance called out—"Stop!"

"Stop him!" he was almost certain that he heard the men and women around him saying—"Poor gentleman! he little knows——" "Don't let him go into the church." "Why not?" "It's Mr. Geoffrey, sure enough; his eldest son."

Suddenly the little crowd divided. Before Sir Wilfred had passed through the churchyard gate a young man had dashed through the groups of spec-

tators and thrown himself in the way of the bride and the bride's father.

"I am not too late," he said, with pale set face and flashing blue eyes. "This ceremony must not go on. Sir Wilfred Vanborough, let me beg of you to take your daughter home at once. There is an insuperable obstacle to the marriage."

"Out of my path, young man," said Sir Wilfred, with stern dignity. "Your own disappointed hopes should not lead you to falsehood. If you bar our advance any longer I will have you removed by the police."

"Are you mad?" said Nigel Tremaine, vehemently. "I tell you that there is an obstacle. Jacobi has a wife living. I do not bar your advance. Take your daughter *now* to be married, if you will."

Sir Wilfred paused, shocked, irresolute. The rumour of the disturbance had by this time penetrated to the interior of the church. The clergyman came out hurriedly, followed by Jacobi and his friends. There was a moment's utter stillness.

Then arose another tumult, a hubbub louder than before. Through the crowd of pressing village-folk there came a strangely silent procession of men, who bore between them a motionless figure laid upon a stretcher like one dead. Nigel pointed to it with an expressive gesture; it seemed as if, for the moment, he could not speak. Sir Wilfred turned, with Clarice on his arm, and then recoiled a few paces in horrified amaze.

For the senseless form and the pallid death-like face before him were the face and form of Geoffrey Vanborough, his eldest son.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN THE CHURCHYARD.

"Good heavens, what is all this?" said Jacobi, fiercely. His face had turned as white as that of the enemy who lay before him; but his eyes gleamed with a sinister expression of malice and evil. He had not heard Nigel's accusation, but he saw that some interruption had already occurred, and knew that the appearance of

Geoffrey, stricken down and senseless as he was, boded him no good.

The young surgeon went at once to Geoffrey Vanborough's side. In a few moments he looked up for some little assistance. Who was there to render it? Tremaine was speaking to Jacobi; Sir Wilfred was listening with averted head; the bride was like a lay-figure, moving only on impulses from without. The clergyman, Mrs. Tremaine, and her daughter formed part of the group around the bride and bridegroom.

The surgeon glanced round anxiously. But there was one strong arm, one willing heart that he knew nothing of. Joan Darenth came steadily through the crowd, which made way for her with a murmur of relieved approbation, and knelt down by Geoffrey's side. Silently and carefully, but with an intent, grave face, which looked unusually pale, she attended to the surgeon's directions, as he tried, but tried in vain, to ascertain how he had been injured.

The woman in black had risen from her seat in the church, and stood with others in the churchyard. She was half-concealed by a tall tombstone, and perhaps the position was a good one if she did not wish to excite remark. Her black dress and closely-drawn crape veil made her sufficiently remarkable in the crowd of brightly-dressed spectators. Fanny Tremaine, who was imaginative, said afterwards that the woman in black would have passed well for a grim figure of Destiny standing in the background among the tombs.

Meanwhile Nigel Tremaine had restrained his indignation sufficiently to utter a few short, telling sentences to Constantine Jacobi in the presence of Clarice and her father.

"Your wife is still living. You abandoned her cruelly seven years ago, and your infant child as well; but she did not meet with her death, as you fondly hoped. She is alive and well at this very moment."

A yellow pallor overspread Jacobi's face. His livid lips quivered; his hands clenched themselves convulsively. But he recovered his self-possession with marvellous swiftness.

"Sir," he said, turning at once to the old baronet, and thus, by a master-stroke of cleverness, seeming to ignore

Nigel himself as though his young accuser were beneath contempt, "you will at least do me the justice to believe that I speak the truth when I say that I saw my poor wife perish before my eyes in a shipwreck many years ago. How it can be affirmed that she is still living I do not know; but I am willing that every investigation should be made."

"Of course—of course," said Sir Wilfred, nervously drawing his daughter's hand more closely within his arm. "We understand all that perfectly. I have every confidence in Mr. Jacobi."

"Every confidence in Mr. Jacobi!" repeated Nigel, in a tone of withering contempt. He was losing his self-control as Jacobi gained his, and, although he spoke low, because he was quite alive to the expediency of being heard by as few people as possible save those immediately concerned in the matter, his tones were growing eager, and almost fierce. "Does Mr. Jacobi not recognise *me*? Can you stand here and tell me to my face, you mean, lying hound, that you are not a murderer and a thief? Did you not try to rob me one night when I lay asleep in my tent on the pampas; did you not do your best to kill me afterwards, and did you not kneel to Vanborough for mercy? Do you think I am likely to hear my friend speak of trusting you, and not do my very best to prove your villainy?"

"This is too much," cried Sir Wilfred.

"You are violent, Mr. Tremaine," said the clergyman, gravely. "The wedding will not proceed to-day, of course, but——"

"Mr. Jacobi will easily disprove these calumnies," said Sir Wilfred, haughtily.

He turned away as if to re-enter the carriage; his head was held erect, but it was easy to see that his hands were beginning to tremble violently.

Jacobi had turned a shade more livid than he had been before. It was with a ghastly attempt at a smile that he now responded, almost below his breath—

"I defy you to prove your statements. Did you ever see me face to face, ever speak to me in your life before?"

There was something in the form of the question which startled Nigel.

Jacobi had laid his finger at once on the very weakest part of the case, now that Geoffrey could give no testimony. Never once had Nigel spoken to Jacobi, never seen him but for that one brief moment when the two men had grappled with each other in the darkness of the tent. It was impossible for him to say of his own knowledge that this man was the very Jacobi who had robbed and tried to murder him in South America. Geoffrey could do that, but Geoffrey lay senseless on the ground.

"Your son has all the proofs, sir," he said, addressing himself to Sir Wilfred. "When he is again conscious we shall be able to appeal to him."

"Appeal to Geoffrey Vanborough—against me?" said Jacobi, with a curl of the lips which he meant for a smile.

He could not forbear the taunt, although he trembled when he had uttered it, for Nigel looked at him as if he could willingly seize him by the throat and shake the life out of him as some wild creature of the woods will shake its prey. But his answer was given with the haughty calmness of utter disdain.

"Appeal to a gentleman and a man of honour," he said, "against a liar, a coward, and an escaped convict!"

Jacobi recoiled for an instant, then turned with a savage look, and pointed to Geoffrey.

"What is *he*?" he said, viciously, "but an escaped convict, too?"

Then he saw that he had gone too far. Sir Wilfred started—there was a little movement amongst some of the bystanders. Nigel's eyes flashed fire—in another second his hand had closed tightly on the man's collar.

"If we were alone," he said, "I would thrash you within an inch of your life for that last word. As there are ladies here I only warn you that you are not safe in my neighbourhood, and advise you to make off as soon as possible."

He forced him backwards as he spoke, down the steps and out into the road. The black figure behind the tombstone suddenly moved forward. It seemed almost as though she was going to interfere. But her interference was uncalled for. Sir Wilfred,

who had relinquished Clarice for the present to the care of Mrs. Tremaine, and was looking with a gloomy countenance at the prostrate form of his son, turned back with a quick, imperious gesture.

"Mr. Tremaine, this is my guest," he said, sternly. "You shall not assault him in the public road with impunity. Let go, sir! for shame. Where are the police?"

"The shame will be on your side, Sir Wilfred, if you allow that man to enter your house again," said Nigel, impetuously. But he released Jacobi with an impatient turn of the hand which sent the would-be bridegroom headlong to the ground.

"I take a command from no man," said Sir Wilfred. "This matter will be settled in good time. Jacobi——"

He drew him aside, and conferred with him in lower tones. The crowd had gradually been dispersed by the efforts of Reuben Darenth and Mr. Hilton; the persons who remained were those chiefly interested in the course of events. Mr. Hilton had looked uneasily more than once at the woman in black; but she had been so motionless, so apparently unimpassioned an observer, that he did not like to interfere with her. And now the question of Geoffrey's state was raised, and an explanation offered by Nigel Tremaine.

It had been one of the unforeseen accidents of which nobody could give a very clear account. The two friends had come from London that morning and had arrived at Charnwood just in time to hear that this was Clarice's wedding-day. It seemed that Geoffrey, in his haste and alarm, had forgotten everything but the desire to reach his father's house immediately. He had rushed forward, crossed the line at a point where passengers were forbidden to pass, had slightly stumbled, and been knocked down by a coal-truck, and evidently severely injured. He had been insensible ever since; and the young surgeon's face was very serious and rather puzzled, as he rose to answer the queries that were now addressed to him.

"I think he should be removed as soon as possible," he said, "and then

I could tell more plainly what is amiss." He spoke to Sir Wilfred, who had finished his consultation with Jacobi and listened courteously to what the young doctor had to say.

In that moment of suspended interest Nigel Tremaine turned to his mother and to Clarice. Mrs. Tremaine had put her arm round the girl's passive figure; and Clarice was leaning against her. In truth the whole scene had occupied but a very few moments, and yet Clarice's feeble strength seemed to have become exhausted. Mrs. Tremaine was looking very grave. She had not yet spoken to Nigel.

"Mother," he said to her, as he came up, and then he laid his hand gently upon her shoulder, but his eyes sought the face of Clarice. "How is she?"

"Don't startle her, Nigel." And then she let him raise the shrinking white face from her shoulder, fold back the rich folds of the disordered veil, and draw the little languid hands into his own.

"Clarice," he said, very gently. "Clarice, my darling, I have come back."

Mrs. Tremaine had been afraid that he would utter some word of anger or reproach, but he had schooled himself to resolute gentleness. Her very attitude had told him that she was physically unequal to contend with difficulties.

"Clarice," he said, "have you no word for me?"

He could see her face now. He saw its beautiful outlines and its absence of intelligence or emotion. Her large, dark eyes, heavily shadowed by the purple-veined lids, met his in a full but vacant gaze. She did not speak.

His mother saw him turn pale, saw him bite his underlip and bend his brows in alarm and perplexity. She cried out, with tears in her eyes—

"Oh, Nigel, don't you see? don't you understand how it is with her?"

He, still gazing incredulously into that pallid, soulless face, saw the white lips move uncertainly. His hands trembled with nervous eagerness. Was she going to speak to him at last?

She looked him full in the face and smiled. But there was no recognition

—no meaning—in that smile. She even laughed—a soft, vacant, foolish little laugh; and then, in the midst of them all, with her brother lying senseless on the ground, with her bridegroom stealing away from her in fear and shame, with her old lover holding her by the hands and begging for one single sign of her continued love for him, she broke into that little humming song, without words, almost without tune, with which that very morning she had startled Mrs. Danvers.

Nigel dropped her hands with a groan of dismay.

"Good God!" he said, holding one hand before his eyes as though to shut out the sight, and staggering so that his mother almost feared that he would fall, "they have driven her mad between them!"

For a moment he seemed completely unnerved. He leaned against the churchyard wall, with his back to the group outside; they could see his hands twitch, his shoulders heave with one convulsive sigh or sob. But when he turned round again, his face, though colourless and shocked, was completely calm.

"I shall know whom to blame for this," he said, quietly, but there was a look in his blue eyes which his mother did not like to see.

"Nigel," she said, pitifully, "the dear child will recover. Now that you have come back she will be better."

He did not answer. He took Clarice into his arms and held her to him as his mother had been holding her. She laid her head against his shoulder as tranquilly as if it could not find a better resting place.

But the interlude of quietness lasted but for a moment. His name was called sharply from behind. He started, kissed the girl on the forehead, then placed her once more in his mother's arms.

"Now," he said, "what is it? I am ready."

Sir Wilfred and Jacobi—who were hovering near—were both conscious of some change in his look and manner as he returned to them. The fire had died out from his eye, the impetuosity from his manner; there was an icy coldness and impenetrability about both

which made Jacobi fear him more as an enemy than he had done in his former mood.

"We are talking about Mr. Vanborough's removal," said the surgeon, with an air of perplexity. "He ought to be taken somewhere at once."

"Of course. He will go to his father's house, I suppose," said Nigel, a little grimly.

"The inn is open to him," Sir Wilfred answered, stiffly. "Mr. Tremaine knows well enough that I have reasons for not admitting Captain Vanborough to my house."

"You refuse to take in your own son when he is in that state?" said Nigel, pointing to his friend's insensible form.

There was a moment's silence. Then Sir Wilfred replied, with added obstinacy—

"I refuse."

Before anyone could oppose this decision, or make another suggestion, a fresh person entered upon the scene. This was no other than Doctor Ambrose, to whom the news of the interrupted wedding had been brought while he was in the village, and who had immediately posted off to the church.

"What's all this?" he said, in his sharpest voice. "What are you all about in this treacherous spring weather? Sir Wilfred, if you will allow me to advise you, I would get Miss Clarice home as soon as possible, if I were you. And as for Mr. Geoffrey—dear, dear, this looks bad."

He came to a sudden stop at Geoffrey's side. Joan, kneeling patiently with his head upon her lap, her hands touching the brown hair on either side the handsome head she loved so well, looked up at him with a world of entreaty in her magnificent dark eyes. It made the old doctor cough and choke a little before he spoke again. He knew Joan's secret well enough.

The young surgeon, to whom Jacobi had meanwhile been whispering, now stood forth in all the majesty of offended dignity.

"Sir," he said, "I believe that I am attending on Sir Wilfred Vanborough's family."

"Do you?" said Dr. Ambrose, bending his head over Geoffrey's prostrate form. "Well, if Sir Wilfred cares a

button whether you or I attend his son Geoffrey I'll throw up the case. Otherwise I mean to see him through it."

"The etiquette of the profession," the young man began, a trifle pompously.

Dr. Ambrose cut him short.

"Oh, hang the etiquette of the profession! Did you bring Geoffrey Vanborough into the world, or did I? Sir Wilfred, do you mean to have your son nursed at home?"

"No," said Sir Wilfred, curtly. "Not while there is an inn in the village."

"Wretched place!" muttered the doctor. "No air, no light, no appliances." All this time he had been feeling Geoffrey's limbs and examining the pupils of his eyes. Then he looked at Joan. "Miss Darenth, you are the best nurse in the place. Have you room for Captain Vanborough at the farm? He would be better there than at the inn."

A light flashed into Joan's face, but she did not accept the proposition unconditionally.

"My father is here, sir," she said. "If he consents, I shall be—quite willing."

Even at that moment the doctor smiled at the form of her answer.

"Where is Darenth?" he said.

"Here sir." And Farmer Darenth's tall, grey figure came forward. "If there's anything we can do for Mr. Geoffrey," he said, "we shall be proud to do it. My house is open to anybody belonging to Sir Wilfred and his family."

Jacobi, although at some little distance, hazarded an observation to Sir Wilfred which he meant the rest of the company to overhear.

"In this case," he said, "perhaps Mr. Darenth does not understand that Captain Vanborough is not considered one of Sir Wilfred's family at present."

Tremaine turned round fiercely, but he had no need to speak. For once Sir Wilfred was not on Jacobi's side.

"Darenth is at liberty to do as he chooses," he said, coldly. "I merely refuse to admit Geoffrey Vanborough within my own doors; other people can do as they like."

He turned his back upon his son, and walked to the carriage, where Clarice was already seated. "Where is Mrs.

Danvers?" he said, looking round impatiently. "It is very extraordinary that she should not be here."

He bowed coldly to Mrs. Tremaine, seated himself by Clarice, and gave the signal to the coachman to drive home. Then he pulled down the blinds; the carriage moved slowly down the hill, and was soon lost to sight. Jacobi looked round at the party left behind with a slight sneering smile. He was still very pale, but there was an expression of insolent triumph upon his face, which it was hard for Nigel to bear. For, at any rate, he had got Sir Wilfred to profess entire confidence in him; and he probably owed this expression of confidence to the bitterness and violence with which Tremaine had made his accusation, and which had certainly put him in the wrong in Sir Wilfred's eyes.

So when Nigel returned his glance with a steady look of silent contempt, Jacobi smiled still more, made a low bow to him and to the ladies, and then took the path to the village. They breathed more freely when he was fairly gone.

Mrs. Tremaine had been trying to induce Dr. Ambrose to send Geoffrey to Beechhurst, but he objected on account of the distance. He was growing very angry at the delay which had already occurred, and hastened as much as possible the preparations for his transport to the farm. Mrs. Tremaine's carriage was at once placed at his disposal, and finally the cavalcade moved slowly on its way.

Nigel hesitated at first whether to go to the farm or to proceed at once to Charnwood Manor and justify his behaviour to Sir Wilfred. He decided, however, to accompany the doctor, in order to ascertain the extent of Geoffrey's injuries, and whether there was any chance of his being able at present to give the testimony required as to Jacobi's identity.

Joan and her father went on first to make all necessary arrangements for the reception of the invalid. The carriage followed at rather a slow pace. The churchyard was finally left almost empty. Mr. Hilton had taken Nigel by the arm, and talked to him in a low tone as they walked away together.

The villagers had dispersed. One person only was left, and that was the woman in black.

She waited until everybody had gone, then sank down upon one of the low, green mounds around her in an attitude of complete exhaustion and depression. Presently she put back her veil as if it stifled her, drew a long, deep breath, and muttered a few words to herself.

"So, after all, I need not have come," she murmured to herself. "They have managed the matter without me; not without my help, however—not without my letter to Geoffrey Vanborough. Poor Geoffrey! poor Joan!"

Then she seemed to be thinking deeply.

"He is not punished yet," she said to herself. "I can defeat his purposes, but I cannot—I cannot make him feel anything but rage and humiliation. He has no shame—no sense of wrongdoing. I wish to God," she said, rising suddenly, and standing erect with clenched hands and heaving breast, "that he had a spark of conscience in the depths of his inmost being. For if he had I would find it, and make him suffer the veriest torments of hell!"

She sighed, and let her hands fall to her sides.

"For seven years have I watched and waited," she said, bitterly, "but I have never found it yet."

She came out of the shade of the yew trees and stood in the open sunlight. A gravedigger, just entering the churchyard, looked at her curiously and touched his cap. He had recognised in her the "foreign lady" who used to live at Farmer Darenth's—Joan's cousin, the woman whose name was Maddalena Vallor.

She dropped her veil when she found that she had been remarked, and left the churchyard at once.

"I must make haste," she said to herself. "They must not miss me for too long a time. So I need not go to the inn after all."

With a swift firm tread she made her way to the park gates of Charnwood Manor. Was she about to meet her husband face to face?

(*To be continued*).

A FAMILY COMPLICATION.

By JAMES HINGSTON.

In a remote inland township of one of the Australasian colonies, John Robinson, grazier and miller, had lived for long years past. Seemingly he was a prosperous and happy man. Fortune had apparently favoured him in other than monetary ways. His wife and family were all that could be desired in such primary additions to human happiness—so far as an outside observer could judge of the matter. The poor waifs and estrays wandering about the Australian bush—lost sheep from European folds, envied John Robinson as an emigrant who had made his way in the world—a world in which they had, apparently, altogether lost theirs.

It was not surprising, therefore, that when John Robinson died he should be found to have left a goodly fortune to his widow. The income of his property was as a provision made for her during her lifetime. After her decease the distribution of it was to be among their children or such of them as might be then surviving. Everything was thus right and proper and in the common-place way of family affairs. No one reading Robinson's will could have thought of any romance attaching to it—or to its maker, or to his widow. Such men as Robinson apparently was live and die daily, and make such wills as he had done; the ordinary common-place will of an ordinary common-place man—one of the rank and file of the great army of the unknown, who fight their way through the world.

After the funeral came the usual formality of the reading of the will—in this case a simple affair of a few minutes among the members of the deceased's family. It was read by the lawyer who had prepared it. If he had been told anything by the deceased which the will did not disclose, such was a secret between attorney and client. If he knew of anything likely

to raise a question, he was silent about it. "Silence is golden," we are told, and I believe that lawyers are aware, as many others also are, that there is much gold secured by keeping it. As another useful maxim the lawyer in this case, if he knew of any difficulty that might arise, preferred to wait its arising. It is as useless to raise trouble as it is foolish to meet it half way.

John Robinson's will was, in the ordinary course of such legal proceedings, sent down to the metropolis to be "proved"—as it is termed. So doing involves its reading by official eyes, that it may be seen to whom it is that power is to be entrusted for dealing with the deceased's estate. Another official has then to look over the will that it may be seen what amount is properly chargeable by the Government as and for probate duty. The wisdom of the Legislature has caused this charge on an estate to be assessed accordingly as the property is bequeathed. The wife and children pay a less duty on what they take than do other relatives, and strangers. Though a husband and father has the legal power to leave every penny to others than his family and relatives, an instance has not yet occurred of his doing so. Spite of all family quarrels, blood holds its own in its ties upon testators.

Official eyes are sharp—or should be so. What you or I might overlook, having no special interest in the matter, is differently viewed where interest intervenes. In this case the assessor of the duty looked to the interest of the State, and thought the wording of the will admitted of a doubt. He asked—

"Why does the testator call this legatee for life 'Mrs. Robinson?' If she was his wife why is she not called so? A larger duty will be payable if she is not his wife, and about that I must have further evidence."

It looked as only a matter of careless wording of the will which gave rise to such requirement. An affidavit from the widow, and the lawyer who prepared the will, would doubtless explain it all, and that quite satisfactorily. Apparently, it was necessary only to write to the latter as to the why and wherefore of its being wanted. It was no doubt a blunder that the wording had not been "my wife Minnie Robinson" instead of merely "Mrs. Robinson." The answer that came was by telegram:—

"Pay the higher duty, and have done with it. No explanation will be given!"

A day afterwards, however, there came a letter from the lawyer in which a full explanation was given. It was not intended for official eyes, but none the less interesting. Mrs. Robinson had not been troubled to make any affidavit, because so to do would not have been pleasant to her feelings. As she has now been long since dead there can be no reason for my not telling the interesting story of a family complication. The facts of the case are *outré* enough for the plot of a novelette. Dramatised they would make a "farcical comedy" of the sort now so popular at our theatres. The French seem to handle such dramatic matter best, and a *farceur* of that school may probably yet adapt what I have to tell to the requirements of the stage. Now to the story so furnished by a long letter of explanations.

Thirty years ago, or thereabouts, there lived in an English provincial town two brothers, who by name were known as John and William Robinson. About this period, or shortly after, William, the younger brother, had married, and, seemingly, very suitably. John Robinson at the time of this marriage of his brother was on a visit to America. He had, in fact, emigrated with a view of settling in that country, and all family affairs had been settled between the brothers previously to his departure. The aspect of things American were not, however, to John's liking. He went from New York to California only to feel as dissatisfied as was he of old who went from Dan to Beersheba.

He liked neither the land nor the people—returning home after a twelve-month's time, a little better informed on geography as the sole result of his journey.

It would be supposed by many that so disappointed in emigration, John would have now been better satisfied with the home of his forefathers, and that position there in which fate and fortune had placed him. He was not, however, that kind of man. There are those born into this world who cannot rest. The good news of Australian gold-fields had been by this time well confirmed. It was a "far cry," certainly, to Australia in those days, but the country might, in Robinson's idea, be found to be more favourable in his eyes than was America. It was not long, therefore, before he announced to his brother William his intention of again emigrating. William could only wish him God speed and better luck in such second venture.

During the time of his stay in England, John had become greatly pleased with his new sister-in-law. He saw much of her while staying, as he did, in his brother's house since his return from America. It is seldom that two brothers see with the same eyes, and it is as well, for family peace and quietness, that it should be so. Mrs. William Robinson, who now saw her brother-in-law for the first time, seemed to be equally pleased with him. As the elder brother he had natural advantages often possessed by the first-born. He was a manlier specimen of humanity than was William. Every good in the younger one seemed expanded and intensified in the elder. He was, consequently, a handsomer man—as his sister-in-law saw, and he had—as another noticeable matter—more money and a freer hand in spending it. His presents to her showed that much, and her husband saw nothing but cause for gratification in the cordiality so existing between his wife and his brother.

The faithful chronicler must detail facts, whatever they may be. It was not brotherly, nor even manly, of John to fall in love, as he did, with William's wife. Nor was it wifely, or sisterly, or good-womanly, for her to encourage

John's doing so, and to reciprocate, as she did, such unnatural impropriety. Such things do happen, however, and that in spite of careful nurture, proper teaching, the laws of the land, and of society. The last person to have an idea of his brother's feelings and intentions was, of course, William Robinson. He saw his brother preparing for departure and packing up and sending off his luggage to Liverpool. The intending emigrant had not as yet, he said, chosen his ship, but would go to Liverpool to look about it. William expected to follow shortly, to see his brother off, and to say adieu to him on his long journey. An invitation so to do, however, never reached him.

Mrs. William Robinson had or made a cause for going away from home in a day or two after her brother-in-law's departure. A feminine relative and school-fellow had fallen very ill and wished to see her most particularly, as she had said in a letter which was duly shown, by his wife, to William. She would be away for a few days only, as she expected, or at most a week only—so she said. It was not for a fortnight afterwards that her husband knew that the invitation and the letter were concocted fictions. The truth very slowly broke upon him that his brother had gone and that he had also lost his wife. She had never been to her relative's house nor had his brother written to him of his departure from Liverpool. He had thought of both wife and brother as nearest and dearest to him up to this time, and fought manfully against his suspicions of their wrongdoing.

A visit to Liverpool, however, cleared away all doubt. His brother was traced as having shipped under another name and as having taken his passage as a married man. The disguising of his name and the fact of a single man having taken with him one who passed as his wife, forced upon William the whole sad truth. His brother and wife were to him now equally criminal and had conjointly deceived him. For a month afterwards, William walked about as one half awakened from a dream. He learnt the worst confirmation of his suspicions from a servant-maid of his. Little things were now

told him which he might, and should, have known sooner. It was only for his "peace of mind," she explained, that he had not been told of them—she supposed he could have seen as much for himself as she did. It was not, however, for a husband to see with a servant-maid's eyes. If every husband could do so, then many of them, she admitted, would likely see more than they do—or wish to do.

Things went all wrong in a few years with this deserted husband, and that both mentally and monetarily. His mind had been upset, as he phrased it, by his wife's behaviour and that of his brother. He had no sisters or other near relatives. The wine of life had soured with him, and for good reasons. He became reduced in circumstances, had no longer a home, and, worse than all, could not hold up his head among his acquaintances.

The reason whereof was that his acquaintances seemed no longer desirable for his company. The ways of the world are hard to be understood. Right or wrong, it is the unfortunate who have to suffer. Their sufferings do not end with the heart-breaking misfortune which brings them low. They find "in lower depths a deeper still," in that they have lost the respect and usual consideration of their fellows and friends, and have, henceforth, to endure their slights.

"Woe to the conquered" means woe also to the injured and the unfortunate. The poor fellow in the ditch who complained that he had been left there robbed and maltreated, received no help. "They haven't taken your hat, and so I'll have that!" was what he had further to endure of the ways of the world. Talk of compassion and fellow-feeling as we may, it is too often all nothing but talk. Sympathy is wholly wanting, or, if given, is given to the successful one only—whether deservedly so or not.

And the world always treats the injurer as the successful one. It does so with the seducer and his victim—always siding with the strong in any evil-doing he may do—always pitying and then flouting the injured one, however much right and justice may be on his side. One of life's saddest

lessons is this, and a very severe one it is to sufferers. Because his wife had deserted him and his brother had behaved as a scoundrel, this bereaved husband and brother seemed to be slighted and neglected. His former friends, as he expressed it, "fought shy of him." In this sad state of things the distracted man resolved on leaving the country. He, too, would emigrate and forget his troubles.

He could hold up his head among strangers, and face the world in another land. Australia is a large country. In going thither he was little troubled with the idea that he would meet with his relatives. If he did so what might then happen would happen, and that he left to time and chance. He had taken no means to obtain a divorce, and the expense and delay of so doing were now, in his reduced state, not to be thought of. He resolved to treat his wife as legally dead to him. With that idea he looked about when in London for another helpmate, and found one before shipping himself for Australia. Legally this second marriage was objectionable, but it is beyond doubt that no jury would have convicted him of any criminal intention in so wedding as he did.

The pair, thus crudely brought together, were not well assorted. That much was soon found to be the case by the husband on their settling in South Australia. Either the climate was too dry for this Mrs. William Robinson, or she was constitutionally inclined to intemperance. The tempers of women are not improved by indulgence in the tastes she showed. William Robinson's new home was not, for such reason, a happy one. He struggled on, notwithstanding, for two or three years with difficulties, domestic and otherwise, and then gave up in despair. Emigration ran, evidently, in the Robinson blood, so that it is not so great a surprise that William determined at last upon leaving home and wife. His intention was now confirmed by a particularly long attack of intemperance on the part of the latter. There were no children to be thought of, and the husband left behind him, for his wife's benefit—when she should recover her senses—such goods as he possessed.

Mrs. William Robinson put her case—as a deserted wife—into the hands of the police. The necessary documents were prepared for her signature, and a warrant issued thereupon for the apprehension of her husband. His photograph was multiplied, and copies of it were sent out with the duplicates of the warrant. The numerous police offices of the Australasian colonies received these things in course of post. Nemesis was now therefore afoot after the wandering William. He was, all heedlessly of it, seeking occupation and a resting place, in which, after his ill-starred life, he might find peace. The pursuit of this desirable thing is a life-long trouble with many less scurvily used by fortune than he had been.

It is necessary now, for the purpose of this little narrative, that we let William wander for awhile. His wife found a solace for his absence in that which had so much contributed to cause it. It is not a relief to be found by everyone, but it is a solace to which too many fly when in distress. Solomon recognises that much in the last chapter of Proverbs. He had causes enough for trouble beyond those of kingly cares. He had truly multiplied them for himself, and that to the extent of many hundredfold. We may, as we do, condemn him for it, and dispute, strongly, for such reason, the exceeding wisdom attributed to him. He seems to have tried all means of solace, even to quoting Lemuel's, in the chapter referred to, that strong drink should be given to those of heavy heart that they might "forget poverty and remember misery no more."

The scene now shifts to that of the fortunes of Mr. John Robinson and his sister-in-law. Some ten years have, by this time, elapsed since their leaving England, as husband and wife, bound for Australia. During that long period—for domestic happiness with those so little deserving it—they had agreed well. Such, some philosophers might say, was due to no chafing tightness of any matrimonial tie. The silver cord sometimes fetters too much those whom it should hold only with silken softness. That which we can quit when we like is not always felt to be burdensome. Love alone can hold

together man and woman in happiness. No marriage ceremony can supply the want of it. Mrs. William Robinson, still to call her so, had no other hold upon him for whom she had deserted her husband. Let what credit can be given to her be given for that. She had sacrificed much indeed for what little was so supplied in return.

In the far inland township in which Mr. John Robinson now resided he had lived with his sister-in-law since landing in Australia. He had, by the time at which they are now introduced to notice, acquired valuable property and made a prosperous business. In that regard and in the character of husband and wife in which they were looked upon, the respect of their neighbours was fully accorded to them. Mr. John Robinson had been promoted to offices of public trust, and looked forward to additional ones as fairly claimable. Whether William Robinson, as being alive or dead, was ever thought of by them, who shall say? He was treated as dead, however, in no enquiries being ever made after him, and his name was probably never mentioned. There existed, for Robinson, no relatives in England with whom to correspond. His companion had, by her conduct, effectually estranged herself from her own relations. Criminality is drearily isolating, even if it brings no other punishment.

William Robinson had been wandering about for some six months—trying his chances of employment at one place and another. He had never, since his landing in Australia, made any effort to discover the whereabouts of his brother, either by his real name or the assumed one in which he had left England. In his heart there burned the bitterest feelings against both brother and first wife, as the cause of a wrecked life, and the trouble and misery to which he had been reduced. It was not probable, he thought, that in the vast territory of Australia, the two brothers would ever meet. John had, possibly, again changed his name on landing in Australia. It was little likely that he would resume his real one. If he had done so then that real one was so

common a name that William could scarcely hope to trace and to identify as his brother, anyone who might bear it.

It was therefore quite in the chapter of accidents that William Robinson should wander one day into the township in which his brother was a leading man. He had not been many days there before he heard of Mr. John Robinson, the miller and municipal chairman. The time he had been settled there agreed as to matter of date. The description he got, in answer to enquiries, agreed as to identity of person. Ten or eleven years could not make much difference in personal appearance, and it was best to see for himself before determining what to do in this sudden turn of fortune. He saw without being himself seen, and matters were now made quite plain. In Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson he identified at once his brother and Mrs. William Robinson.

To them he would be as an Enoch Arden and nothing more—save in that criminality of both, which would put them in William's power. They would know nothing of his bigamous second marriage, as of matter which could be charged against him. He was about to consult a local lawyer on the subject, but deferred doing so until the result of a personal interview had been proved. It was, therefore, as an apparition that he now appeared before his relatives—a poverty-stricken wanderer—in the house of those whom he looked upon as his social destroyers.

"It has taken me a long time to find you two," he said, "but now I have hunted you down!"

"What to do?" asked his brother.

"To bring you both to what you have brought me—poverty and misery!"

"That can do you no service now. Ruining us will not better you!"

"Revenge is sweet, and I have been long seeking it. I have come here for my wife, and shall take her hence. If I spare you from the bullet you deserve, it will be only that law and lawyers may deal with you!"

The part of the injured husband well became the desperate man. His

threats struck terror into the hearts of the criminals before him. The claim to take his wife from her home and children had, in their eyes, justice to back it. The threat of the law and lawyers was fearful to one so highly respected as was his brother. It was no time for angry words on his part. His masterful way with others was of no use now. His brother William held all the good cards, and had the game in his hand. He evidently, too, intended to play it out. John now said—

“These things are always settled by money payments. If you go to law you can only get damages. It is now all a matter of money, and you say that you are in poverty!”

“And only through you—and her!”

“Name your price then! Let there be nothing said about it, and no disturbance or law proceedings. What we give you—if within our means—will be taken by you in full satisfaction, and you will swear and sign your name to taking it as such, and leaving the district altogether!”

“Let me have a thousand pounds, then, by this time next day!”

“It is not possible. All I can offer would be half that amount!”

“Not a penny less! You now know my terms, and I give you—and her—only until to-morrow to settle with me. You will know where I am lodging, and will let me have your answer!”

It was a sorrowful consultation which followed upon this unwelcome visitor leaving the house. The result of it was that the money was to be raised. To that end the local banker's aid was called in, and the necessary funds procured. When the draft was drawn it was made payable in Melbourne, to which distance the elder brother was very desirous of removing his unwelcome visitor.

“No drafts for me!” said William; “nothing but bank-notes will get me out of this place. I have had enough of your tricks. You might stop the payment of that draft, and give me the trouble of coming here again.”

The notes had to be forthcoming, and then the required agreement and undertaking were drawn up for William's signature. When signed it was

to be taken away by John, and the two brothers, thus parting, were never to meet again. As a precaution, the elder one insisted upon an official witness to the signature. It was an important document for him—and her, renouncing as it did, all claims on both of them. Let it, therefore, be witnessed by the clerk to the bench of magistrates, who would always be at hand to testify to it. There would be no need to mention the contents of the paper, and the body of the writing could be folded down.

The two brothers thereupon adjourned to the police court, where the required formality was gone through. While waiting for this purpose, William did not observe that he was attentively scrutinized by the sergeant of police in charge of the district. That official thought that he recognised a likeness in William Robinson to that of a photograph hanging up in the police office.

When William returned to his lodgings he made a parcel of his bank notes and, taking them to the post office, posted them to an address in a distant city, to which he intended taking his departure next day. Ere the day was out, he found himself, however, arrested by the sergeant of police—warrant for wife-desertion and identifying photograph in hand. He was quite unprepared for this turn of affairs, and for being, as he was, lodged in the police quarters until the sitting of the court next morning. The warrant would then be endorsed for his removal to where his wife awaited him to substantiate the charge of desertion, on which he had now been arrested.

The clerk to the bench on booking the charge that afternoon heard the particulars and recalled the name of William Robinson as that of the signature he had attested in the morning. He said to the sergeant—

“You had better see Mr. John Robinson about this—it may have something to do with the matter they were here about this morning!”

Now, Mr. John Robinson did not want anybody, officials or otherwise, in this little township, to know anything about his family affairs. In such small country settlements one is known too much of one's neighbours. “The

fierce light which beats upon a throne" pales altogether in the vivid glare in which our neighbours regard us, in provincial places. When, therefore, the police official approached Mr. John Robinson, the latter's heart sank within him—he scented trouble, in the shape of publicity, before him. The official spoke—

"The clerk to the bench has sent me to you about the matter of the document he witnessed for you yesterday morning!"

"Well! What about it? The document was nothing of any importance to anyone—only an agreement which may be acted upon some day if I sell out of here, which is not likely. I had found a buyer offering me a price, and took his offer in writing to bind him."

"Yes, just so; the gentleman you made the agreement with, and whose signature was so witnessed, is now, however, in custody on a criminal charge, and our clerk to the bench thought that you might like to bail him out—until the sitting of the court to-morrow morning!"

"Criminal charge, Sergeant! What do you mean?"

"Only that this man, Mr. William Robinson by name, and maybe a relative of yours, has been arrested on a charge of wife-desertion, on which he will be brought before the bench to-morrow."

John Robinson groaned at hearing the mention of his brother's name only, and flinched visibly at the Sergeant's suggestion that the man might be a relative. Recovering himself, he said, as composedly as he well could—

"Tell me more of the circumstances!"

The Sergeant detailed to him how he had fixed his detective eyes on the stranger when in court, and what had come of it.

"You see," he said, "that we policemen look upon people in a different way to what others do. When I see a new face, I try to recall if it really is new—whether I haven't seen it before, shaved or unshaved, in a different aspect. Then we carry in our heads and eyes the figures, faces, and descriptions of a lot of people who are

'wanted' on some charge or other. It was looking at Mr. William Robinson in this way, while he was standing in the court, that I identified him with the photograph left hanging up in the office of the lock-up."

"I wish," thought John Robinson, "that I had not taken William to that court-house! What I did for prudence and safety is turning into all sorts of trouble."

"I don't think I will bail him, Sergeant—at least, not until he sends for me to do it; and, by-the-way, you need not suggest it to him. I don't know much of him, otherwise I should not have taken him to the court to have his signature witnessed. Could I, just for curiosity, see the documents you have at the office, on which this man has been arrested?"

"Oh, yes! you can see them; they give particulars of the wife's name, and where she is living; also, where the prisoner was living with her when he deserted his home."

"That's what I should like to see," said John Robinson; "it will the better tell me whom I am dealing with—we cannot be too careful in business matters."

The visit to the police office, and what was seen there, cleared up matters to John Robinson's hitherto mystified mind. He had never thought of asking as to his brother's domestic position. Taking it for granted that he was still a desolate bachelor, he had been so treated with.

"I bought him off as being a free man," he said to himself; "if I knew that he was in danger of going to jail I might have saved the money—might, at all events, have made easier terms with him!"

"What will be done with him?" he asked of the Sergeant, to which he received for reply—

"He will be remanded to the court whence the warrant issued. There he will be brought up, and the case against him heard. He will be ordered to pay so much weekly or monthly for his wife's support, and to find sureties for his doing so and not running away again."

"If he fails to find those sureties—what then?"

"He will lie in prison until he does so!"

John Robinson took his way homeward now a sadder and much wiser man. He thought at first of saying nothing to Mrs. Robinson about the matter, but ultimately decided otherwise. They were both so much involved in the business, and so equally, that it seemed dangerous to keep back any details. Hence it was that on Mrs. R. opening the door to him, he led her at once into the parlour. Seating her on a chair there, he took another one himself facing her, and opened the momentous matter to her at once, and rather too startlingly—

"William has been arrested for wife-desertion!" said the astonished John to his sister-in-law."

The matter had only one meaning to her now confused mind—which was evident in her reply. "They can't arrest a man for his wife deserting him?—you told me that you had settled and signed with him that he had no further claim on me!"

"He's not arrested for that sort of wife-desertion, but for deserting his own wife—another wife than you—he's got married again!"

"And came here threatening to take me away and to do all sorts of things! Now we can have him charged with bigamy if we like, and turn the tables on him!"

"Too late—too late now! The money has been paid to him. Had we only known of this yesterday we could have fought him!"

"What fools we have been and how he has fooled us!" said she. More philosophically John only remarked—

"Served us right"—as doubtlessly it did.

One thing only could be thought of by way of a small revenge on John's part. Before his brother was taken away in custody next day, he interviewed him at the police station, saying—

"You are only arrested now on a charge of wife-desertion. What part of that money will you return to me not to have a further charge of bigamy brought against you?"

"Not a penny of it. Bring your charge and my real wife—your sister-in-law—to prove it if you dare. She is my only wife in the eye of the law. The one who causes my present arrest has no claim on me as a wife now I find my first one to be alive. You would have to prove that I knew of your sister-in-law being alive before I could be convicted of bigamy. Take care, on this change of affairs, that I don't summons you both to rid me of the trouble this second woman is causing me!"

John Robinson thought that upon the whole he had better have said nothing about it. He was getting further involved, and having lost his money wished to lose nothing further, which it appeared very possible that he might do.

The two brothers thus meeting and parting never met again. What became of William no further concerns the story, which now sufficiently explains why John in his will made mention of his sister-in-law-wife, so to call her, as only "Mrs. Robinson." Why the higher duty was paid so readily upon the property left to her is now plain enough, as also why it was paid without any effort by her affidavit or otherwise to explain this "Family complication."

REPUTATION.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

—*Shakspeare.*

OUR COOKS.

By M. G.

"Your greatest want is, you want much of meat. Why should you want?"

—*Timon of Athens.*

"WANTED, A COOK."—That is an advertisement which appears in our local paper periodically, and though we have no answers, the advertisement is inserted as a matter of duty to ourselves, and in case we may miss something good; but, says the proverb, "Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed."

Servants have been the bane of our lives for the last few years. Peace and happiness would have been our portion if it had not been for the eternal worry of servants. When we had our dinner well cooked our clothes went unwashed, and a parlour-maid was a luxury to be dreamed of; and when these little difficulties had been smoothed over the cook generally departed. Tired out at last, we determined to make a bold stroke for freedom, and ignore altogether the colonial article; so, with much expenditure of time, trouble, and money, we invested in the Indian element, and had a cook and sweeper specially brought down from India on our behalf. Seemingly the agent did his best to sell us and the darkies, too. First, he sent us an ayah instead of a sweeper; and then, when that little matter had been arranged, we discovered we had some one else's servants; and that the unfortunate some one else, who dwelt on the borders of Queensland, and had paid £40 down for these two, had been waiting in Melbourne for over four months, and finally had departed minus his money, and without his servants.

Truly, a good cook is a great blessing. We had one now, if he did belong to some one else, and we thoroughly appreciated him; and for about eighteen months had a comparatively

peaceful time. There were drawbacks occasionally—nay, very often; the Indians and the maid-servants fell out, and their quarrels were by no means easy things to arrange; occasionally our good cook fell sick; the doctor, in whom we put unlimited faith, was called in, and treated by our Tamil with the utmost scorn. He would not use his remedies—would do nothing, in fact, but squat on his haunches in a corner of the kitchen, and cry and moan to go "back Madras country." Generally he got well on his own account; but at last, one morning, after he had retired to bed early and given us no dinner the night before, we arose to find him—gone. Then we went for a little promenade through the kitchen, and made awful discoveries. A calf's head in the dresser-drawer with the black-lead brushes, the onions and the loaves in the same cupboard with the cook's old boots, the remains of all the fowls the family had been regaled on for weeks past in the gas-stove, and the sink stopped up with the pieces of the saucepans which our cook had smashed when his temper got the better of his discretion. Judging from results, this had occurred pretty often. Apparently he had cooked everything, from the soup to the coffee, in a tin-dipper; for that primitive utensil, at the time of his departure, was almost the only one left whole, and it was a good deal battered. The high boarded ceiling was dark with smoke, and the floor was a sight for gods and men. Then we vowed a solemn vow, that unless dire necessity drove us to it we would have no more Indians. We said, "No; they are not a success, in spite of Appoo being a better cook than we have seen before, and than we are ever likely to see again."

Meanwhile, we were without one; and great was our lamentation thereat.

We all tried our 'prentice hands on the dinner; we were all out of practice, or too many cooks spoiled the broth, and chaos was the result. What was to be done? In our garden worked a man, a negro from the Mauritius, who rejoiced in the name of Jean-Batiste, which was at once translated into John the Baptist. Whether the saint felt flattered, we did not think it necessary to inquire. John the Baptist could speak no language that was at our command. His English, after two years' residence in the colony, was comprised in "Yis, Yis, Missis," which was used on all occasions. The frequent remark of his mistress, "You bad man, Batiste," only called up a broad grin, a pleased nod of the head, and a "Yis, Yis, Missis." French was apparently an equally unknown tongue to him. The Baptist had proved himself a dismal failure as a groom, a still more dismal failure as a gardener, and now in our necessity marched into the kitchen, and with many nods and signs signified to us his desire to be taken on as cook. We handed over the charge of the kitchen to him on the spot, declaring to one another that "cooking came by instinct to all niggers." Orders were out of the question, of course, so his mistress ordered a joint by the simple means of pointing to one, and left the rest of the dinner to the discretion of our new cook. Seven o'clock arrived, and by half-past we got vegetable marrow soup, a nondescript *entrée*, which no one dared venture on, a joint, and a batter pudding shaped like a rabbit. So far—well, not good, but not so very, very bad; we decided the man had ideas, and waited to see what the next day would bring forth. To our dismay, however, next night we had exactly the same dinner, with the exception of the joint, which Mrs. — had ordered herself. She then represented to the cook that a change in soup was good, and that eternal batter pudding in the shape of a rabbit was not the desire of her heart. We got no pudding at all that night; as a mute protest, we supposed, against our daintiness, while the rest of the *menu* was reproduced with a faithful exactness worthy of a better cause. In fact, his *menu* seemed nearly as

monotonous as that of his great namesake—who lived only on locusts and wild honey. The fourth night appeared vegetable marrow soup, nondescript *entrée*, no joint, and the well-known smug yellow rabbit, looking quite Pecksniffian in his complacency, and winking his wicked little black currant eyes at us as if he quite enjoyed our discomfiture. Then an injured and hungry family arose and adjourned to the kitchen in a body, where with much expenditure of pigeon English they managed to inform John the Baptist "that as a cook he was clearly not a success, and that we preferred our own humble efforts." During his reign Friar's Balsam got into the milk, and by no scheme of our devising could we get it out again. We do not recommend it as a flavouring, even to those in search of a new sensation.

Then our advertisement re-appeared, and for a month we did our own cooking and waited. At last an old woman appeared on the scene who took a solemn declaration that there was nothing on the earth, under the earth, or above the earth, that she couldn't cook better than any person living either in England or Australia. "I'm not one of yer ordinary cooks, I'm a professed cook," she said; so she was duly installed and dinner mildly hinted at. "Cakes! Victoria pudding!!" well, maybe she was just a bit out of practice, and if Miss Mary would just tell how it was done, or pr'aps just show her, she'd know right for next time." "Lor now," she said, when the pudding was finished, "ain't it nice to see a young lady so knowledgeable; there's some 'ud just sit down in their silks and their satins and do nothen, but that ain't the sort I likes. Why, in the old days, in Viscount C——'s time, when I never thought to be a sittin' here as I'm now, my dear, when I used to go visitin' at Government 'Ouse, often and often I've agone into the kitchen friendly like, and seen the Miss C——s, sweet pretty dears, amakin' their own cakes and puddens, and as 'appy as the day was long. Oh, dear," continued the friend of the Miss C——s, with a sigh, "times is changed. Maybe you know the Colonel

now?" mentioning a well-known ex-Minister of the Crown. Miss Mary signified she had heard of the gentleman. "They calls him the General now, but you just ask him if he knows Widow White? Lor, bless you, he'd mind me quite well. Many and many's the grand balls I've been to at his 'ouse, and my 'usband what's dead and gone this many a year, 'e used to write the Colonel's speeches for 'im. You see it was this way. The Colonel 'e'd 'ave a speech to make, and 'e'd send for my 'usband, and say, 'White, White,' says 'e, 'just toss this up ship-shape for me,' and my 'usband 'e'd sit down, and write and write, an' the Colonel 'e'd learn it off and speech it for his own." Well, what with the Colonel and the C——s, and all her other grand friends, Mrs. White was not equal to cooking our dinners, and after a week she took her departure, and we put in the advertisement and waited once more.

We waited about a month, and then we answered an advertisement in the *Argus*, and, after a great deal of correspondence, a crabby little old man appeared on the scene, who at once signified his intention of ruling the whole family with a rod of iron. He was to have £1 a week, and his own way in everything; that was clearly the bargain from his point of view. "Madam," he said to his mistress, the first morning after his arrival, "I can't stand irregularity; I must have dinner punctual;" which meant he declined to keep anything hot even for the master himself, no matter what business detained him. He also informed his mistress he should expect to take the entire control of the larder, and order everything from the butcher, baker, and greengrocer—to all of which demands she agreed—"anything for a quiet life" having been our motto for some time past. Well, everything having been conceded, all went merry as a marriage bell, only a few skirmishes with the parlour-maid disturbing the peace for nearly a whole fortnight. Then a catastrophe occurred—we in the dining-room had only boiled mutton for dinner, while from the kitchen arose a savoury aroma as of roast pork; and the thoughts of the crackling and of the apple-sauce com-

bined made the mouths of the unfortunate diners water. Then the house-mistress actually dared to remonstrate. "William," she said, "why did you not send us in some pork?" "Madam," he replied, drawing himself up with dignity, "I sent you in a leg of mutton and a nice beefsteak pie. *Most* people don't care for pork; it's vulgar. Let me see," he went on, "I've been here a fortnight to-day; I leave this day week. I should like to go to-night if it's convenient. I've not been accustomed to this sort of thing; I've been accustomed to liberality;" and he turned away and left his unfortunate mistress dumbfounded. It was *not* convenient for him to take his departure in that sudden way, so he condescended to stay till his week was up. Three days after he repented, and since no personal communications were possible between such high contracting parties, he sent to his mistress a little note by the parlour-maid. "Madam," it said, "in acknowledging your right to speak about the pork, I beg to apologise for my conduct on that occasion, and if I give you satisfaction should be glad to stay on. I am, Madam, your humble servant, William Short." Mightily astonished was the little man when his mistress refused, by word of mouth, too, to keep him any longer. It was like cutting off one's nose to spite one's face; but really there was no standing the man, so many airs did he give himself. The day before he left Mrs. —— ventured into her own dairy, and seeing a little skim-milk in the bottom of a basin, took the liberty of abstracting it for some favourite chicken's food. On her way back to the dining-room, passing through the kitchen, she was confronted by a furious little man arrayed in cook's apron and cap. "Madam," he cried, "are you to have charge of the dairy, or am I? I have considered you in every way." "The pork," she murmured, faintly. "I apologised; I acknowledged my error; I apologised, and you never consider me in the least."

After he went we were handed over to the tender mercies of the lady who condescended to do our washing, "who wasn't to say a professed cook," but still left the impression on our minds

that she considered herself rather a good one than otherwise. Never had we more clearly realized that if heaven sends meat, the cooks hail from an opposite quarter. The family nearly died of indigestion, and also had a shrewd suspicion, that during those four awful weeks they ate a great deal more than their allotted peck of dirt.

Cooks are apparently gifted with elastic consciences; else they never could promise so faithfully to come upon a certain day, and then after keeping us on the tiptoe of expectation, either make no sign, or send a note to say they are very ill, and totally unable to leave the house. The mortality among them must be very great, judging from the number we have received letters from when *in extremis*.

At last, after long waiting, one evening about nine o'clock, two days after her appointed time, a tall gaunt female stalked into our kitchen, and sternly demanded why she had not been met, and who was going to pay the half-crown she had laid out in cab fare. Then looking round the room severely, and addressing the maids—"What's that on the fire? Fat? Well, that fat belongs to *me*?" Rather an early beginning, wasn't it? Next morning we had raw kidneys for breakfast, and my lady stood with a very bad grace to receive the orders for dinner. We found she considered that she ought to have a holiday, this her first day, in order to recruit her strength after the journey—four hours by rail. But the climax was reached when her mistress had the audacity to order a sponge cake. "Sponge Cake!!!" she repeated, in a tone of horror; "then I may as well

tell you I can't make sponge cakes, and I don't intend to learn. All the years as I've been in service with the first families in Victoria, I've never been asked to do such a thing—never." (The F.F.Vs. evidently preferred a primitive style of cooking.) "You want a confectioner at three or four pounds a week, that's what you want. I've just been hearing from these girls," indicating the housemaids, who were looking on open-mouthed at this edifying scene, "what wages they get, and you're just one of those people who expect everything at very low wages." (The wretch was to receive £1 a week.) "You've got a breakfast out of me, and I'd better go." And go she did, leaving us once more cookless.

We have given up the struggle—thrown up the sponge and given the cooks best. At present there is a young woman in our kitchen who barely knows a leg of mutton from a sirloin of beef; is "a little 'ard of 'earing," as she puts it, "stone deaf," we say; and as far as we can judge is unable to read writing, so that the treasured family recipe book is of not the slightest use to her. But we intend to keep her, of course, provided she will stay, and if she can't learn then we shall have to do the cooking ourselves. As it is, that is what we do at present, for nearly six months out of the twelve.

The servant difficulty has assumed alarming proportions in our household. Our conversation is of nothing else. Our housemaids have been numerous, about one every week I should say, and the number of grooms has been legion; but our greatest grief is the perpetually recurring want of a cook.

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE HAPPIER THAN A KING'S.

The unbusied shepherd, stretched beneath the hawthorn,
His careless limbs thrown out in wanton ease,
With thoughtless gaze perusing the arched heavens,
And idly whistling while his sheep feed round him;
Enjoys a sweeter shade than that of canopies
Hemmed in by cares, and shook by storms of treason.

—Hill.

INCIDENTS IN A MINER'S CAREER.

By W. H.

No. I.

I was quite a young man when I left the dear old land to try my fortunes on the shores of Australia. My father died very early in life, for at thirty-nine he was in his grave, and I was then seventeen years of age. My mother, during my father's lifetime, appeared to have done nothing but live for him. She was a delicate woman, too, and so when he went she faded quietly into her grave, putting her hand on my head and telling me I had been a good son to her. I sold off everything we had, and found myself the possessor of £40, with which to find my way in the world. I put a little tombstone over each of their graves, and set sail from the "land of the free." I have since then gone the round of nearly every goldfield in four colonies, and that, as you will shortly be able to conclude, took me close on thirty years to do. I worked hard during twenty-eight years, or thereabouts, of that long, weary period, and then was the happy possessor of four coppers, a silver ring, and one shirt and a vest; but my luck turned, and now I hold a good interest in a little mountain of gold.

Before I go an inch further, I will tell you what that little mountain is, and how I came to discover it, for it was I who did discover it. Well, this was the way. Once on the Back Creek diggings a mate showed me a piece of flint he had picked up with specks of gold in it, and I said to him, "Well, Tom, they say gold is only found in the wash-dirt or in the quartz: I don't believe it. Look at that—there's no quartz about that, and see the specks of gold in it." It was years after that two mates and myself were travelling up Queensland way. It was just in the early spring, I remember, for a shower

of rain came down, and we unslung our swags and threw a blanket over our shoulders until the rain stopped. Then the sun shone out again with tropical brilliance. By this time we had come to a little hill covered with cinders, for all the world as if there had been a volcano there ages ago, and the burning lava had got hardened and coloured black with the sun. Suddenly, before my eyes, shone that sparkling little grain that I know so well, and can distinguish, at the first glance, from "new-chum gold." I picked up a piece and examined it carefully, and then other pieces, and always with the same result. Up the hill, and up the hill, "to the mountains so high, so high," we went; and there, at the very top, we found a piece literally studded with gold. "Mates," said I, turning round to them quietly, "as sure as my name's Jim our fortunes are made, if we can keep this quiet, and none of us blab until we get a lease." They wouldn't believe that it was gold, but they don't doubt it now that the dividends are rolling in, and that they two are off to America for a trip, and I am going back to the dear old land of my birth. This was how we did it. Each of us put as much as he could carry away in his swag, and we harked back to where we knew there was a little two-stamper battery owned by a couple of old Germans, something like a hundred miles away. We got the use of the battery, and put the stuff through, and when we came to clean up, fancy our amazement when, from not a hundred-weight—well, not a hundredweight and a half—we got an ounce of gold—an average of ten ounces to the ton, at least. We looked blue, of course, to put the

old Germans off the scent, or they would have followed us. Back we went to the little mountain, drove in our pegs, applied for a lease and got it; carted the stone to a battery twenty miles off, which we kept possession of, watching night and day ourselves, and so soon got out enough of "the precious" to erect machinery of our own. And now to make a long story short, we have a forty-head battery going night and day, and never less than two ounces to the ton. Our last dividend was £1000 a man for a month's work; but Jim Potter's a splendid fellow for a manager, and everything will go on safely and securely till we meet again.

But I must come back to where I said I had set sail. It was in the good ship *Rattling Clipper* that I sailed, and my career was nearly cut short by the pilot taking us a long way too close to a lighthouse rock, near the mouth of the Mersey. I suppose I will see it when I get home. Providentially the pilot called out "hard a *something*," and as there was a good three-quarter breeze blowing, the *Rattling Clipper* answered her helm, and we flew past the danger. The events of such voyages have been so often described, that I will only glance at one or two incidents. In the Bay of Biscay we got a good pitching, and I think I was about the only one on board who did not require to keep to his cabin. From the time we "left old England on the lee," we never sighted land until we saw the low line of the Western Australian coast. We fished for bonito, and caught Cape pigeons, in the orthodox style; lost a sailor overboard, had him rescued again; and lost the boatswain and could not rescue him, for he had been struck on the side of the head with a rope, and was found dead in his bunk, and his "heavy shotted hammock shroud" slid gently into his watery grave.

When we arrived in Geelong it was just about Christmas time, and all the excitement was about the Ballarat diggings, which had just broken out. I stayed in Geelong a few days, and picked up a mate who had been in California, and he and I set out with our swags on our backs to walk to the new El Dorado. I found it dreadful

work at first—boiling your own billy of tea, and making damper—but damper is sweet and enjoyable, and must be healthful food, for by the time I reached the old Plank Road, in Ballarat, I was red and rosy as a cherry, and felt as strong as a lion. We had camped one night somewhere between Lal Lal and Buninyong, and close by us was another party of two, who had made their way from a diggings some distance away, and they came over to us, pulled out their cutties, and proceeded to "fill up," talking all the time. We were just in the midst of an interesting conversation, or rather speculation as to the probable richness of the Ballarat leads, when in the distance we heard the cracking of a whip, and a coach, one of those old leather-springed ones of Cobb's that you couldn't upset, came thundering by. It was the Geelong and Ballarat mail-coach; but the way in which that driver made over ruts and passed trees, avoiding one and then avoiding another, and guiding his horses in a way I thought (for I had not then colonial experience) simply miraculous, made me stare.

"That's Hell-fire Jack," said one of the other party.

"Hell-fire Jack," said I; "who is he when he's at home? I don't mean in that particularly warm place which his name indicates, but when he's amongst Christian people?"

"Oh," said the member of the other party, "he got that name some years ago by the way he used to drive. It's said that he can drive as well dead drunk as when sober as a judge, though judges are not always sober. But when he started one day from Melbourne to drive to—I forget the name of the place now—he was so far gone that he had to be lifted into his seat on the box, and strapped into it, so that he could not fall off. Then the reins were put into his hands, and off he went; and though he had to drive through rough country, and twice had to turn off to a changing-place in the bush, he reached his destination in safety about twelve o'clock at night, and was unstrapped and lifted down from the box, and deposited safely amongst some straw, where he slept soundly till morning, waking up as if by

instinct when the hotel door opened. Then he called for rum after rum, until he had polished off at least half-a-dozen, when he said he felt fine, and would go and look after the horses; and back to town he drove without a single mishap."

"But what about the passengers?" said I. "Did they know the sort of man they had entrusted their lives to?"

"Oh, well," said our chatty friend, "there wasn't so much danger after all, for the horses could go the road blind, and the coaches that Cobb had in those days seldom came to much harm."

This I know to be true, for I remember on one occasion afterwards going from Ballarat to Daylesford in one of Cobb's coaches; and somewhere near what is now called the Rocky Lead, the coach, with four of us inside and two outside, was pitched right over a six-foot bank. The driver somehow or other landed on his feet with the reins in his hand, and pulled up the horses, after which he complacently called out "any bones broke?" and when we came to reckon casualties they consisted in one portly individual—a butcher in Daylesford—having burst a leather waist-belt; if the expression is not a paradox—in connection with such a Falstaffian figure.

I am coming now to my first real experience of mining. When we reached Ballarat, or Ballarat East as it is now called, we put up at a boarding-house, nearly opposite the old Charlie Theatre. My mate suggested a stroll one night, and off we set, and, as was all too common a practice in those days, we turned into a grog shanty where a number of miners were, and called for brandies, with which we were served.

"Yankee grab" was suggested; and this seemed to be to my mate like blood to a tiger, for no sooner was it proposed than over he went to the table, and 'I'll join, mates,' was all he said, as he pulled out his long bag of notes, sovereigns, silver, and gold dust, or rather gold pieces; and they commenced at five shillings a throw apiece. That was the last I saw of him for three weeks, and how he fared will appear further on.

Thus thrown on my own resources, I beat about for another mate, if only

a temporary one, and found one in quite an odd fashion. I was roaming amongst the claims on the flat, when a middle-aged man with a wide-awake hat accosted me.

"Want a mate, old man?"

"That just what I'm looking for."

"I'm your man then. Come with me."

He knew of a piece of solid ground, so he said, amongst some old holes, which would likely be rich, and we could take it all out in a week or two. He had a cradle, pick, shovel, rope, bucket, etc., and it was not long before we were down far enough to rig up a windlass. We had a little surface water—that was all—and in less than a week we were down the full thirty-four feet. One afternoon, just about knocking-off time, my mate sung out from the bottom of the shaft—"Are you there, Jim?"

"Yes," replied I; "what's the matter?"

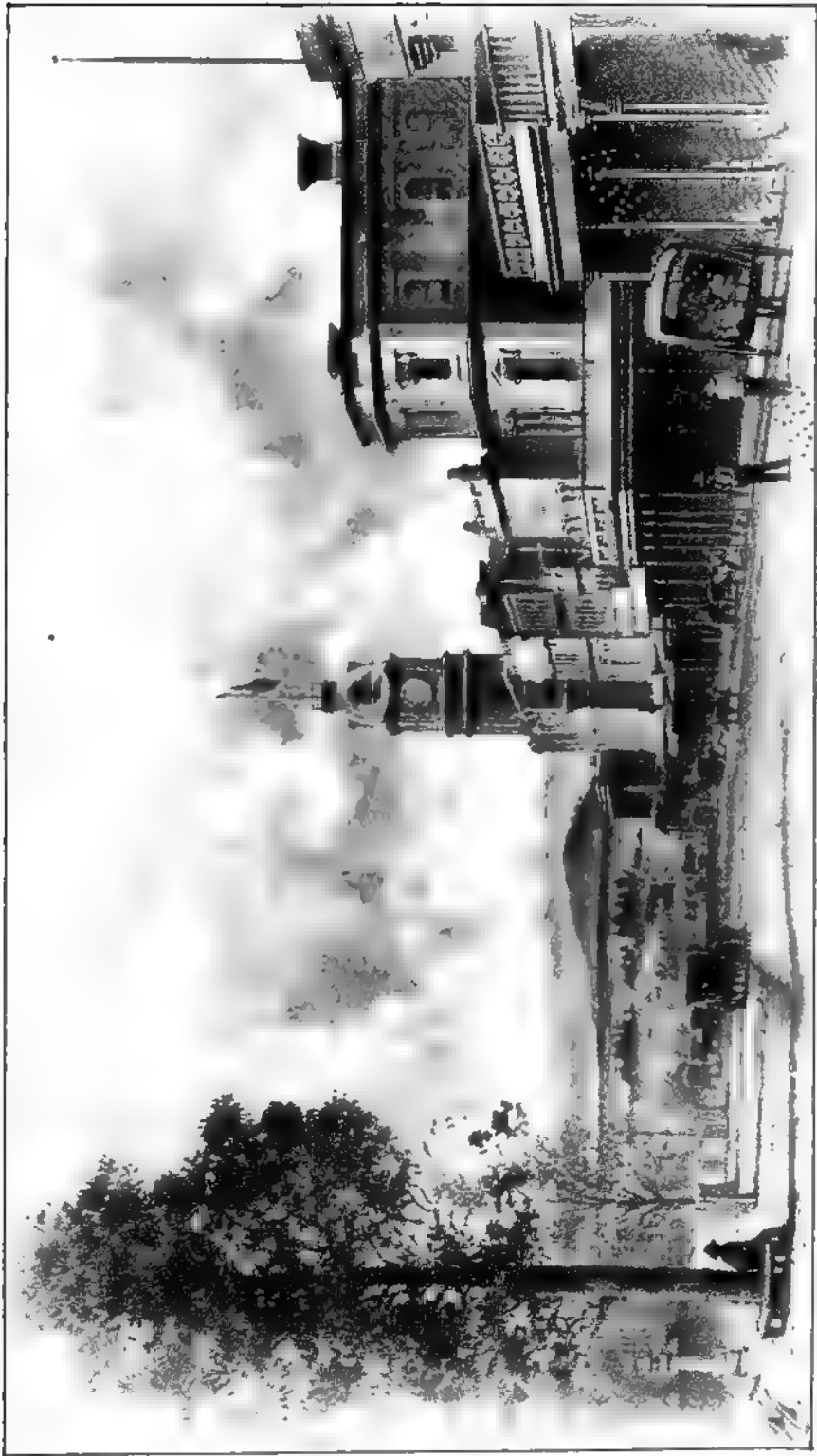
"Got the yellow," said he. "Clear a small paddock and keep the next bucket I send up. Don't empty it."

When he came up the shaft a minute or two afterwards, he coolly picked a ball of clay off the top of the bucket, and, dividing it in two with his fingers, produced a 5½-oz. nugget, something like £23 worth of gold.

"There's more of them, too, coming, or I'm a Dutchman," remarked my mate. "Cover up the shaft till to-morrow."

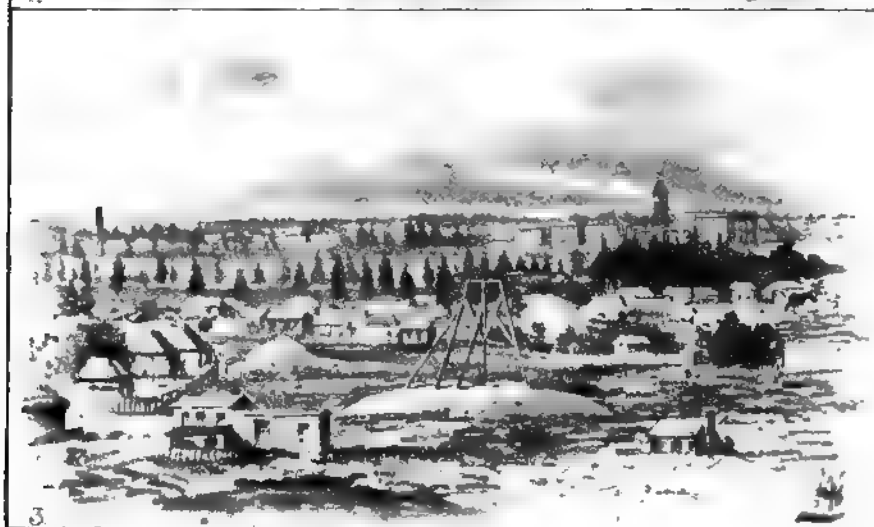
Well, in that little bit of solid ground, surrounded by "rotten" ground, and left there nobody knows how, we worked several weeks, and altogether we took £460 a man out. One day alone we nuggeted forty ounces of gold, and not one piece was above three ounces.

It was just about this time that my original mate turned up, and a more wretched specimen of humanity I never beheld. He had gambled and gambled on, until he had lost everything he possessed, down even to a massive gold ring he had on his finger, and a watch which he said had been his father's. He was dirty and wretched-looking, and craved for a brandy to revive him. I went and purchased a bottle at the store, and gave



Church Bazaar

2020



1. Pictura de la cetate 2. Pictura de la cetate 3. Pictura de la cetate

him a stiff one, and then it was he told me that he had not, he thought, met with fair play. At first he had won all before him, and at one time could have retired gainer to the value in gold of about £500. But soon after that he commenced to lose consciousness, and finally lost all—consciousness, money, and valuables. He believed he had been hounded and robbed, and, to speak honestly, I thought so too.

He remarked, however, what was perfectly true, that it was useless whipping the cat. The evil had been done, and though one may call spirits from the vasty deep, the spirits don't usually come; neither could he get back his losings. We accordingly determined to go out on the ranges prospecting, and to the ranges we went next morning, with pick, shovel, and tin dish. We sank duffer after duffer, and, of course, I had to keep my mate all the time, but I had a compensation in this, that he was a much better miner than I was; indeed, in all the little strokes of luck that we had together, it was his keenness and judgment, more than mine, that won us the golden treasure.

The improbable, the impossible, and the unexpected, all three sometimes happen. One day we were going down the side of a hill into a gully that looked likely, when I picked up a small piece of quartz with two almost square pieces of gold the size of pins' heads on it. My mate looked at it carefully for some time, and then remarked, "These haven't travelled far. There's something with gold in it about here. I've seen splendid gold in quartz veins in California, and I believe there's one of them about." We noticed that the "lay" of the country was north and south, and so we proceeded to trench the hillside east and west from the spot where the quartz specimen had been picked up. We got nothing that day nor the following day, but the next we cut a vein a few inches thick, which did not at first show the colour of gold. We followed it, however, and we could do this almost without sinking—I mean by doing nothing more than deepening the trench—and at last we came upon a patch. The vein had widened out to about six inches, and,

just at a point where another little vein came into this almost at right angles, we got a mass of gold literally hung together with quartz. We smashed it up in a mortar—or what is called "dolloed" the gold out, and got no less than 250 ounces of pure gold, and beautiful gold it was. Some ten or fifteen ounces, however, was all we got afterwards, though we worked the vein for months, and when it commenced to dip away from us, followed it down to over thirty feet. I believe that vein was on the line of the since celebrated Indicator, and Western and Eastern slate veins, that have yielded such marvellously rich patches now and again, and which have been traced—so I am told—from the Black Hill (once timbered to the summit, now all but quarried away) to Hillock's, right through the White Horse Ranges. But in those days we knew little about quartz, and still less about indicators.

An incident in a miner's life may have no direct connection with mining; and here is one which is peculiarly illustrative of the state of matters in those early days. I had been accustomed in the old country to attend church, at least once a day; and about this time I strolled out one Sabbath morning to attend a service that was being held in a large tent, constructed in some manner after the shape of a church. I remember the occasion well. The clergyman was a venerable old gentleman, who in preaching rolled his eyes about, and evidently seemed to feel that all he uttered was true. The warm weather had just set in, and a north wind was blowing. The framework of the tent was not of the strongest, and the canvas flapped and flapped with each sudden gust of wind. I was sitting on a seat with a tall brawny digger. Unexpectedly a stronger wind than usual whistled round the frail structure, and threatened to beat it to the ground. The old minister stopped in his remarks, and called out solemnly "Trust in God." The digger alongside me muttered, "Yes! God helps them as helps themselves—I'll trust to my legs!" and off he darted out of the building. I remained, thinking there was little, if any danger, and the service concluded without a *contretemps*.

In company with my original mate, I proceeded to a rush that had broken out some twelve or fifteen miles from Ballarat. When we arrived on the spot, there could not have been fewer than from four to five hundred miners on the ground, and holes were going down in all directions; the sinking having commenced at twenty feet, and gone up to sixty feet at the furthest point to which the lead had been traced. The original prospectors had got heavy gold in their claim, and nobody knew the amount they had nuggeted out, or the returns they had had from several washings; but there was no doubt they had had a rich claim. Several others in the course of the gutter had also done well, but the washdirt was narrow, and the lead seemed to be a series of crab-holes with good gold in each of these holes, rather than any defined run containing a fairly equal distribution of the precious metal. In point of fact, looking back on those days, I cannot but feel that it was very much like what the Temora of later years has been.

My mate and I pegged out some ground ahead of that taken up before our arrival, but neither of us liked the look of things much, for the washdirt had crossed the line of the quartz reefs, and was going easterly; and when that occurs good-bye to gold in anything like payable quantities: unless, of course, the submerged watercourse of a past geological age had been a rapid stream, which had carried the gold by the force of the current a long way from its matrix. However, as I say, we secured a claim and commenced to sink.

I don't think I would have referred to this episode of my mining days at all, were it not for an occurrence that happened, and which in various forms has been repeated over and over again since. The Chinese have always been, and still are, the scavengers of the gold-fields. However much people may talk of the universal brotherhood of man, miners do not like to see the almond-eyed children of China follow on the track of European intelligence and pioneering, and enter into the fruits of their labours. Well, as it happened, a number of Chinese had got to this rush I am speaking of, and had taken possession of two or three

abandoned shafts, and carried on operations until they struck gold. In point of fact, several hundred feet of the gutter about this point was held exclusively by the Chinese. This was too much for the general body of European miners, and they determined to clear the Mongolians off the rush. At the time of the affair I was standing on a heap fully a quarter of a mile away when the actual conflict occurred. The "charge"—for it was nothing less—was led by a pure "Tip," and nothing could have been better organised. Word was sent to the Chinamen through an interpreter that within two hours they must make themselves conspicuous by their absence. Then there commenced in the Mongolian camp such a yabber and chatter as reminded one for all the world of a return of rooks. Bamboos were got out and every olive-skinned Chinaman had one in his hand, and where they came from was a mystery. But the "Tip" I have alluded to was one who would not stand much on ceremony. I have since thought he must have been the descendant of a Vinegar Hill family. At all events, with a pick-handle in his hand he put himself at the head of a party of at least sixty stalwart miners, and down they went at a double-quick against the Chinese, who had mobbed themselves around one of the best of their claims. The impetuosity of the rush was irresistible. Poll taxes were not then thought of, but the feeling was strong that the gold-fields of an English colony were for white people and not for yellow. The Chinese stood their ground for a minute or two, until the miners came up to them, and then an amusing scene commenced. Pick-handles guarded a few bamboo strokes that were made, and then amidst a ringing cheer the bamboos were snatched from the hands of the Chinamen, and were sent high in the air one after the other, and then the olive-skinned rabble turned and fled helter skelter in the direction of a camp they had some six or seven miles away. Let it be said at once that no injury was done to anyone, and they were allowed to come back and take away all the portable property that belonged to them.

Our claim turned out a duffer. We bottomed right in the wash, but it was the poorest dirt I have ever seen. A few, as I said, did well, but the generality did not make tucker, and in a few months—not more than two—a scene that had one time been replete with windlasses and men was a deserted wilderness. The miners with their tools, and extemporised forges for the sharpening of picks, took up their tents, like the Arabs, and as silently stole away.

After this my mate and I went to a place some thirty-five miles from Ballarat, which I will call, just for a name, Squatters' Flat. The lead had commenced in a bed of cement not more than ten feet from the surface, and the claims had been taken up for over a mile and a half across the flat. We gave £20 each for a tenth share in one in which the sinking was about sixty-five feet, and the shaft was down that depth, and a chamber had been opened and a drive just started for the washdirt. We had a whim and horse, and worked only one shaft, four of the shares being sleeping ones. We called the claim the "Victory" first of all, but as will be seen, it got the victory over us. We drove about 140 feet and then started a "rise," which went through into wash at ten feet—a nice white wash with coarse gold in it—and then almost as dry as a bone. As we commenced to drive on it, however, the water began to trickle out of it, and we had every morning to do an hour's baling before we could go below. I confess I did not like the look of things at all, and I told the other working shareholders so, but they laughed at me, and said I was chicken-hearted, and that the best thing I could do was to drive the horse in the puddling machine when we started washing. I said nothing, and for a few days things went on as usual, until one morning the flow of water became really alarming. We had got about half a machine of dirt out, when there came every appearance of a burst. Our secretary went to the surface to get some straw to see if we could not choke the flow, and after he had gone, two of our men went up the shaft, also saying it was about time everybody cleared, for the water was coming from

the big hole at the cement bed. A little fellow, a Welshman, and I, stayed below and stuffed the straw behind the laths to stop the water, but there came then a rumbling noise above us that warned us of a serious danger. We looked at each other, and without saying a word sprang to the jump-up, down which we almost dropped, and ran with all the speed we could to the shaft, and got on the bucket. "Heave up!" both of us roared simultaneously, and the bucket with the two of us on it commenced to ascend, and we were just in time. We had not got more than ten feet up, when we heard as it were a clap of thunder, and the water splashed up around the bucket. The full volume of the water had burst all restraints, knocked the jump-up to pieces, and the water must have been at least twenty feet up the shaft before we reached the surface. Since then I have had experience of more than one burst of water, and I contend emphatically that when there is any likelihood of old ground in which there is standing water, boring rods should always be used a good distance ahead, and should always be put in at an upward angle; for while water that is on the same level as fresh workings is not dangerous, water that is above must always be extremely so.

We baled out the water in three weeks, and got below only to discover the main drive coming together, and the jump-up filled with sand. This split up the party; but we re-formed in six shares, all working ones, and decided to sink a new shaft on the opposite reef nearer the gutter, and further away from the water we had tapped. What chiefly induced us to do this was the fact that when we sluiced off the half machineful of dirt we had got out, we got thirteen ounces of as fine looking gold as ever was seen, nice shotty water-worn gold, and good-weighting fine gold—no "paint" or "flour" about the sample. We called the new claim the "Never-say-die." Well, we didn't die ourselves, but the claim did. We got down about fifty feet when we came on a wet drift, and get through that drift we couldn't. Once we thought we had succeeded, when we drove an augur through to hard country, and then sent down clay from

the surface to try and puddle back the drift and water, and got our slabs in ; but the sand shifted, and the end of it all was that the shaft slewed, and we couldn't save it. So the "Never-say-die" did die, and my mate and I sought fresh fields ; the incidents of which may be recounted hereafter.

THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL.

By "LEX."

The human soul is a garden fair ;
And sweet are the plants a-blossoming there ;
But in it is scattered the baleful seed
Of many a poisonous, hateful weed.

O watch thy garden with careful eyes ;
Pluck up the weeds as soon as they rise,
Lest, gathering strength, they overrun
And smother its beauties every one.

But train the flowers with a tender hand,
And free let their beautiful buds expand ;
And all that doth hinder their growth, or mar
Their opening graces, remove afar.

Let love's warm sunlight over it flow ;
Let charity's soft winds round it blow ;
And water it oft with the streams that swell
From sympathy's pure and freshening well.

Thus day by day shall thy garden become
More full of fragrance, beauty, and bloom ;
And the growths that dim its radiancy
One by one shall dwindle, and droop, and die.

And murmur thou not that weeds upspring
Among the blossoms, though toil they bring,
And sorrow—for where were thy praise or joy
If thy garden yielded thee no employ ?

Sydney, 28th October, 1885.

SUPPRESSION AND EXTINCTION OF FIRES.

HOW THEY MANAGE THESE MATTERS IN THE "STATES."

BY N. S. MARKS.

Under this title we propose to give some descriptive jottings of the American fire and electric systems, public and domestic, with incidental allusions to the electric light and telephone.

Noteworthy under a variety of aspects are very many of the institutions of our trans-Pacific cousins. The visitor will not be long in that country ere becoming rapidly and delightedly impressed with a sense of thoroughness and advanced practical skill—in one word, the "go-aheadism" of which we have heard so much—which pervades and dominates the minds of Americans. In no department, perhaps, is this talent displayed to greater advantage, or attended with nearer commensurate results, than in that of "fires" and the means there adopted for their suppression.

Stern experience has been at work in developing these precautionary measures. Tremendous and rapid conflagrations have from time to time devastated one or other of their cities, and reduced to ashes the handsome or the substantial edifices reared by the genius and wealth of the people of that great empire. As a case in point, we need only recall to mind that awful catastrophe, when, in the year 1870, about one-third of the vast city of Chicago was thus consumed—one house, seen by the writer, and situated in a "section" of the devastated district bounded by the waters of Lake Michigan, alone escaping. Once before had this seemingly ill-fated city been rendered a prey to the devouring flames, yet at this day Chicago exists more handsome, and probably more durable, than ever, and embracing in

extent a densely-populated area of some ten square miles.

Warned, therefore, by dire experience, it is but a natural inference to believe that to this intensely energetic and practical people the subject of fires and their extinction would become one of paramount importance; that their minds would grapple to it with a determination to conquer and subdue the incidental difficulties which have just been partly adumbrated: if by nothing more than a preparatory yet expressly applicable means towards the subjugation of the destructive element itself, by elaborating such a potent system as would provide their citizens with effective measures for coping with the danger at the earliest period possible after its outbreak, and ere it had had time to assume any formidable dimensions. Such, in reality, is found to be the fact, for in every city and large town may be witnessed a working fire organisation on a most efficient scale, sustained with a liberal and almost lavish economy—to adopt a seeming contradiction of terms, were it not abundantly justified by the substantial advantages derived, both immediate and incidental—the general uniformity of such system being modified adaptably to the specific requirements of individual localities. Such a system, unique in its concatenated details, it will be the purport of this article to describe with as much brevity as is compatible with lucidity, embodying the results of the writer's diligent personal investigation during his brief sojourn in that Land of Promise.

Before entering on a minute description of the working operations in cases

of fire alarms, it will be well to premise that each station in every large city is furnished with an ample equipment of men and materials, cleverly trained corps of the former, skilful in handling the ingeniously devised applications of the latter in their several classes and modifications.

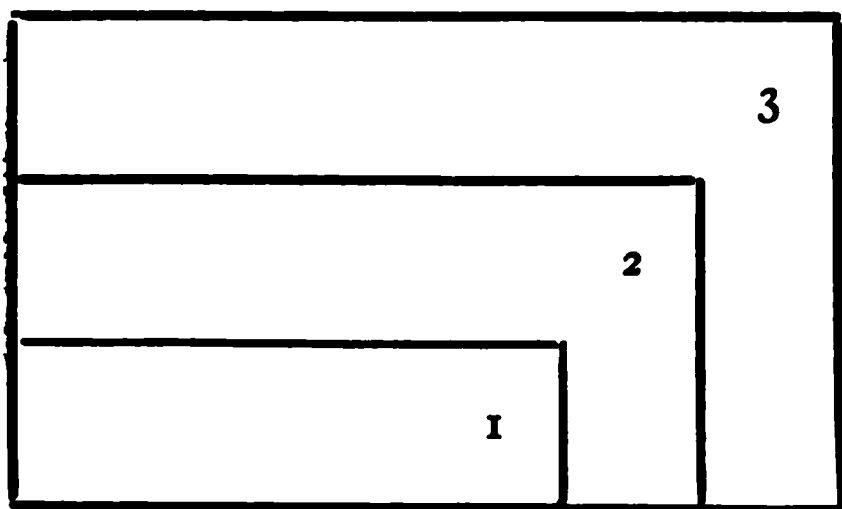
Firstly, the fire engine itself, resplendent with its highly burnished brazen adornments—one to each station—an individual machine of the comparatively small city of Albany (capital N. Y. State) alone representing a value of £800 sterling. It is a steam engine only as regards its pumping gear; steam traction has been tried and found to be less serviceable than that by horses. These useful quadrupeds and friends to man are trained to perform their special work intelligently, and are seen to be kept comfortably stabled just in the rear of the engine—waiting expectantly, it may presumably be thought, for that stroke on the electric gong, which will cause them to prick up their ears, and their nerves to vibrate as they automatically obey its well-understood mandate. The water in the engine-boiler is kept always hot or simmering, whilst fire-kindlers are in position at its rear, so that by mere application of a match, steam will be “up” in two or three minutes from the moment of alarm. By that time the horses will be harnessed to the machine—firemen in their seats, on and around it, their Jehu grasping the “ribbons,” and the whole scudding away at a swinging pace towards the scene of conflagration, the spectacle arresting as well the progress of passing vehicles as the attention of all beholders—tram-cars even being pulled up to clear away the last obstructions, and thus facilitate the onward strides energetically made towards the scene of action, in the achievement of which the gain of even an instant constitutes a primary feature of the American system. “Water Towers” constitute another element in this system, and consist of jointed lengths of iron piping with nozzle attached to the extremity of one of them. These are found to be most useful in directing the hydraulic stream from the engine on to the burning pile in situations of moderate elevation

above the street-level, as they require no ladder to be first procured, next planted, and the hose finally dragged up by the comparatively unsteady though willing hands of the firemen. By the rigidity of such a “tower” it can with greater expedition be brought into “play,” and a steady stream of the extinguishing element can be projected at once upon the flames; promptitude of action at the very outbreak of a conflagration being the key-note of the organisation, to ensure which all efforts are most wisely concentrated, and other ingenious and effective measures adopted, as will be related below. Steam “Extincteurs” form another item of the equipment. These discharge a stream of carbonic acid vapour, which being a non-supporter of combustion quickly stifles a small blaze ere it has had time to extend itself. Moreover, the familiar hose-reel is not overlooked. The firemen, whose dormitories, on the floor above, are comfortably arranged and carpeted, place in the very doorways of their apartments, their boots, with overalls attached, so that they may slip them on at a moment’s notice. The flooring outside the chambers is furthermore cut away to form two circular apertures, whose centres are stout rods or rather pillars of bright steel, firmly bolted to the basement blocks, by which columns the firemen may rapidly slide down, instead of the conventional and more tardy method of descent by a staircase. Or, again: the electrical current which gives the alarm, by automatically releasing the bolt pin, causes the fireman’s couch to suddenly slope towards an opening in the floor, so arranged as to deliver him, almost before he is fully awakened from his slumbers, on to his allotted seat on the fire engine.

The communication of fire alarms is provided for by an admirable organisation, next to be described. At frequent positions in every city, poles are erected with electric boxes affixed, to which every citizen of good repute is furnished with a key, each key being numbered and registered against the name of its duly appointed custodian. The mere insertion of a key into the keyhole of any one such box,

by its completion of an electrical circuit, instantly causes an alarm of "fire" to be transmitted to the head office. And whereas the said keys cannot be released from the boxes, except by an officer of the department, no false warning can be made without its detection being a matter of absolute certainty. Thus, from the very deed itself, a co-ordinate power is simultaneously acquired by the rightful authorities, of sheeting home the offence to its perpetrator—caught as it were *in flagrante delicto*—and mulcting in heavy penalties every such tamperer with this protective system; fraught as it is with consequences and responsibilities of the last importance, involving, it may be, no less serious and solemn an alternative than Death itself.

The whole movements of the firemen and engines at their several branch stations in every city—it must be clearly premised—are directed from the head office, where, of course, a continuous attendance of efficient operators and superintendents is maintained. Besides, every city and town is by the department mapped into districts of smaller and larger fire areas, according to outlined sketch annexed,



their number of course varying adaptably to the extent of area of each city. Each district is again subdivided into stations, and every station has its distinguishing number. On the occurrence of a fire, every citizen is interested in giving warning of the fact, and he does so in the manner above described. By such alarm every station in the city (say of New York), as well as the head office, is promptly and simultaneously notified, the signal being communicated of course by electricity; thereupon the firemen at every station are on the *qui vive*, awaiting the action signal (if I may so term it) from the head office, which

instantly telegraphs to all stations the particular district of the igneous outburst, and regulates the further movements towards its extinction, as will be presently described. The signals from the head or central office are sounded on a gong of much larger dimensions than is the initial one from the citizen aforesaid; and the electrical current which communicates the former, simultaneously, and by automatic action, throws open the front gates and liberates likewise the docile steeds, who, obedient to their careful training, advance from the stalls to their requisite and assigned positions in advance of the fire-engine. The harness, suspended just over the horses in their present position is, by an ingenious yet simple mechanism, disengaged and attached to the fire-chariot, whilst in the self-same moment the brigade mount to their seats thereon, the charioteer gathers up the "ribbons," and away they speed to the scene of action. So rapidly is the whole conducted that I was most positively assured by the superintendent at the head office, New York City, that upon sending an alarm to a station then within our ken, and instantly rushing to the window, but a few yards distant from the operator, he was barely or just in time to witness the emergence of their equipage from its quarters.

Such a statement must convince every mind that, so far as concerns promptitude in despatch of their fire-engines to the scenes of conflagration, our practical American cousins have attained to such a degree of perfection as leaves nothing further to be desired.

Then, with regard to the working powers of the fire-engine; in some instances steam is constantly kept up, and even under a small pressure; in others the water is at least always near the boiling point; faggots are laid in readiness for being kindled, and a petroleum fire-stick placed alongside, which, being ignited by an ordinary match on the instant of the alarm being sounded, thus ensures steam being "up" before the engine has travelled the distance merely of a few hundred yards.

The system of signalling, now to be described, was fully explained to the

writer by the general superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Broadway, New York, with that urbane courtesy everywhere experienced from our trans-Pacific friends. This grand establishment employs no fewer than 750 operators, of whom 100 are girls, all seen to be industriously stationed at the numerous instruments, transmitting or recording messages to or from all parts of the United States—may it not be said of the entire globe? Many of the machines are quadruplex, each accomplishing four simultaneous dispatches—two and two in opposite directions. Order reigns supreme, but the multitudinous clicking of the telegraphic mechanism reveals the wondrous activity dominant in the *salle*, suggesting ideas of still more impressive potency, as to the possible tenour of some or other of those mandates now being flashed along the thousands of miles of slender wires, and the possible consequences to the world at large resulting from them. The whole displays or conjures up a vividly realistic spectacle of the triumphant achievements wrought by science in this nineteenth century of ours, and the elevated pinnacle surmounted by her in the capacity of beneficent hand-maiden to man; whom she thus enables to subdue to his will, and make subservient to his domestic needs the mighty forces of nature. So he appropriates somewhat of the dominion ascribed by the sweet and royal psalmist to Deity; for doth man not

“Make as his ministers the flaming fire?”

Albeit, he bows with reverential gratitude before Him who has thus to His creatures graciously delegated some infinitesimal portion of His supreme power and sovereignty.

Subsequently I beheld at St. Martins-le-Grand, London, a similar, but not more imposing spectacle; but here is suspended the effective system of pneumatic tubes for aid in the receipt and delivery of telegrams from and to the public, whilst in the subterranean chambers miles and miles of shelving are erected supporting those varied “batteries,” which evolve the wondrous magic power, but which it is not the purport of this essay further to describe. Return we, therefore, from

this digression, to America, and the mode of there conducting the system of fire alarms, and directing the operations of its subordinate brigades towards the scene of conflagration by any central office in any city of the Union. These “alarms” are in all five in number, each of which comprises a succession of strokes on the gongs, but as every succeeding alarm has the effect of calling out additional engines to the rescue, the whole number are rarely needed to be sounded. I feel sure my readers will join heartily with me in sincerely hoping they may never be required to sound them all, as this would imply a devastating catastrophe of stupendous magnitude. For this, however, full provision is husbanded should such an emergency unhappily occur. Every superintendent of a station has intelligibly laid down, for his clearest comprehension, which engines, on a *first* alarm being given, are to start from No. 1, or smaller districts (refer to sketch plan); which additional ones are to proceed from No. 2, or more extended divisions on receipt of a *second* alarm, and so on for each alarm in succession. The mode of operating is as follows:—Any citizen communicating an alarm in the manner already described, acquaints all stations with the fact that a fire has—somewhere—occurred, and so puts all the brigades on the alert; the selfsame summons informs the officer in charge at the head department, not alone of the bare fact, but also of the locality of the eruption, and he instantly signals all stations by sounding on their smaller gong, “to hold themselves in readiness to start;” two signals are next given on the larger gong to particular depôts, whose engines and staff respectively, immediately sally forth to extinguish the fire; and these four signals constitute the “first alarm.”

On a “second alarm” being given, four additional engines from district No. 2 go out; a “third alarm” calls forth four others from No. 3 district; whilst for extensive conflagrations, special instruments are provided for ordering out—when necessary—the whole equipment of the organisation, including in New York no fewer than 3000 fire-engines.

Again, should an engine be required to quit its particular district, for another left temporarily unprotected by the departure of its own staff, etc., an ingeniously devised instrument transmits such instructions. Here is a specimen message :—

666—12—44—352

“666” simply “calls attention ;” the other numbers indicate that the engine from No. 12 station, which ordinarily

would proceed to No. 44 do., is now to take up position at No. 352. Omit the latter number and it will depart for No. 44, or the station in *its own* district, left for the moment unprotected. Such is an outline of the comprehensive arrangements, and the writer can but trust he may succeed in rendering them as intelligible to his readers as they were intelligently imparted to himself.

A PASSIONATE LOVER TO HIS LASS.

Not for thy soft, tawny-golden
Wealth of sunshine-flashing hair,
Such as Helen in the olden
Days combed back from eyes of vair ;

Not for cheeks where twin red roses
Grow and bloom, one perfect flower ;
Not for lips where Love reposes,
Finding there his fairest bower ;

Not for hands in whose dear keeping
Lies my heart in sure control ;
Eyes where maiden dreams are sleeping
Where through shines a maiden soul ;

Not for pert, coquettish kercher
Tied beneath a dimpled chin ;
Not for mind of soundest nurture
Do I seek thy hand to win.

Though the beauty of thy face is
Brighter than the brightest day ;
Though beyond compare thy grace is,
Not for these I love thee—nay.

These are trifles in a spouse, and,
Love, my love is more intense,
For I love thy hundred thousand
Dollars in the four per cents !

—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE TRUANT ZOUAVES.

A STORY OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

TOLD ON THE EVE OF THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

By CAPTAIN HENRY MORIN HUMPHREYS

(Late "Cape Mounted Riflemen"),

Author of "Boot and Saddle," Etc., Etc., Etc.

In a certain little street in a certain Australian city, there is situate a certain little wine-shop, remarkable for the excellence and cheapness of the wines sold there; also for the many good qualities of its landlord, Monsieur Gustave Macquet. M. Macquet is as good a sample of the warm-hearted, bullet-headed, irascible Gaul, as was ever sketched by the pencil of the immortal John Leech; he is, moreover, a *bonhomme* who possesses the peculiarities attributed to his nation in a ludicrously marked degree. Monsieur is brave as a lion and strong as a bull, notwithstanding the very short space that separates the crown of his head from the soles of his slippers.

"I am not giant, but I have not fear," said the gallant little fellow to me on the eve of the 5th of November, 1877, just after he had thrown a big, half-drunken new chum into the street, for daring to say that a glass of pure and prime Shiraz was only fit drinking for the expatriated Frenchman who made a living by selling it. "That I am not giant, that goes without saying; you can perceive it, but what of that? Have I not five feet and three thumbs* of tall? Have I not size around my lung and my back of sixty thumbs? Well, I am content! I sell wine that is fit for gentlemens to drink. I talk to gentlemens so much as they please; and if any person forgets himself to

* The French word, *pouce*, signifies both a thumb and an INCH. In this case, the dual meaning bothers M. Macquet, as it has done many better linguists.

insult me, *je le flanque un coup de pied!* I present to him the toe of my boot! That is ME; one time Lieutenant of 'Zuzu,' Garde Imperiale!"

From the construction of the above sentences, such of my readers as understand the French language will perceive that M. Macquet thinks in French and freely translates his thoughts into English as he progresses; indeed, he has often been heard to say that if it were not for the difficulties presented by an impossible grammar, which makes a rule on one page for the purpose of being able to contradict it on the next, he would be able to "spik Angleeshe like one Jean Bool."

"Hallo, Mr. Macquet!" said I, "are you an old army man, a jovial, bloodthirsty ex-Zouave? By Jove! how we do get mixed up out here!" "We do get very much mixed up out *here*, as you observe," replied my friend. "But what of that? As you see, I mix up my bloodthirsty with my wine-thirsty. Fill up your glass *mon ami*, and I will propose to you a toast. We will drink to the memory of the brave fellows who fought and fell at Inkermann on the Five of November, Eighteen Fifty-four."

The silence that followed this proud but mournful toast, was rudely broken by the snapping of a Chinese cracker, which some little gutter urchin had thrown upon the pavement.

"*Cré tonnerre!*" exclaimed Monsieur, fiercely, as if his house was being bombarded by an enemy. "*Qu'ils*

m'enrage ! dose nasty little lar-r-r-rakin, wid deir miserable crac, crac, crac of firework Chinois. Why can dey not wait? It will not be the five of November until twelve o'clock. I understand you not you other English. It to me appears imbecile that you make celebrate a day, with barrels of tar and gunpowders, because nearly three hundred of years ago, *l'aimable Monsieur Guifox manquait son coup*—what you call miss his stroke, and did not attain his object much desired to make fly up a silly old king, and his member-parliaments—all fool together. 'Remembare ! remembare fiff of Novembare !' By Chove ! I shall make dat boy remembare my stick ! *Allez-vous en !* Go 'way you small beast !"

"Never mind the young rascals, Monsieur Gustave," said I, perceiving that my friend's thoughts were straying back towards what had been to him the brave days of long ago. "Fill up your glass, and tell me something about Inkermann. I assure you the mention of that name has an interest for me *too*, for I have a brother who distinguished himself in the battle."

"And there the friend most dear to me of all the world did die—but wait, I shall tell you." Monsieur, after wiping some tears from his eyes, and making an absurd apology about cigar smoke having got into them, told me the following story, which I re-tell in his own words, smoothed into intelligible English.

"You must know, my friend, that when a battle is being fought, it is not every soldier who can take a part in the fight, for there are camp duties to perform ; also, ambulance and baggage guards, which must be ready in case of a retreat. On the day of Inkermann it was my misfortune to be left in charge of some ambulance waggons, filled with wounded. I had under me about sixty men of my own Zouave regiment, and nearly all of them were what is called convalescent—that is, invalids who had been reported by the doctor as strong enough for light duty. You know that on the day when the heights of Inkermann were stormed, the fog was so thick that you could hardly see fifty yards in front of you ; indeed, where we were posted, we

should not have known that fighting was going on, except for the noise and flashing of artillery on the ridge of a distant hill, which we knew was being defended by the British against a Russian sortie.

"You may not be aware, perhaps, that there was jealousy between the allies, after the battle of Alma ; but there WAS—and BITTER jealousy, too—for *our* generals were hand-tied by orders from some fool in Paris. The English used to say that we did the boasting, and left them to fight the enemy all by themselves. It was not good of them to say so, though it was natural, for *they* do not understand *us*, and when they get their blood hot they forget all rules of strategy. Jean Bool loves a combat the same as his *bouledogue*, but he is not military. Pat them on the back and say, 'good fellow ;' they wag their tails and do as you please. But throw a little stone at them ! Pouff ! they break their chain, and the devil himself would not call them off until they had worried something. Fill your glass, *mon ami*, my thoughts make me thirsty."

After we had replenished our glasses, and gone through the ceremony of "hobnobs"—M. Gustave's free translation of *Trinquons !* (an expression exactly similar to Iago's invitation, "Let us the cannakin clink !")—he took up the thread of his story.

"Our blood boiled when we heard the distant echoes of your English 'hurrahs,' and we felt as your national *bouledogue* would feel if he was chained to a post and saw twenty or thirty other dogs enjoying the supreme delights of a ravishing fight just one yard in front of his nose. It was not easy, I can tell you, to keep discipline among my men, for sometimes the noise of battle would seem to approach us, and then our trumpets would call 'To arms !' At other times the sound of musketry would recede, leaving us to growl in despair because we thought Jean Bool had enjoyed all the fun—had finished his *valse à la Russe* and was escorting his partners to Sebastopol, while we were left *sans souper*.

"It was not polite of them to forget *us*," I heard one young fellow say—a *gamin de Paris* who, having spent his

last sous, joined fortune with we of the 'Zuzu'—'but it is not good manners to assist at a ball where one is not invited; besides, *le bon Dieu* has been so complaisant as to send down a beautiful fog. It would be greedy to ask the English to share with us their own particular atmosphere. FOG is their RELIGION, necessary to them as punch-grogs.'

"Just as Jules Beauregard was laughing with his comrades who laughed with him, a stray bullet from somewhere came through the mist, and, ploughing a little trench in the ground, made ricochet against his pipe and put it out.

"Your polite invitation accepted with pleasure, I hasten to reply,' said Jules, in his funny way; and then, before you could count two, he had sighted his rifle to the top of the slide, and sent a bullet in the direction of what we knew must be a Russian position.

"I was of course very angry with Jules for firing without order, and although he was my dearest friend I would have sent him to the guard tent, if at that moment we had not heard a sound which to us Frenchmen is the breath of life. The air was full of battle music, but one chord had been suddenly added to the *mélange*! It was the clarions of the *Sixième Légère*, sounding the 'Advance!' With an Arab war-yell, that we of the Zouaves had learned in Algeria, my men threw off their knapsacks, fixed bayonets, left their posts, and would have dashed down the hill towards the point of contest, had I not thrown myself before them, and presenting my sword so that the first man who came against me should run himself through, cried, 'Halt!'"

At this point of his narrative, M. Gustave suddenly stopped and stared into vacuity; then his broad chest began to heave, and eventually pumped out a chuckle, which expanded into a roar of laughter and these words:—"By Chove! Poor 'Rosbif!' how I did tickle him up in the breadbaskets! He was fat and could not stop himself until he came against the point of my sword.

"*Nom de tous les diables, Lieutenant!*" he said, 'why do you not reserve your *tire-bouchon* (what you call

corkscrews) for to draw Ruski wine? Good Bordeaux is not so plenty as to be spilt.'

"The fellows who heard Rosbif began to laugh, but a good strong swear of mine made them stop. 'Are you soldiers of France?' I said. 'Do you desire to resemble miserable Porte St. Martin *Red Bonnets*, who fight for the love of blood? Remember, a soldier's honour is his obedience, and disobedience brings dishonour. Go back to your posts, or kill me—I am here to command you.'

"Would you believe it? the men turned back, and were quietly proceeding to resume their duties as ambulance guard, when a stupid old fellow, who was slung in a hammock under a waggon (his left arm had been amputated the day before), put his ugly face between the spokes of the wheel, and called out, 'Now, then, gallipot guards! Go and draw teeth!'

"That bloodthirsty old good-for-nothing, by his remark, made silly all that I had said, for old 'Ventre-à-terre'—what you would call 'Old Creep-belly'—was father of the regiment. He was called 'Ventre-à-terre' because he could slide on his belly like a snake. His aim was very straight, and he did devote himself to what you call making 'pot-shots' at hats-of-cocks." [My reader will perceive that M. Macquet, in a vain endeavour to anglicise *chapeau-à-plumes*, hatched a word of his own.] "You see, old fellow" (here Monsieur put a crumb of biscuit near his glass, and another little bit near mine), "if a man with a hat-of-cocks was *there*, Ventre-à terre would slide himself *there*, and then a general or other officer of staff would find himself in a position very inconvenient. This talking gives me thirst. Let us fill up and commence again.

"Well, you can understand that when Ventre-à-terre began his jesting, other old soldiers who had seen war commenced to make jokes, and tell *us* of the ambulance guard that our services were not required, as the French medical men present would defend the position with their instruments of amputation. Some of my scoundrels began to laugh, and others to swear; and while I was considering whether I

would hang *Ventre-à-terre*, or blow out my own brains, Jules, who had like a good soldier been trying to keep among his comrades, suddenly stopped, turned round, lifted up his hand and shouted, 'LISTEN!' By the Eternal! It was drums! French drums a long way off—somewhere in the fog. Did you ever hear a drum? Bah! I do not mean the miserable tambourine your English drum-boys make noise upon, but a *drum*—a FRENCH drum—that can *speak*!

"I cannot tell you how it was, because I do not know, but I found myself running down the hill, with all my vagabonds after me. I forgot all my orders—I forgot that I was officer—all I thought of was that there were drums and I must get to them.

"Suddenly the drums ceased, and the sounds of battle seemed raging on every side; still we kept on running like mad dogs, not caring where we went. The noises grew louder, louder, and louder; and soon the singing of bullets, the bits of earth thrown into our face, and the yells of fellows knocked down, told us we were under fire! Did you ever hear the noise a bullet makes when he upsets a fellow? No? Well it is just like this."

I roared with laughter, for Monsieur, in an excited endeavour to illustrate his meaning, fell off his chair in a doubled-up state. "You may laugh, *mon ami*, so much as you like," puffed the *ex-militaire*, as he picked himself up, "but when a ball hits you it is just like that. I did not intend to explain myself with so much force. Let us have another glass of wine. Ah! That is good blood of the earth, is it not? I drink your good health, and the health of your wife and sweet-hearts. Now let us continue."

After an exhaustive pull at his cigar. Monsieur puffed forth the smoke in a series of rings, and stared at each dreamily as it expanded, broke, and vanished. His memory, perhaps, was performing a *tour de force*, such as circus riders delight in—jumping through hoops backwards—hoops of years.

"All of a sudden we saw at our front—a good way off in the fog—two dark patches, one little patch that stood still

and vomited cannon fire, and another thick, long shadow that moved steadily along towards the little one. At this moment, a bomb burst in the air just about half way between us and the shadows. The force of the explosion blew a hole through the mist, just as I with my mouth blow one through the smoke of my cigar. Then we saw a sight which I, for one, shall never forget!

"It was something to remember! On a little ridge, two hundred yards in front of us, was a little masked battery of two guns. There was, in front of the cannons, a small parapet of hastily thrown up sods, and the muzzles of the guns were hidden by brushwood, which grew thickly all over the hill sides. On the top of the parapet was an English artilleryman standing with his bayonet at the charge, as if he wanted just to kill *one* more Ruski, and then die himself. In front of this one man was a column of Russian infantry advancing *à la baïonnette*, and yelling like devils! It was all over in a minute!

"One of the guns spat a mouthful of grape at the advancing greycoats, and made the mass stagger for an instant, but, before you could count three, the Russians had thrown themselves over the barricade, just as a great wave sends its spray over a rock! There was a clash of steel, and a noise like hungry dogs fighting for a bone.

"When within a hundred yards of the battery—we could not run fast because the ground was wet and slippery, and covered with stones—an idea flew through my head. It was as if the God of battles had sent a message by telegraph to show me how to win victory and save my men! My trumpeter was close behind me—it was his place to be there—and turning my head as we scrambled along, I said to him, '*Stand where you are and sound the RALLY with all your lungs! The enemy must be made to believe we have SUPPORTS.*' The *ruse* was a grand success, for as the trumpet call rang out, my men yelled a Zouave cheer and jumped over the parapet just as a crowd of 'Moscos' were trying to drag away the guns with lassoes.

"It was a delirium of excitement! The ground where the struggle for

possession of the guns took place was not large enough for the Russians, who were trying to carry away the pieces. Consequently, when we threw ourselves upon the Flatcaps it was as if one lot of savage dogs had been thrown into a pit upon the top of another lot of dogs, and the result was the same. What passed immediately upon our arrival on the scene I know not. I have been told that men who suffer from fits know all that happens before they are seized, but are dead to themselves until the fit has passed. It was like that with me.

"I knew that an ugly *Cosaque* had saluted me on the head with the butt-end of his musquet, and that I had returned the compliment by cutting my way through his body. I knew that I was one in a rabble that was fighting for breath, as much as for glory and victory. We were too crowded to use our arms properly. I knew that yells, curses, and gunshots were filling the air, and that we were all tearing each other like cats and dogs. But I remember nothing more that happened in the *mêlée* until the time when I seemed to become awake and discovered that we were no more fighting.

"I found myself lying across a big Russian fellow who had a sword-bayonet sticking out through his back, and close to him was poor old 'Rosbif,' who had fixed himself on the Russian's bayonet, just like a lark that one buys on a skewer in the *Halles* in Paris. It was horrible, but still it was droll. . . . Fill your glass. We will drink to the memory of the good and brave old Rosbif.

"Imagine to yourself the position—a big fat Zouave, and a tall Russian grenadier fastened together on their own bayonets like *Kabobs*!

"Poor Rosbif! He was too brave, and also too stupid. He was *un gros Breton*, and spoke the French language like an Englishman."

Monsieur Gustave did not evince the slightest uneasiness when he pointed his last remark, thereby proving the superiority of the French as a polite people.

"Lying across one of the guns was the artilleryman I had seen on the parapet. His body was pierced with

almost as many holes as the top of a pepper-box, and clutched in his hand was a little piece of broken wood! What do you suppose the brave fellow had done? He had cut splinters from the sponge handle and spiked the pieces! Yes, spiked them while the Muscovites were spiking *him*! Do not laugh. I did not intend to jest. I can tell you I do not feel *farceur* at this moment when I bring to memory the face of my comrade, Jules Beauregard, as he lay there looking all round him to see where I was."

"*'Je l'ai,'* he said, when our eyes met, 'I have it.' When I saw his face—although he was trying to look gay—I knew that my dear, true, brave-hearted Jules, the laughing young soldier who only a few minutes before had said to the Russian bullet, 'Your invitation accepted with thanks,' had received *his* invitation to leave *our* world. This idea was in him also, for, as I held up his head against my shoulder, while I knelt beside him and tried to pour into his mouth a few drops of brandy from my flask, he smiled at me and said—pointing to the hole in his jacket, from whence the blood spurted in little jets—'My invitation, you see, is pressing—it is one that cannot be declined with an apology.'

"He tried to laugh, but his breath was too weak to fill his lungs. Then he grasped my hand very hard and shut his eyes. I thought he was gone to answer to his name EN HAUT, when he opened his eyes and said to me in a very little whisper, 'Gustave . . . kiss me. . . . Open my jacket. . . . Tell Marianne.'"

At this period of his story, poor Macquet nearly broke down, and I experienced a semi-guilty feeling as of a man who unwittingly has fossicked out his friend's heart secret. I felt awkward and sad, and would have asked Monsieur to tell me the remainder of his story on another occasion, had he not stopped me as I was about to speak by pushing over the wine bottle, with the request that I would follow his example and make myself gay.

"You see," said Monsieur—making a miserable attempt at a laugh—"when I do not feel gay, I say to myself, Gustave, you are a fool to think of sorrow

when there is good wine on the shelf. We are all children of destiny. If that small beast with the nobehinds to his *pantalon* had not reminded me that this was Five of Novembare I should not have told you my story and brought to my memory poor Jules. Everything is all chances. That small beast with the nobehinds to his *pantalon*, when he cracked his abominable fire of artifice, blew up in my brain old memories. As I have begun, I will finish—that is, if I do not fatigue you.”

I told Monsieur that his narrative interested me very much; then we did “hobnobs,” and he picked up the thread of his yarn.

“Inside his jacket, hanging on to a little gold chain, which I had often seen before round my sister’s neck, were two locketts. One contained the portraits of my sister and of Jules; the other—half broken by the death bullet—held two locks of hair wet with blood.

“It had been arranged that, when the war was over, Jules should marry my sister Marianne. But it was not to be so.

“God knows best, I suppose, how to dispose of his own creatures; but I cannot understand how it is that the good fellows get all the ‘bad lucks’ and the *vauriens* all the best chances. It must be, of course, all right, but for my part I am not wise enough to comprehend. I accept all things, good lucks and bad lucks. I receive them as they present themselves, but I do not try to comprehend them, because if I did I should *bouleverse* my brain.

“I took the locketts, and was gazing sadly on what I thought was the dead face of my friend and *camarade*. I was thinking to myself how poor Marianne would break her heart, when Jules suddenly opened his eyes, and said, ‘*Ecoute!*’

“The glorious thunder of French drums, rolling the *pas de charge*, was the last sound poor Jules heard in this world.

“He made a feeble little cry of ‘Vive La Fr——’ when his voice left him, and the sparkle of life fled from his eye.

“The drums were quite near to us, and my men, who had been resting for a moment to get their breath, fell in. So off we started in search of the

place where the drums seemed to be calling us.

“We ran, as it appeared to me, a few hundred yards through the fog, over stones and brushwood, and just as we got to the top of a little slope, we saw before us a straggling line of English soldiers and a battalion of French infantry.

“In front was an immense Russian column, the front pushed forward by the weight of the mass in rear. The mass moved steadily and silently on, trampling over its own dead.

“There was a gap between the English and French alignments, and as we came up we saw an English general—who could speak some French—trying to get the French officers to deploy their battalion from column into line. I never heard such swearing! The English line was a mob of weary stragglers, and the battalion of my countrymen was composed of conscripts. The Russians came steadily on, and the English and French line began to shake, when I called out as loud as I could, ‘General, I will fill up the space with my company. There are three battalions behind me!’ *Mon Dieu!* What a shout there was! It is disgrace for a gentleman to lie, but I do not think the devil will be so greedy as to count *that lie* when he presents my bill to St. Peter.

“You see, we were in a position where to be brave and defensive was also to be useless and ridiculous. There were enough Russians to eat us up and pick our bones. A man fixed like that is like a rat in an oven. He can’t get out behind; he finds it inconvenient to be roasted, so when he gets too warm he squeaks, the oven door is opened, and out he jumps into the mouth of the cat. It is just so. It is what you others call the choice of Monsieur Hobson. If you must be killed, of course you politely accept your *congé* with a grace, but before you commence your journey over the land of ghosts, it is simply natural to persuade another ghost to travel with you as companion of voyage.

“My lie gave heart to the mob of French and English. They were not afraid, but ashamed to permit themselves to be eaten up for no good.

"The promise of supports changed everything! The fellows stared at me for a moment as if I was an angel sent down from Heaven—and then there was a cheer, a clash, a blaze of light in my eyes, and all was dark to me. When I woke up I found myself in a hammock by the side of old *Ventre-à-terre*, both slung under a waggon.

* * * * *

"Was I promoted? No.

"Am I decorated? Yes.

"My cross of the *LEGION OF HONOUR* was sent to my mother. My sister wears it now in a locket with the two locks of hair I told you about. *I*, who speaks to you, was not mentioned in the *Gazette Officiel* as *chevalier*, though I was made one.

"You see, I and my men had left our post and broken discipline.

"I, by good luck, turned the tide of a battle and must not claim any reward. They said I was a hero, but also an insubordinate. They were wrong, but

still they were right. I was not a hero, for I had only followed the drum like other soldiers, but I was a disgraced officer—I had left my post without orders.

"Remembare! Remembare! Five of Novembare!' Py Chove! I remembare him well. *Mille baïonettes!* Have I not reason to remembare the Five of Novembare, one thousand eight hundreds and feefetee-four. *Re-garde!* I shall show you my souvenir of Inkermann. Dere is what remains to me of the hole in my head, and here on my watch chain is the bullet that made it. *Mon Dieu!* How this world does change itself with us.

"Thirty years ago, I stormed a battery with fifty comrades of my Zouave Regiment, and to-day I sell glasses of colonial wine for threepence a drink.

"Pay me? *Mille tonnerres*, no! The Five of Novembare does not bring its memories every day, and I may not live to *shout* for him again.

"Good night, my friend! Let us sleep and forget everythings!"

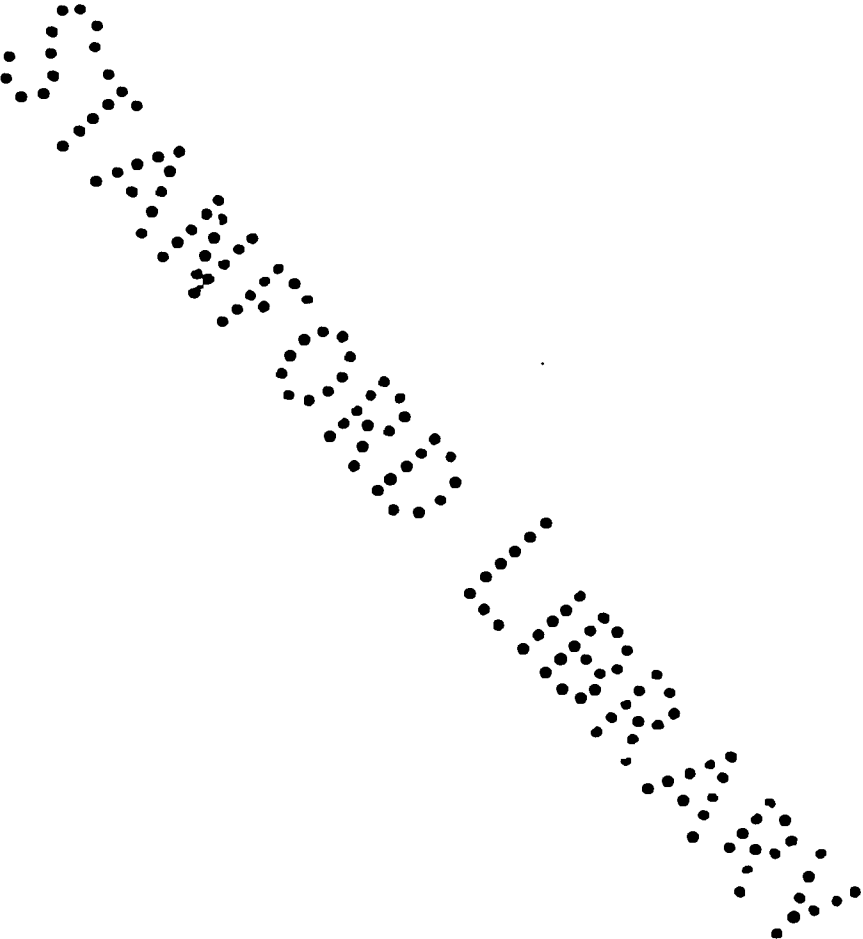
THE IVY AND THE OAK.

Hast thou seen, in winter's stormiest day,
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay,
Beneath time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown,
And wreathed it with verdure no longer its own?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then
As I, at thy years, might do,
Passed carelessly by, nor turned again,
That scathed wreck to view.
But now I can draw from that mouldering tree,
Thoughts that are soothing and dear to me.

Oh! smile not, nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught,
That which will closest and longest cling,
Is alone worth a serious thought!
Should aught be unlovely, which thus can shed
Grace on the dying, and leaves on the dead?

—Bernard Barton.





CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Whanné that April with his shourés sote
 The droughte of March hath percéd to the rote,
 And bathéd every veire in swiche licour
 Of which vertúe engendred is the flour,
 Whan Zephirus eke with his soté brethe
 Enspiréd hath in every holt and hette
 The tendre croppés, and the yongé Sonne
 Hath in the Ram his halfé cours yronne,
 And smalé soulés maken melodie,
 That slepen allé night with open eye,
 So priketh hem Nature in hir corages ;
 Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
 And palmeres for to seken strangé strondes,
 To servé halwes couthe in sondry londes ;
 And specially from every shire's ende
 Of Englelonde to Canterbury they wende,
 The holy blissful martyr for to seke
 That hem hath holpen whan that they were seke.

—Chaucer.

THOMAS A'BECKET.

By SAMUEL M. JACKSON.

Thomas A'Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born in London, 21st December, 1118, and slain at Canterbury, 29th December, 1170. The writing of his name A'Becket, as if he were of noble birth, is inaccurate, and now discarded.

His father, Gilbert Becket, was from Rouen; his mother, Roesa or Matilda, from Caen. But, though thus Norman in parentage, he was a thorough Englishman, full of national and local patriotism. His father, a baron of the city of London, gave his son an excellent education, with the canons of Merton Abbey, in London schools, and afterwards in Paris. There is no proof that he ever went to Oxford. His father's friend, Richer of Laigle—one of the greatest barons of England—took an interest in the boy; and, in his castle of Pevensey, Becket was introduced to the sports of hunting and hawking, in which he became such a proficient. On his return from Paris, he was employed under the sheriffs of London, and so made acquainted with political business. But preferment was to be expected in the case of so brilliant a scholar; and when common friends from the other side of the Channel had recommended him to the notice of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, however, was probably already acquainted with Becket's father, he was immediately taken into his service (1142), sent to Bologna and Auxerre to study civil and canon law, and quickly made archdeacon of the See, and Provost of Beverley. While in this double capacity, Becket showed his loyalty to the Church, and his political tact, by cleverly solving the difficulty connected with the succession to the Crown of England. Securing it to Henry, while not sacrificing papal interests, he made two secret journeys to Rome, and thwarted an effort to win over the Pope to the side

of Eustace, the son of Stephen. When Henry II. came to the throne, he made Becket his chancellor (1155), on the recommendation of Theobald; and the ecclesiastic was immediately forgotten in the statesman. The key to the mystery of Becket's character, his apparent fickleness, is his complete devotion to the office he held, involving a constant study how best to magnify it. Accordingly, when a chancellor, he served his king with the utmost fidelity. He surrounded himself with the outward state befitting so exalted a station, because he had the wit to see that it would give him the more power. While chancellor, he headed the chivalry of England in the war of Toulouse, and there certainly acted little like an ecclesiastic; for he joined in their bloody work. But to him belongs the chief credit of bringing England back from utter lawlessness to as strict an administration of the law as the state of England in the twelfth century allowed. Sufficient emphasis has not been laid upon this fact. He was one of the greatest chancellors England ever had.

It was an evil day for him and for his fame when he accepted the Archbishopric of Canterbury. He left an office he was fitted for, for one he was not; and he was, alas! one of those men who show their strong side in prosperity, and their weak in adversity. But being elected in 1162, by the Chapter of Canterbury, on the King's command, archbishop, he gave up his pomp and worldliness, and began at once a life of austerities, and at the same time appeared as the champion of the Church against the State; so that he contended with Henry, his patron and friend. Yet this was not fickleness, but principle; he was loyal to his master. Once it was the King, now it was the Pope: once it was the State, now it was the Church. He fought against

the Constitutions of Clarendon (25th January, 1164), which subjected clerks (clergy) guilty of crime to the ordinary civil tribunals, put ecclesiastical dignities at the royal disposal, prevented all appeals to Rome, and made Henry the virtual head of the Church. To these, however, under pressure, he set his seal; but as he had been led to suppose the King would have been satisfied with a merely verbal assent,—a very different thing in the morality of his age—when compelled to affix his seal, he felt himself entrapped, and guilty of a great sin. The Pope absolved him, and he proceeded to anathematize the Constitutions with energy. The battle thereafter waged incessantly between king and prelate, disastrously for the latter. An assembly of the people was held at Northampton. Becket was cited to appear before it to answer the suit of John the Marshal, who had charged him with injustice, and had the case removed from the archbishop's to the king's court. Thus to himself the Clarendon Constitutions, which sanctioned such proceedings, were applied; but it surely was unworthy of the king, after having gotten him in his power on one pretext, to raise a charge of malfeasance in office so long a time after his connection with the chancellorship had ceased. This was a mean trick. Becket denied the authority of the council over him, appealed to the Pope, refused to make any explanation, fled in disguise, and after hiding in England, at last, with two companions, crossed the Channel from Sandwich to Gravelines, 2nd November, 1164. He hastened to Sens, where the Pope (Alexander III.) then was, whither, also, the King's legates were bending their steps. The Pope favoured, Louis VII. of France kindly received him, and he retired to the Cistercian monastery of Contigny, where he passed the next two years. The Pope acted cautiously in the matter, because Henry had shown a disposition to favour the anti-pope, Pascal III. But, when the Archbishop of York officiated at the coronation of Henry's son without the Pope's permission, the latter took decided measures, and threatened excommunication if the King did not make peace with

Becket. This he did, 22nd July, 1170, at Freteval in Vendome. The first act of the reinstated archbishop was to excommunicate all his enemies—the Archbishop of York, and the bishops who had taken part in the coronation, or who favoured the Clarendon Constitutions. Becket returned to England, and was warmly received. His friends were many. The excommunicated prelates fled to Normandy, where Henry was: their arrival created a great sensation. The King is said to have exclaimed, "By God's eyes! if all are excommunicated who were concerned in the coronation, I am excommunicated also. Is this varlet which I loaded with kindness, that came first to court to me on a lame mule, to insult me and my children, and to take my crown from me? What cowards have I about me, that no one will deliver me from this low-born priest!" Four of Henry's knights—Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Morville, William de Tracy, and Richard de Breton—really or affectedly understood the King's words literally; and making a hasty journey to Canterbury, they murdered him coolly, brutally, in Canterbury Cathedral. Becket made no attempt at resistance: indeed, he courted martyrdom.

The murder of Becket has by some been considered merely a deserved fate, a piece of rude yet even-handed justice; and by others a veritable martyrdom. But Becket was far from being a saint. He was abusive in his speech, haughty in his manner, arrogant in his claims: yet, however deeply he had insulted his sovereign, he was no traitor; and, because this was the ostensible ground for the murder, the act was foul, cowardly, only excusable from the turbulence of the time.—On the very night of the murder, the miracles which made the shrine of Thomas Becket so famous began. People from all parts of England made pilgrimages to his tomb: one such is immortalized in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." He was called a "saint" long before he was formally canonized, which was two years afterwards. The news of the murder greatly affected Henry, and he took rigorous and indeed humiliating measures to remove the popular

impression that he was directly responsible for it. One of the most remarkable scenes in history was enacted in Canterbury Cathedral when Henry II. of England, dressed in a hair shirt, laid his head upon Thomas' tomb, and was whipped by the monks and clergy present. But he stooped to conquer. He was a more powerful king after this penance.

Thomas Becket is a fine study. He came at a time when the country was ripe for progress ; and, while chancellor, he hastened the good work ; but in his later years he tried to stem the tide. The interest of his life for most persons begins when he leaves the pomp of the chancellor for the asceticism of the archbishop. It was of deliberate purpose that he entered into opposition to the King. He dreamed of showing a devotion to the Catholic Church equal to that of his great predecessor Anselm ; but, alas ! he had not the same genius, self-control, and tact. Anselm and Henry I. contended for supremacy, but the friendship between them was not broken. Becket contended so hotly, that he was in open feud with

his sovereign. Curiously enough, he disappointed his two patrons, Theobald (because as chancellor he seemed to forget the Church), and Henry (because as archbishop he seemed to forget the State). Yet, in serving these two causes so faithfully, he was not inconsistent with that guiding principle already mentioned—to be faithful to his master. But this principle surely led to great changes of outward conduct, and hence to insinuations of hypocrisy. Unfortunately, the archiepiscopal throne was not fitted to him ; and hence he discharged its duties in a strained fashion, like a man who conscientiously is acting consciously a part. It is also important, in weighing his character as archbishop, to bear in mind that Thomas died for the rights of his own church—for the right of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and none other, to crown the King of England, but that the struggle began upon quite a different point, viz., the question of the exemption of the clergy from temporal jurisdiction. — *Schaff's Herzog's Encyclopædia.*

WHEN LOVE AND I WERE YOUNG TOGETHER.

By W. ALLEN.

Whate'er the changeful seasons be,
Come sunny days, or wintry weather,
Those hours shall ne'er return to me,
When love and I were young together.

The cares that round my heart have hung
In those glad days weighed not a feather ;
Nor fear its ugly shadow flung,
When love and I were young together.

The golden sunshine glowed around,
Beneath my feet the purple heather,
And jocund was the wild birds' sound,
When love and I were young together.

And sometimes, musing o'er life's close
And home beyond, I question whether
Heaven keener raptures holds than those
When love and I were young together.

Carlton, September, 1885.

DINGO RUNNING IN QUEENSLAND.

By "JACKEROO."

The Queensland dingo, or native dog, is about the size of a fox, and of the same predatory habits; not, however, ravaging amongst poultry, but haunting the wide area of the stations. The dingo is a very cowardly animal, and a great sheep stealer.

For some three years the L—— station managers have had their sheep in paddocks, surrounded by a stake proof fence, which was considered proof against dogs when erected; but they managed to get through, and there must be scores of dogs now inside the paddocks. These marauders kill, on an average, a dozen sheep every night. So costly a proceeding causes every possible effort to be made to get rid of the radical dogs, even to hunting them with their more conservative brothers—the fox hounds—but with little success.

At present, running the dingoes on horseback is being tried; and a party was sent up from the cattle-station to see what could be done towards thinning their numbers. At first all hands were mustered for a great dog hunt, but it proved a failure, only one dog being killed. So the plan was changed, and there are now five men staying at the sheep-station for the sole purpose of "running" dingoes. As on most out-stations, the only tenement is a slab hut, consisting of three rooms, so there is not much camping room. Still the men manage to stow away, on floor or verandah.

Although the dingoes' depredations are frequent, men may ride for days without seeing one of them. The following is a short account of some of the runs:—

Tuesday.—The overseer, Mr. New Chum, a stockman, C——, and a black boy, make an early start, and after working the paddock in a line without seeing a dog, camp for dinner. The

usual meal of damper and meat over, a search is made up the mountain, and the riders have gone about a mile when a dog is seen running in the long grass.

With a "tally ho!" chase is made, the overseer following C——, who is leading. The dingo makes for a gully, hoping, no doubt, to get rid of his trackers in crossing, but he is again sighted, and followed at a hard gallop.

"Save your horse, C——," cries the overseer. So C—— holds back, whilst the overseer makes the running; they literally skip along like this for about a mile, the dingo now and then making for a scrub; he is, however, knocked up, and the horsemen wheel him whenever he makes the attempt.

Another half-mile over, and still the dingo struggles on. The stake fence is now in sight, and the overseer calls: "Wheel him on to it." This done, along the fence they go for another half-mile, until they reach a gully. It is now of great importance to keep the dog on the fence, and prevent his disappearing down the gully, so one of the men rides in a line with the dog. Suddenly the animal breaks back, and making a rush at the fence, scrambles up it, and falls over on the other side before he can be stopped by a revolver shot.

"So much for dog-proof fences," says C——; "the only consolation is, that the dog is out of the paddock," and turning thus, they ride home—disgusted with the day's run, vowing vengeance upon dingoes generally.

The next day the party, including the black boy (euphoniously named Doughboy) start for the top paddock. During the midday camp for dinner, experiences of Victorian bush life are recalled for the benefit of Mr. New Chum; and stories are told of the bushman's daring riding through thickly

timbered country; the fearless, though at times dangerous work in the stock-yard, and the frequently tragic encounters when in search of a herd of cattle; an instance of which is pathetically told in the following song:—

THE STOCKMAN'S LAST BED.*

Be ye stockman or not, to my story give ear,
Poor Jack's gone at last, and no more shall we
hear

The crack of his stock-whip, his steed's lively
trot,

His clear "go ahead," or his jingling quart
pot.

He sleeps where the wattles their sweet per-
fume shed,

And tall gum-trees shadow the Stockman's
last bed.

Whilst yarding one day, he was gored by a
steer,

"Alas!" cried poor Jack, "its all up with
me here;

No more to the saddle I'll return now again,
Nor bound like a wallaby over the plain.

I'll sleep where the wattles their sweet per-
fume shed,

And tall gum-trees shadow the Stockman's
last bed.

"My whip shall be silent, my dogs now will
mourn,

My steed wait in vain for his master's return,
Alone and forgotten, unpitied I die,

Save Australia's dark sons none shall know
where I lie,

I'll sleep where the wattles their sweet per-
fume shed,

And tall gum-trees shadow the Stockman's
last bed.

"And, stranger, if ever at some future day
In search of a herd you should happen to
stray,

Where lone and forgotten poor Jack's bones
are laid,

Far, far from the place where in childhood he
played,

Tread light where the wattles their sweet per-
fume shed,

And tall gum-trees shadow the Stockman's
last bed."

An uncomfortable moisture appears in the stockman's eyes, and Mr. New Chum thinks he would rather be where he is than under the wattles.

But "*revenons à nos moutons*"—or rather *mouton*-killers, for there, along the gully, a black dog is seen running up the opposite side. To Mr. New Chum's surprise, C—— suddenly jumps his house into the gully, and

flogs up the other bank just in time to see the dingo making off through the long grass. C—— is able to wheel him on to the stake fence about fifty yards distant, when Doughboy, hearing C—— cooey, gallops back along the fence, right in front of the dog. "Keep back!" cries C——, "let him go along the fence!" It is too late—the dog turns back, but is again wheeled, and, the others coming up, all the riders get a fair start.

C——, who is riding an almost untried colt, lets Doughboy and Mr. New Chum, who are both well mounted, take the running. About a quarter of a mile brings them to a steep gully, which must be crossed. The dog might be lost in crossing the gully, for Mr. New Chum and Doughboy are letting him get too far ahead; but at that moment C——, "calling on his colt," shoots past them, and nearly "comes to grief" in crossing. The colt, however, recovers gamely, and follows the dog at a good pace. Now another dog is seen running on ahead of the black one. He must have been camping by the fence when C—— came up.

Two or three cooeys fail to gain a reply from the rest of the party, and C—— goes along, thinking "the gully has pulled them up." Another quarter of a mile, and still the black and the red dingoes keep the fence. "If only the others would come up," C—— thinks, "we might take both dogs." Another cooey, this time responded to by Doughboy, who comes up flogging hard, and when inquiry is made for Mr. New Chum, Doughboy says, "Baäl me know; me think he fall in gully."

C—— starts Doughboy ahead to run the red dog, and away he goes, though with little chance of success, as his horse is done up and the dingo is fresh. Doughboy unfortunately goes too near the black dog C—— is running, which consequently breaks back and makes for the bush. C—— gallops to wheel him, and Doughboy, seeing what has happened, turns back. Between them they manage to get the dog on the fence again, but by this time the red dog is far ahead, and must be let go.

Another half-mile brings Doughboy and C—— to a river. The dingo now

* Our contributor vouches for the correctness of this version, which differs somewhat from the one lately published in the *Herald*. It was in our hands some weeks before the *Herald's* notice of it appeared.—ED. *Once a Month*.

being nearly spent, having run almost five miles, makes a great effort to climb the fence, but falls back. Turning, he makes for the opposite bank of the river—now dry; he is followed, and run along the bank for a short distance, when again he makes down the bank at a steep place. C——'s colt half staggers, half falls down after him. and his rider begins to wish the dog would give in, as the colt is exhausted. The end is not far off now, for, in making an attempt to climb the opposite bank, the dingo falls back. C—— jumps off his horse, and gives the dog

the *coup de grace*, and then resting on the bank watches Doughboy skin the severely hunted animal.

'Then, as they are thinking of looking for Mr. New Chum, he appears, looking rather crest-fallen. His horse had refused the first jump, and he had gone over to show him the way. Doughboy, with a wide smile, says:—"Budgery fellow, you New Chum. Wha' for you let Yaraman sling you?"

So ended a short spell of dingo-running, and the party rode home through the paddocks without seeing any more dogs.

FIRST CAPTURE OF GARDINER, THE BUSHRANGER.

By W. LOCKHART MORTON.

In the year 1850 residents in the interior of this colony were subjected to considerable annoyance by bands of well-mounted, lawless men, who roamed about the country claiming hospitality under pretence that they were looking for work, and hoping that they might not be successful in finding it. It had always been the custom in Victoria, or Port Phillip as it was then called, since the first occupation of pastoral stations, to extend hospitality to all travellers looking for employment, but every year their numbers were increasing, and as many of them could not find work, some of the more lawless turned their attention to horse stealing. On some stations over £1000 per annum were expended in merely supplying travellers with food. The situation was becoming alarming, and if gold had not been discovered in the year following it is hard to say what might have been the consequence.

At the beginning of 1850, I had recently purchased the Salisbury Plains station on the Loddon, and in the month of June following, all the horses

on the station, with the exception of four which were in the horse paddocks, suddenly disappeared. A man was sent out to look for them, but he returned at noon without them. I then sent him to make a wide half-circle on the east side of the river whilst I made one on the west side, in order to discover their tracks. Just before sunset I came upon their tracks, making straight for the lower Avoca. At once I came to the conclusion that the horses had been driven away by horse stealers. Returning home I learned that a message had come from an adjoining station that three mounted men with stock whips had been seen by a shepherd on the previous Sunday afternoon driving off the horses at a furious rate. I determined to give chase. It was now Tuesday evening, and the robbers had gained a start of over two days. The evening was spent in first making cartridges and then in writing letters. I wrote a letter to Mr. Brodie, then chief constable in Melbourne, desiring him to send intelligence of the robbery to Geelong, Portland, and

Adelaide; and another letter to the police at Swan Hill, despatching it next morning by a "new chum"—a Mr. Melville. The only reliable man I could take with me was the cook in the kitchen, named William Mercer, but an old man named Williams, over seventy years of age, volunteered to join us, as he had lost a filly. Had I calmly considered the difficulties in the way I might have hesitated. I had to leave my young wife with our eldest boy, five months old, without any protection except the men looking after the sheep, and there was not a horse to leave on the station till Mr. Melville returned from Swan Hill, which would be at least from three to four days.

I never had the slightest doubt about overtaking the robbers. Both Mercer and myself were experienced bushmen and expert trackers. As for poor old Williams, he could do nothing but follow and keep us in view. By daylight on Wednesday morning we were on the tracks where I had picked them up on the previous evening. The tracks led us past Korong, where the horses had been yarded in an unowned sapling yard, and towards Charlton, but on reaching the plain they left the bush road, and made straight for Spring Bank, above Charlton. They then followed up the Avoca to Lowan Hill, crossed the river, and, keeping in the forest, made for Swan Water. Between the river and the latter place we saw where the horses had been yarded on the second night. A yard had been made with sheep hurdles set on end. We saw where three men had camped, and that they had collected more mushrooms than they could use. Before reaching Swan Water the tracks turned south, and we followed them to Mr. Rastron's Ramsbottom station. We reached Mr. Rastron's station on the Thursday night, and the men had reached there on the Tuesday night. Mr. Rastron told us that they, unknown to him, had put the horses into his stockyard, and then gone to the men's hut as travellers and got supper, but that it was afterwards discovered that they had slept on the lofty stage of the screw wool-press, and had started unseen next morning. We followed the tracks to

Navarre, thence west by an out-station of Mr. Stewart's, through the forest to the Wimmera river, where they crossed eight miles below Crowlands. My horse being nearly "knocked up," we went up to Mr. Clarke's station to get fresh horses, but the manager declined to supply fresh horses, and I had to purchase one. I saw a trooper at a public-house near Crowlands, and asked him to go with us. He enquired "how it was to be done." On my pretending not to understand him, he then asked "if there was any gilt attached." He was not quite sober, and I left him in disgust. I thought it desirable to be armed with a warrant in the event of coming up to the robbers, and I rode up to Decameron. But Captain Cameron refused to grant a warrant unless I could give him the names of the men. I knew not whether he was legally right or not, but I could not help thinking that either the law or the magistrate was absurd. We had lost much time, but with a fresh horse, we made back to the tracks, crossed the Wimmera and went west through the forest to a long valley, which the tracks followed up to near Lexington. From Lexington the tracks followed the common bush road, and never left it afterwards. The day we left Crowlands we reached Mr. Chirnside's cattle station at Mount William, and next day, Dr. Martin's Mount Sturgeon station. We called at the Border Inn, Mount Sturgeon, to make enquiries. We found that there had been races held two days previously, and that the robbers had run some of the horses against police horses, and the publican, who seemed a straightforward man, told us that the men had asked for writing materials and a private room, and had left a letter with him to post, but that he had forgotten to do so. I asked him to deliver it to me, and I would take it to the police office at Hamilton to be opened. He at once gave it up, and we rode on to Dr. Martin's station to get fresh horses. The manager, Mr. Watson, had gone to bed, but on learning what I wanted he called out from his room that he would give me two horses in the morning which would carry us seventy miles in a day. He said one of them was a

buckjumper, but that if I got on her in the stable the groom would lead her out, and she would not buck. I mounted the mare in the stable, and she never attempted to buck. On reaching Hamilton, or Grange Burn, as it was called, the clerk of the bench—Mr. Robert Savage, if I remember rightly—opened the letter. It was addressed to Mr. Crouch, postmaster, Portland. Mr. Crouch, it seemed, was both an auctioneer and postmaster. It was rather a curious production, as follows:—

“SIR,—I have no doubt you will be surprised to receive a letter from a stranger, but as it is on business, I presume it does not matter. I have sent my superintendent, Mr. William Troy, to Portland with thirty-three head of horses, which I consider a fair sample for any market. I wish you to dispose of the same by the hammer to the highest bidder. I have authorised Mr. William Troy to receive the proceeds, and his receipt for the same will be sufficient. Be good enough to let him have only such money as is current in Portland. Should the price realised please me I will send over another draft in the course of a month.—I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Lake Mingo, Murray River.”

At Hamilton I got two troopers at once to go with us, and although, from the letter left at Mount Sturgeon, we felt almost certain that the horses had gone to Portland, we made sure by following the tracks. Our horses, so kindly lent, did what Mr. Watson said they would, and carried us in one day from Mount Sturgeon to the Fitzroy River, eighteen miles from Portland, a distance of about seventy miles, and right up to the robbers and the horses. Towards midnight we met the mailman, and the troopers learnt from him that there were men with horses at Bilston's Hotel, at the Fitzroy. About one o'clock in the morning we drew near to the place, and we arranged that I and one trooper named Thornton should approach the front, whilst Mercer and the other trooper went to the rear of the hotel. Dismounting, I knocked at the door, when someone asked who was there? I replied “a gentleman from Portland.” The publican then opened the door, and Thornton asked softly if there were men there with horses. He answered in the affirmative. “Where are they?”

“In a room at the back.” “Show us it,” said the trooper, who at once rushed at the door and entered, I following, whilst the publican stood at one side holding a candle past the door post. Two of the men were in one bed—Gardiner and Newton—and they were instantly handcuffed. At that moment the light went out, and we had to threaten to fire upon the men if they moved. When a light was brought the third man was secured, and the other trooper and Mercer came in. The third man, who gave the name of John Stuart, was evidently the overseer, the Mr. William Troy mentioned in the intercepted letter. He sat up in bed and scratching the back of his head with his manacled hands exclaimed: “What's ado? What's up? Oh, I see—you have come here looking for some horses. You will find them outside. They are all right.” He then began slowly, with a pause between each word:—“Oh, you have done a heavy trick. You have come here with guns and pistols and swords, and one man with a big whip round his shoulders, to take three men unarmed asleep in bed. Oh, you have done a heavy trick.” Mercer said: “You scoundrel, to come and steal a poor man's horse!” Stuart said: “Had you a horse amongst the lot, old fellow? If I had known that I would have cut him out for you. But I was not coming up to your kitchen to tell you when we were going to take the horses.” When the men had been secured I felt so much for them that I regretted that the work of following them had been imposed upon me. In the morning we mustered the horses, and found a colt missing. Learning that the men had called at a shanty three miles back, where they were supposed to have left their arms, we thought the colt had probably been sold there. Thornton and I rode back to the shanty. Only a woman was to be seen, and she denied all knowledge of the colt. Thornton said: “Now, look here, if the colt is not produced in ten minutes I'll march you right into Portland.” The colt was at once produced. We had the men and horses in Portland before the Court was opened. We then found that the publican at the Fitzroy would not

appear against the men without a summons, and a trooper had to be sent out with one. Next day the men were brought before the late Mr. Blair, P.M., and committed for trial. Mr. Blair, after warmly complimenting me for my determination and perseverance, was about to leave the Bench, when a package of letters just arrived by mail from Melbourne, was handed to him. One was from Mr. Brodie, the Chief Constable, informing Mr. Blair of the theft. The magistrate then addressing me further said if every one would follow up horse-stealers as I had done horse-stealing would soon be stopped; adding that if I had not followed the prisoners, in consequence of the letter he had just received, the local police would have captured them.

The names given by the men were John Stuart (Scotch), *alias* William Troy; John Newton (English), and Francis Christie (native of New South Wales), the correct name of Gardiner, afterwards the notorious bushranger.

They had all splendid horses. The one Christie rode was a magnificent chestnut thoroughbred. They were turned into the police paddock at Portland, on our arrival there, but by next morning the chestnut had disappeared.

When the court was over, leaving Mercer (poor old Williams had been left at a station) to bring the horses home at his leisure with the stock whip he had taken for the purpose, I started for home on the same day. I reached home on the fourteenth day from the date we started in pursuit, having ridden over 600 miles, or on an average of fifty miles per day, deducting the day lost in Portland, and the other at Crowlands and Decameron.

On reaching home I found that my wife had been greatly annoyed and alarmed by a scoundrel who had prowled for days about the station enquiring which way I had gone, and threatening to "do" for me. He had come upon the verandah and knocked at her bedroom window at midnight. Armed with a pistol she threatened to shoot him if he did not at once take himself off. Some of the men from the men's hut then came and took him away.

The letter I had sent by young Melville to the police at Swan Hill produced a curious result. Some troopers had been sent, as I had requested, to where the Avoca outlet joins the Murray lakes, and hearing of three men with a mob of horses, they went in pursuit. The men, however, had got over the Murray into New South Wales. The police of that colony then started after them, and captured them. They, with the horses, were taken up the Murrumbidgee to Wagga, where they were committed for trial, and sent thence in charge of two troopers to Goulburn. On their way up the river all the prisoners escaped, as was alleged by the ancient device of throwing dust in the eyes of the troopers. The horses were advertised in the *Sydney Gazette*, although it must have been known that they had been stolen from some Port Phillip station, and they were sold for a trifle. As afterwards ascertained there was a band of six men acting together as what would be now named a horse-stealing syndicate. Three of the partners took my horses, and the other three took those belonging to the late Mr. Hector Norman Simson, of Charlotte Plains.

The subsequent history, so far as it is known, of Mr. William Troy and his mates is a very curious one. It seems they were sent from Portland to Geelong, then transferred to Melbourne, and again transferred to Geelong. The trial was to take place in October, but prior to the fixed date I received an extraordinary letter from a well-known gentleman of high character in the Western District, asking me not to prosecute Francis Christie. I had been "bound over to appear and prosecute." I could not, however, regard the letter otherwise than as a highly improper one for any gentleman to write to me. The court was to sit on a Monday, and after a ride of twenty miles I got to Mack's Hotel to breakfast. I then learned that one of my men, the important William Troy, the overseer of the band, *alias* John Stuart, had escaped on the previous Sunday afternoon from the South Geelong gaol. As the "incident" was somewhat remarkable, I give it as it was made known to me, I

believe, by the late Mr. Gurner, whom I met at Mack's Hotel. It seems "Mr. William Troy" and ten others were on the Sunday afternoon in one cell, which was probably not unlike the black hole of Calcutta, with such a crowd and in hot weather too. A warder was asked for water and he brought a bucketful and a pannikin. The cell door was opened and the bucket handed in, but at the same instant a hand clutched the warder by the throat. All the prisoners then rushed out leaving the warder locked in the cell. Another warder making his appearance he was secured and locked in with his mate. When the prisoners reached the street they armed themselves with pickets wrenched from the garden fences. Two of the town police attacked the band and re-captured three of them—one of them a murderer, whose jaw was fractured by a blow from the policeman's baton. The rest made their escape. My other two men were tried, Mr. (afterwards the Hon.) W. Haines being foreman of the jury, and were convicted and sentenced to five years' imprisonment with hard labour. They were sent to Pentridge, but Francis Christie, *alias* Gardiner, did not remain there for more than a few weeks. In those days the superintendent, Mr. Latrobe, who was always kindly disposed towards the poor blackfellows, had organised a number of black troopers, and they were employed in guarding the prisoners at Pentridge at work in the open grounds. One of these black troopers on one occasion, being near to Christie, the latter rushed at him and wrenched the carbine out of his hands. The blackfellow did not stop to fight, but made a retreat as fast as his horse could carry him—Christie firing after him. There was then a rush for liberty, Christie and ten others getting away.

Some time afterwards he was recognised as a digger at Bendigo, but as he was not seen on the goldfields afterwards, it was supposed that he quickly crossed the Murray to his own native colony, where he afterwards began his career as a bushranger, and his subsequent history is well known.

The third man, John Newton, escaped from Pentridge some months afterwards, when a similar rush was executed.

It was nothing short of a crime against society to place a few black troopers to guard prisoners at work in the open fields, for such guards cannot be relied upon when placed in authority over white men, especially such desperate characters. It was unfair also to those who had been instrumental in capturing such criminals. About the time that Christie and the others escaped from Pentridge, William Mercer, who was on a visit to Melbourne, was found in the Salt Water River. Some of his friends and the late Mr. Able Thorpe connected Mercer's death with the escape of the prisoners. An inquiry was made, but there was no proof as to how he had got into the river. Horses were not stolen again in a wholesale manner from the station, but singly, and within two years afterwards those stolen amounted to £500 in value.

When the pursuit and capture of these men became known a proposal was made to present me with a testimonial. I had done nothing but my duty to myself, and incidentally my duty to the community, and under the circumstances the presentation or acceptance of any kind of testimonial would have been absurd, the more especially so when it is considered that inventions of inestimable value, given gratuitously to the pastoral interest years before, and in constant use, remained then, as to this day, unacknowledged.

GLORY.

Glory is like a circle in the water ;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

—Shakspeare.

MARY MARSTON.*

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. REDMAIN.

A life of comparatively innocent gaiety could not be attractive to Mr. Redmain, but at first he accompanied his wife everywhere. No one knew better than he that not an atom of love had mingled with her motives in marrying him; but for a time he seemed bent on showing her that she needed not have been so averse to him. Whether this was indeed his design or not, I imagine he enjoyed the admiration she roused; for why should not a man take pride in the possession of a fine woman as well as in that of a fine horse? To be sure, Mrs. Redmain was not quite in the same way, nor quite so much his, as his horses were, and might one day be a good deal less his than she was now; but in the meantime she was, I fancy, a pleasant break in the gathering monotony of his existence. As he got more accustomed to the sight of her in a crowd, however, and at the same time to her not very interesting company in private, when she took not the smallest pains to please him, he gradually lapsed into his former ways, and soon came to spend his evenings in company that made him forget his wife. He had loved her in a sort of a way, better left undefined, and had also, almost from the first, hated her a little; for, following her cousin's advice, she had appealed to him to save her, and when he evaded her prayer, had addressed him in certain terms too appropriate to be agreeable, and too forcible to be forgotten. His hatred, however, if that be not much too strong a name, was neither virulent nor hot, for it had no

inverted love to feed and embitter it. It was more a thing of his head than his heart, revealing itself mainly in short acrid speeches, meant to be clever, and indubitably disagreeable. Nor did Hesper prove an unworthy antagonist in their encounters of polite Billingsgate: what she lacked in experience she made up in breeding. The common remark, generally false, about no love being lost, was in their case true enough, for there never had been any between them to lose. The withered rose leaves have their sweetness yet, but what of the rotted peony? It was generally when Redmain had been longer than usual without seeing his wife that he said the worst things to her, as if spite had grown in absence; but that he should then be capable of saying such things as he did say, could be understood only by those who knew the man and his history.

Ferdinand Goldberg Redmain—parents with mean surroundings often give grand names to their children—was the son of an intellectually gifted labourer, who, rising first to be boss of a gang, began to take portions of contracts, and arrived at last, through one lucky venture after another, at having his estimate accepted and the contract given him for a rather large affair. The result was that, through his minute knowledge of details, his faculty for getting work out of his labourers, a toughness of heart and will that enabled him to screw wages to the lowest mark, and the judicious employment of inferior material, the contract paid him much too well for any good to come

* Reprinted by special arrangement.

out of it. From that time, what he called his life was a continuous course of what he called success, and he died one of the richest dirt-beetles of the age, bequeathing great wealth to his son, and leaving a reputation for substantial worth behind him; hardly leaving it, I fancy, for surely he found it waiting him where he went. He had been guilty of a thousand meannesses, oppressions, rapacities, and some quiet rogueries, but none of them worse than those of many a man whose ultimate failure has been the sole cause of his excommunication by the society which all the time knew well enough what he was. Often had he been held up by would-be teachers as a pattern to aspiring youth of what might be achieved by unwavering attention to *the main chance*, combined with unassailable honesty: from his experience they would once more prove to a gaping world the truth of the maxim, the highest intelligible to a base soul, that "honesty is the best policy." With his money he left to his son the seeds of a varied meanness, which bore weeds enough, but curiously, neither avarice, nor, within the bounds of a modest prudence, any unwillingness to part with money—a fact which will probably appear the stranger when I have told the following anecdote concerning a brother of the father, of whom few indeed mentioned in my narrative ever heard.

This man was a joiner, or working cabinet-maker, or something of the sort. Having one day been set by his master to repair for an old lady an escritoire which had been in her possession for a long time, he came to her house in the evening with a five pound note of a country bank, which he had found in a secret drawer of the same, handing it to her with the remark that he had always found honesty the best policy. She gave him half a sovereign, and he took his leave well satisfied. *He had been first to make inquiry, and had learned that the bank stopped payment many years ago.* I cannot help wondering, curious in the statistics of honesty, how many of my readers will be more amused than disgusted with the story.

It is a great thing to come of decent

people, and Ferdinand Goldberg Redmain must not be judged like one who, of honourable parentage, whether noble or peasant, takes himself across to the shady side of the road. Much had been against Redmain. I do not know of what sort his mother was, but from certain embryonic virtues in him, which could hardly have been his father's, I should think she must have been better than her husband. She died, however, while he was a mere child; and his father married, some said did not *marry* again. The boy was sent to a certain public school, which at that time, whatever it may or may not be now, was simply a hothead of the lowest vices, and in devil-matters Redmain was an apt pupil. There is fresh help for the world every time a youth starts clean upon manhood's race; his very being is a hope of cleansing: this one started as foul as youth could well be, and had not yet begun to repent. His character was well known to his associates, for he was no hypocrite, and Hesper's father knew it perfectly, and was therefore worse than he. Had Redmain had a daughter, he would never have given her to a man like himself. But then Mortimer was so poor, and Redmain was so *very* rich! Alas for the man who degrades his poverty by worshipping wealth; there is no abyss in hell too deep for him to find its bottom.

Mr. Redmain had no profession, and knew nothing of business beyond what was necessary for understanding whether his factor or steward, or whatever he called him, was doing well with his money—to that he gave heed. Also, wiser than many, he took some little care not to spend at full speed what life he had. With this view he laid down and observed certain rules in the ordering of his pleasures, which enabled him to keep ahead of the vice-constable for some time longer than would otherwise have been the case. But he is one who can never finally be outrun, and now, as Mr. Redmain was approaching the end of middle age, he heard plainly enough the approach of the wool-footed avenger behind him. Horrible was the inevitable to him, as horrible as to any; but it had not yet looked frightful enough to arrest his downward rush. In his better conditions

—physical, I mean—whether he had any better moral conditions I cannot tell—he would laugh and say, “*Gather the roses while you may*”—heaven and earth! what roses!—but in his worse, he maledicted everything, and was horribly afraid of hell. When in tolerable health, he laughed at the notion of such an out-of-the-way place, repudiating its very existence, and, calling in all the arguments urged by good men against the idea of an eternity of aimless suffering, used them against the idea of any punishment after death. Himself a bad man, he reasoned that God was too good to punish sin; himself a proud man, he reasoned that God was too high to take heed of him. He forgot the best argument he could have adduced—namely, that the punishment he had had in this life had done him no good; from which he might have been glad to argue that none would, and therefore none would be tried. But I suppose his mother believed there was a hell, for at such times when from weariness he was less of an evil beast than usual, the old-fashioned horror would inevitably raise its deinosaurian head afresh above the slime of his consciousness; and then even his wife, could she have seen how the soul of the man shuddered and recoiled, would have let his brutality pass unheeded, though it was then at its worst, his temper at such times being altogether furious. There was no grace in him when he was ill, nor at any time, beyond a certain cold grace of manner, which he kept for ceremony, or where he wanted to please.

Happily, Mr. Redmain had one intellectual passion, which, poor thing as it was, and in its motive, most of its aspects, and almost all its tendencies, evil exceedingly, yet did something to delay that corruption of his being, which, at the same time, it powerfully aided to complete; it was for the understanding and analysis of human evil—not in the abstract, but alive and operative. For the appeasement of this passion, he must render intelligible to himself, and that on his own exclusive theory of human vileness, the aims and workings of every fresh specimen of what he called human

nature that seemed bad enough, or was peculiar enough to interest him. In this region of darkness he ranged like a discoverer—prowled rather, like an unclean beast of prey—ever and always on the outlook for the false and foul; acknowledging, it is true, that he was no better himself, but arrogating on that ground a correctness of judgment beyond the reach of such as, desiring to be better, were unwilling to believe in the utter badness of anything human. Like a lover he would watch for the appearance of the vile motive, the self-interest, that “must be,” *he knew*, at the heart of this or that deed or proceeding of apparent benevolence or generosity. Often, alas! the thing was provable; and where he did not find, he was quick to invent; and where he failed in finding or inventing, he not the less believed the bad motive was there, and followed the slightest seeming trail of the cunning demon only the more eagerly. What a smile was his when he heard, which truly he was not in the way to hear often, the praise of some good deed, or an ascription of high end to some endeavour of one of the vile race to which he belonged! Do those who abuse their kind actually believe they are of it? Do they hold themselves exceptions? Do they never reflect that it must be because such is their own nature, whether their accusation be true or false, that they know how to attribute such motives to their fellows? Or is it that, actually and immediately rejoicing in iniquity, they delight in believing it universal?

Quiet as a panther, Redmain was, I say, always in pursuit, if not of something sensual for himself, then of something evil in another. He would sit at his club, silent and watching, day after day, night after night, waiting for the chance that should cast light on some idea of detection, on some doubt, bewilderment, or conjecture. He would ask the farthest off questions: who could tell what might send him into the track of discovery? He would give to the talk the strangest turns, laying trap after trap to ensnare the most miserable of facts, elevated into a desirable secret only by his hope to learn through it something equally valueless beyond it. Especially he

delighted in discovering, or flattering himself he had discovered, the hollow full of dead men's bones under the flowery lawn of seeming goodness. Nor as yet had he, so far as he knew, or at least was prepared to allow, ever failed. And this he called the study of human nature, and quoted Pope. Truly, next to God, the proper study of mankind is man; but how shall a man that knows only the evil in himself, nor sees it hateful, read the thousandfold compounded heart of his neighbour? To rake over the contents of an ash-pit is not to study geology. There were motives in Redmain's own being, which he was not merely incapable of understanding, but incapable of seeing, incapable of suspecting.

The game had for him all the pleasure of keenest speculation: nor that alone, for in the supposed discovery of the evil of another, he felt himself vaguely righteous.

One more point in his character I may not in fairness omit; he had naturally a strong sense of justice; and

if he exercised it but little in some of the relations of his life, he was none the less keenly alive to his own claims on its score; for chiefly he cried out for fair play on behalf of those who were wicked in similar fashion to himself. But in truth no one dealt so hardly with Redmain as his own conscience at such times when suffering and fear had awaked it.

So much for a portrait-sketch of the man to whom Mortimer had sold his daughter:—such was the man whom Hesper, entirely aware that none could compel her to marry against her will, had, partly from fear of her father, partly from moral laziness, partly from reverence for the Moloch of society, whose priestess was her mother, vowed to love, honour, and obey! In justice to her, it must be remembered, however, that she did not and could not know of him what her father knew.

[*The story of Mary Marston will be condensed and concluded in our next.*]

‘OUR DOCTOR.’

By “IATROS.”

DREAMS AND DREAMING.

At present, unfortunately, our knowledge of the phenomena and of the method of production of dreams is alike defective. In the absence then of a scientific exposition of the nature and causation of dreams we will be justified in considering broadly the phenomena of “Dreams and Dreaming.”

In the first place we must enquire if dreams occur in sleep, or on the way to or from the state of supposed unconsciousness.

We say *supposed*, because the fact that a dream is not remembered is a by no means conclusive proof that dreaming has not occurred. It fre-

quently happens that a person watched during sleep gives unmistakable tokens of dreaming; he may even talk during sleep, yet retain no remembrance of his actions when he awakes.

Are dreams thoughts? Is the intellect during sleep in a state of constant activity; and is dreaming then a process of uncontrolled imagining? Or is the perceptive faculty, for the time, only passively impressible, and do the pictures of sleep pass before “the mind’s eye,” rather than through the mind itself?

There are phases of the self-consciousness belonging to the act of

dreaming, which would lend some support to this last conjecture, for example, the strange absence of surprise at the grotesque images and extraordinary phenomena which distinguishes the experience of dreams.

These, and a multitude of equally complex questions and theories, press for consideration the moment the subject is suggested. The accepted hypothesis would seem to be that the state we broadly designate sleep is, in truth, a condition of unconsciousness—or, what is the same thing, unremembered consciousness—with several differences, either in kind or degree. There are, so to speak, zones of obliviousness, ranging from the duller sensibility of drowsiness, to the complete abstraction from external circumstances that characterises deep sleep.

Half-conscious dreams, which are for the most part confusions of fact and fancy, begin in the state of light slumber, and, although subjective evidence is wanting, the objective study of indications given by the lower animals, children, and, less clearly, by men and women, during heavy sleep, would suggest that dreaming is not impossible in the most profound sleep, but there is no absolute proof that such is the case. If it were possible to ascertain the depth of sleep while ascertaining the presence of a dream, new light might be thrown on the nature and production of one of the most remarkable of mental phenomena. A curious circumstance in connection with the act of dreaming is the undoubted fact that it may be what is popularly considered retrospective. A dream occurring at the moment of being aroused (and generally supposed to be suggested by the same external impression which recalls the sleeper to consciousness) will seem to lead up to the impression instead of taking its start from the latter.

For example, a man is suddenly awakened from a deep sleep by the report of a pistol. He may dream a scene *antecedent* to the sound that aroused him, and the report will seem to have occurred as a link in the chain of incidents, a considerable portion of which had been completed *before* the explosion. The explanation of this is

by no means easy ; and we are driven to accept one of two theories—either dreams must be "retrospective" or "instantaneous."

The last-mentioned is the less embarrassing hypothesis, and one, which if adopted, would remove some difficulties respecting dreams and dreaming, which otherwise must prove exceedingly formidable. If dreams are pictures they may flit through the mind in a moment of time ; and there is nothing very perplexing in the fact that a train of thought leading up to an impression which is itself the *cause* of the dream is presented. An instantaneous turn of the kaleidoscope will place any particular object in its field in the midst of a compound figure or pattern, of which it seems a necessary component.

Somewhat the same thing may happen in the production of a mind picture, the chronology being lost in the composition of the scene. There is the objection that the sleeper usually supposes himself to be an actor in the scene dreamed ; but we can explain this merging of the sleeper's own identity in the individuality of his own mental phantoms by saying there is suspension of the reasoning faculty.

The kaleidoscope theory of dreaming would explain most easily the fact that these phenomena are composed of conceptions, or impressions previously accumulated—the combinations are new, but the materials for the most part old.

They are thrown together in confusion, controlled only by those connecting links of thought, and that associating framework of ideas which minister so largely to, if they do not constitute, memory.

"The stuff dreams are made of" may be described as a mass of accumulated impressions or pictures photographed from without or worked up unconsciously within, the material employed in the process being received from the external world.

The genius of imagination is probably one of re-arrangement. The stock of material is added to hourly. Every external object seen, felt, or in any mode perceived by the mind is appropriated, and it seems likely that much that is taken and put away in

"the store-house" is, at the moment, not examined very closely. This adds to the sense of newness when the old material is buried out of sight, and memory is unexpectedly brought to light, and for the first time understood. Under special circumstances when self-consciousness is at its highest tension, as in the presence of impending death, the whole story of a life may be rehearsed in a panorama before the mind.

Probably a large proportion of dreams haunting sleep, and especially lighter shades of slumber, are produced by the operation of external forces. It is seldom that all the perceptive faculties lie dormant at the same moment. The nerves of sensation are generally responsive to excitation from without, and mental pictures may be called up by

connecting-links between sensation and thought, which have been established previously in times of consciousness. It has been shown by experiment that particular classes of dreams may in this way be induced, and, conversely, they may often be avoided. Thus the characteristics of the delusion may be so determined by an organ commencing to be diseased, as sometimes to be the earliest indication of a subsequent malady, and which may thus seem to be foretold during the dream. The popular canon of interpretation of dreams, that their obvious meaning is to be reversed, hardly exaggerates their apparent independence of the conditions and influences which might be supposed most of all to effect their occurrence and character.

"OUR GARDENER."

By DAVID A. CRICHTON.

In every garden, and more especially those that are limited in area, it will be advisable to have a good proportion of plants that continue in flower for long periods. It is also desirable to include in every collection a fair number of such free-blooming plants as will stand the hot weather well. There are many excellent and attractive kinds of plants included in these desirable classes. Prominent among them is the *Antirrhinum*, which is especially well adapted for cultivation in this part of the world, as it will stand heat and drought with comparative impunity when many other plants would perish. The flowers are very showy, embracing nearly every shade of colour, and some of the varieties are beautifully veined, striped, and spotted. A section known as the Tom Thumb includes a number of dwarf-growing varieties that are specially desirable, owing to their compact habit. All the varieties flower in

succession for a considerable period, and are very effective in miscellaneous borders. They are also well adapted for massing in beds, using one or several colours. For massing, however, varieties having brilliant and decided colours are the most effective. *Antirrhinums* will grow in the poorest and shallowest soils, and will even thrive in the cleft of a rock or crevice in the wall. As a matter of course, however, they will thrive best in fairly good ground. The *Pentstemon* is another very attractive and useful border plant, whose brilliant flowers, which are produced through the greater portion of the year, are very effective. There are in cultivation a number of choice hybrid varieties, whose flowers embrace various shades of purple, lilac, rose, pink, red, yellow, scarlet, and white. This family are well adapted for our climate in the summer, as they can stand a considerable amount of

heat and drought with impunity. Salvias hold a high position among border plants in this part of the world, as they bloom freely and produce their flowers in succession for long periods. There are a number of species, several of which are generally cultivated, while others equally attractive are but little known in these colonies. The flowers of several of the species are brilliant in colour and very effective, either when massed by themselves or in miscellaneous borders. Roses of the Bourbon, Noisette, and Tea sections, and also some of the Hybrid Perpetuals are invaluable in gardens, because they produce a succession of flowers more or less throughout the year. Pelargoniums of the zonal class are also very useful on account of their free blooming qualities.

Roses will require extra attention at this time of the year in the removal of suckers from worked plants, and keeping down aphides, which, if allowed to make headway, will, in a great measure, destroy the beauty of the flowers. Cultivators should also bear in mind that plants in a vigorous state of growth suffer less from the attacks of these insects than weakly ones, and generally suffer most in dry weather. Therefore, the more they are protected from the ill effects of dry weather, by mulching the surface soil and the free use of water, the better. Roses belonging to the continuous blooming sections should have a portion of their shoots pruned back to stimulate the production of flowers. Several partial prunings during the year are better for these classes than an annual cutting back. Climbing plants should receive any necessary pruning as soon as they have done flowering, and those that have not bloomed may be kept in bounds, if necessary, by pinching back rank or straggling shoots. Convolvulus, Nasturtiums, Sweet Peas, and other border climbers, should be neatly supported when five or six inches above ground, as, if left longer without care, they are liable to injury from strong winds and heavy rains. Annuals should be thinned out before growth is far advanced, taking care to leave sufficient space between the plants to permit free development. The more tender kinds, such as the *Amaranthus*

family, *Portulacas*, *Zinnias*, etc., may be now sown and planted out in the borders without risk. *Gladioli* may be planted out for late flowers, and those that are showing for bloom should be supported with sticks before the flower spikes get heavy, as, being very brittle, they are easily broken. *Dahlias* may be planted for early flowers, but the main planting should be delayed for a few weeks. *Carnations*, *Picotees*, and *Pinks* will require attention in staking and tying before the buds get heavy, taking care that the operation is neatly performed, and that the flowers will be displayed to the best advantage. When the buds are too numerous, and specially fine flowers are required, they should be reduced in number before growth is far advanced. Early flowering bulbs, such as *Hyacinths*, *Tulips*, etc. (excepting the *Narcissus* family), are not very attractive plants after they have done blooming, and it will be advisable to take them up carefully from the borders, and replace them with others that will make a better display during the summer. This plan is specially recommended for small places, where it is desirable to make the most of the space. Care, however, should be taken, in lifting the plants, not to disturb them more than is necessary, and they must be re-planted in some sheltered spot to perfect their growth. In the cultivation of bulbs it must not be forgotten that free development of the leaves is essential to the future of the plants; and, therefore, they should not be cut away after the flowers are gone, as is frequently done. *Primroses*, *Polyanthuses*, and other spring flowering plants that are natives of cool climates, should also be removed from open borders as soon as they have done blooming. *Heliotropes*, *Petunias*, *Verbenas*, and other plants that have a tendency to make straggling growth, should be trimmed back occasionally, to keep them within bounds. These plants may be grown very effectively as pyramids, if pieces of bush are placed for their support. The pruning of evergreen shrubs, if necessary should be finished as soon as they have done flowering, and rank or straggling shoots ought to be pinched back in order to keep the plants shapely.

Plants in pots must receive careful attention in watering, never allowing them to suffer through lack of moisture at their roots. The health and growth of plants will be greatly promoted by frequent syringings, which also help to keep various insects in check. Plants growing under glass must be carefully shaded from the power of the sun. They vary considerably, however, in their requirements, some plants wanting a denser shade than others. Ornamental foliage plants and Ferns, as a rule, require a deeper shade than those which are cultivated for their flowers, and, if not growing in separate houses, should be placed on the shadiest sides. Flowering plants only require sufficient shade to break the rays of the sun, and a strong light is, in fact, essential to their healthy development. When, however, plants are in full bloom it is advisable to give them a deeper shade, in order to preserve the beauty of the flowers as long as possible. Fuchsias and Pelargoniums must have their wants duly attended to as regards staking, tying, and watering, in order to secure healthy, compact plants. Calceolarias showing for bloom should have their flower stems neatly supported before they get heavy, and whenever the green fly makes its appearance mild fumigations with tobacco smoke must be given. Late plants should have a shift when their pots are fairly well filled with roots, taking care not to over-pot. Cinerarias, if required for another season, should have their stems removed as soon as the flowers lose their beauty, as the development of seed weakens the plants. This is a good way of perpetuating first-class varieties with certainty, but inferior ones are not worth the trouble. Azaleas and Camellias should be repotted, if necessary, as soon as they have done flowering, and if the plants require pruning, it should be done at the same time. As a general rule these plants require but little in the way of pruning, but when, as is sometimes the case, they have made thin or straggling growth a severe heading back will effect an improvement. Plants of the Cactus family that are showing for bloom should have plenty

of air, and a liberal supply of water. Epiphyllums and other kinds that have flowered should be placed in some situation where they will be fully exposed to the atmosphere. Ornamental foliage plants such as Alocasias, Caladiums, Anthuriums, Begonias, Crotons, Dracænas, etc., as soon as they have completed their main growth, should be gradually inured to a lower temperature if required for conservatory or room decoration. Though these plants can only be developed to perfection in a strong moist heat, they ought to be hardened off before they are removed to a much lower temperature, or otherwise the foliage will suffer through being too tender. As ornamental leaved plants are grown chiefly for the sake of their fine foliage, the flowers are of no importance, and should not as a rule be allowed to mature. The production of flowers weakens the plants, more or less, and therefore the buds should be removed as soon as they make their appearance. An exception to this rule must, however, be made in favour of Anthuriums, whose flowers are very attractive.

In the orchard particular attention should be given to disbudding and otherwise regulating the growth of young fruit trees. It is not desirable that the whole of the shoots should perfect their growth, as a large proportion will have to be removed afterwards at the winter pruning. When all the shoots are allowed to grow, the strength of the trees is diverted into a number of channels instead of a few, as is desirable, and a waste of energy is the result. As a general rule no more shoots should be allowed to mature than what are likely to prove useful, and then the whole vigour of the plants will be concentrated in those that remain. Consequently a more rapid development of the trees will take place. Apricots, Peaches, and Nectarines, often set their fruit too freely, and when fine well-flavoured fruit is required in preference to a larger quantity deficient in size and quality, it would be advisable to thin it out before growth is very far advanced. Cherries, Pears, and Plums, when worked on particular stocks, generally throw up suckers freely at this time of the year, which should

be removed promptly, as they make their appearance. Vines will require strict attention in stopping, thinning, and tying the shoots. As the bunches of young fruit set, the ends of the shoots should be pinched off three joints above. If there are any signs of the *oidium* or mildew, sulphur, which is the only remedy, should be promptly dusted over the affected plants, and those growing near them. Trees that were grafted last season should be examined, and those that are making free growth must have their ligatures loosened, as they have served their purpose when the union of scion and stock has been perfected. Raspberries should be securely tied to their supports, and superfluous suckers must be removed as they appear, leaving only such as will be required to supply fruiting canes for next season. Strawberries will require constant attention in the removal of runners, and keeping the beds free from weeds. If the weather remains dry, water should be used freely when practicable, as moisture is very essential to the fruit-bearing power of the plants. If the ground is kept moist, and runners constantly removed, Strawberries will continue bearing for a much longer period than otherwise. It will be advisable to mulch fruit trees, and more especially those belonging to the Citrus family, without further delay. Plantations of small fruits such as Currants, Gooseberries, and Raspberries should also be mulched during the summer months. Mulching is an invaluable aid in every department of the garden during the hot season, and especially so in the cultivation of fruit trees and shrubs.

For some time to come there will be plenty of routine work in the vegetable garden, in keeping crops free from weeds, and preparing for others. Crops that have served their purposes should be promptly removed, as if allowed to remain they afford harbour for slugs and other vermin. Peas should be sown as soon as the previous crop is through the ground, if successional supplies are required, giving a preference to the wrinkled marrow varieties, which do best for summer cultivation. Many of the kinds can be kept more

dwarf and compact than otherwise by pinching off the tops when six or eight inches high, which causes the plants to throw out branches from below. When treated in this manner they generally bear more freely than if left to themselves. French Beans should be planted every fortnight, in order to keep up a successional supply. White and Scarlet Runners should be planted at once in districts where they thrive. Beans are strong feeding plants and will only flourish in rich soils. Carrots, Parsnips, and Red Beet, if not sown previously, should be got in as soon as possible. White, Silver, or Spinach Beet may also be sown. Another crop of cabbages should be planted for late summer use, giving a preference to the St. John's Day or some kindred thick-leaved variety that will stand the sun well. Celery may be planted out in well manured trenches when the plants are about six inches high, and a small sowing of seed may be made. Radish and Lettuce should be sown every fortnight, to keep up a regular supply, and the latter ought to be transplanted before they get more than three inches high. Lettuce plants at this time of the year should be moved very carefully, as they suffer much when the roots are injured to any extent. The planting of the main crop of potatoes should be finished without loss of time, if not done previously, and advancing crops ought to be kept as free from weeds as possible. Cucumbers, Melons, Pumpkins, Vegetable Marrows, Capsicums, Egg Plants, and Tomatoes may be sown or planted in the open ground without risk. All these plants are strong feeders, and require plenty of manure to make them thrive well. The New Zealand Spinach is a valuable vegetable for hot, dry districts during the summer months, and should be more generally cultivated. It will stand heat and drought better than most plants, flourishing best in the hottest and driest weather. Sow in the warmest and driest part of the garden in rows four or five feet apart, and about half that distance in the lines. Sweet Potatoes should also be more generally cultivated in the warmer districts, as they are very prolific, and yield a large amount of nourishing

food. They should be planted in rows five or six feet apart, and if the tubers are scarce the young shoots may readily be propagated as cuttings. The soil

cannot be too rich for Sweet Potatoes, and therefore manure should be used freely in preparing the ground for them.

"OUR COSTUMIER."

By "LUCIA."

The past month has been particularly rich in public gatherings and various occasions which afford opportunity for the display of fashionable dress, as in addition to the great racing carnival and the "At Homes" at Government House, there have been no end of gay weddings, not to speak of balls and garden parties. At a recent fashionable wedding there were some remarkably elegant toilettes, that of the bride being, of course, the centre of attraction. It was of rich cream satin, made with a superb train, the front of the skirt being one mass of pearl embroidery. Cascades of exquisite lace were carried down each side forming a nice finish to the beautifully embroidered front panel. The bodice, which was slightly cut out in a pointed shape at the neck, back, and front, was also profusely trimmed with lace and pearls. The wreath, veil, etc., were in keeping with the handsome gown, and the bridal bouquet was simply magnificent, being of the choicest flowers and almost as large as a small parasol. The bridesmaids' toilettes were particularly pretty ones, all six being alike. They consisted of skirts of Edelweiss lace, surmounted by bodices and pointed draperies of cream surah. Long tulle veils were worn, reaching almost to the edge of the skirts, and fastened in the hair by clusters of natural roses. The large bouquets were of cloth-of-gold roses, with long streamers of ribbon the same colour as the roses, large bows of the same being placed at the left side of the skirts. Each bridesmaid wore a beauti-

ful diamond brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. Were there space, a number of the guests' toilettes might be enumerated, as there was no lack of smart ones at this fashionable wedding. Lace dresses were numerous, and here I may say that this is pre-eminently a lace season, for every description of lace is used in profusion in every department of dress. Black, cream, coffee, and ficelle lace gowns are very popular over linings of the same or contrasting colours. Cream and white muslins are also made up over coloured foundations, and form becoming gowns for young girls. Lace parasols and lace hats are in universal favour for summer wear, so that, altogether, this season should prove a good one for lace-makers.

Apropos of lace, I may mention that Queen Marguerite has graciously become patroness of the movement on foot in Italy to revive the manufacture of the old Burano lace, which attained such perfection in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Burano was the home of the women who first started the manufacture of this famous lace, and a most interesting legend is told of its origin. A sailor, who had been to the Southern Ocean, brought home to his sweetheart a plant called mermaid's lace (*palimedia opuntia*). As it was evident the seaweed would not last long, the girl set to and made a faithful copy of it with a needle and thread, in order to preserve the semblance of the love-token. This was the invention of the Burano lace, and the girl's

fame spread far and wide. She executed many other patterns, many of which have been preserved in a book printed in Venice in 1591, and published by a nephew of the great Titian. The production of this lace died out for years; but in 1872, when the severe winter gave rise to famine and much suffering in Burano, and when relief was sent to the starving people by the Pope and King, a surplus remained, which it was suggested might be employed in establishing a school for the revival of the ancient lace industry. An old woman named Cencia Scarpagliola was found, who owned some pieces of lace she had made when she was young, and which she still remembered how to make. She was put at the head of the school as soon as it was founded, and, under her, more than 200 girls have learned the industry. The most important labour which they have yet accomplished is the reproduction of the laces of Pope Clement XIII., the originals of which are in the possession of Queen Marguerite, and which she kindly lent to be copied. This task employed fifteen women for two years. I read a most interesting account of this industry quite lately, but must not dwell on it any longer. At any rate, all sorts of lace are most fashionable this year, and it is gratifying to know that if the antique laces are expensive to buy, the encouragement of these industries gives employment to thousands of women and girls, who would otherwise be unemployed, and in many cases enduring abject poverty.

A noticeable feature in the present fashions is the number of colours which are worn, as many as six or seven different hues being often seen in a fashionable toilette. This effect is prettily produced in the case of white or cream gowns adorned with harlequin bows of about half-a-dozen pretty shades. Straw bonnets trimmed with ribbons to match are worn with these costumes. Every shade of yellow is very popular this season, from the palest primrose to the deepest orange and mandarin shades. Coffee colour, ficelle, cream, and beige, are, I think, the most in vogue for summer gowns.

The styles at present are capable of

being adapted to suit almost all wearers. For instance, in the case of vests, they are made plain and flat for figures inclined to *embonpoint*, while for slender figures they may be shirred or puffed little or much as desired. Then the draperies, which are as a rule pointed, may be made bunched or flat as best suits the wearer, and yet be *à la mode*. In the same way the season's bonnets can be modified to suit most faces, young or old, and so on with wraps, and most articles of dress. In fact, "dress becomingly and you will dress fashionably," is the best advice that can be given with regard to the fashions of the present season.

The artificial flowers of this year eclipse anything we have yet seen in their perfection of natural beauty, and are largely used in millinery. The Greuze bonnets, which are composed of tulle over frames of fine gold wire, promise to be much worn all summer on dressy occasions. Of course, for those who study economy, straw bonnets are much more serviceable, for these dainty transparent erections of tulle and flowers look as though a puff of wind would blow them away. Spanish canvas with the designs interwoven with gold threads, étamine nets, and various laces, richly embroidered, are all used for these bonnets with good effect. Jetted black bonnets are still very popular, and are much worn with coloured flowers or feather aigrettes. Lisse is often used for covering bonnet crowns, and also to fill up the poke of Olivia bonnets. Some hats have the crowns completely veiled with lisse, lace, tulle, or muslin, and toques made of these materials have the brims covered with velvet, and a bunch of flowers in front. Gold and silver satin straw bonnets are stylish, and look well trimmed with velvet, gold lace, and roses. The old-fashioned Leghorn hats have been revived this season, and are contorted into the most peculiar shapes; they are turned and twisted until they bear only a faint resemblance to a hat. They are wreathed with poppies, roses, and wild-flowers, and trimmed with black or white lace, the brims being left unlined. The new Leghorn shapes have extremely high crowns, and with the

brims twisted in such a peculiar manner, the effect is decidedly fantastic.

I mentioned on a previous occasion that sashes were to be much worn this season, and now I may say that they are becoming increasingly popular. Sashes are made of every imaginable material from velvet to Roman striped zephyr cloths, and are worn in various ways, tied, knotted, or merely clasped by a buckle. Richly decorated sashes, hand-painted, or embossed with velvet

flowers in natural colours, are expensive, and consequently not so much worn as the cheaper varieties; they are, however, much in vogue for bridesmaids' wear. Watered ribbon sashes are popular, as also are velvet ones, lined with satin of a contrasting hue. A pretty fashion is that of wearing as a vest a piece of ribbon the same as the sash, it only requires to be shirred at each end, the bottom part being hidden by the sash.

MONTHLY NOTES.

SCIENCE.

By R. L. J. Ellery.

THE NEW STAR.—Under this head a somewhat sensational paragraph has been going the round of the papers and semi-scientific periodicals, and some of the journals have gone as far as to announce the discovery of a *new planet* in Andromeda. The following are the facts of the case. In the large northern constellation named Andromeda, a portion of which is invisible in these latitudes, is a beautiful and remarkable nebula which is known among astronomers as the Great Nebula in Andromeda. In this, as is often the case in nebulae, is a condensation like the nucleus of a faint comet, but which is bright enough to be easily seen by the naked eye. This kind of nucleus is common enough in nebulae, especially in those circular ones known as planetary nebulae. Early in September an astronomer at Strasburg found that this nucleus had become quite star-like, and, on the 8th September, Lord Rosse observed the object with his great telescope, and called it a *stellar-like nucleus* of a reddish-yellow colour, and states that a change had undoubtedly taken place, for no such star-like appearance had been previously visible. Dr. Huggins examined the spectrum of this star, which he describes as one of the eighth or ninth magnitude, and of an orange-yellow colour. He states the spectrum gave strong indications of bright lines, which means, if he be correct, that this central nucleus is losing its nebulous character, a form of matter indicated in the spectroscopy by the presence of broad bands

signifying incandescent gases, chiefly nitrogen. The bright lines suspected by Dr. Huggins would show the presence of incandescent solids, as well as gases, as is the case in most stars, as well as our sun.

It is not an unusual thing to find among the observations with our great telescope changes of this kind, which appear to be continually going on, although so marked a case as the one before us is rather uncommon. Many astronomers consider nebulous matter with a central condensation or nucleus as matter in the process of solidification, to become a concrete body, in fact a star or sun; and this may be the case with the nucleus in the Nebula of Andromeda, if so, we may expect to hear of some change in the physical aspect of the nucleus itself.

This Nebula is $40\frac{1}{2}$ degrees northern declination, and therefore so low on the Melbourne horizon as to be practically out of our reach.

WEATHER WISDOM, OLD AND NEW.—Murphy was not the only weather prophet who made money by a chance "hit." A story is told of an American almanac publisher, who, while his almanac was in the press was informed by one of his compositors that there was no weather put in for the 7th of July. "What should go in?" asked the compositor. "Heavy fall of snow," said the editor. "Snow in July, sir!" exclaimed the compositor. "Yes!" replies the editor, "We'll have something new for next July." Well, it looked so absurd that the compositor

was quite unhappy about it; it was printed, however, and snow fell on 7th July, an occurrence almost, if not quite unprecedented. Of course the result was, this particular almanac became a very profitable affair, although the prophecies were all packed in as the snow one was, without any pretence of the existence of any basis on which the predictions were founded.

Later on we find *weather systems* propounded with a sufficient colouring of being founded on scientific bases to induce the public to regard them with considerable confidence and faith. A favourite system was one depending on the time of day at which the moon entered on her several phases, especially that of first quarter. One of these systems was dishonestly called "Herschell's Weather System," and is even now given in some of our popular science books and some almanacs as "Herschell's" system. But it is needless to say that Sir John was alike guiltless of the system, or of belief in it. By this system it is assumed that if the moon enters her first-quarter at certain times in the day the weather will be generally fine, or wet, or stormy, as the case may be, all that month; and some almanac-makers used to go through the whole lunations of the year, and predict weather for every day on this assumption. Still later on we have a Mr. Saxby writing as a weather prophet, and one of his predictions, made for the coast of England and the English Channel, turned out true at Melbourne. This was how it came to pass. Mr. Saxby's system of prediction was ostensibly based on certain supposed lunar influences on the weather, depending on the distance of the moon from the earth when she passed from north to south, or *vice versa*, and when she reached her greatest northern or southern declinations, etc. Whilst the great Melbourne flood of 11th, 12th, and 13th December, 1863, was doing its work of destruction, copies of Saxby's weather system reached us. It was found that these very days were marked in his list of predictions as "*high tides, floods, and generally bad weather.*" Of course, such a coincidence sufficed to elevate the prophet to the pinnacle of public opinion in Melbourne, while, like most prophets, he got but little honour in his own country for the good and the particular service of which these predictions were made.

After this a local prophet—now long since dead—Mr. Groves, came before the Australian public. He made numerous predictions and published weather tables for the year. He once tried to explain the basis upon which he founded his system to the Royal Society of Victoria, but it was very mystifying. The planets and their aspects, and celestial streams of magnetism appear to be his principal agents, but, like his predecessors, the chief *signs* were in his own imagination. The days of such weather prophets are not yet over, despite the immense scientific advancement of meteorology—for who did not hear a year or so ago of "Wiggins' Predictions," and how fleets of ships actually remained in

port in the United States, deterred from putting to sea by the Wiggins prophecy of terrific storms on the east coast of America? These storms did not come off, and Wiggins retired into the shade. Another has now sprung up, for I have to-day before me, a paper from America, entitled *The Future*, "a calculation of coming weather through astronomical mathematics," with the motto "*ad astra per aspera, Eureka!*" ending with a terminal "Subscribe for *The Future* and keep posted." This paper essays to predict the weather for the United States from 17th August to 1st October. The writer, C. C. Blake, says:—"If he meets with sufficient encouragement he will publish his weather calculations six months in advance, so that farmers may know beforehand what crops it is best to plant and what to avoid." He doesn't say yet upon what his predictions are based, but promises to do so when he has secured a satisfactory subscription list! It is probable these predictions will depend a good deal on this latter element. Unless human nature undergoes a very radical change, we shall continue to have wholesale weather prophets of this stamp, and, of course, a majority who believe in them.

Let us now return for a little to the question of the popular "saws" and "signs" of coming weather before we pass on to the present aspect of weather wisdom, as based on modern meteorology.

I have already enumerated many of the chief and most popular of these, and, before concluding, will compare some of them with the scientific facts involved in the appearances referred to, and to do so will extract from a paper read before the Royal Meteorological Society of London by Mr. Ralph Abercromby. As regards the "saws and signs" themselves, we find this amusing summary in verse among the writings of Dr. Darwin, the naturalist poet—

"The hollow winds begin to blow;
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head.
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see, a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Clos'd is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark how the chairs and tables crack;
Old Betty's bones are on the rack.
Her corns with shooting pains torment her,
And to her bed untimely sent her.
Loud quack the ducks, the sea-fowl cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings.
Puss on the hearth with velvet paws
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
The smoke from chimneys right ascends,
Then spreading, back to earth it bends.
The dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast.
In fiery red the sun doth rise,
Then wades through clouds to mount the skies.
'Twill surely rain, we see't with sorrow,
No working in the fields to-morrow."

(To be continued).

ART.

SYDNEY.

By J. G. De Libra.

Pictorial art has been woefully languishing of late in Sydney. The trustees of the National Art Gallery have naturally been holding back—keeping their powder dry and reserving their ball-cartridge, in consideration of the crowded state of the old picture shed, and in view of their early migration, with their pictorial family, to new quarters. How soon this will take place it is difficult to say. The new gallery is as practically finished as it can be until the walls are thoroughly dry—their great thickness and the cold wet winter having retarded this process considerably, so that it is difficult to say when the building will be ready for occupation. But as soon as it is so, no time will be lost in shifting the pictures; and we may therefore reasonably hope to see them in their new home by Christmas. Until that occurs we prefer to postpone describing or criticising Mr. Horbury Hunt's solution of a vexed and difficult problem.

Meanwhile Sir John E. Millais' "Captive" has been hanging in a post of honour in the Gallery for the last two months, and evoking a good deal of discussion among the *conoscenti* as to its intrinsic merits. It can hardly be denied that the "Captive" and Portael's "Esther" greatly injure each other by their strange juxtaposition, the former being placed directly below the latter, and the pose of the two figures being so strikingly alike as to invite inevitable and mutually damaging comparisons. For ourselves, the "Captive," which was painted in 1882, appears to hold an intermediate place between the artist's early and his most recent work. The picture has no deep meaning, such as was manifest in "Apple Blossoms," the "Vale of Rest," and the "Huguenot," nor does it contain the brilliant slap-dash power of the brush that is so often associated with the mention of Millais' later work. There is a tenderness of handling that reminds us somewhat of bygone days; and the rendering of the purple velvet and gold-lace, and the transparent delicacy of the figured muslin sleeve, are as technically perfect as anything of the art-baronet's that we can call to mind. But charming as are the pose, the features, and the expression of the figure, the complexion is not the complexion of a healthy, well-bred young woman; the lights upon the face have rather a lilac than an ivory hue; the flush upon the cheek is hectic; and the modelling of the hand, with which the young Circassian (for such we take her to be) holds the dish of fruit, is certainly not graceful. We understand, at the moment that we write these lines, that another work by the same celebrated artist is about to be placed in the Gallery under an offer of purchase to the trustees, but we cannot learn anything sufficiently definite and authoritative about it to commit to paper. Whether it be wise or not to

spend such large sums of money on the acquisition of a *name*, when paintings of considerably higher artistic value could be secured for a quarter of the sum, is a moot question. The fact of Sir John's now suffering from a most distressing complaint, which precludes him from all active exertion, and almost prevents his standing at the easel, seems to indicate a marked diminution, if not a termination, of his productive power of brush, in which case the market-value of his pictures must increase greatly for a time. But half a century hence, when the rise of pre-Raphaelitism, its gradual influence and eventual absorption, as specially shown in Millais, are forgotten; when the singular and piquant circumstances of the painter's marriage with the *divorcée* of his bitterest critic have ceased to have the slightest interest for even the art-world; and when his pictures simply stand on their own merits beside those of such contemporaries as Leighton, Watts, and Poynter, will they then command these fancy prices? We trow not; and we, for one, would far rather see the money of the Colony expended on the works of rising artists of real genius, whose fame lives yet only, but lives still no less surely, in the womb of Time.

While the impending transmigration of the national art treasures has been keeping the Gallery as it were, under a cloud, Parliamentary squabbles, changes of Ministry, and the politico-social cyclone that invariably attends a general election, have not helped to make things cheerful for the Muses elsewhere, and there has been a deadly-lively look about the art establishments such as we have not witnessed, till lately, for a considerable time. Mr. John Sands, however, has, at his gallery in George Street, some fine oil paintings—mostly cabinet pictures—of foreign schools, belonging as we understand, to Mr. Henry Wallis, of Melbourne, who has lent them for a time. "Rhenish Lowlands," by Carl Heffner, is a most artistic piece of this favourite Bavarian artist's work, with grey-toned foliage, flocculent, soft sky, marshy sun-lighted meadow, and placid water in the foreground, full of reflections. Another fine and larger landscape of the Bavarian school is "The Evening Bath," by C. Heinisch. It represents a picturesque little village, situate beneath a hill, and near to a small lake, just as the early evening shadows are lengthening out. In the foreground is a shallow pool, in which are cattle wading knee-deep among the willows, and tended by a buxom girl, while more than half the picture is occupied by long striated ranges of grey cloud. "The Evening Bath" is a very high-class work. Another painting by the same artist is "Noontide Rest"—a bright little picture of villagers reposing, apparently from hay-making, under the trees at midday. Very different in character are two works, by Ernest Meissner, "The Shepherd's Vespers" and "Home at Last." Both are winter scenes. "The Shepherd's Vespers" is full of poetry and feeling. A flock of sheep

are returning home along such part of the road as is discernable amid the snow-covered fields; and as the iron-nerved old shepherd nears a wayside crucifix, silvered with its wintry load, and, perhaps, hears the "Angelics" pealing from the neighbouring village, beneath a sky still bathed in western glow, he turns towards the image of his Saviour, and bares his head in true unseen devotion. "Home at Last" is a smaller picture, representing the same impassive shepherd stolidly smoking his German pipe, as the same dirty-looking sheep are crossing the last stretch of snow-clad meadow to the homestead. "The same old Sands," by Heinrich Rasch, shows us a stretch of sandy shore near an Italian village, with several figures in characteristic costume. The work contains some extremely good painting—particularly the sky, the finished, animated figures with their brilliant-coloured bits of dress, and the low scrubby herbage pushing through the upper portion of the sands. Th. Weber's "Squally Weather in the Channel," is a bold effective seascape of lowering cliff and scud-tossed shipping, under a thunder-clouded sky; "A Moonlight Scene" by Noerr contains a powerful effect of light and shade; and several other landscapes of less pretensions have distinctive merits, "On the Scheldt," by H. Koekkoek, in particular, being a characteristic bit of thorough Flemish work.

There are also some good figure-subjects in this small collection. "Dissipation," by J. Withowski, is an amusing and well-painted picture of a couple of ragged Polish urchins smoking a big cigar and a little cigarette; V. Palmarona's "Doves" depicts a graceful girl, with luxuriant golden tresses, clad in a sea-green dress, and feeding white doves upon a terrace; "Little Mother" is a pleasant group (though somewhat black in colour), painted by Hans Koenig, consisting of a little child riding her sister pick-a-back, with cackling, self-important geese as an attending escort; Noerr's "Cavalcade" is a spirited work, full of animation and atmospheric haze; and Anker's "Grandpa's Stockings" shows us the head and bust of a fair-haired, blue-eyed *mädchen* of some ten summers, knitting. And we must not forget to mention R. Ansdell's, R.A., "Study of Game"—the head of a fine stag, with feathered fellow-sufferers by the chase—remarkable for some extremely finished brush-work in the feathers of the birds.

At Messrs. W. H. Callan and Sons', in George-street, are also to be seen some very interesting paintings. Mr. Callan, sen., has successfully restored a picture of James Danby's, some thirty odd years old, which was in the forlornest possible plight when it came into his hands. The subject is "Old Westminster Bridge," taken apparently from Old Hungerford Market, with the Victoria and Clock Towers of the Houses of Parliament, and the grand old Abbey flanking up to the right, counterbalanced by small sailing craft towards the Surrey side. The treatment of the view, with the afternoon sun directly facing the spectator straight down the Lambeth Reach, is distinctly Turneresque; and Mr. Callan's conscientious labours have rescued from utter impending disintegration a work

which, apart from its artistic merits, should be of peculiar interest to these colonies. Mr. J. Gibb's "Coaling in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand," was in the last exhibition of the Art Society, but it now gains greatly from its improved position at Messrs. Callan's. The sky, the steamer and the other shipping, and the coast are all well painted, but the special feature of the picture is the almost metallic sheen upon the rippling water. This is unexceptionable, and would of itself render the work a not unworthy *pendant* to the well-known "Salmon Fishers" in the National Art Gallery. The "Entrance to Parramatta River" is a smaller, but thoroughly characteristic work by the same artist. And while dealing with watery subjects, we must notice a seemingly unchristened work by De La Roche—a sombre and highly artistic effect of moonlight breaking through dense clouds over a hill-girt bay, with shipping lying alongside an old wooden jetty, on which are fishermen engaged in lighting a fire and in other occupations. The work is full of character and force. Messrs. Callan have also, consigned to them for the moment, two very large fruit pieces by Mr. Parker, of Port Adelaide. The paintings are a little ambitious, and we must own to having seen finer specimens of this particular class of *genre* work, especially as regards the grouping and composition. At the same time, they contain some genuinely clever realistic brush-work, which should encourage their author to study such artists as Robie and William Hunt, with the view of standing on a higher platform than he does at present. A rather "goody-goody," but very pleasing picture is W. Strutt's "Covetousness." It depicts a pretty little child who has fallen asleep at table, spoon in hand, over her plate of pie, which a fine and hungry-looking hound on one side of her—his head upon the table—is eyeing with watery mouth; while, on the other, the head of a magnificent "St. Bernard," calmly but jealously watching him, to protect his little mistress' property, seems to cry, "*Cave Canem!*" The composition is a trifle stiff and formal, but the dogs' heads are both splendidly painted, and all the details of the picture are in keeping.

The finest work, however, that we have seen at all at this establishment is a view of the late French Emperor's hunting grounds, near Paris, a "Vue de la Forêt de Compiègne," taken in 1853, by Martinus Kuytenbrouwer, of Brussels. The picture represents a stretch of splendid lofty forest, painted in the dashing, realistic, truthful manner of the modern Belgian school. The trunks of the tall trees, with their rich foliage, stand out like columns against the clear blue sky, as the sun plays in and out about them; while further back the depth of wood seems almost impenetrable. The little open bits of glade are carpeted with herbs and wildflowers, on which are browsing some finely antlered stags and deer; and the whole, apart from the masterful brush-work, seems to suggest almost the solitude of the Australian bush, coupled with the ever-welcome effects of centuries of European care. As great a contrast as can be imagined is afforded by a "View in

Surrey," by W. Yates; a tender little lightly-coloured gem, finished almost to pre-Raphaelitism, yet not devoid of breadth in the middle and far distance.

One of the principal features, just now, at the Sydney and London Fine Art Company's establishment in George Street, is a collection of artists' proofs of Sir Edwin Landseer's works—some of them dating back thirty or forty years, and reproduced in black and white, by the first engravers of the day. It is no small pleasure to renew one's acquaintance with such men as Cousins, and to feast one's eyes again upon unmistakably fine copies of works like "The Midsummer Night's Dream," "Dining Out at Geneva," the "Death of the Wild Bull," "Bolton Abbey," the inimitable "Sick Monkey," and a host of other "brute creations" by the great genial artist, whose love for the animal world was so intense that he seemed almost to live in and confer with it, till he sublimed and crystallised its brightest features into something nearly akin to humanity. How many of us lament our masters with half the real touching tenderness of "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner?" And what incisive, trenchant satire on "servantgalism" and the like is conveyed in such undying works as "High Life Below Stairs!" Two *fac-similes* after Edouard Frère, "A Stitch in Time," and "Threading Granny's Needle," are charming in their unconventional *naïveté*. The one depicts a "nice little boy," perched upon a table to have his trousers mended by a kind-hearted, spectacled old crone; in the other the heroine of the needle is an interesting little girl. In oils, two characteristic German "Fountains"—the one at Rothenburg, the other at Berncastel, drawn by J. Carabain, are picturesque and effective street scenes. *Aquarelles* (as a greatly improved species of coloured photographs are now called) should hardly be classed with original works of art, but "The Gloaming," and "The Return of the Missing Fishing Boats," after R. T. Carter, are too artistic to be overlooked. In the former the soft effect of somewhat lurid evening light over the village and swollen stream reminds one of Carl Heffner; in the latter, the woman and child upon the beach beneath the sea-wall, gazing anxiously across the angry surge, as it breaks up to the beacon-light, and bears the longed-for boats upon the dim horizon, are full of pathos.

In black and white, Rosa Bonheur's new work, the "Lord of the Herd," must first be mentioned. It is a magnificent head of a bull, drawn to life size with splendid power, and admirably reproduced as an engraving by A. Gilbert. Then there are two photogravures, after Daubigny, by Goupil and Company, "The Pond at Carbigny" and "Banks of the Oise," both thoroughly characteristic of French scenery, and the latter very deftly treated in its evening aspect. Another photogravure, we believe (though the manager described it to us as an engraving), is "A Pegged Down Fishing Match," a humorous and interesting character study, upon an English riverside, of what we may, perhaps, venture to designate as the Piscatories.

At Mr. P. Fletcher Watson's studio, Foy's Chambers, Bond Street, may now be seen a collection of water-colour drawings, such as has probably never crossed the line before. They consist—or rather consisted up to the 7th September, when about seventy-five drawings were distributed through the medium of an art syndicate—of 354 examples, sketched from nature, of some of the most beautiful and romantic marine and sylvan scenery to be found within the limits of the United Kingdom. The drawings are the property of Mr. George Bennett, and with the exception of a few by David Cox, Collingwood Smith, D. H. McKewan, and James Price, consist entirely of works by the owner's father (who bequeathed them to him), the celebrated late William Bennett. We have had the privilege of going through portfolio after portfolio with ever increasing wonder and delight, and the listless apathy with which such treasures are regarded by the self-dubbed connoisseurs of Sydney would have filled us with amazement before we knew this home of Philistinism as well as we do now. Some of the drawings, hung at the London exhibitions, are stated to have been sold at from £100 to £500, and fourteen years ago about 300 of Bennett's drawings realised six thousand and sixty guineas at Christie and Manson's. To attempt even the smallest critical notice of these works, the catalogue of which is before us, would be to enter upon an undertaking of a nature to demand whole pages. We can, therefore, simply mention that they will remain for the present at Mr. Fletcher Watson's for disposal, either in part or together, by private arrangement; and that the power, the grace, the delicacy, the technical handling, the feeling for colour, and the loving sympathy with Nature in her ever-varying moods that they display are things that must be seen and lingered over to be appreciated. Another little set of gems was shown to us as a favour, at the same studio, consisting of an album containing William Bennett's original sepia sketches for that charming work, "The Castles of England," from which the engravings were made by Finden. Less mannered than the "*Liber Studiorum*," they seem almost to possess the truth of Turner, with the breadth and freedom of David Cox.

The recent departure from Sydney of Mr. Dion Boucicault was signalled by the presentation to him of a handsome address by the Irish residents of the City, in recognition of his protracted and great efforts for the good of their fellow-countrymen. The illumination—or rather, perhaps, the pictorial embellishment—of the address was entrusted to Mr. Fletcher Watson, who produced a work that its recipient will unquestionably prize. The panelled views of Fort Dennison by moonlight, with the silver crescent surmounting a high bank of cloud, and of Narrabeen with its rich foliage, seen in early eventide, are thoroughly characteristic of our scenery; while the shallow strip of Australian landscape which forms the base, supported by the Emu and the Kangaroo, and the arrangement of the bunting trophy at the top, are cleverly

emblematical of the occasion. We were glad to observe, too, that the stereotyped borders so dear to chromo-lithographers and designers of playing-cards, were conspicuous by their absence.

Those who specially affect articles of *vertu* will be greatly interested in a sale of statuary, carvings, mosaics, bronzes, porcelains, and all kinds of curios, the property of Sir Henry Parkes, K.C.M.G., which was to take place this month, at a date not definitely fixed when these lines were written, under the rather crushing title of the "Faulconbridge Art Union." We have before us the catalogue of the 417 prizes, valued (a little highly perhaps) at £5776; but though we have spent some hours in their inspection, it is barely possible to even glance at the contents of this amateur museum in William Street, Woolloomooloo. They struck us as a strange mixture. Many of the articles are undoubtedly genuine, and of considerable artistic value (and these appeared to us in various instances as relatively the cheapest); others might be not inaptly described as "Brummagem" (or as the natives call it "Brum"); while we should be sorry to invariably pledge our reputation as to the antiquity of some of the exhibits that figure as old. We were the most struck by some of the old ivory and boxwood carvings. An elaborately carved cabinet desk in ivory, of Chinese (or possibly Japanese) workmanship, estimated to have cost £1000, and now valued at £450, is a marvellously detailed production; some of the ivory miniatures, treated as cameos and enriched with gold, are undoubtedly historical portraits; and a carved panel of "The Crucifixion," apparently of German origin, and bearing date 1795, is a very curious and good specimen of the boxwood work that we refer to. Amongst some other things that specially attracted our attention was a case of six old Sèvres plates, with beautifully painted Wattean subjects, surrounded by *mat* and burnished gilt borders upon a ground of the celebrated "*bleu du roi*." Should these various curiosities not have been dispersed when our "Notes" appear, those of our readers who are on the spot might do worse, even if they have no notion of becoming ticket-holders, than spend an hour amid Sir Henry's works of art in the classic and larrikin shades of Woolloomooloo.

MELBOURNE.

By E. A. C.

BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION.

Though the above exhibition is not a very large one, only numbering between forty or fifty drawings, the visitor to it finds much to interest the attention.

Mr. Chester-Earles, President of the Society, shows some figures forming a group of life studies; some clever fore-shortening is to be noticed in this work.

"1.15 a.m." by Thomas Roberts, is a well-executed little exhibit in Indian ink, the light and shade are given with fine effect, the

former being artificial, as the title indicates; the sketch is of a humorous character, though it is to be feared the husband entering the room is not likely to receive a very gracious reception from the rather stern-looking lady who stands rigidly beside the table. The same artist shows a charming bit giving a view of the Thames embankment; the work is very delicate and repays a close examination, all the details are most artistically treated, especially the lamp-post and the parapet on which the child is seated. Mr. Mather sends some of his usual good work; a study of gum-trees is well executed, and "An Australian Creek," and a charming bit from Healesville, showing a quaint old farm house, are both in his best style.

English visitors are likely to examine with increased attention Mr. G. H. Addison's architectural drawing of the grand old Norman porch and picturesque cloistered stairway in the precincts of beautiful Canterbury Cathedral; a satisfactory proof of its excellence is the fact of its having been exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1883. Miss I. Reilly forwards a pleasing view of "Rocky Creek, Queensland," and Mr. H. Reilly one of "Gum Flat," which displays a good amount of conscientious work. Both artists have so many friends in Melbourne that their exhibits, independent of any special merits, are welcome remembrances of them.

Mr. F. B. Gibbes has made an interesting composition out of a very commonplace subject: "Tramps at the refuse heaps."

The bush scenes forwarded by Mr. J. W. Curtis are amongst the best of the exhibits; "A Rainy Day—Road to Kilmore," and "On Wallaby Creek," are delightful bits, whilst the "Track of a Cyclone" has some extremely clever work in its somewhat sombre subject.

A pen-and-ink view by Mr. G. T. Hine, is worthy of notice; the leafless trees and wintry aspect of the whole scene is rendered with great delicacy of touch, and the landscape itself brings back familiar memories to visitors claiming the old country as their home.

Only a few figure pieces are sent in, amongst the best may be named "A Rest," by Mr. C. V. Wilson; the execution is pleasing in many respects, but a slight formality about the girl seated on the bank detracts from its merits.

Mr. C. W. Foster forwards a very good study of trees and water which makes one wish for more work from the same hand, and Mr. W. Seechusen exhibits pleasing treatment in his "Sunset on the River Mitchell," one of the prettiest subjects in the exhibition. Perhaps, however, the most effectively treated of all the exhibits is a moonlight view of San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice; it is sent in by Mr. George Gordon, whose artistic skill is too well known to need more than a passing notice.

An interesting event in the annals of the Melbourne artistic world was the first annual exhibition of the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists, which was opened on the 25th of October.

About ninety works have been sent out by well-known English artists, but the future exhibitions will, it is thought, be thrown open to any approved artist, not belonging to the

Association ; an endeavour will also be made to include in each display of paintings some of the most noticeable of the year, and the works of the best Australian artists will also, if possible, be amongst the paintings shown under the auspices of the new society.

The works now on view at Mr. Fletcher's Art Gallery were brought out a short time since by Mr. Ingram, one of the English council of the Society. Like the other members of it, he belongs to one of the known London societies of artists. The names of those composing the council are as follows, and are sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the exhibits about to be noticed :—Messrs. Basil Bradly, R.W.S.; T. C. Gotch, S.B.A., Vice-President, Dudley; W. Ayerst Ingram, S.B.A.; Yeend King, S.B.A.; M. Menpes, S.B.A.; C. Robertson, A.R.W.S.; Norman

Tayler, A.R.W.S.; A. W. Weedon, S.B.A.; W. L. Wyllie, R.T.; W. Wainwright, A.R.W.S.; G. M'Neil Whistler, S.B.A.; W. H. Wheeler, D.G.A.S.

Mr. Ingram's works are numerous and extremely pleasing, and our marine artists in Melbourne will do well to study them carefully. "Missing," No. 12, is an exquisite composition, both in sentiment and treatment. The pathetic story must find an echo in every appreciative heart.

Mr. Walter Langley also shows some fine work, full of life and vigour, and instinct with feeling and sentiment.

A black and white exhibition has been opened at Mr. Ashton's studio, but space will not allow of further mention in this month's notes.

LITERATURE.

By "Gleaner."

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. announce that they will publish during the season a new illustrated work on "Greenland," by Baron A. E. von Nordenskiöld.

It is stated that Mr. Joseph Cook has been for some time engaged at his country residence in revising two volumes of "Boston Monday Lectures" for the press.

American literary journals state that Mr. James Russell Lowell has already begun work on his biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Colonel Higginson's "History of the United States," the most of which has appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, is to be issued shortly in book form.

Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, of New York and London, will publish shortly a record of the first century of the temperance conflict, by the Rev. W. F. Crafts. The volume will be entitled "What the Temperance Century has made Certain."

The copyright of the widely known and favourite magazine the *Christian Treasury* has been transferred to a London firm, and the October part has been issued under new proprietorship. The publisher is Mr. E. W. Allen, London.

Messrs. Tricknor and Co., of Boston, announce that they will publish, under the title of the "Olden Time Series," a number of small volumes compiled from the old newspapers of Boston and Salem.

A work long waited for, and which will be eagerly read by a large circle of old friends and others who know the name of Robert Moffat, has just been published, entitled "The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat." Over forty years Moffat laboured in South Africa with great success as an agent of the London Missionary Society, and then spent the closing years of his noble life in England, until he fell asleep. The volume is written by a son of the departed missionary.

Messrs. James Clarke and Co. have published a new edition of one of the late Edwin Paxton Hood's popular works, "Bye-Path Meadow." The work was originally published a considerable number of years ago, and had a large sale. The new edition is neatly got up, and is moderate in price. It will be found a capital book for the young. It is not sensational, but entertaining and interesting. Boys and girls who read it attentively will not soon forget the old schoolmaster, Naumette, Robert Major, old Tyson, and other characters in the story.

Under the title of "Egypt and Syria," the Religious Tract Society has issued a new volume of the series "Bye-Paths of Bible Knowledge." It is written by Sir J. Dawson, and is an excellent work.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus, of London, announce for immediate publication, Mr. Bret Harte's "Maruja," and Charles Egbert Craddock's (Miss Murfree's) new romance, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," which recently appeared as a serial in the *Century Illustrated Magazine*. These works will be issued complete in one volume each at the moderate price of two shillings.

Messrs. Cassell and Co., of London, announce a series of new and original works of romance and adventure by leading writers, which will be issued under the general title of "Cassell's Rainbow Series."

Miss Jewett's new novel, "A Marsh Island," is described in *Harper's Monthly* as at once an idyl, a romance, and a cabinet of exquisite *genre* pictures.

A capital book has recently been published, entitled "The Autobiography of an Alms Bag, or Sketches of Church Life and Social Life in a Watering Place." Some of the sketches are very amusing.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. announce, as preparing for publication, a Life of Prince Bismark in

two volumes. The author, Mr. Lawe, has acted as *Times* correspondent in Berlin for a number of years, and is intimately acquainted with German politics and politicians.

The London *Literary World* states that Mr. John Morley is about to retire from the editorship of *Macmillan's Magazine*, that he may devote himself with undivided attention to politics.

The same journal states that the old and popular quarterly, the *Edinburgh Review*, may be expected shortly to appear as a monthly, at half-a-crown. Such a change will be acceptable to many.

Messrs. Brook and Chrystal, of Manchester, have nearly ready for publication a work entitled "The Biblical Scheme of Nature and Man," by the Rev. A. Mackennal, B.A. The volume will contain four lectures, and an appendix on the Chaldean Genesis and the Larger Hope. The author is a well-known minister of the Congregational denomination.

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. are preparing for publication "The Golden Gospel," the Gospel of John, printed in letters of gold and enriched with mediæval borders, with a frontispiece after Thorwaldsen. The Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D., is to supply an introduction.

Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy has written a volume entitled "Royalty Restored: or London under Charles II." The book, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Ward and Downey, of London, will contain an original etching of Charles II., and ten other historical portraits.

It is stated that about 20,000 letters from important historical personages have recently come to light in the State Library at Monaco. The list of writers includes Catherine de Medici, Richelieu, Mazarin, Louvois, Colbert, and Montaigne.

Among the holiday books in course of preparation by the Religious Tract Society may be named, as sure to be an attractive book, "Norwegian Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil, with a Glance at Sweden and the Gotha Canal," by Richard Lovett, with a map and 127 illustrations. "The Dwellers on the Nile: Chapters on the Life, Literature, History, and Customs of Ancient Egypt," by E. A. Wallis Budge, illustrated, and "Jottings from the Pacific," by the Rev. W. Wyatt Gill.

"A Dictionary of Islam," compiled by the Rev. T. P. Hughes, an English clergyman long resident in Central Asia, is announced by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. It will be a cyclopædia of the Mohammedan religion, tabulated in the form of Dr. Smith's well-known dictionaries, and with numerous illustrations.

The recently published Hibbert Lectures by Dr. Otto Pfeiderer, Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin, have excited some interest among theologians. The lectures treat on "The Influence of the Apostle Paul on the Development of Christianity." Even those who differ most widely from the views of Dr. Pfeiderer may study the volume with profit.

Mr. A. J. Smith, Swanston Street, has now on sale Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's volume, entitled "George Eliot's Poetry and

other Studies." The volume contains four essays on George Eliot's Poetry, Reciprocity, Altruistic Faith, and History, and a series of five historical essays. The volume is beautifully printed, handsomely bound, and full of fine thoughts.

Under the title of "Platform Echoes," Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, of London, have just published a very handsome and interesting volume, by the celebrated temperance orator, Mr. John B. Gough. The work extends over four hundred pages, and is made up of leaves from Mr. Gough's note-books of forty years. There are many eloquent and impressive passages from Mr. Gough's famous orations, impressive and amusing anecdotes, striking incidents and narratives. The book is altogether worthy of a very great circulation, and is sure to attain it if the friends of temperance do their duty. Mr. A. J. Smith has the volume on sale at a moderate price.

"The Gospel and the Child," is the title of a valuable and instructive volume recently published by Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., of London. The author, Mr. Andrew Simon Lamb, is a Scotch advocate, of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law, and evidently well qualified to write on the theme he has selected. There is a good amount of freshness and vigour in some of the chapters, but Mr. Lamb does not belong to the school of advanced theologians. The book is on sale by Mr. M. L. Hutchinson, Collins Street West.

The latest American journals state that the first edition—150,000 copies—of "The Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant," which Charles L. Webster and Co., of New York, are to publish, is now in the hands of the printers, and the first volume will be ready for delivery in December. A second edition, at least as large as the first, is already made necessary. The work will also be published in England, and will be translated into French, German, Spanish, and Italian. It is understood that Mrs. Grant is to receive seventy-five per cent. of the profit of the book in America, and eighty-five per cent. of that from abroad.

The *Expositor* for September has an attractive variety of subjects. Bible students will find much interesting information in an article by Professor Strack on "The Work of Bible Revision in Germany." And all who have been profited by previous articles on the revised version of the Old Testament, will find the third of the series in this issue not less instructive. The two books noticed are Leviticus and Numbers. The new editor of this valuable monthly is doing his work wisely and well.

The September number of the *Interpreter* contains several articles which will be highly valued by theological students. Dr. James Morison contributes an instalment of his able critical commentary on the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Dr. John Hutchinson contributes a second paper on "Our Lord's Groaning in Spirit," and the Rev. R. A. Redford, M.A., continues his series of articles entitled "Studies in the Minor Prophets." There are other valuable papers by well-known writers.

The *Homiletic Magazine*, of which twelve volumes have been issued, continues to supply

monthly a rich store of instructive articles, specially designed for ministers, theological students, and Christian workers. The expository section of the magazine is of great value. The outlines of sermons are generally good, and the reviews of new books are always well written.

The first number of a new periodical, entitled the *Revue Coloniale Internationale* was issued at Amsterdam in July. The review is published under the auspices of the Dutch Colonial Association, but will aim to present a free and full discussion of all questions relating to the colonies of the world, of whatever nationality. The first number has contributions in English, French, and German, by writers of known ability, and the editorial notes are numerous, and all on topics interesting and important.

The *Andover Review* continues to grow in favour, and many of the topics discussed in its pages are of great importance. In the latest issue, Dr. E. A. Meredith contributes an article on "Compulsory Education in Crime," which, although referring specially to the prisons in the United States, contains much deserving the attention of all interested in prison reform. The editorial discussion of "progressive orthodoxy" takes up the subject of eschatology.

The September number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains the first instalment of a new serial by Mr. James. The title is "Princess Casamassima." The scene of the story is London. Mr. Horace E. Scudder has a delightful article on "Childhood in English Literature and Art."

Among the articles in the September number of the *North American Review*, there are three deserving special notice. The well-known novelist "Ouida" contributes a long and severe article on "Tendencies of English Fiction." The Rev. R. Heber Newton, an Episcopalian clergyman of advanced views, writes strongly on the "Decay of Ecclesiasticism," and his article contains much that is worthy of consideration. "The Great Psychological Opportunity" is a theme on which Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps writes at considerable length, and with great earnestness. The three articles will supply much material for thought to earnest readers. This old American periodical, now in its seventy-first year, instead of manifesting any signs of old age, seems to be renewing its youth, and stands in the front rank of the American monthlies.

The September number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* contains the conclusion of Hugh Conway's serial, "A Family Affair," and also the conclusion of Mr. Crane's strikingly illustrated poem, "The Sirens Three." A very interesting paper by Mr. B. H. Becker gives an account of "China-Making at Stoke-on-Trent." The illustrations are numerous and good. This number closes another volume of this attractive monthly.

The September number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains a great variety of articles. Apart from those which deal with political topics there are three very valuable papers. The first is entitled, "An Episode of

the Armada," and is written by the Earl of Ducia, and has for its foundation two volumes recently published at Madrid, in which Captain Duro, of the Spanish Navy, tells the wonderfully interesting story of the origin, equipment, and failure of the Armada. "Thibet" is the title of the second article. The writer, Mr. C. H. Leppar, condenses into a few pages a large amount of varied and most interesting information respecting the country and its inhabitants, their manners and customs, their religious ceremonies, and many other matters. The article is well worth careful reading. The third article is a profoundly interesting sketch of the life and work of the noble Lady Vittoria Colonna. The period embraced is from 1490 to 1547. The writer, Mr. H. Schütz Wilson, states at the outset that "This period covered the occurrence of the most remarkable events, and included the careers of many of the most eminent men, who lent such distinction to Italy and to Europe in the sixteenth century." It is a fine historical sketch.

Among the articles in the September number of the *National Review* one of the most entertaining to a large number of readers will be that of the eminent traveller, Arminius Vambery, which is entitled "My Lecturing Tour in England." It is a bit of pleasant reading. Under the title of "A Dark Page in Italian History," Mr. A. Gallenga gives a historical sketch of Barbara Sanseverino-Sanvitale, Countess of Sala and Marchioness of Colorno, a lady of rare beauty, who lived in Parma between the years 1551 and 1612, "whom Fate, in the end, involved in a tragic catastrophe, on the records of which still hangs a terrible mystery." It is a sad story altogether. The article contains much historical information, and is worthy of careful study. Commander V. Lovett Cameron contributes a short but interesting article on "The Future of the Soudan." He advocates the handing over of the Soudan to a trading company or corporation, and affirms that such a company "would do much to restore English honour and prestige, and, properly supported and controlled, could not fail to show to the world that England had still some of her vital force remaining; and that, though she may have sacrificed mountains of treasure, and the blood of some of her noblest sons has been shed, and hitherto in vain, having once put her hand to the plough she does not intend to look back."

Harper's Monthly Magazine for September contains a large number of excellent and instructive articles. To literary men and all who value good books, the article entitled "The House of Murray" will be specially interesting, as it refers to the eminent publishing firm in London. The writer, Mr. F. Espinasse, gives an account of the commencement of the firm by John Murray the first, the grandfather of the present occupant of No. 50 Albemarle Street. Then we have a notice of John Murray the second, and finally of his son, the present head of the establishment. It is a delightful paper. The article is illustrated and the portraits are excellent. There is a fine biographical sketch of Antoine Louis.

Barge, the eminent French sculptor of a former day, with engravings of some of his chief works, and a portrait of the sculptor himself. The usual serial stories, "East Angels" and "An Indian Summer," are continued, and increase in interest. There are other two complete stories by well-known writers, a variety of short entertaining papers, some good poetry, reviews, and brief notices of new books, and the number is, as usual, very profusely illustrated.

Among many attractive papers in the September number of *Century Illustrated Magazine* may be named the account of the siege

of Vicksburg, by the late General Grant. "Among the Red Roofs of Sussex," is a delightfully written article, and beautifully illustrated. The lovers of fiction and poetry will find much to satisfy them. All the other departments of the magazine are well stored with good things.

We have received from Messrs. Geo. Robertson and Co., "In Cornwall and Across the Sea," by Mr. Douglas H. W. Sladen. Want of space in our present issue precludes a lengthened notice of this volume. We shall attend to it more particularly in our next.

CURRENT EVENTS.

By E. A. C.

A most successful lecture was given on the 2nd inst. at the Town Hall, by Mr. R. T. Booth, the well-known advocate of temperance. The subject chosen was "Reminiscences of the American Civil War." The lecturer's powers of pathos and graphic delineation were well displayed, and the frequent hearty applause which greeted his efforts, showed how complete was the sympathy established between the speaker and his immense audience.

A proposition has been recently made to the Council of the Zoological and Acclimatisation Society, as to the advisability of holding, once a week, an afternoon concert in their Gardens. As the idea was generally approved, it has been referred to the Director, and it is probable that in our next issue we may be able to report some definite proceeding regarding it.

The Melbourne Ladies' Benevolent Society have been making an appeal to the community at large to come forward and assist them in their good work of affording relief to the poor of Melbourne and several of its suburbs. It is to be hoped a generous response will be given to the just demand, for the Society has

laboured for thirty-nine years with a steady determination to follow our Master's example of "going about and doing good." No flourishing descriptions of its mode of relieving the poor have been blazoned forth to the public, as is the case with some societies in our midst, but none the less has work of a Christian kind been well and kindly done, and it will be a matter of regret if the appeal is allowed to pass unnoticed in Melbourne.

About 2000 guests responded to the invitation to Lady Loch's "at home" on the 30th of last month, and despite the great dust and heat of the day an enjoyable afternoon was spent, many of the younger portion of the assemblage availing themselves of the services of Herr Block's excellent band, which was stationed in the state drawing-room.

The Melbourne Philharmonic Society are now rehearsing the part-song, "For Thee," composed for it by Sir Wm. Robinson, Governor of South Australia. On the evening of the 2nd of November, the distinguished composer was present, and, by general request, assumed the bâton on that occasion.

THE HUMOURIST.

A SCHOOLBOY'S SENTENCE.

"Horatius," said the schoolmistress to a nine-year-old boy with two imposing freckles on the knees of his pants, "Horatius, please form a sentence with the word 'toward' in it and write the sentence on the board." Horatius went to the blackboard, and after much scratching of head and friction of brain, printed with the crayon, in letters that looked like a lot of half-feathered Shanghai chickens running after a piece of dough, the following sentence: "I toward my trowsers."

ERRATUM.

George Faulkner once printed in his *Dublin Journal*—"Erratum: In our last for *His Grace* the Duchess of Dorset, read *Her Grace* the Duke of Dorset."

QUITE INTELLIGIBLE.

When the suite of Lord Macartney, during his embassy to China, were present at a grand entertainment, one of them partook of a certain dish with very great relish. Afterwards, feeling some curiosity as to its composition, pointing to the dish, he said to one of the attendants, "Quack-quack?" The attendant perfectly understood him, and replied with great solemnity, "Bow-wow!"

AN OUTSIDE PILLAR.

A panegyrist of a certain deceased Lord Chancellor, observing that he was one of "the pillars of the Church," a friend suggested that he should rather be termed one of its buttresses, inasmuch as he was never seen inside.

ENGLISH BULLS.

The "bull" is usually set down as a beast of purely Hibernian extraction. The following, however, are three prize bulls of pure English breed:—1. An English peer, when speaking, some years ago, in the House of Lords on the necessity for passing some Coercion Bill for Ireland, and reproaching the Government of that day for their delaying to do so, observed that "this delay might be very convenient for the Ministers, but that it was not quite so convenient for those Irish landlords who were meanwhile *being frequently murdered*." 2. An English clergyman, pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider "the deplorable condition of 30,000 Christian Englishmen, *living without Christian burial*." 3. Another English clergyman, waxing sarcastic in the pulpit over the enormities of the age, exclaimed, "And these things, my brethren, are done *in the so-called nineteenth century*."

"PATCHED AND PIEBALD LANGUAGES."

The following specimen of old law phraseology is taken from Littleton's reports—"MEM. Quod die Dominico in le matine in le prochain terme insuant que fuit le 24 jour de January, Sir Henry Yelverton Puisne Judge de Com Ban morust, que devant avoit été Attorney-General al Roy Jacques, et apres incurrant le displeasure de Roy fuit displace and censure in Sta. Chamber. Et donque il deveigne un Practiser al barre arreare, de quel il fuit advance per Roy Charles d'être Judge. Il fuit homme de profound intelligence in le common ley, et ingenius, et eloquent in expression, et pur son vie de grand integrity et piety, et son mort universally bewaille."

THE REAL STATE OF THE CASE.

At a college examination, a professor asked: "Does my question embarrass you?" "Not at all, sir," replied the student—"not at all. It is quite clear. It is the answer to it that bothers me."

A TANTALISING MISSION.

"Ah! it's woman's mission to make fools of men," sighed a languid fop. "And how vexed we are," said a bright-eyed feminine present, "to find that nature has so often forestalled us!"

WHO ARE "COLONELS."

The title of "Colonel" is a name of distinction that is given for different virtues in different localities. In Texas a man who shoots another is entitled to the rank. In Kentucky the man who can drink the most whisky and keep his feet receives the appellation. In New York it belongs to the president of a coaching club. In Boston it is only given to people that have swallowed a Webster's Unabridged. In Pittsburgh every man is a "Colonel" who keeps his boots blacked.

A NECESSARY PROVISION.

Erskine once thus opened a cause of injury sustained in travelling:—"My client, gentlemen of the jury, seeks reparation at your hands for an injury sustained by the overturning of the defendant's coach, who keeps the 'Swan with Two Necks'—a sign which, I suppose, is emblematical of the way in which every gentleman should be provided who travels by the defendant's vehicles."

COMPLIMENT RETURNED.

Lord Chesterfield, when getting old, complained to Mrs. Ann Pitt, the sister of Lord Chatham, of his bad health and incapacity for mental exertion. "I fear," said he, "that I am growing an old woman." "I am glad of it, my lord," replied the lady; "I was afraid that you were growing an old man, which is a much worse thing."

TWO WAYS OF PUTTING IT.

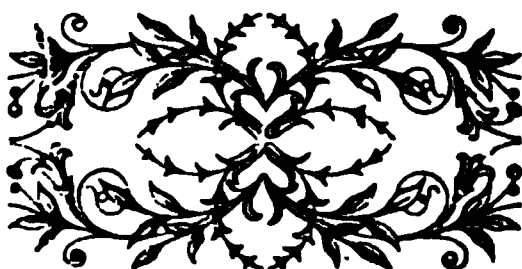
William Penn abhorred smoking. His Council one day laid down their pipes on his entrance. "I am glad to see," said he, "that you are ashamed of that vile habit." "Not at all," said a principal Friend, "we only lay down our pipes lest we should offend a weak brother."

NATURAL BENEVOLENCE.

"Benevolence," said Sydney Smith, "is a natural instinct of the human heart. When A sees B in grievous distress his conscience always urges him to entreat C to help him."

ONE PRIVILEGE OF A PEER.

Lord Bolingbroke's father said to him on his being made a lord, "Ah, Harry, I always said you would be hanged, but now I find you will be beheaded."



AN OVERLANDER'S TRIBUTE.

"Yes," said Mr. Thomas Harvey, of Narandera, N.S.W., a tall, well-built, sunburnt man of some fifty years,—“a drover's life is a pretty tough one. Putting aside the anxiety of the business, there's the hard work and hard fare. It isn't kind of work for dudes and mashers, I can assure you.”

“How long have you followed the business?” we asked.

“Nearly fifteen years. I was brought up to the sea, but ran away in 1870, from my ship, and slipped up country. I got work on one of Winter's stations, where I met a towny of mine, and we went travelling sheep, since which I've followed the business pretty regularly.”

“That is, you've taken sheep and cattle from one part of the country to another.”

“Just so, principally to and from Queensland.”

“Your occupation appears to have agreed with you,” we remarked—“you look strong and hearty.”

“Well,” returned Mr. Harvey with a quiet smile—“you wouldn't have said as much a few weeks back. Of course we get pretty sick, sometimes, in the bush. I've been down half-a-dozen times with fever and ague, and have taken as much quinine as would stock a chemist's shop. Rheumatism and I are like husband and wife—one flesh, you know. I really believe I should think I'd gone wrong if I hadn't a touch now and again.”

“You say you weren't very well a few weeks ago?”

“Well no—I was suffering from inflammation of the kidneys. I've had it bad for twelve months, and the doctors did me little good. When I came down last time, Mr. Jack, an old mate of mine, told me about this new medicine that everybody is talking about—**WARNER'S SAFE CURE**. Well, I tried it just on the off chance you know, and, I tell you, it is really wonderful. I took up flesh at once, and lost the nasty dragging-down pains which, sometimes, nearly pulled me out of the saddle. I feel quite sound and hearty, and all my friends tell me I look so. I suppose the cure had something to do with my old skipper's wonder when I met him the other day and made myself known”—and Mr. Harvey laughed heartily.

“You met him?” we asked.

“Well, yes, at dinner at a hotel in town. I knew him at once, but when I told him who I was, he could scarcely believe his eyes. When I ran away from the old ship, I was as lean as an overlander bullock. Something like Smike, you know, in the book. If the cap'en had seen me before I began the cure, maybe he might have seen some likeness to his runaway 'prentice. But I'd picked up, and he didn't. Yes, it is a wonderful remedy, really wonderful. Its action is so rapid, you see. It is bound to go well with the boys in the bush. A lot of them suffer from kidney and liver complaints, and I shall always speak well of the bridge that carried me over,” with which Mr. Harvey nodded cheerily and we parted, mutually pleased.

THE MELBOURNE CUP WINNER.

Sheet Anchor, who, by passing the judge first, gratified few and disappointed many, is a fine upstanding aged brown horse, by St. Alban's out of Queen Mary, and owned by Mr. M. Loughlin, of Ballarat. He has been engaged in many contests, but this year's Cup was his first great win. At three years, in Tasmania, he was second in the Carrick Plate, two miles and a distance, with 7st. 9lb., being beaten by Stockdale. At the same age he was nowhere in the Launceston Cup, one mile and three-quarters, with 6st. 9lb., and was in a similar position in the Turf Club Handicap. Improving in his fourth year, Sheet Anchor was second in the Campania Plate (one and three-quarter miles); third in the Launceston Cup (one and three-quarter miles); at Hobart he was nowhere in the Hobart Cup (one and three-quarter miles); third in the Derwent Plate (one and a-half miles); second in the Consolation Stakes (one mile); at Deloraine he was second in the Handicap (one and three-quarter miles); and second in the Flying Handicap (three-quarters of a mile). At five years he was still in Tasmania, and there was third in the Colebrook Plate. At Hobart he was nowhere in the Hobart Cup (one mile and three-quarters); second in Goodwood Stake; won the President's Cup and Free Handicap at the same meeting; won the Launceston Cup; was nowhere in the T.C.

Handicap; third in the Birthday Cup; won the Elwick Handicap (one mile and a-quarter); beating Prodigal and Queen. In the V.R.C. Autumn Meeting, being six years old, he was third in the Newmarket Handicap; second in the Australian Cup (two miles and a-quarter). At Randwick, in the Autumn, he was nowhere in the Doncaster Handicap (one mile); nowhere in the Sydney Cup, won by Normandy; nowhere in the City Handicap (one mile and a-half); nowhere in the Place Handicap. At Flemington Winter Meeting, he was nowhere in the Grand National Hurdles (three miles); and at the Spring Meeting, 1885, he astonished all but his backers by winning the Melbourne Cup, eclipsing all previous performances, and beating the record for time. In Sheet Anchor we have an illustration of what stamina can accomplish; as with horses so with the human family. A man or woman with a good inherited constitution will nine times out of ten pull through a crisis, providing the proper aid be at hand. In **WARNER'S SAFE CURE** we have the aid—the sheet anchor—which enables the afflicted one to ride out the storm of sickness, and make the harbour of permanent health in safety. It is no new thing; it has been tried and proved in thousands of cases, and stands to-day an exultant winner among a field of discouraged competitors.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, *March 14th, 1885.*

Once a Month, an Australian magazine, has the merit of savouring of the soil. Everything is really indigenous, from an interesting sketch of the Premier of New South Wales to a description of Christmas in the bush, and a rough, hearty ballad on sheep-shearing.

THE BOOKSELLER (London), *March 5th, 1885.*

Once a Month.—The first number of the second volume of an Australian Magazine, published in Melbourne by Messrs. Wm. Inglis and Co. Its leading article is a biographical sketch of the Hon. James Service, the Premier of Victoria, accompanied by a lithographic portrait. The fiction provided for the entertainment of its readers seems of excellent quality, and the general tone of its articles quite equal to that of its contemporaries this side of the equator. Many of its articles are illustrated either by lithographs or engravings.

PUBLISHERS CIRCULAR (London), *April 15th, 1885.*

From Messrs. W. Inglis and Co., Melbourne.—Although we are usually able to notice the magazines immediately after publication, an exception must be *Once a Month* which hails from the Antipodes. The part dated the 15th of December, 1884, is now before us, showing a pleasant collection of matter, including some very fair Christmas stories.

THE ARGUS, *March 23.*

* * * * The miscellaneous contents of the magazine are varied and interesting.

AGE, *June 15th, 1885.*

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Wm. Inglis and Co., *Once a Month* for June. It contains a biographical sketch of Mr. Adye Douglas, Premier and Chief Secretary of Tasmania; an article entitled "Sounds and Sandflies," by "J.H.," descriptive of the West Coast Sounds of New Zealand; the commencement of a series of articles on the Old English Opera; the continuation of the serial stories—Jacobi's Wife, By Sea and Lake, and Mary Marston; and a selection of instructive and entertaining matter. The illustrations comprise a portrait of Mr. Adye Douglas, and views in the West Coast Sounds and in Southern Tasmania. The whole is produced in excellent style.

DAILY TELEGRAPH, *June 13th, 1885.*

We have received the June number of *Once a Month*, which fully maintains the high reputation which this magazine has achieved. A portrait is given of the Hon. Mr. Douglas, the Tasmanian Premier, with a sketch of his life. The general contents of the magazine are varied and interesting.

LEADER, *June 20th, 1885.*

Once a Month for June (W. Inglis and Co.) contains a good likeness of Mr. Adye Douglas, Premier and Chief Secretary of Tasmania, with a brief sketch of his public career. There is also an illustrated article on Southern Tasmania, with the usual liberal supply of novelette matter, which for the most part is thoroughly readable.

2023

MASSACHUSETTS



LIBRINTON STEPHENS
AD 1840 F. 1

ONCE A MONTH.

No. VI.

DECEMBER 15, 1885.

VOL. III.

GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. XII.

JAMES BRUNTON STEPHENS

AUSTRALIAN POET.

By ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, M.A.

When a poet appears who has any individuality in him, the world generally takes care to cool the ardour of his genius by letting him wait till he is middle-aged or more before paying any particular attention to his work. Not that the world is to blame. It is very rarely the case that any new thing finds the tastes of men ready at once to appreciate it, and the poet above all men has to educate his public into the new taste he introduces, and infuse into them a relish for the new flavour. He who finds an adverse or indifferent public, and, after years of waiting, schools them into a warm appreciation of his work, has a much more certain prospect of perennial fame than another who at once bounds into success; but it must be confessed that the process requires abundance of patience.

It is just fourteen years since Mr. Brunton Stephens published what is decidedly the finest poem these colonies have produced, his deeply suggestive story of "Convict Once;" yet it is only of late that he has begun to receive any encouragement from the public,

and though easily first among the living literary men of Australia, it is only among very limited circles in each of the colonies that his name is more than a name, or his reputation the result of any actual acquaintance with his works. Moreover, the aspect under which he is most commonly known is that of the easy versifier who has thrown off the "Ode to a Black Gin," or the "Chinee Cook." He is little known as a writer of deep feeling and finished elegance.

Still he has this advantage over his brother poets Gordon and Kendall, that while they died with a very inadequate recognition, there is a prospect that if Brunton Stephens lives another ten years, as we trust he may, he will find a united Australia honouring itself by doing honour to the writer who shows that she is not destitute of the arts that refine and elevate our race.

Unluckily we cannot claim him as Australian born; though it does not much matter, it would perhaps have been a more complete satisfaction had he been, like Kendall, all our own. But

he did not reach Queensland till his thirty-first year, and though all his poetry has been published, possibly all written, since that time, still a poet at thirty-one is too evidently a tolerably complete product for us to take much credit in the making of him.

He is by birth and education a Scot; born not far from Edinburgh, on the pleasant shores of the Forth, where the old-fashioned borough of Bo'ness carries on its sleepy trade with the Baltic. In Edinburgh itself he attended the University, and while contriving to support himself, succeeded not only in taking his degree but also in attaining some little distinction among the honour lists. On the completion of these studies he accepted an engagement as tutor, and with his pupil spent about three years in travelling. He visited France, Italy, Egypt, the Holy Land, and Turkey, staying long enough in each to see it with more than the casual inspection of the conventional tourist.

When this was over he took a position as assistant master in the Academy at Greenock, a situation from which it is strange to think he ever emerged with any poetry left in him. He had six years of dominie work in that dingy and hopelessly prosaic port, when failing health compelled him to think of a warmer climate, and he chose the young and prosperous colony of Queensland as his future home.

On his arrival in 1866 he took a position as tutor in the family of a squatter in "the bush," and commenced his experience of Australian sights and occupations. It was here that he wrote his fine poem "Convict Once," which seems to me to have just that subtle undercurrent of Australian influence which keeps the reader always half conscious that this is the scene of the narrative; without making that idea too prominent so as to interfere with the leading motive of the poem, which is to analyse profoundly the workings of a proud but unscrupulous female mind.

In a very thoughtful lecture I recently heard Mr. H. B. Higgins deliver, he said that the poem had little hint of Australia, and might have been written anywhere, but to me

the consciousness is always present that though I am watching the development of a mind, I am, as I read, in the midst of Australian surroundings. Here is the impressive stillness of the Australian forest at noontide reproduced in the thought of the reader:

"Vastness of verdurous solitude, forest complexity boundless,
Where is no stir save the fall of a leaf or the wave of a wing:
Lone sunny regions, where virginal Nature roams ceaseless and soundless,
Rich with the richness of summer, yet fresh with the freshness of spring."

And again there is a passage giving a very effective description of an Australian night; and the sensation of stepping out late in the evening from a warm and brilliant room, to the lovely freshness of our clear Australian midnight sky:—

"Out on the orb-studded night, and the crescent effulgence of Dian;
Out on the far-gleaming star-dust that marks where the angels have trod;
Out on the gem-pointed cross, and the glittering pomp of Orion;
Flaming in measureless azure, the coronal jewels of God.

"Luminous streams of delight, in the silent immensity flowing,
Journeying surgelessly on, through impalpable ether of peace,
How can I think of myself when infinitude o'er me is glowing,
Glowing with tokens of love from the land where my sorrows shall cease?"

"I must go forth and be part of it, part of the night and its gladness,
But a few steps, and I pause on the marge of the shining lagoon;
Here then, at length, I have rest; and I lay down my burden of sadness,
Kneeling alone 'neath the stars and the silvery arc of the moon.

"Peace-speaking night of the South, will thine influence last through my sleeping,
Dream with my dreaming, awake with my waking, and blend with the morn,
Or shall I start as of old, and my pillow be wet with my weeping,
Victim alternate of self-accusation and impious scorn?"

This magnificent poem will doubtless never be popular. It does not in any way appeal to popular tastes. The lines are too long to please any ear but one accustomed through many years to the hexameters of classic verse. The story is not directly told, but is to be made out, piece-meal, by

the confessions and self-communings of the heroine ; and the reader will probably understand it only in a vague and dreamy way on first perusal.

But it has a grandeur of proportion and nobility of expression, which raise it so unmistakably out of the common run that there will always be found a few to appreciate it ; and doubtless there will come a time when our pioneer Australian poets will obtain so universal a reverence, that people who will not now go out of their way to read and understand such a poem will then join the number of its admirers, and make an effort to learn its value.

A convict girl is set free ; she is a lady, and why convicted we never learn ; but the tide of turbulent passion we soon see swelling in her bosom gives us the right to guess that some vehement revenge in the past had led to her condemnation. She assumes the name of Magdalen Power, and under this borrowed title resolves to bury her disgrace. To say that she is penitent does not properly describe her situation. She says—

“No more abasement ! I’m weary and blind
with the tears of repentance :
Though it was wrong, and I know it, yet
surely such weeping is vain.
Have I not borne to the full all the pangs of
my terrible sentence ?
Shall there no harvest arise from this
plentiful penitent rain ?”

But the proud scorn of her transgression, and passionate indignation at the degradation she had undergone, even though mingled with hot tears, are not true repentance. There is regret.

“I will no more of it. Twenty-three years
have I lived, and my labour
Vanity, fruitless regret, and a secret that
may not be told.”

But there is too much pride, too fierce a scorn, for the genuine humility of penitence ; and she tells us of her settled policy.

“Darkly encased I shall be in a corslet of quiet
reliance.”

Visions of nobler feelings flit across her.

“Die then, sad memories, leaving behind you
no token nor relic !
Hark how the tremulous night-wind is
passing in joy-laden sighs !

Soft through my window it comes, like the
fanning of pinions angelic,
Whispering to cease from myself and look
out on the infinite skies.”

She obtains a situation as governess in a squatter’s family, and there for the time she finds herself happy.

“Pleasantly, almost too pleasantly, blendeth
to-day with to-morrow.

Hours are as moments ! a twinkle of white
wings, and lo, they are gone !

Day bringeth work without bondage, and
night bringeth dreams without sorrow.

Pleasantly, almost too pleasantly, life is
meandering on.”

Her three charges are lovable girls of whom she grows fond, and yet their goodness and purity makes her almost stand in awe of them.

“I, their preceptress ! Ah me ! with their
innocent smiles they have taught me
Lessons more glorious than Greece, aspira-
tions more lofty than Rome.”

Her eldest pupil, Hyacinth, falls in love, the governess detecting the fact long before she does herself, and watching, analysing the new and unconscious happiness that is quietly stealing over her girl-life, with an interest that becomes dangerously engrossing. For, though Magdalen has schooled herself to duty, the evil that was in her has not left her.

“Softly I’ve moved through the time with the
echoless footfalls of Duty,
Wearing the garments of meekness, and
schooling my heart to constraint,
Shunning my mirror for dread of the slum-
bering demon of Beauty.
Puritan I in my plainness of garb, in de-
meanour a saint.”

But such an existence is too slow for her.

“Soul cannot march to the bleating of sheep
and the lowing of cattle ;
Rather the war-blast of passion were thrill-
ing again in mine ears !
Oh ! for a touch of the palpitant world, for
the glory of battle !
Show me once more the proud wave of
the banners, the gleam of the spears !”

The result of this lawless state of mind is that she becomes affected by a deep envy of Hyacinth.

“I to go dreaming of life while this novice is
drinking its essence ;
I to be almost content with the dregs
while her cup runneth o’er !”

She resolves to transfer the devo-
tion of this young man, Raymond
Trevelyan from Hyacinth to herself,

and with wily arts lays her snares. She worms herself in to be chosen as a confidante between the lovers, and her unscrupulous use of her beauty and sensuous attractiveness soon works in the young man's veins like a draught of poisoned wine. She persuades the squatter to send Hyacinth to school in the city, she undertaking to act as secret conveyer of love-letters between the sweethearts. But she betrays the trust reposed in her, and fails to deliver most of the letters. Ere long young Raymond is completely her victim.

"He is not faithless or fickle, and had he all shamelessly yielded
At the first stroke, I had spurned him and left him ignobly to die ;
Or I had dallied a little and played with the potency I wielded—
Kissed him perchance, and then loathed him, and branded his love with a lie."

But not hearing from Hyacinth for months ; and learning that her father was proposing a wealthy match for her ; while he knew that he, Raymond Trevelyan, was scorned as the son of a convict, he too readily believed poor Hyacinth faithless, and ere long the transfer of his affections to Magdalen was complete. But when her triumph is come she asks :—

"What have I gained? One grand moment,
one moment supreme and delirious.
Something hath perished from earth and from heaven since that eve when he spoke,
That one prime eve when the moon was a sun, and the brightness of Sirius
Glowed in the tiniest star, and the palpitant firmament broke
Everywhere into confusion of glory ; and sordid conditions
Earthy and palpable, clean fell away from our feet and our eyes,
And in the mid-air we seemed, ether-fed with unspeakable visions,
And there was none save us twain in the lands or the seas or the skies !"

Meanwhile Hyacinth's mother dies, the house is reduced to awful silence.

"This is the riddle of death: while she lived no such reverent seeming
Silkened our ways. She is dead, and we whisper, move softly and weep,
As if our delicate walking would rhyme with the peace of her dreaming,
As if the music of whispers would deepen the hush of her sleep."

Hyacinth is recalled to home by this calamity, and Magdalen is struck by a strange dislike to the meeting, for she is haunted by the feeling that the soul

of the mother, now fully acquainted with all her meanness, is looking down with unutterable scorn into her inmost heart. She dares not meet the girl she has injured. A wild fit of mingled remorse, self-loathing, despair of attaining the peaceful virtue of other women drives her forth into the bush ; there the whisper comes to her that with death would descend rest from this strife, and also a possibility of restored happiness for Hyacinth.

"I do remember that once in my wanderings I noted a lakelet,
Strangely sequestered, and high on a ridge unfrequented and steep,
Green things drank lovingly of it, and lightly in many a flakelet
Floated shed tribute of lilies thereon, a sweet refuge—and deep.

"Thither I'll hie me, and lay down my burden of sin and of sorrow ;
Cast me therein with one instant and ultimate thrill of release:
And the great world shall go round to renewing of days, but to-morrow
I shall be deep in the heart of the hills at the centre of peace."

But as she makes her way to this lakelet a thunder-storm causes a tree to fall upon her. She is brought back delirious with fever, and after many days of unconsciousness wakes to find Hyacinth beside her as her tender nurse. But during her illness, as no one had expected her to recover, her desk had been examined to discover the address of her friends, and the love-letters so perfidiously received and kept back are found there all untouched. Hyacinth, of course, at once divines the circumstances, but her father at the same time learns of her love for Raymond, who is a convict's son, and swears that such a union shall not be. Magdalen, stung by the gentle pity of Hyacinth, can bear the house no longer, but it is a long time ere she is well enough to quit it. Then she resolves to leave, hoping that, though never can peace exist within her bosom, still she may remove her blighting presence from the home of the three innocent girls, and that in after years the love of Raymond and Hyacinth may be renewed and consummated, in spite of the father's determination. But as she is preparing to leave, a new complication offers, for the father, as much under the spell of her fascinations as anyone, proposes to

marry her. She makes use of her influence to secure his consent to the union of the young people, who, by a very natural revulsion of feeling, are drawn to one another again after their long estrangement. But Magdalen herself has no need to deliberate about her acceptance of the father's offer. The hand of Death is on her, and she feels it.

"No sleep for joy! When he brought them
together and blessed them in union,
There was a note in my heart that rang
death. As I write, once again
Quivers the welcome vibration that rings in
the heavenly communion.
Oh, thou that comest, come quickly,
triumphant o'er death and o'er pain!"

And truly enough had she divined,
euthanasia, the easy departure from sin
and woe—gave her an instant release.

"Chose its own time,
Gave little warning,
Said not 'good night,' but in a brighter
clime
Bade her 'good morning.'"

There can be no doubt that this poem forms the noblest, and certainly the best sustained, effort of the Australian muse. It appeared in 1871, and was reviewed with much favour by the English Press, but, as usually happens unless a poet has a clique, or at any rate a good following of personal admirers at his back, the poem pleased those whose business it was to read it, but those not so specially impelled to its perusal never gave it the chance to interest them, and so for a long time it seemed to drop out of sight. But not wholly so, and the few who really held by their faith in it as a work of genuine merit have begun to see it of late years attain the place in the estimation of the colonial public that it well deserves.

In 1873 Mr. Stephens published in Brisbane his humorous poem, "The Godolphin Arabian." It contains 384 stanzas of that kind made familiar to us by Byron in his "Don Juan," and, like that wonderful work, is a medley of satire, pathos, gay frivolity, and earnest eloquence, the lighter elements, however, decidedly preponderating. The story is said on the title-page to be "manipulated from the French prose of Eugene Sue." It relates how a fine Barb horse, that had been presented to

King Louis of France by the Bey of Tunis, was found to have so untamable a temper that nothing could be done with him, and he was sold to a carter who worked him unmercifully, and beat him almost to death. A worthy old Quaker, seeing the poor brute being smashed at a brutal rate by his equally bad tempered master, bought him for a trifle out of compassion, and took him, as well as Agba, his dwarf attendant, over to England. There he knocked the stable servants insensible, and bit and tore them furiously, till the Quaker was forced to sell him to a horse-dealer, who vainly tried to break his spirit; finally the horse passed, for twenty pounds, into the possession of Lord Godolphin, and in his stables became the father of one of the most celebrated of English racehorses. Whence it came about, that this once despised Barb became the ancestor of all the most admired thoroughbreds of England. The following two stanzas are average specimens of the versification:

"Rise!" cried the Quaker, deeply scandalised.
"Tis God alone the creature may adore."
(Here Agba dropt the great-coat skirt, surprised,
He never had been checked like this before).
'Look at the horse and be thou well advised,
From henceforth thou shalt never quit him more.
Show thyself faithful, follow my directions;
But drop, oh drop, these impious genuflexions.'

"But habit's second nature; and the mute
Learning such prospects for himself and steed,
In Oriental custom resolute,
Paid small attention to the Quaker's creed.
In lowlier transports still he seized his foot,
And pressed it to his brow, which servile deed,
By way of showing how he idolized him,
Far from exalting, very near capsized him."

After the publication of this decidedly entertaining and clever piece of versification, Mr. Stephens became recognised as the leading *litterateur* of Queensland, and was a constant contributor to the columns of the local journals, notably of the *Queenslander* and the *Brisbane Punch*. Not that he found it possible to support himself by literature; these labours were more by way of recreation than as a means of subsistence, and his humorous pieces

were written after the close of the heat and worry of daily toil in a Brisbane State school, in which he was employed. Eventually he became the headmaster of one of the largest schools in that city, and after a heavy day's exertion in the duties of that position he would wander down to the Johnsonian Club in the evening, wherein to fire off a few jokes, or read his last new verses. In 1876 he married and began to gather round him the cares of a family, since when he has not indulged in poems of so great length; but his numerous contributions to the periodicals of Australia have been, though short, admirable of their kind. In 1880 a collection was published of these scattered pieces, containing some verses that had already become widely popular, such as "My Chineese Cook," "My Other Chineese Cook," "To a Black Gin," "To a Piccaninny."

Half the volume consists of pieces of the Bret Harte vein, distinguished by a genial humour, sometimes crossing the line that divides humour from burlesque, written in language that seems easy and unstudied, and often marked by slang and colloquial turns of expression, but constantly interesting from the liveliness of the style and the comicality of the rhymes.

There are, however, many poems of a much higher cast. "For My Sake" was written in aid of the Children's Hospital in Brisbane. It concludes with these verses:

"Lord, when sought we out the children that
did languish?
When put forth the hand to make their
burden light?
Lord, we wist not when they lay on beds of
anguish,
And we slept throughout the watches of
the night.

"For our lives were full of trouble and of
labour,
And the night followed hard upon the
day:
Had we lingered with the children of our
neighbour,
Our own little ones had perished by the
way."

And to these the answer is given:

"Inasmuch as though you might not touch nor
tend them,
Ye were with them in your love to heal
and save,—

And were hands and feet to those who did
befriend them,
By the gold and by the silver that you
gave.

"Find your treasure where your ransomed
ones have hid it,
Take it back a thousandfold for your
reward,
As ye did it unto these, to me ye did it,
Enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

There are not many poets of this generation who could write lines so musical as the following taken from "Spirit and Star," which seems to be an allegory representing the distress of a mind that has lost that faith which was once as a star of light and peace, and that cannot find any substitute with which to be contented.

"Once on a time to me was given
The fairest star in the starry heaven,—
A little star to tend and to guide,
To nourish and cherish and love as a bride.
Far from all great orbs, alone,
Even to few of the angels known,
It moved; but a sweet pale light on its face
From the sapphire foot of the throne of
grace,
That was better than glory and more than
might,
Made it a wonder of quiet delight.
Still must I wander, Oh God, how far?
I have lost my star, I have lost my star!

"On sleepless wing I have followed it
Through the star-sown fields of the infinite,
And where foot of angel hath never trod,
I have threaded the golden mazes of God.
I have pierced where the fire-fount of being
runs,
I have dashed myself madly on burning
suns,
Then downward have swept with shuddering
breath
Through the place of the shadows and shapes
of death,
Till sick with sorrow, and spent with pain,
I float and faint in the dim inane!
Must I yet wander, Oh God, how far?
I have lost my star, I have lost my star!

"Oh could I find in uttermost space
A place for hope, and for prayer a place,
Mine were no suit for a glittering prize
In the chosen seats of the upper skies—
No grand ministration, no thronéd height
In the midmost intense of unspeakable light:
What sun-god sphere, with all dazzling beam,
Could be unto me as that sweet sad gleam.
In the whispers that tremble from sphere to
sphere,
Which the ear of a spirit alone can hear,
I have heard it breathed that there cometh a
day,
When tears from all eyes shall be wiped
away,
When faintness of heart and drooping of
wings,

Shall be told as a tale of olden things,
 When toil and trouble and all distress
 Shall be lost in the round of blessedness.
 In that day when dividing of loves shall
 cease
 And all things draw near to the centre of
 peace,
 In the fulness of time, in the ages afar,
 God, oh God, shall I find my star?"

The "Story of a Soul" and "The Angel of the Doves," are exquisitely worded, and are poems of a very high order of merit. Those who desire to know something of our Australian poetry should procure the volume and read them. "In a Bus," is a humorous poem of recent production. It begins thus:—

"A quarter of a century ago,
 Just such a face as this upon me shone,
 And in a 'bus too:
 And then, as now, it was the warm spring-
 tide;
 And then, as now, there was no soul inside
 Excepting us two.

"Ah! how this present beauty's counterpart
 Woke instant tumult in my fluttering heart,
 Pain, pleasure, blended!
 Yet this one is as beautiful as that,
 Dear me! why don't my heart go pit-a-pat,
 Now, as it then did.

"One glance of those bright eyes and all was
 o'er,
 I wished to die; at least I cared no more
 For life without her.
These glancing on me now, are quite as fair
 Yet strange to say I do not seem to care
 One bit about her."

The poem finishes thus:—

"So I may gaze on her, and gaze my fill . . .
 D'ye know, I think I'm somewhat human
 still;
 I like her—rather.
 But, Oh! how things are changed from what
 they were!
 For all she is so fair, I feel to her
 Just like a father.

"She dowers me with a smile from lip and
 eye,
 And while I wonder what she meaneth by
 The sweet endowment,
 'Please pass my fare,' comes from her
 beauteous lips,
 And as I take the coin our finger tips
 Meet for a moment.

"A thrill! a thrill! I do declare a thrill,—
 Upon my honour, I believe I'm still
 Intensely human!
 I pause and ponder what I mean to do,
 Methinks I'd better scuttle home unto
 My own old woman."

It is a singular thing that though Mr. Stephens is most popularly and widely known by pieces of very free-and-easy versification, in which a slang word seems to be chosen by preference if it happens to come in at all suitably, he gives the reader of his complete volume the impression of a scholarly man of fastidious taste and much elegance of feeling. His long poem "Convict Once" is without a faulty line so far as rhythm, rhyme, and felicity of expression are concerned, and in the more serious of his shorter pieces he exhibits a wonderful lyric power. It is only in the pages of our great masters that lines like his, so melodious, so insinuating in their sweetness, yet so exalting to the mind of the reader, can be met with and enjoyed. I do not credit Mr. Stephens with all the qualifications of a first-class poet, but in the poetical work which he has attempted he has shown a singular command of those mysterious resources which enable the poet to open the usually fast-shut recesses of the reader's heart. There are few lines or expressions that linger on the ear as some of Kendall's do. There is none of that virile fire, bursting ever and anon into passion, that stamps Gordon as a writer of uncontrollable poetical genius. But for calm thoughtful verse, dignified by a genuine flavour of poetical exaltation, and worked up into a most delicate and graceful finish, we owe our admiration to Brunton Stephens. He yet lives and writes. If he is a genuine poet, as we think him to be, it is to be expected that only in the future, when he himself is gone from the midst of it all, will his reputation shine out at its fullest. But let us hope that Australia will place him during his remaining years more distinctly among her honoured men than she has done in the past.

JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NIGEL AND GILBERT.

Gilbert Vanborough was in his studio. Merle had gone out with some friends for the day, but her husband had excused himself from accompanying her. He had been moody and depressed for some time, and the previous day—Clarice's wedding-day—had been a time of torture to him. Merle almost wondered to see how irritable any mention of it made him, although he again and again professed himself perfectly satisfied with the arranged marriage. On the wedding-day itself his irritability had arisen into positive agitation and bodily discomfort; and Merle had been almost pleased when he informed her that he meant to spend the following morning quietly at home instead of escorting her and some of her Scotch friends in their round of sight-seeing.

He had expected a letter from his father to say that the wedding had gone off satisfactorily; but no such letter had arrived. This silence did not much disturb him; he thought it probable that he should receive the letter later in the day, but he was full of apprehension for Clarice's future, and of remorse for his own share in the disposal of it. His hand was almost too unsteady for painting; but he lounged about his studio with his pallet and brushes, and occasionally added a few touches to his picture of "Golden Gwendolen," which stood half finished on the easel; looked at the clock, and wondered when the letter from Charnwood Manor would arrive.

It was half-past eleven when a servant brought him a card. Gilbert took it carelessly, and then threw it from him

with an involuntary gesture of disgust and dismay. The name on the card was "Nigel Tremaine," and below it these words were written in pencil—"Can I see you alone for a few minutes on business?"

"The gentleman's waiting, sir," said the servant, respectfully, when five minutes had passed and his master still stood frowning at the carpet, with his brushes in one hand and the other thrust into his pocket. Gilbert started and spoke irritably.

"Let him wait. I can't see him to-day. Say I'm engaged."

The man went down, but presently returned with an anxious face.

"The gentleman says his business is important, sir. He does not mind waiting, but he begs to know when you will be disengaged."

Gilbert was still standing in the same attitude, as if absorbed in thought. He looked round hastily, moved a step towards the door, then back again. He was thinking.

"Of course he has come to make a fuss about Clarice. I thought he was safe in South America. I dare say he was just too late for the wedding, or something of that sort. There is no getting out of it, I suppose. Show Mr. Tremaine upstairs," he said, abruptly.

Surrounded by the signs and implements of his profession, Gilbert felt himself less at a disadvantage than usual. One change in the room he made. He lowered a blind over one of the windows, so that the clear north light was considerably obscured. In the picturesque gloom thus obtained he thought that any slight change

in his own countenance would be undiscernable. He feared Nigel Tremaine almost as much as he hated him.

He had laid down his brushes. He was standing in the middle of the room, unconsciously looking as though he expected an attack to be made upon him, when Nigel entered. The attitude was significant, and, though he changed it in a moment, it was not lost upon Nigel, whose perceptions were of the quickest.

"Ah, Tremaine, so you have come back to England," he said, carelessly.

"I can well believe that you did not expect me so soon," Tremaine answered, looking him coldly in the face.

Gilbert had half extended his hand, and drawn it back hurriedly, wondering whether Nigel had seen the gesture. Certainly he made no attempt at a friendly greeting of any kind. It was evident, Gilbert thought, that a quarrel was impending. It was a bore. He and Tremaine had always hated each other, but hitherto they had kept up all the forms. Now he foresaw that he should shortly have to ring the bell and tell his servant to show Mr. Tremaine out at the front door, and not to admit him again. He had always known that there would be a row about Clarice when Nigel came home.

"Won't you sit down?" he said languidly, turning a little aside.

"No, thank you. I came to bring you some news, which I think cannot yet have reached your ears."

"Clarice's marriage, I suppose? Were you present?"

"I reached Charnwood Church yesterday morning at ten o'clock."

"Ah, just as the wedding party would arrive. Did it go off well?" Gilbert asked, uneasily; but he felt as though he were standing upon the edge of a precipice.

"The marriage did not take place," said Tremaine, with slow gravity. "Your sister is still at home with your father."

"How? Why? What happened? Did *you* prevent the marriage?"

"To some extent I did. I interposed in time to save your sister, Gilbert Vanborough, from a very miser-

able fate. Constantine Jacobi has a wife still living."

"A wife still living!"

Gilbert ejaculated these words with horror-stricken emphasis, then sank into a chair bewildered and helpless. He was not in the least prepared for this revelation.

Nigel looked down upon him in silence. His fair face was calm and a little hard; his bright blue eyes were cold as ice. He even lifted his eyebrows over Gilbert's horror. He was inclined to think that Gilbert knew Jacobi's character well enough to have had good reasons for opposing the marriage if he had chosen to do so. He waited until Gilbert spoke again.

"How do you know?" said the young man, fiercely, at last. "What business have you to interfere? Who told you that his wife was living?"

"A man who has news of her every Christmas. Jacobi himself, I believe, has not seen her for some years. He professes himself ignorant that she is alive. I do not know whether this is the truth or not. At any rate, I know, on good authority, that he deserted his wife in a peculiarly cowardly way during a shipwreck—saving himself and leaving her to perish—when they were on their way from England to America. He was then flying from a French prison, to which he had been condemned for murder."

Gilbert, sitting with his face bent upon his hands, and his elbows supported by his knees, gave a little start at the word. Nigel resumed quietly—

"I do not know how he employed himself for the next few years. I do know that he appeared near Buenos Ayres a year ago last September, and that after living and working near us for some time, he was discovered in the tent occupied by myself and Geoffrey, trying to rob us. I grappled with him but he was armed. He wounded me here in the arm and side. Geoffrey finally rushed in and secured him. He was ignominiously expelled from the camp next day, and narrowly escaped with his life."

"Are you sure of this? Can you prove it?"

"I am sure enough of it. About the proof there is one difficulty."

"A difficulty?" said Gilbert, eagerly. "What is that?" He lifted up his head and looked Nigel in the face for the first time since the beginning of the interview. "Is it an insuperable one?" he said, almost as though he hoped it would be insuperable.

"It is this difficulty. Your brother Geoffrey and a certain doctor in America are the only persons who seem to be able to prove the facts entirely; failing, of course, the wife herself. The doctor could identify him as the Constantine Jacobi, whose name was really Vallor, who deserted his wife upon the wreck. He could also certify that the wife was alive last Christmas twelvemonth, and, I believe, this Christmas also. But he is in South America. Geoffrey could identify him, if he saw him, as the man who robbed and attacked me. I did not see the man's face myself, because I became insensible when I was stabbed. That man called himself Vallor in South America. Keep that in mind; there is somewhere a man known as Constantine Jacobi, who is also known as Constantine Vallor, or Sebastian Vallor; he varies the name now and then. We know that this Vallor, or Jacobi, married, curiously enough, a cousin of the Darenths of the Hillside Farm. That relationship might explain his coming to Charnwood at all. Whether, however, the Jacobi whom you know is the Vallor whom Geoffrey knows, could only be certified if they met face to face. And Geoffrey—"

"Geoffrey is in South America," said Gilbert, hastily.

"No, Geoffrey is at Charnwood."

Nigel had fastened his eyes upon Gilbert's dark, beautiful face, in order to mark every change of colour or expression that passed over it. And the changes were striking indeed. First it turned a ghastly white—so white that his observer feared that he was going to faint; then a deep red flush crossed it, together with a strange convulsive twitch of pain. He started up and crossed the room to the hearth, where he leaned his elbow upon the mantelpiece, and his head upon his hand. He said nothing. It seemed as if the news he had heard had deprived him of the very power of speech.

"Geoffrey is at Charnwood," Nigel proceeded quietly, "but he can identify nobody at present. We came home on purpose to protect Clarice (as her father and brother would not do so), and to stop the marriage; but when we were almost at our journey's end, he met with an accident which has left him insensible ever since. Until his recovery—if, indeed, he ever does recover—or unless Doctor Burnett Lynn comes from Buenos Ayres, I cannot absolutely *prove* anything."

"Then why do you come and talk about it?" said Gilbert, with sudden savageness. "Why don't you let matters rest, instead of stirring up old stories which may possibly turn out to be mere strings of lies?"

"Let matters rest?" said Nigel, with a slight fine intonation of scorn, beneath which Gilbert writhed. "Let even a shadow of doubt rest on the legality of your sister's marriage?"

Gilbert was silent.

"Remember, I am sure of proving my case before long. If it were made public—taken into a court of law—we should get our witnesses from America. I should bring Burnett Lynn, (and other persons who knew the man) over to England at my own expense. I would leave no stone unturned to make the truth manifest. And in the end Clarice would be delivered from the persecution of that man. But all this would take time. And meanwhile Sir Wilfred Vanborough refuses to accept evidence on my report of it; refuses, after reading a statement drawn up by Burnett Lynn, the man who witnessed Jacobi's behaviour on the wreck, to believe that he was the very Jacobi whom he wishes to make Clarice's husband; refuses beforehand to credit anything that Geoffrey may have to say when he again becomes conscious, on the ground that he is not a trustworthy witness, that he is, as your father says, 'a liar and a thief.' Do you like to hear your brother Geoffrey spoken of in that way?"

The question was put so suddenly and sharply that it seemed completely to unnerve Gilbert. He stammered out something inarticulate and deprecatory; then altered his position a little, and shaded his eyes with one hand, as if he wished to shut out the sight of

the questioner. Nigel went on in his former even and quiet manner.

"Geoffrey may at any moment become conscious. His testimony would settle the matter if your father believed it. I want to have it settled as soon as possible for Clarice's sake."

"If you can get proofs from America I do not see why you need depend so much on Geoffrey's evidence?" said Gilbert, speaking reluctantly.

"It would take three months or more to collect evidence such as would convince your father that Jacobi was not a deeply injured man instead of a scoundrel. What I fear is that in his championship of Jacobi's cause he should, in defiance of social opinion, retain the man about him on the plea that he was not to blame, since, although his wife is living, he firmly believed her to be dead. Now, I do not want to show Sir Wilfred merely that Jacobi is a married man; I want to show that he is brutal, vicious, depraved in every possible way. Unless I prove *that*, I do not believe that Jacobi will be turned out of your father's house."

"What have you to do with his character? If you delay and then prevent the marriage I should think you will have done all you need want to do. It surely does not signify to you whom my father chooses to employ."

There was a restive, insolent tone in Gilbert's voice. Nigel paused for some minutes before he answered, and then his words were spoken more quietly than ever.

"It signifies to me that Clarice should recover from the state in which she is at present; and that she will never do while Jacobi is in the house."

"State! what state? She is nervous and fanciful, that is all."

"Ah! then they have not told you?"

"Told me what?"

"I spoke to her on her wedding morning. I found that she did not know me. She was quiet, gentle, obedient enough, but she had no real knowledge of what went on around her. They—your father and Jacobi, and you, for ought I know—had so harassed her, persecuted her, tormented her, that her mind had for the time

being given way. To all intents and purposes she was mad!"

Gilbert recoiled with a violent start.

"Mad! Impossible! I should have heard."

"You would not have heard," said Nigel, deliberately, while his face blanched slightly, and his eyes took a far-off thoughtful look for some minutes as he recalled the scene at the churchyard gate, and he fancied he could still see Clarice smiling in his face; "you would not have heard, because her condition is not one that calls for remark; and Jacobi, I suppose, was interested in concealing it. I do not know whether she is conscious of what she does; she speaks very little, but this much I do know—that fright, and agitation, and perplexity have driven her beside herself, and that I am perfectly certain she will not recover under present conditions. With kindly treatment, amongst friends, I think she would get better. I do not see how she can—now."

His brow darkened. In spite of his desire to hide the appearance of any sort of emotion, he looked down and sighed involuntarily. Gilbert, who was watching him furtively, now hazarded a suggestion.

"She could visit her friends. She might come here to Merle and me."

"To you?" said Nigel, quietly. "I am not sure that that would be an advantage."

"What, then, do you want?"

"I want Geoffrey's testimony to be received."

There was an instant's silence. Gilbert moved to the table and back, took up an ornament and put it down again. His hand trembled.

"Well," he said at last, almost defiantly, "I suppose it will be received—ultimately."

"But *now*?" said Nigel.

It was evident that Gilbert was growing uneasy, and that he did not know precisely what to say.

"Things can't always be settled off-hand," he said, with an irresolute, uncomfortable sort of manner. "I am very sorry about Clarice, of course; but I suppose we must wait and have the matter cleared up when your friend comes over from America. Of

course the matter must be investigated thoroughly."

"We are both beating about the bush," said Nigel. "You know as well as I do what I mean. I tell you that your father will not accept Geoffrey's account of the matter, because he believes in Geoffrey's dishonesty. If that question were cleared up he would accept it, as one accepts the word of a man who never spoke an untrue word, and never did a mean action in his life. Why should we not clear up that question between us?"

There was a long pause—longer than any that had preceded it. Then Gilbert said, faintly but hurriedly—

"I don't know what you mean."

"No? You don't know what I mean, Gilbert Vanborough, when I ask you—*you*—to clear your brother's name?" And Nigel's low voice grew very stern.

Gilbert turned upon him fiercely, looked into his face with an expression of mingled rage and shame, which haunted Nigel Tremaine for long afterwards, then sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. The look and action were enough. If Nigel had ever felt one doubt as to Gilbert's guilt he could feel none now.

"I call upon you to repair the harm that you have done. Clear your brother at once from the imputations hanging over him; save your sister from a fate that is worse than death; prove yourself—at last—to be a man." Thus spoke Nigel, with the covert scorn and indignation surging up once more in his icy tones. "He has suffered manfully for you; now bear the blame of your own actions for yourself. Why should he bear it?"

But Tremaine's heart sank when the next halting, cowardly, tremulous speech fell from Gilbert's white lips. "He said—he said—he would never tell——"

"He has kept his word," said Nigel, coldly. "All I know I have inferred for myself. It is his silence that told me all."

Gilbert lifted his head; a red spot of colour came into each pale cheek; he breathed fast. "You know nothing, then," he said. "He did not say who—how——"

"Are you going to deny your guilt to *me*?" said Nigel, coolly. "You must have told a great number of lies in your life, Gilbert; I would advise you to spare yourself the trouble of telling them to me."

His scorn roused Gilbert's ire. He felt as he used to feel when he was a boy at school and Nigel had then accused him of meanness and cowardice. In his impotent rage he raised his hand and struck—struck out blindly and feebly—knowing in almost the same moment that such a futile form of resistance would only increase the calm contempt with which Nigel was accustomed to regard his character and his conduct. His hands were mastered at once; Nigel seized his wrists, and quietly forced him back into a seat.

"Don't be a fool, Gilbert," he said, in a coolly contemptuous tone. Then he turned his back to him, and walked round the room a little way. He would, at any rate, give the young man time in which to recover his self-possession. He glanced at the pictures on the walls, mechanically, for his heart was with Clarice, and the uncertainty attendant upon her fate; then looked at the easel and gave a moment's attention to "Golden Gwendolen." Gilbert had put his best work into this picture. The woman's upturned face and "yellow rippling hair" were Merle's, perhaps too distinctly; and in the unfinished sketch of the knight's figure Nigel thought he caught a likeness to Geoffrey which touched him to anger. What! could Gilbert make a picture of the face of the man whom he had wronged so deeply? He turned back to the chair where he had left Gilbert sitting, with a thrill of scorn, and some stern sentence or other upon his lips.

But the words died away into silence as he looked at the bowed figure in the chair. One of Gilbert's crises of pain and faintness seemed to be attacking him; a livid hue overspread his face, his breath came short and brokenly in stifling gasps.

"What can I do for you? Shall I ring?" said Nigel, quickly.

Gilbert nodded. His servant entered, and understood the state of matters at a glance. He took up a

little bottle and poured a few drops of the liquid into a glass, then held it to his master's lips. Gilbert swallowed it with difficulty, leaned back in his chair, and closed his eyes. Nigel looked on in some concern. He had heard of these attacks before.

In a few minutes the servant left the room, and the natural colour began to steal back into Gilbert's face. For some time Nigel kept silence. When at last he began to speak, Gilbert interrupted him.

"Don't you see that I can't bear it? For heaven's sake, leave me alone and go."

Nigel left him alone—that is to say, he did not speak to him for full five minutes. Then he said, steadily, but much less harshly than he had spoken before—

"I must speak to you before I go. I do not wish to distress you. But you would be a happier man, a stronger man in every way, if you could bring yourself to acknowledge to your father what you have virtually acknowledged to me."

"I have acknowledged nothing!" said Gilbert, starting to his feet.

"Nothing, perhaps, in words, but—you know that I understand. It is not the first time that we have stood in this relation to each other, Gilbert. Consider the matter. If the truth is ever discovered, you will have tenfold the shame to bear than if you had honestly and bravely confessed it yourself. It is not too late. Your father would believe your story; he is not likely to believe mine. It will be no use my bringing an accusation against you that I cannot prove. But if you refuse to clear Geoffrey, I warn you that I shall set myself to the task of investigating the matter to the best of my ability, and then I shall spare nobody who stands in his way, and in Clarice's, and in mine."

Gilbert shrank back; the relentless tone was terrible to him. But, as Nigel went on, it softened.

"If you have never done a just and courageous thing in the whole of your life, do it now. If I have never respected you, force me to respect you now. Don't you know how we should value the repentance that would make

you stand forward and save another at your own risk? Don't you know how it would clear away all the misery and misunderstanding which has darkened your father's house for the last year and a half? We shall all be ready to stand by you and help you, even now, if you will speak out, and you would never find a bitter enemy in Geoffrey, even though you had wronged him a hundred times more than you have already done."

Gilbert was silent. His hands were clasped over his face; the tears were oozing out between his long thin fingers. Nigel waited; he even drew near and laid his hand on Gilbert's shoulder. It was for Clarice's sake—for Geoffrey's sake. He could forgive Gilbert even now if only the truth were told.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GILBERT'S DECISION.

The suspense lasted for several minutes. It seemed as if Gilbert had all but made up his mind to end the difficulty by full confession. Nigel, standing beside him, with lips closely set and gravely anxious eyes intently fixed upon him, strained his ears to catch the first broken words that would tell him that his work was done, his aim accomplished. Surely those words would come at last!

Suddenly the young man dashed down his hands and looked Nigel in the face. The tears were still upon his cheeks, his lips were pale and quivering, his eyes full of pathetic entreaty.

Nigel nerved himself to listen quietly. He knew what Gilbert's outbursts of penitence had been in his boyhood. He knew, from the face before him, that the man was not one whit more self-restrained than the boy of earlier days. He knew that the moment of bitter remorse had come at last.

But while he awaited the words that hung on Gilbert's lips, a sudden sound of talk and laughter filled the adjoining room. They could hear women's gay voices—Merle's sweet tones among them; they heard Gilbert's own name repeated more than once. "Where is Mr. Vanborough?" somebody said. "How surprised he will be to see us!"

Some failure in their plans had brought the whole party back to Chelsea hours before the appointed time.

Gilbert started up. He staggered rather than walked to the door of communication between the two rooms, noiselessly slipped the bolt and drew a curtain over the door. Then he came back to Nigel; but with a change of countenance that grieved Nigel's heart.

A moment before he had been humiliated, contrite, almost despairing. Now a look of sudden pride and obstinacy was darkening his face. He stood in the middle of the room and said—nothing.

Nigel looked at him enquiringly.

"It's no use," said the younger man, in hoarse, agitated tones. "I can't tell you anything. I don't know anything."

Then he rested both arms on the mantelpiece and hid his face upon them.

"Will you not think of Geoffrey—of Clarice?" said Nigel, slowly. He could not bear to think that all that emotion, all that stirring of the depths, should go for nothing.

"No, I won't. I won't be coerced into anything. I have others to think of besides Geoffrey."

"Your wife is not a woman who would honour you for a life of falsehood," said Nigel, in clear, cold tones. His tenderness for the brother of Clarice and of Geoffrey was again merging into contemptuous indignation.

"My wife——" Gilbert gasped for breath. "My wife——" and then he said no more. But Nigel saw that he was more afraid of his young wife's scorn than of all the world beside. A long silence fell between them.

"Can I say nothing else to alter your resolution? Have you considered——"

"I have considered, and will consider no more," said Gilbert, passionately. "I know nothing; I can tell nothing. Clear Geoffrey if you can; marry Clarice if you like; I wash my hands of the whole affair."

Nigel was silent for a moment. "I do not often quote Scripture," he said, slowly and coldly. "But you make me think of a certain scene when the judge, who had the power of life or

death, declared himself guiltless of blood, and 'washed his hands before all the people'——"

"Do you mean to insult me?" Gilbert broke out, furiously.

Nigel smiled. There was pain as well as scorn in that haughty curl of the lip, but Gilbert only saw the scorn. It seemed to blast him like the breath of a furnace. He turned white and leaned against the table for support. Then, as if ashamed of his weakness, he turned his back to Nigel, snatched up his paint brushes, and began working at his easel. His hands trembled; his eyes were dim; but any semblance of occupation was better than none.

Nigel took up his hat and prepared to leave the room. But as he passed Gilbert, he could not forbear giving a partial utterance to the thought that had crossed his mind.

"For heaven's sake alter that figure," he said, pointing significantly to the half-finished warrior who held between his hands the fair troubled face of the yellow-haired Gwendolen. "Can you bear to have Geoffrey always before you?—the man whom you have ruined, and whom you must surely hate!"

He went out without any word of farewell, and Gilbert painted on as if he had not heard, until the sound of the closing front door told him that Nigel had quitted the house. Then he laid down his brushes, walked—a little unsteadily—to the door by which Tremaine had left the studio, fastened it securely, and, with a sigh that was almost like a groan, sank down upon a low settee and buried his face in his hands.

Knocks came to the bolted door more than once, and each time he found voice sufficient to beg audibly to be left alone. He knew that, if he did not answer, Merle would think that he had fainted, and would insist upon having the door opened by force; he spoke, therefore, and replied to his servant, and then to Merle herself, that he was busy, that he wanted no luncheon, that he wished to be left quite alone. And Merle, a little anxious, but used by this time to fancies of the kind, went back to her guests and accounted for her husband's absence as best she could.

In those lonely hours Gilbert suffered a deeper misery than anyone could have imagined. Nigel's words had roused the finer side of his nature. His conduct looked blacker in his own eyes than it had ever looked before. Yet all his shame, all his remorse, were unavailing to make him take the one step that would have led him back to peace and happiness. He could not tell his story to his father; far worse would it be to tell it to his wife. He would bear any punishment rather than that. If there had been any means by which he could have regained his lost self-respect; if, by self-inflicted torture, such as was practised in mediæval days, by fasting and vigil, by flagellation and pilgrimage, he could have believed that he made some sort of atonement for his sin, he was in the mood to have practised it without stint. But there was no way—save the old one of truth and justice—by which he could make up to Geoffrey for the wrong that he had done. No self-inflicted punishment on Gilbert's part would clear Geoffrey's character. What was wanted was the courage to rise up and say, "I did this thing; I committed the crime for which my brother was banished from his father's house; I reaped the fruits of his self-sacrifice." And this was the courage that he lacked.

He bore some punishment, however, when he sat with his hands before his face and recalled the words with which Nigel Tremaine had smitten him as with a scourge. One by one the bitter, accusing sentences came back to him, and were echoed by an awakening conscience in his inmost soul. He heard the cold, contemptuous tones with which Nigel had rebuked him; he could see that smile of utter scorn which had seemed to him more terrible than even Nigel's wrath. Oh, if only he could have summoned up courage to tell the truth after all! Oh, if Merle had only kept away ten minutes longer! And then—then—perhaps the worst would have been over now, and he should have known whether Merle would pity or condemn him.

He was weak in body and in soul, and, as he lay face downwards upon

his couch, he lamented his weakness with bitter, ineffectual tears.

Some hours must have elapsed since Nigel's visit, when at last he roused himself, sat up and looked about him with an approach to calmness. The light was fading already; the fire was out; he was chilled and faint. He rose and looked around him. His eyes fell upon the picture to which Nigel had pointed in going out. The likeness to Geoffrey was accidental; the artist had seen it, and meant to alter it. At that moment it seemed to Gilbert to stand out in startling relief, and to sting him with a sense of pain and shame.

He filled a brush with paint, walked up to his easel and contemplated it with a curious mixture of loathing and regret. Then, shivering slightly, as though the cold atmosphere of the room struck home to his very heart, he laid a heavy brushful of colour over the knight's face. In a few moments he had painted it out completely; a patch of white paint had taken the place of the mailed warrior in the picture, and then he uttered a long-drawn, heart-sick sigh, laid down his brush, and unfastened the door of his room. He could remember now what story he had to tell his wife, and he knew that the details he gave her of Clarice's interrupted wedding, of the aspersions thrown on Jacobi's character, and the accident that had happened to Geoffrey, were sufficient in her eyes to account for his long seclusion, and his evident depression and weariness.

Next day she happened to say to him—

"Oh, Gilbert, you have painted out part of your picture."

"Yes," he answered, gloomily. "I was not satisfied."

She remembered the likeness that had struck her as it had struck Nigel, and held her peace.

The next time she entered the studio she saw that "Golden Gwendolen" had been taken down from the easel and turned to the wall. She wondered, but again said nothing. Many days passed by before Gilbert touched pencil or brush again.

Sir Wilfred wrote a long, confused account of the events that had occurred

—a letter which Gilbert read with a great sinking of heart. It was full of bitterness against Geoffrey, of reiterated expressions of his determination not to believe Geoffrey's statements whenever they should be made, of half-veiled threats as to his resolve of exposing and punishing Geoffrey for returning to England against his father's will. It was, on the whole, a foolish letter; but it was a very angry one, and Gilbert thought that he could discern traces of Jacobi's influence in many of the turns of expressions and phrases used.

He was obliged to go down to Charnwood and see his father; but he stayed for as short a time as he could, and made his own weak health a plea for declining to see Clarice at all. He found, to his only half-concealed indignation and astonishment, that Jacobi, though not domiciled at Charnwood, was nevertheless a constant visitor there. He might sleep at the inn, but his whole day was spent with Sir Wilfred at Charnwood Manor.

Gilbert remonstrated in vain. He dared not irritate Jacobi by remonstrating otherwise than feebly, but he did try to represent to him the truth that he ought, for the time being, to efface himself, to go to London or some other place until the scandal against him was cleared up; that the whole neighbourhood would be outraged and indignant at the fact of his presence, under the circumstances, in the same house as Clarice. But Jacobi only snapped his fingers in his face and laughed at him. As long as he was in the house he felt himself master of the situation. There was nothing to be gained by going away. Somebody else might interfere between him and Sir Wilfred, between him and Clarice, in his absence.

Sir Wilfred took a high and mighty tone. The arrangements of his household were not to be interfered with on account of the tattle of slanderous neighbours. If he saw no harm in Jacobi's visits he did not see why anyone else should find fault with them. Besides, Jacobi's visits were paid to him, not to Clarice, who was safely shut up in her own rooms under the care of Mrs. Danvers. The two, he solemnly assured Gilbert, never met.

But when he uttered this last sen-

tence Gilbert caught such a flash of malignant scorn and triumph from Jacobi's eyes that he felt certain that this statement was not true.

He could not investigate the matter. He rose abruptly from his seat and said to himself that he had done what he could. It was not fair that all the burden should be thrown upon him. Sir Wilfred ought to know how to take care of his own daughter.

Jacobi followed him out of the room, and touched him on the arm as they stood together in the passage.

"You are on my side, of course?" he said, with a threatening note in his voice.

Gilbert burst out passionately. "Good God! how can I tell on whose side I am? I wish I were at the bottom of the sea. I only know that I am bewildered—distracted. I never heard that there was madness in our family; but you have already driven Clarice out of her senses, and you will drive me out of mine."

Jacobi's narrow eyes contracted as he looked at Gilbert. He took it for granted that more lay behind these words than what appeared upon the surface.

"Come here," he said, leading the way to the library. "It is not safe to talk so loudly upon the stairs. Now, what do you mean? Who has been talking to you about Clarice? I never said that she was mad."

Gilbert answered moodily. "Do you think I have no information but what you send me?"

"Who has been talking to you about Clarice?" Jacobi repeated, still watchful, still suspicious.

Gilbert hesitated. Then he answered in a sullen, reluctant tone.

"Tremaine."

"Tremaine!"

A livid spasm of fury passed over Jacobi's face. But he resumed, in a mild tone—

"He came to see you in London?"

"Yes."

"And you admitted him?"

"What else could I do? He almost forced his way in. I refused to see him once."

"Will you be kind enough to tell me what he said to you?" said Jacobi,

sitting down at a writing-table, laying his arms before him upon it, and regarding his victim with a look of cool amusement.

Gilbert uttered a furious expletive which he would not have liked his wife to hear.

"All right. You may 'damn' me as much as you like when you have told me all," said Jacobi, showing the tips of his white teeth in a mocking smile. "Don't waste your breath in bad language. What did he say about me?"

It needed very few turns of the thumb-screw to extract from Gilbert all that had passed between him and Tremaine. And it dawned upon Jacobi's mind very soon that his power over Gilbert had been very nearly lost. If that confession which, as he dragged from the young man by a series of searching questions, had been so very nearly made, had once reached Nigel Tremaine's ears, all would have been over with Jacobi and his influence.

"I knew you were a fool," he said to Gilbert, contemptuously. "I did not know you were so big a one."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you see that Tremaine, with all his soft speech, was only leading you on to compromise yourself? He hates you like poison. I've heard him talk about you."

"You have? When? Is that story about the robbery in the tent true, then?" said Gilbert, sharply.

"Of course it is not. You know that I told you the real story when I first came here," said Jacobi, in a more conciliatory tone. "Never mind how I happened to hear. He made no secret of his opinion of you. He raked up a lot of old stories about your schoolboy days, I remember. You managed to put something on your brother's shoulders then, didn't you, eh?"

A look of miserable pain and humiliation passed over Gilbert's face. He turned away.

"You need not remind me of that," he said.

Jacobi stared, then burst into a low laugh.

"You don't mean to say that you are still in the penitent frame of mind?"

The only fault I find with you in these matters is that you are such a bungler. You don't half do your work, either one way or the other. It would be easier for *me* if you would make up your mind what you mean to do. If you are going to give yourself up and go to prison for some absurd fancy about clearing Geoffrey—who doesn't care a straw about the matter, or he would never have come back to England in this cool fashion—why then say so, and I shall know what to do. But if you are wanting to keep your character, you had better hold your tongue."

Gilbert was silent, but Jacobi inferred from his flushed, irresolute countenance, that he was capable of being led or driven into obedience.

"You had better not see Tremaine again," he said, carelessly. "He will trap you into some damaging admission, and, for all you know, plant witnesses within hearing, then use it against you. Of course he will have no mercy on you now."

"No," said Gilbert, recalling some of Tremaine's words with a shiver. "He will spare no body who stands in Geoffrey's way, in Clarice's, in his own."

"Did he say so?"

Gilbert nodded assent.

"Then you will be an idiot if you don't keep him out of your house."

"I will," said Gilbert, heavily.

"You are sure of your own power to do it? Would Sir Wilfred be justified in sending Clarice to your house for a month or two—with Mrs. Danvers, of course? You would not admit Tremaine?"

"Certainly not, with Clarice in the house."

"And, of course, I should see her when I chose?" He spoke so much as if this would be the natural course of events that Gilbert was fain to answer, weaker—

"Of course."

"I will talk to Sir Wilfred about it, then. I suppose you don't object to having her? She is not out of her mind at all, you know; that is one of Tremaine's lies; but she is nervous, and fanciful, and a little sulky. She would be better away from Charnwood."

Gilbert did not feel himself at liberty to make any objection. Seeing that he was vanquished, Jacobi left him and returned to his post in Sir Wilfred's study.

He did not count, however, upon Gilbert's doing a thing which he would most resolutely have opposed. After a little consideration the young man ordered the carriage, wrapped himself up in furs, and drove to the Hillside Farm. He could not get any satisfactory account of Geoffrey's state from Jacobi, and wanted to make some enquiries for himself.

The men belonging to the Darenths were out. Patty received him with many curtseys. She was glad to see Mr. Gilbert. It looked more respectable to have some member of the Vanborough family coming to the farm, when everybody knew that Sir Wilfred would not receive his eldest son into his own house. She would hardly have consented to help in nursing him at the farm, but for the very handsome remuneration which the Tremaines insisted upon giving her, and which she accepted in complete disregard of Joan's wishes and of Reuben Darenth's express commands.

Gilbert was conducted to the airy, spacious room which Madame Vallor had once occupied, and which had now been appropriated to his brother's use. Joan stood up and curtsied as he came in. She had been sewing quietly at Geoffrey's bedside. Gilbert bestowed some slight salutation upon her, and then turned his eyes upon the bed. It was a great shock to him to recognise

his brother in the pallid, unconscious face, the prostrate, silent figure, which was all that seemed to remain of Geoffrey Vanborough.

"Has he been unconscious all these days?" he said.

"Yes, sir," Joan answered. "The doctors do not seem to know exactly what kind of injury it is. Doctor Ambrose speaks of pressure on the brain, and they are not certain about his spine. At any rate, he lies there unconscious day after day, and they seem to be able to do nothing." A sorrowful fall of her voice at the end of her sentence was lost upon Gilbert. He was looking at his brother's face, and thinking of the many times when Geoffrey had helped him out of difficulties or saved him from disgrace.

Presently Joan left the room. She did not doubt that he would like, in his brotherly affection, to be for a time alone with Geoffrey.

Gilbert looked at him long and sadly.

"What a brute—what a fool—what a coward I am!" he murmured to himself. "If I had any manliness left in me—but it is too late now."

A hot tear fell upon the sick man's unconscious face.

"I shall never see him again, perhaps," he said, as he turned to go. "I did not say good-bye to him before." And then he stooped down and pressed his lips to his cold forehead. "I would to God, Geoffrey," he murmured, "that you and I could change places now."

(To be continued).

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased with doing good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return. Virtue does still
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good and hope reward;
Above the worthless trophies man can raise,
She seeks not honour, wealth, nor airy praise,
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

—Rowe.

MISERS AND MILLIONAIRES.

By JAMES HINGSTON.

It was a surprise to all of Jones' friends to find, on his death, that he had left fifty thousand pounds' behind him. No likelihood of such startling news of him had been apparent in the man. He looked and lived as one more likely to leave fifty pounds only or something sufficient to pay for his funeral, his grave, and its headstone. How he acquired such wealth was puzzling to those who had little notion of the reproductive powers of money, nor what wonders can be done in that way—as in others—by those “giving their minds to it.”

Jones had been a steerage passenger to Australia in the early days of the Fifties. He had been attracted thither with many thousands of others, by the good news of the gold diggings. Having done his quota of futile labour there, and so lost what little money he had brought with him, he had to try fortune-making in a less direct way than the digging up of the raw material. He had come down to the metropolis and obtained a situation there as a clerk. He never shifted from the one office into which he then went and where he continued until his death. His salary, it is true, had been twice increased, but there was nothing in it at any time that promised much for saving. All who knew him were therefore driven to draw their own conclusions as to the why and wherefore of his wealth.

Among the characters who go to make up a world are misers. They are of all grades—from the beggar in the street to those who go to swell the list of millionaires. The miser is, to any philosophical thinker, as also to any right thinker, much misunderstood by the generality of the world; as a consequence he is often much maligned. In that respect he stands not alone, for the world is foolishly prejudiced against many of its bene-

factors. It snarls now, as it did of old, against those who set it examples of self-denial, and derides, as selfishness, that which denies self for the benefit of others. Hence dislike, contempt, and ridicule, are given to those single individuals who leave hoards of wealth for the good of many.

Dismissing the Eastern world belief in Fate, we have proof enough that we are not so much as we imagine masters of ourselves and our doings. Our physical constitutions are determined in their characters before we enter the world. Every doctor will tell us the nature of them and also the impossibility of changing them. The bilious, the sanguine, the lymphatic, the nervous and other like scientific names are given to that natural physical condition in which we are introduced to life—a condition which is, then and thereafter, altogether unchangeable. We have to live under such conditions and to enjoy and suffer what they entail upon us. Such a proposition is undeniable, and so commonly admitted as only to be here stated as introductory matter.

In like way with our physical, are our mental and moral natures. They are equally distinct and a thousandfold more varied in character. Education but develops such characteristics and cannot alter them. Singing cannot be taught usefully to those not vocally gifted, nor music to those not endowed with musical talent. To those not mathematically minded the teaching of algebra and geometry is wasted labour. All this is of every day remark and scarcely worth the stating as of universally admitted truth.

We are, in fact, the agents and servants of our particular and peculiar natural endowments. What they incite is what we do, and we are powerless to do otherwise. Talents

of a common order with the many are, in a few, now and again seen to be abnormally developed. Of such phenomena are the "calculating boys" of whom we often read and hear. Calculation is with them scarcely an effort. A poet has told us that as a child "he lisped in numbers for the numbers came," so with the born calculator. Into a London tavern's parlour, in which I once sat, there came a half-ragged boy of fourteen or thereabouts. Addressing the company he told them of his calculating power and his readiness to solve, off-hand, any arithmetical question put to him for proof of it. A few pence was all that he expected in return. Various and difficult indeed were some of the problems given to him by those present. His answers to all of them were as readily given as they were correct in detail. An answer was given in one minute to this query: "If this tumbler contains a thousand drops, and a drop and a quarter be dropped every second and a half, what time will be taken in emptying the glass?" Education devoted to the cultivation of such an unusually developed natural power might have, in time, made a Galileo or Kepler of this poor waif of the streets.

The great formulator of the doctrines of Christianity recognises this controlling power of our nature. He tells us—"for what I would, that do I not, but what I hate, that do I." If St. Paul has so disposed of the question of our free will it need not be further discussed. An inventive brain can no more resist inventing than a hen can avoid laying eggs. A singer must sing, and a Burns bring forth poetry—so doing that for which they were each sent into the world. It is the function of the bee to make honey, and to hive it up. Those born with an acquisitive nature will do but similarly. There is no more difference in the acquiring and storing up of money than in the constantly gathering and hiving of honey.

Yet the bee is not scouted, flouted, and condemned for its acquisitiveness, and wherefore should the man be so treated who acts only as instinctively as does the insect? The bee is no more peculiar among insects than are acquisitive and saving men among humanity.

An abnormally developed calculating power gives us a Newton and a Leibnitz, for whom the world should be largely thankful. Unusually developed acquisitive powers give us misers and millionaires, who are the means of great good to a world which contemptuously regards their self-denial, and derides the persistent exercise of what is but their irresistible natural vocation.

The list of misers is a long one, and of none can it be said that they were not harmless men. Ascetics are revered and canonised, and what else is a miser but a recluse, who is only less pretentious and vain than the religious fanatic? They both alike relinquish the gaieties and the pleasures of the world. A life of like self-denial and mortification distinguishes each, and why should respect, reverence, and worship be given to one and the reverse of these feelings be reserved for the other? Is it that the ascetic and religious fanatic do more good for the world and for their fellow-men? Did Simeon Stylites, by passing his days perched upon a tall column through summer's heat and winter's frost, do any good for the world? Did he do the good which has been done by any one in a score of those misers, who have left their wealth to found hospitals, endow useful charities, stimulate and reward students, and assist in labours beneficial to humanity?

A religious fanatic makes his religious eccentricities minister only to his vanity. His god is vanity, and his life one of ostentation only. For his useless self-conceit and arrogance he is elevated to saintship, and canonised for our admiration and adoration. It is a sneer against misers that they make money their god, whereas the truth is that they make it only a means of doing good for others, and not to themselves. A life of self-denial and of the most arduous labour is passed by all misers, and the fruits of their long toil benefit only those to whom they leave it. It cannot be said that a miser was ever a vain man, or one ostentatious of his wealth. The converse of that is always seen in his being found to be of quiet unobtrusive life, and of retiring and reclusive habits. The reason for which

is obvious enough to all reasonable beings. The miser is an afflicted man—burdened by nature with an abnormal faculty for acquisition and saving. Against this it is useless for him to fight. Happiness in life lies for him, as with all us, only in obeying the instincts of his nature. He may, like St. Paul, be aware of the weakness of his character—that he is doing daily and for a long lifetime that which profiteth him nothing, and that he is sacrificing the pleasures of life as enjoyed by those around him, for the benefit of others. All this may haunt him as matter for remorse by day and night, but he cannot alter his nature. He must act as he is acted upon. It is conceivable that all misers have such remorseful feelings, as St. Paul had, in doing that which they hate, and for such reasons draw as little attention as possible upon themselves and their way of life.

Peabody, who so nobly bestowed his wealth for the benefit of the poor, is scarcely an exceptional instance. He never married, nor ever had the cares and pleasures of a home and housekeeping. He lived as a lodger only in the houses of others. It was remarked of him that he had never in the course of his life been assessed for municipal rates, and so qualified as a voter. His parsimonious habits throughout life enabled him at the end of it to act in a princely manner with his wealth. That he gave it away in his lifetime in place of leaving it by his will is as nothing to the argument. He parted with it only in advanced age, when he knew that his end could not be far off. Is there any one who will deny the right of this acquisitive and parsimonious man—this self-denying and money-saving benefactor—to the admiration of the world? It has, in fact, been given to him in the honours paid to his memory.

Supposing that Peabody had acted otherwise than he did in disposing of his wealth he would then have acted only as most misers do. The little ostentation of giving away wealth in his old age, instead of by his will, was all that secured such honours as were given to the good old man. Misers like the founders of three of London's greatest

charities might have acted similarly, and secured the world's admiration in their declining days. They had, however, no such desire. "Fame," says Bacon, "is the last great weakness of a noble mind." These men, miserable misers if you will, had noble minds free from such weakness. What fame they might acquire by the munificent charities founded by their long-hoarded wealth, was left as of the things to come after death. To experience it in their lifetime was what Bacon calls "a weakness," which they successfully conquered.

It is a truth undeniable, and perhaps a pity that it should be so, that there is no avocation which can be more harmlessly followed than the acquisition of money. There is, to the thinking of the world, as shown by its doings, no pursuit so commendable as the getting of it. To get money is, unfortunately perhaps, the primary lesson of our lives, and mainly made the object of life with the large majority of all of us. The miser, with his abnormally developed acquisitive powers, does but show us the way of most effectually doing so. It is of our envy, and as showing the littleness of our poor human nature, that we sneer at one who, by amplifying the example we are all following, shows us what we pharisaically consider an unflattering picture of our fashion of civilisation. What are our ways of civilisation but the killing of ourselves to make money, and that too often, as we daily see, for the demoralisation of those to whom it has, at last, to be left?

All this has been by way of exordium on the case of Jones, and the wealth he accumulated and bequeathed. He had clearly enough, to his acquaintances, been a miser, and I had to hear him stigmatised as such. All that might have been said to his good was broken up and triturated away in that one word "miser." Had it been discovered that he had committed crimes he could not have been less respectfully regarded. Had he died prematurely, with life and fortune wasted in sensual excesses, or heavily in debt through extravagance and folly, he would have been looked upon as

a good fellow. "Nobody's enemy but his own," and the like, would have been of the remarks made about him. Had it been discovered that he lived a life of false pretences and embezzled money heavily for such a purpose, he would have been probably admired as a "clever fellow"—in the common way of the world's regard.

But Jones was, to my thinking, both a good fellow and a clever one. Nobody's enemy, and not his own either, he had lived a life that pleased himself and was in accordance with his natural instincts. With the world constituted of his kind, workhouses and benevolent asylums would not be needed. Prisons might be pulled down, and their cost to the State be devoted to schooling and the boarding out of orphans. "Miser" indeed! Why the man was a philanthropist and a benefactor to his kind, leaving his wealth as he did to charitable purposes. The hiving of his money had been to him as a hobby only, and it were well if all our hobbies were equally harmless to ourselves and as beneficial to others.

This "miser's" life was a very simple one. He lived in a house of his own purchasing. It was let by him on the terms of his being provided for as a lodger by the tenants in place of their paying him any rent. Such was well calculated on his part, no doubt, economically viewed. The cost of the house would not, likely, if left in the banks at interest or invested upon mortgage have brought him fifty pounds a year, while his board and lodging would, likely, elsewhere have cost him much more. His simple tastes were, however, easily satisfied. The plainest table sufficed for him, and in drinking he was almost a teetotaller. When a man is neither gourmand nor gourmet his board costs but little. In other respects, as a lodger, Jones gave, as his landlady phrased it, "no trouble whatever."

His harmless life was passed in the solace of inexpensive studies. Theatres and racecourses had no attractions for him. He was a student of chess and a concoctor of its problems. The flute was the one musical instrument to which he was addicted, beyond which music seemed to have no charms for

him. An emigrant, and without family ties, he kept no company nor made many acquaintanceships. Long walks were his delight, and scarcely a week passed but he had to tell of some new route he had taken, or of something novel now found in one of his previously-taken rambles.

The library and reading rooms had much of his spare time. His memory was particularly good and afforded his acquaintances many instances of his extensive and well remembered readings. Of money or money making no one ever heard him talk. He would listen quietly when the wealth of others was spoken of and the means of its acquirement detailed. That Brown and Robinson had made lucky hits in this and that thing, and that Smith had cleared so much by such a speculation did not seem to excite him. He appeared not at all envious of fortune's favours, and as not bothering his head about it. We have seen men gnaw their lips with vexation and envy at the good luck of others, but Jones evidently enough did not care for money, or for making any convulsive efforts wanted to acquire it.

At least such was the idea his acquaintances formed about him. His way of money-making was to let money alone, and let it make itself. We lose most of our money in playing with it. We take it out of this or that investment in which it is doing well and put it into some other in the expectation of its doing better. When we have lost it we solace ourselves that we "did it for the best." If we are fortunate enough to have a wife and family, then we have an additional excuse for our ill luck.

"Yes," we say, "the money was doing very well in that investment, but we have a wife and family, and must do our best for them. Letting it lie where it was would have been dealing with it as old maids do. We were bound, for our wife and family's sake, to do something better."

Jones was satisfied to do well with his money and left it to others to do better. He dealt with it as he would with eggs placed under a sitting hen. He knew that the eggs must remain there for a time and that they would so

fructify, if let alone. He knew also that he could not expect such result if he moved them elsewhere. He might have made immediate money by the sale of them, but then he saw in the future the chickens to come and the fowls to follow. Also the eggs to follow the fowls, and then the large increase of further chickens to be got from the future fowls sitting on the eggs in futurity.

So Jones let his money alone when he had placed it out at interest. He took the interest half-yearly, or more often quarterly, and placed that out at interest also. He never speculated in anything, nor bought or sold—beyond the one house on the interest of the purchase money of which he so boarded and lodged. His money, so dealt with, gave him no trouble or anxiety. He doubled every pound in eight years from the time of its investment and quadrupled it in sixteen. He doubted whether the purchase of the house would prove equally remunerative. To keep pace with the other investments he made, he would argue, that the four hundred pounds he paid for it should have brought an increment that he seemed not likely to realise, on house agents' valuations, if it came to a sale.

"I shall buy no more houses or land," he said; "the houses are a bother, and a landlord is, too often, ill treated by tenants. One of Brown's tenants, for instance, because Brown pressed for his rent, shut himself up in the house and burned up all the wood-work, staircases, cupboards and all, and then decamped somewhere up country. As to land, the money lies dead in it—producing nothing. When sold at last, I have known people not get half the money, nor a quarter, that they would have done by putting the cost price out at the interest obtainable on mortgages."

Jones was no usurer or money-lender as the words are understood. He never got more than ten per cent. on any of his investments, and made them all through the hands of respectable agents. He took a year's holiday to visit Europe and some distant relations resident there whom he had never previously seen. Blood may be thicker than

water, but warm feelings for distant relatives are not produced by a casual visit. They are nurtured mostly by intercourse and familiarity. In his will it was therefore no wonder that Jones only left a thousand pounds to be distributed among such relatives as he discovered yet living on this first and only visit of his.

At his death it was found that he had nobly endowed the charities of his adopted city. In that matter the favoured city had been dearer to him than was his native one. Euripides was of that idea when he makes one of the characters of his plays say: "The land in which I have been prosperous is my true country." Jones had lived his span of life, enjoying that sound mind in a healthy body obtainable by simple tastes, regular habits, and the absence of all the feverish excitements which bring so seldom sudden wealth and so often certain ruin. He found no delight in what lavish expenditure could procure, and injured neither himself nor anyone else by his frugal life. The money that he could not use for his benefit he, as a good steward, invested for the benefit of those he deemed most deserving. His acquisitions did not go, as we too often see money go, to the demoralising of those who suddenly obtain wealth in wind-falls.

And yet this man was stigmatised as a miser, and sneered at as such by those who, rightly thinking, should have honoured his memory as a true man and a great benefactor in doing charitable good to those most in need of it.

When living in a London suburb it was my privilege to become acquainted with that very wonderful painter, W. M. Turner. Personally he was a small man, with aquiline nose and blue eyes. He had been reared in a miserably crowded little by-street in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, where his father laboured as a barber. This by-street was called Hand Court, and was—as to any view it afforded—open at the top only, giving thus a prospect of the dull or dun-coloured London sky as the only scenery obtainable by the miserably cooped-up beings living there. Yet it was in this strange locality that Turner developed those

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 the painting which distinguish the work rush. To see his believe that such a feasted his youthful choicest of nature's of looking only upon walls on every side of this home of his.

"Greatness to madness nearly are allied," and thin partitions only are said to divide genius from insanity. Turner's mother became insane in middle life, and closed her days in a lunatic asylum. The melancholia, which in her case developed insanity, tainted the temperament of her son. W. M. Turner was a melancholy and reserved man, devoted entirely to the great art his pictures contribute so much to adorn. It was this devotion to painting which probably saved him from his mother's fate. Hence it was that he got the character of a miser—of a money-grubbing and money-loving man. The stupid world, unable to analyse mental and intellectual character, condemned as a selfish being one who sacrificed all of self to devotion to his great art. One who was enslaved by his own genius, and toiled through his long life to do honour to his profession and his country, and to benefit both by his self-denying labours.

This miserable miser—as he was regarded—lived and laboured in an unpretentious dwelling at Chelsea, leading there a solitary life devoted to great efforts. There was not a trace of meanness in his character beyond what the world miscalls meanness—an utter inability to spend his large earnings on selfish pleasures. The greatness of his soul is seen in his works. They testify to his wonderful perception of the beauties of nature and his passion for the portrayal of them in a manner which has given him the position of monarch of all modern painters. He was an affectionate son—proud of his old barber father, and kindly disposed to all those following his own noble calling. The vast wealth he acquired came to him as a reward for his incessant labour and the genius shown in it. Habit was his master and work was his delight. When his pictures fetched the highest prices paid for modern

paintings he lived and laboured as when only a poor struggling beginner. His work never ceased. He was the veriest prodigal, and no miser, in the expenditure of his powers. The talent given to him by his Maker was put to the fullest use. He was large of heart and soul—hastening to give to the world the semblance of all that he saw was most grand and glorious in it. No one has painted pictures so elevating to the mind as are Turner's. They open to us a world of grand imaginations, and show us what is to be seen by those who have the eye of genius and the desire and ability to leave record of such perceptions.

Yet, when selling a picture for a thousand pounds, Turner would in the evening take it to the purchaser's house, and so incur no expense of portage. If he saved five shillings in doing so, the world benefited by it in his noble bequest of the "Turner Gallery" to the nation, and its accompanying endowment for the benefit and encouragement of the profession he so adorned.

With this honourable mention of two good men, widely differing in talent, but alike in acquisitive disposition, let me, before going to another instance, recall the names of those I have alluded to as other large contributors to London famous charities.

The Foundling Hospital of London is due to the saving instincts while living, and the charitable bequest when dying, of Captain Coram. Like other charities it does not meet all the wants for which it was endowed, but yet its usefulness has been great. Deserted infants cannot now be left at the gate and taken in without question, as was the good captain's intention. Written applications have to be made, and inquiries to follow. Infants are too often refused admission for want of room. The vast increase in value of the endowment of this charity calls for inquiry, and a remodelling of its management, as with many other of the City of London charities.

Guy's Hospital and that of St. Thomas were of the founding of similar "misers" to Jones and Turner; childless men, who thus devoted the acquisitions of a lifetime to what was, in their

philanthropic ideas, the best means of doing the greatest good for the greatest number. To particularise the scores of other instances of the good doings of misers with their money is not here necessary. All tell alike, as in the case of Jones, of men who, endowed with acquisitive instincts, acted as they were acted upon by such conditions of their nature. That they lived long and healthy lives tells of the happiness of them. That they did such great good with their wealth speaks loudly for their clearness of intellect and largeheartedness.

Of another kind of "miser" I have now to write, and of one as little deserving reproach as was Jones. When a financing genius is added to an acquisitive nature, the result is seen in a great financier, and a forthcoming millionaire. I have nothing to say here of the large number of millionaires who, like many of the English aristocracy, inherit their vast wealth. It is of self-made ones only that I would now write. They are of two classes. First, are those who make large fortunes by great enterprises, such as those of Brassey, the deceased railway contractor, and Crawshay, the iron-founder, of Merthyr Tydvil. Secondly, are those, of whom a sample will be now cited—men who attain to large command of money by dealing with it as loan factors, raising their funds by their own unaided talent.

Such was Gilson—as much a freak of nature as was the calculating boy to whom I have alluded. He was the son of one who was strictest of disciplinarians. By the rule of contraries, of which so much is seen in the world, it would be thought likely that the son of such a father would be very different in character. Gilson's brothers did so turn out, but it was very far otherwise with him. He was as strict a disciplinarian as was his father, with a genius all his own. All the financing ability which should have been distributed among the family ran to him, and with him ran to a head. Ran to his head I might say, for never was there one who proved himself more able as a financier. None others of the family could keep money in their possession—their

natures seemed repellant alike to its acquisition and keeping. With him it was all the other way. His hands were seemingly magnetically attractive to the precious metals. Silver and gold came readily to him, and clung to him without seeming effort on his part. It was jokingly said of him that of every shilling coming into his hands elevenpence halfpenny stuck to his fingers.

Most men adapt themselves by the labours of their hands or brains to making money, and others by dealing in goods or manufacturing them. This millionaire took no such secondhand ways to wealth. Money made money with him, and he had no other way of making it. At school and as a clerk he early developed the true instincts of his nature in lending his pocket-money and little earnings at the highest obtainable interest. Three ha'pence for every penny were his terms with his schoolfellows for loans of the short dates intervening to holiday time. As a clerk it was at the rate of a pound for every fifteen shillings for the week, for which a fellow clerk or one of the workmen for the firm might require the little loan.

With wealth so increased came larger opportunities for increasing it. Of olden time we read that the highest commendation was given to that one of the stewards who put his lord's loaned talents to the most productive use. For him who used them not the Scriptures have condemnation only. Never was the praiseworthy steward's example better followed than by this latter-day imitator of it. He became the money factor—the loan agent-general for his fellow-citizens. All in want of money for any legitimate enterprise sought his financial assistance. Contractors for road-making, railways, bridges, and public works needed such aid as he only could afford them. In that way he set up scores of enterprising men, and laid the foundations of their fortunes. He stood in such aspect as a providence for those whom he assisted. He saw that their proposed undertakings were profitable ones. Without money they could not undertake them. He but shared in their profits while

so providing the means for carrying their labours to a successful end.

Of all citizens of the city in which this financing genius lived, none were really greater benefactors to their fellows. Yet because he increased his wealth largely by helping others to do much in the same way, he became stigmatised as a money-grubber. That which others did by retail only, he did by wholesale. Where and when others made but a thousand he made ten. The reason why was obvious enough. He was a born financier, and did that without labour or effort which they toiled at. He never made mistakes or losses, nor was in want of ways and means to profitably employ the thousands and tens of thousands which rolled in upon him. A poor but ingenious man saw his way to a large profit in a contract involving large expenditure. He laid his calculations before this Cræsus, who saw their correctness at a glance. He became surety for the fulfilment of the contract, and paid the heavy deposit required from the contractor. The quarter of a million profit which accrued was equally shared between them, and who will say not deservedly so?

The constantly increasing wealth which so flowed in was as quickly put afloat again—helping everywhere to employ labour and to aid industry and enterprise. As nothing succeeds like success, so nothing breeds money more quickly than money. "More wealth," said Mr. Gladstone lately, "has been accumulated in the world during the last fifty years than was made in the preceding two thousand." Railways and their making have had largely, no doubt, to do with such result, and so has steam in the other aids it has rendered to the modern world. What steam has done is but secondary, however, to what money has been doing. Those having most of it can do the most good. Those best knowing, by natural instinct or experience, how to use money to best purpose, are the greatest benefactors to the world. That they largely increase their own wealth is but a natural consequence, and should be but a minor one in the world's consideration. The military

genius who, by superior tactics, wins his country's battles is always, as was Marlborough, loaded with its wealth. The financier, finding money to win the battles of enterprise and industry, does, but with less noise and notice, attain like results. Who shall say that he is not equally and as honourably entitled to them?

"Selfish men!" is the random exclamation of the generality of people who hear of large wealth acquired by others. Who are really the selfish and the unselfish deserves more consideration than such folks give to the question. The really selfish man cannot be other, in their meaning of the word, than one who lives for himself and spends his money on his own selfish enjoyments and pleasures. Such men abound, living around us daily. When dead they are found to have left nothing for the benefit of others, but, on the contrary, too often to have left wives and families to shift for themselves, and to encumber more prudent relatives.

The unselfish man is the self-denying one, the one who works and toils that others may benefit by his labours. The man who denies himself the pleasures of high living, expensive establishments, horses, carriages, servants, dinner parties, and all the additional excitements of fashionable life is not the selfish man. He ignores or postpones such pleasures that others may enjoy them. He sows that they may reap. It is his pleasure so to do because that he acts on the instincts of his nature, and cannot act differently. Solomon snarls at such a way of life because it was not consonant with his nature. The "wisest of men" was, in many things, the greatest of fools, and often moaned over the fruits of his folly. He exhausted all the pleasures of life in the pursuit of the happiness he never found. He found only the bitterness of such an utterly wasted life in the loss of faith—his many wives "turned away his heart"—in the loss also of health of mind and intellect, reducing himself, as he did, to the state of a worn-out *roué*, and to the *blasé* condition of the man of selfish pleasures.

The unselfish man is the good citizen, the good husband and father.

He is also the toilsome student, the hard-labouring inventor and worker. Such men are the benefactors of the world, who leave it better off for their lives and labours and the wealth acquired and stored up by them. The self-denying Edison, weak in body and half deaf, is the owner of two hundred patents—the result of toil for years, of sixteen hours daily. The large wealth he so produces will be inherited by others. He lives but to benefit them—and the world generally. With the unthinking generality of people this devotee of science is a “selfish man”—one who wants everything. An “unsatisfied man” not content with two hundred patents. A “miserly man”—not spending in life’s pleasures, as ordinarily understood, the large wealth his labours have brought him. To the philosopher and the right thinker he is a noble sample of an unselfish man, exerting for the good of the world the abnormally inventive genius which dominates him. In the exercise of that bent of his mind and intellect he has pleasures, for which the sensual Solomon sought in vain. The “nothing new under the sun,” which the Hebrew king talked of, has been demonstrated by Edison and scores of such toilers to be utterly untrue. The world is no

better for its Solomons and the like of them. It betters by its toilers and workers, and not by those who seek to enjoy the labours of such workers, and exhaust themselves in such enjoyments.

The ascetic, the hermit, and ancho-rite are parallel in mental character with the miser. Their lives of self-denial are, however, for widely different reasons. The religious recluse seeks to benefit himself—to win the selfish enjoyment of a life of future bliss. The miser’s life of self-denial is to benefit others. His words are, that if the possession of his wealth, and its application, gives them the pleasure that its acquisition has given him, he will be satisfied. The one shows the meanest of all aims—selfish reward; the other, the truest nobility of mind—the benefiting of others. Leaving the matter of a future life where it must be left, the miser benefits this world for others, quite apart from what such good works may do for himself in the next.

The world is becoming wiser. It has done with giving admiration to vainglorious beings, seeking only a heaven for themselves. A Peabody, a Coram, or a Turner, and the like of the humbly-placed Jones, will, in a more sensible stage of history, replace, as objects for admiration and imitation, half the saints in the calendar.

FEELING.

Who never loved ne’er suffered ; he feels nothing,
Who nothing feels but for himself alone ;
And when we feel for others, reason reels,
O’erloaded, from her path, and man runs mad.
As love alone can exquisitely bless,
Love only feels the marvellous of pain ;
Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.

— *Young.*

INCIDENTS IN A MINER'S CAREER.

By W. H.

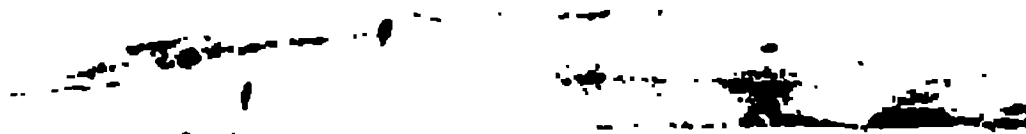
No. II.

There must almost inevitably have been incidents more or less worth relating in the career of every miner who was early on the gold fields, and who continued for any length of time upon them, not necessarily connected directly with mining operations. One thing that every old digger must have experienced was the frequency with which men used to disappear in those early days, and were never heard of afterwards. Many indeed must have been the unwritten, unfathomed, tragedies of those rough and sometimes utterly lawless days—days when a man and his mate, if it was known they had gold, were never safe except with a couple of loaded revolvers at their bedsides, and a good watch dog in the tent with them. I must have been one of the fortunate ones; for though with several mates—one at a time only—I have traversed the bush with considerable quantities of gold, and slept in lonely spots, with our nearest neighbours notorious scoundrels, I never but once had my tent entered. That was at a time when we were working in some old ground on Bakery Hill. Portions of ground had been left standing on either reef. I could not tell now whether it was reef-wash or part of the channel originally taken out, but, at all events, we were doing fairly well. Some fifty yards or so from us were a couple of tents, one occupied by two very quiet Cornishmen, and the other by three as precious-looking scoundrels as ever any one could clap eyes on. They had come from Tasmania, but whether ticket-of-leave men or escaped convicts no one ever knew—certainly they were one or the other. My mate and I had bunks

alongside each other, and our dog slept about the middle of the tent. One very windy night—I remember it well—my mate and I had sat up yarning until nearly eleven o'clock, when we had a brandy apiece and turned in, both of us smoking, with a candle-end lighted on a case between us. The candle-end soon burned itself out, and we went off to sleep. About one o'clock, as near as I could guess, our dog gave a low warning growl, which awoke the two of us. My mate whispered to me to get my revolver and slide gently on to the floor of the tent, which I did, as also did he; and together we sat beside each other, crouching down and listening. By a movement of his thumb and second finger my mate called the dog to him, and held his head under his left arm to prevent him from barking. Though it was windy, the sky was fairly clear, sufficiently so, at least, to enable us to descry objects around us, and that was about all. Noiselessly, then, at the whispered suggestion of my mate, I pulled our little table between us and the side of the tent opposite our bunks, and waited. We could hear footsteps outside on the broken ground, and in a minute or two more came the sound of the canvas of the tent being lifted up, and then part of a dark object could be made out on the inner side of the tent. Bang went one chamber of my mate's revolver, and a cry of rage and pain came instantly from the dark object I have referred to, and the canvas was let down. I then fired through the canvas above the place where the dark object had obtruded itself, and the flash of the shot showed us the outline of two men on the



The Jockey Club, 1881, 1882



exterior of the tent. My mate fired a second shot, and then we could hear the pair make hurriedly off, but not in the direction of the Tasmanians' tent. We watched till daylight, but the visit was not repeated. In the early morning we went out and examined the ground, and found unmistakable tracks of blood for over a hundred yards. Casting our eyes then towards the two tents I have just referred to, we noticed that the one occupied by the Tasmanians was gone, and that was the last that was ever seen of them in that quarter of the colony. But they left us a very ugly proof of the fate they intended for us, for, just beside the tent, we picked up a silver-hilted dagger. There is no report from a dagger-thrust, and the work can be done by an adept as surely and less noiselessly than by any other means.

Let me finish, in a few words, my mining experiences on this part of Bakery Hill. After that night's affair I did not care to stay longer there, and as the ground soon afterwards got not only poorer, but the washdirt thinner, and, consequently, scarcer, I persuaded my mate to sling it. But here comes in a singular stroke of bad luck. About twelve months afterwards another party of miners took up ground, including our shaft, from which they worked, and in the reef in old ground, not more than ten feet from where we had left off, was found the famous Welcome Nugget, which weighed no less than 2218 ozs., valued at close on £9000.

It was when I was at the Mount Alexander diggings that several cases of the sudden disappearance of men came under my notice, and one of them was a mate of my own. Poor fellow! he was about as kind hearted and jovial a companion as one could ever wish to meet. He had brought his wife out from the Old Country too, and, as he had saved a good bit of money, he was looking forward to many happy days. There were four of us in the party, and we were getting enough always to make it worth our while stopping, with now and again a really good week's work. This night—the fatal night for poor Jim Carter—we had all met at the tent of another of our

mates, and were having a jollification. Jim was one of those men who was always ready to oblige anyone he cared anything for, and it was, therefore, no surprise to any of us when, about half-past eleven o'clock, the supply of grog having run short, Jim volunteered to go and fetch some more from a shanty close on a quarter of a mile off. I forgot to mention that at this time Jim's wife was in Melbourne, and his idea was when he came back with the liquor that we should all sleep in the tent till daylight. He scouted the idea of anyone going with him, and laughingly took a £10 note from his purse, handed the purse with all it contained to a mate, and went away saying, "Take care of that—I won't be long." He had to cross on the way two gullies that had been worked out, and there were plenty of unprotected holes to steer one's way through, but as far as that was concerned Jim knew nearly every hole that had ever been sunk in both gullies. In this respect he reminded me—and I have often thought of it since—of the description Sir Walter Scott gives of the Border Trooper, Sir William of Deloraine.

"A stark moss-trooping Scot was he
As e'er couched Border lance by knee;
Through Solway's sands, through Tarras
moss,
Blindfold he knew the paths to cross;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds;
In Eske or Liddel fords were none
But he would ride them one by one;
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow or July's pride,
Moonless midnight or matin prime."

But there was little poetry in any of us that night. We waited till two in the morning, and Jim did not return; and then we got anxious and set out in search of him with lanterns. We crossed the gullies and got to the shanty, and found he had been there, and having purchased two bottles of whisky and one of rum, and having "shouted" for all hands, had left to return to the tent a little after twelve. The shanty-keeper confided to me this little bit of information, that I think may account for a good deal—possibly for all. He told me that when Jim came to the shanty, and "shouted round," there were two big hulking

fellows present who had watched him with greedy eyes changing the ten-pound note, and that they had left the shanty before Jim did. Well, we retraced our way back to the hut, but no Jim could we find, and no Jim ever was found, or ever will be found till "the earth shall cast forth her dead." I never had any doubt that he had met with foul play, and had been pitched down an abandoned shaft and a few big stones dropped down after him. I did hear afterwards that a man, who was executed in another colony for tomahawking his mate, confessed on the scaffold, or to a clergyman, that he had murdered a man at Mount Alexander, who, from the circumstances narrated to me, must have been Jim Carter; but I got this in such a roundabout way that I did not at the time give full credence to it, though I must say I do now.

My readers I think will agree with me that no "incidents" of the kind I am narrating would be at all complete without some reference to the famous Eureka Stockade. I was about twelve months too late for the affair, but I have had four mates, at least, who took part in it, and I have heard of it from them fifty times and more. I have since read the account that Mr. W. B. Withers gives in his "History of Ballarat," of that unfortunate insurrection, and I must say it corresponds, even to the smallest details, with all I have ever heard about it. There are, doubtless, however, many who have never read Mr. Withers' description, and many who are still unaware of the state of things existing at the time, and the tyranny and overbearing insolence, which formed beyond doubt a great amount of provocation for the action of the diggers; and for their benefit I will glance at the main incidents.

At the time of "the Eureka," every man, before he could mine for gold, had to take out a license, which cost him thirty shillings a month. Many came to the diggings, after having trudged from Geelong or Melbourne, with little or nothing in their pockets; yet if they were known, or were caught, they were prevented from going to work to earn what would have enabled them to pay the license fee. "Digger-

hunting" became a favourite pastime, and acts of tyranny, and even cruelty, became so common that the miners were roused into a state of dangerous irritation. "Traps! Traps! Joe! Joe!"—the signals by which the diggers were made aware of an imminent raid by the commissioner and the police frequently resounded through the gullies. Those who had licenses made haste to their tents to get them, while those who had none were not slow to conceal themselves, and to get out of the reach of the hunting party. Usually, however, it was a matter of great difficulty to escape, for the foot police were supported by troopers, and as many as sixty diggers, handcuffed together like convicts, have been marched to the camp and put in the "logs." The following, which I take from Mr. Withers' "History of Ballarat," as given by Mr. Irwin in a letter to the *Geelong Advertiser*, is as good a specimen of what went on as it is possible to obtain. The account is given in explanation of resolutions adopted at a meeting in the Roman Catholic Chapel on Bakery Hill, expressive of sympathy with Father Smyth, and of indignation against Commissioner Johnstone. Here it is:—
 "Some time since Mr. Johnstone was in command of a license-hunting party, one of whom, named Lord, came up to a tent in which was John Gregory, a foreigner, on a visit of charity to some other foreigners whose language he knew. The trooper Lord ordered the '—— wretches' to come out of their tent, that he might see their licenses. Gregory, the servant of Mr. Smyth, had no such document; on seeing which the trooper, damning him and the priest, ordered him to come along. As Gregory was not very strong-limbed, he requested to be allowed to go to the camp himself, because he was not able to follow the force while visiting the various diggings, looking for unlicensed miners. So far right; but on Gregory appearing unwilling or unable to follow, the troopers ill-used him, and only let him off on Mr. Smyth depositing £5 bail for his appearance. At the police-office, after being fined £5 for not having a license, Gregory was going away, but was recalled. On reappearing,

the charge of wanting a license was withdrawn by Mr. Johnstone and the charge of assaulting a trooper substituted. For this he, a cripple, was fined the original £5 bail. In the whole affair the Rev. Mr. Smyth was certainly treated with but little courtesy, and the trumpery story of a cripple assaulting an able-bodied mounted trooper is too ridiculous to warrant serious attention." The agitation for the redress of grievances was begun at Bendigo, but quickly extended to Ballarat and other goldfields. Matters were made still worse by an order sent up by the Government that the police should go out "digger-hunting" two days a week.

About this time an event occurred on the Ballarat field which fanned the smouldering discontent into a fierce flame. There was an hotel on Specimen Hill called the Eureka, which was not held in the best repute. One night a row occurred there, and Scobie, a miner, was killed. The man who kept it was called Bentley, and he was generally thought to be to blame for the crime. He was arrested, and brought before Mr. Dewes, the then police magistrate, but, to the indignation and astonishment of everyone, he was discharged. The explanation soon came out. Dewes was understood to have borrowed money from Bentley. An indignation meeting was held, in which the present Speaker of the Legislative Assembly took part. Soon afterwards a collision with the police and military took place, the Riot Act was read, and Bentley's Hotel was burned. The hotel was deliberately fired by the excited diggers; and Bentley might have met with a terrible fate had he fallen into the hands of the enraged and indignant mob which had collected, but he mounted a fleet horse and escaped to the security of the Camp. The crowd that had then collected was estimated at at least 10,000, and their proceedings were characterised by so much coolness and resolution, that they have been likened to the "Porteous mob" which Sir Walter Scott has so graphically depicted in his "Heart of Midlothian."

It was not to be expected that so much disorder would pass without some arrests being made, but the

men pitched upon were unfortunately selected. They were :—McIntyre, who had been the most active in restraining the crowd at Bentley's Hotel; Fletcher, a printer, who had an office in the Main Road, and who had never been off the Road that day; and Welterby, who has always been believed to have been as guiltless as Fletcher. The three men were bailed out, but when the trial came on they were found guilty; and having been recommended to mercy, were sentenced—McIntyre to three, Fletcher to four, and Welterby to six months' imprisonment. Bentley, in the meantime, had been re-arrested, and, with other associates, found guilty of occasioning Scobie's death, and sentenced to three years on the roads. Two other triumphs for the popular cause also occurred. Dewes, the police magistrate, was officially condemned, and a board, which had been appointed to enquire into the burning of Bentley's Hotel, made this statement :—"Influenced by the fact that to the police magistrate and the misconduct of the police officers may be attributed, in a great measure, the riotous assembly which led to such unfortunate results, your board are willing to recommend certain of the sufferers by the burning of Bentley's hotel to a consideration of their claims."

A demand was made to the Governor, Sir Charles Hotham, for the release of the supposed incendiaries who had been convicted, but refused, though reforms were promised. A rumour in the meantime got abroad in Ballarat that the delegates who made the demand had been arrested, and the feeling became so intense that the police and military were attacked by the diggers. On the 29th November, 1854, 12,000 men assembled on Bakery Hill, and the insurgent flag was raised. That meeting was notable for the emphatic resolutions carried; and one of these was especially notable, in that it dragged in matters that had no relation whatever to the then existing state of affairs, and its tone in conjunction with another circumstance, which I will allude to later on, had at least something to do with the unfortunate result. The

resolution ran thus ; "That this meeting views with the hottest indignation the daring calumny of His Honour the Acting Chief Justice, while on the bench, of the brave and struggling sufferers of Clare, Tipperary, Bristol, and other districts, in their endeavours to assert their legitimate rights, and do hereby give the most unmitigated and the most emphatic denial to the assertions of His Honour, in stigmatising as riots the persevering and indomitable struggle for freedom of the brave people of England and Ireland for the last eighty years."

On the 30th November, a really organised system of armed resistance began. It was after the last digger-hunt that ever took place in the colony, which did not pass over without a collision between the diggers and the police, supported by the military force available, with cavalry on the flanks. When the combined hunting party retired, the Southern Cross was again hoisted on Bakery Hill, and the diggers knelt around it, and took an oath of mutual defence, and then commenced to drill. Lalor, standing on a stump, with a rifle in his hand, swore in recruits, and on the Saturday prior to the fatal encounter of Sunday, 3rd December, there must have been a good many thousands within the stockade. A contingent, led by one Kennedy, had come from Creswick, but the accommodation at the stockade was indifferent, and even of those who did remain for a time many left the night before the capture.

The stockade itself had at first been intended only as a screen to hide the drilling and other operations from the soldiers and government officers. Useless indeed was it in that respect, for nothing occurred in the stockade that was not soon afterwards known at the Camp, so prolific was the crop of traitors and spies produced by the times. The barricade which enclosed the stockade was a rude slab construction, the area within the enclosure being about an acre. When it became known in Melbourne that an armed insurrection had been organised, all the available remaining troops, with man-of-war's men, horse and foot police, four field pieces, and a number of baggage and

ammunition waggons were sent up. Lieut.-Colonel Valiant, and afterwards Sir Robert Nickle, and Colonel MacArthur, Adjutant-General, were in command.

Within the stockade ammunition and arms of every description obtainable were collected. But it was evident that arms were scarce, for long poles with sharpened pieces of steel at the end were found after the capture of the stockade.

The night before the fatal Sunday morning Lalor gave the pass-word, "Vinegar Hill." This ominous pass-word induced many who had joined the movement rather by force of circumstances, and by being carried away by the excitement of the moment, than from calm conviction, to leave the insurgent camp. Others who probably would have been there had they dreamt of the intended affair were absent that night. The outposts even were off duty before daybreak, and thus the capture of the stockade by a morning surprise was rendered easy.

Before daylight the Government force, 276 strong of all ranks, and commanded by Captain Thomas, were led to the stockade. The detachment of the 40th regiment attacked the breastwork, which soon gave way, and the insurgents in a very few minutes were chased outside the inclosure, or into the shallow holes within it. The defence was a sorry affair altogether. There could not, according to the best authenticated accounts, have been many more than 200 men who got under arms when the alarm was sounded, and these, with but little drill and badly armed, were ill able to stand the attack of well disciplined troops led by a capable officer, and supported by mounted police, with a reserve force admirably posted to cover the first onslaught. Lalor and a few of the other leaders in the ill-fated movement stood their ground, and returned the volleys of the soldiers ; but soon Lalor was shot in the left arm, and fell inside the stockade, where he was covered with some slabs by a few of his men, and thus escaped observation when the foot police made their way over the barricade. It was never accurately ascertained how many lives

were lost in the insurrection, for many died of their wounds afterwards. Probably about thirty would be a good approximation.

Lalor had many escapes. He was for days concealed in the house of a Catholic clergyman, where his arm was amputated, and was afterwards removed, first to Warrenheip, and then to Geelong. Some thirteen persons were arrested, and charged with high treason, but acquitted. This, of course, virtually gave freedom to Lalor, Vern, and others, who were in hiding, and for whose bodies, dead or alive, large rewards were offered. At the trial of the insurgents in Melbourne, the late Mr. B. C. Aspinall gratuitously conducted their defence, and thus gained considerable fame.

It is not the province of a narrator of incidents to indulge in much moralising, yet the story of the Eureka affair would be incomplete without a few comments. The action of the diggers, *per se*, was very largely justified by the acts of the Government officials of the time, and the efforts that were made to treat them rather as so many fractious, law-ignoring men, who required to be kept under with a strong arm, than as free British subjects who had left the class distinctions and anomalies of the Old World to found a freer and more democratic *regime* in Australia. Few, indeed, now can doubt that had the sufferers of "Clare, Tipperary, Bristol, and other places," been ignored altogether, had Irish affairs not been allowed to be even spoken of, and had loyal British subjects set their heel upon certain foreigners, whose object was to annoy a Government they detested, the result would have been different. But the causes I have already stated, intensified by the sinister significance of such a password as "Vinegar

Hill" being given, brought about the ill fortune of Eureka. Had only the real grievances—numerous enough and weighty enough in all conscience—been adhered to, and all foreign subjects determinedly kept in the background,

"Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn."

Even in the face of such a failure, however, nearly every grievance that was complained of was soon afterwards redressed.

Soon after the retiral of the military a Commission of Inquiry was sent up, and that commission, amongst other things, averred that the diggers had been governed "three times over." The thirty shillings a month license fee was abolished; there was no more digger-hunting; no police magistrate of the Dewes stamp; and no commissioners of the Johnstone kind. Sir Charles Hotham indirectly, possibly, but nevertheless connectedly, was one of the victims of Eureka. All through he had failed to grasp the real position of affairs. Honest enough, doubtless, in all he did, he looked at things from a wrong standpoint, and his measures were ill-conceived and badly advised. The worry and anxiety of the time brought on an illness, from which he died soon afterwards. With the passing of a Constitution Act in 1855, which gave manhood suffrage and local municipal government, under which the colony has since flourished, the consequences of the Eureka stockade affair may be said to have terminated. Lalor and Humffray (the first Minister of Mines) were elected members of the first Parliament under Constitutional Government, and, as both had taken an active part in the stirring scenes of the times, this election was an indication of the state of general feeling.

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appears by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene;
Some raised aloft come tumbling down again;
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again. —*Lansdowne.*

SUPPRESSION AND EXTINCTION OF FIRES.

Continued.

APPLICATIONS OF ELECTRICITY.

By N. S. MARKS.

Having thus successfully organised the precautionary and remedial measures, which have now been briefly outlined, the next paramount consideration was to maintain them in this condition, and so ensure their continuous working power; accordingly, an automatic instrument in the central office tests at every ten minutes' interval the efficiency of the ingoing wires, and calls attention should anything go amiss. Communication with every station can be tested with the utmost facility, whereby the lines are kept in constant good working order; and, as further evidencing the power and control wielded by the department, it possesses the means of recording simultaneously no fewer than fifty messages, and registering duplicate copies of the same. As a corollary, it remains but to point attention to this most important additional factor in the system of electric fire alarms—namely, that whereas such warnings are communicated exclusively by telegraph, the summonses are known only to those actually concerned; thus avoiding much of the usually extensive public commotion contingent thereupon; the impeding of, or interference with the brigades; and, lastly, though by no means least, the congregating of roughs and thieves at the scene of action.

Doubtless, in the minds of our readers, the thought has often occurred that in times of heavy thunderstorms those who have to operate with electrical apparatus are placed in active correspondence with the external atmosphere, and from the fact of

their being surrounded with potent attractions for the "electric fluid," must, with no mean amount of bravery, stand to their posts at the hazard of life itself. Such would inevitably happen, but for the admirable contrivance of "arrestors," which prevent the lightning flash, should it seize on an exposed street-wire, from entering the bureau, and so destroying, in one instant, the whole of the valuable machinery; and, what is of still greater concern, the telegraphic correspondence of the entire country.

The arrestor is a small metallic box connecting the severed ends of a wire coiled within its chamber, and by which the electric current is diverted to the earth. Curiously enough, these arrestors are powerless as against the currents for supplying electric light to the selfsame establishment; and consequently, whenever accidental contact happens of these latter wires with the ordinary telegraphic media, the box and its contents becomes fused up and irremediably destroyed. Yet, notwithstanding, it still affords complete protection; for the current supplying the light, being of far less intensity than the lightning flash, is "spent" on the arrestor, and so does not penetrate within the building.

The main features of this elaborate and practical organisation in its actual working stages being thus duly set forth, it remains but to give prominent notice to some of the important accessories in use in the United States for the preservation of human life or property. Foremost amongst this

assemblage of *domestic* appliances must be ranked the fire escapes. Public or municipal machines would seem to be unnecessary in that land, for in no city are they to be met with; but what we do behold are escape-ladders, or external staircases of substantial iron structure, permanently affixed to many of the leading private edifices, six or more stories, perhaps, in height. These ladders extend from the ground to the very roof, with connecting platform to doorway on each floor; alongside the ladder runs a substantial iron piping, armed at each landing as well as at the ground floor, or pathway, with a hose-tap corresponding in the calibre of its union joint to those connecting with the street mains. Thus, the fire-hose, when brought to the scene of action, can be instantly screwed on and combined into one apparatus, whereby a vigorous and effective effort can be well and persistently maintained with fewer hands, and an ample water supply from the reticulating city feeders more readily brought to bear on any particular portion of the edifice, than obtains by the more familiar but less handy system; and is therefore better calculated to achieve the object to be aimed at under all systems—that of subduing the fire at the *earliest period after its outbreak*. Some houses also may be observed having simply external iron staircases for facilitating the escape of inmates.

For the further preservation of life and property, an admirable contrivance is in vogue called the THERMOSTADT. This consists of a small tube of mercury in connection with an electric battery; such tubes being distributed along the ceilings of every story, say, of a warehouse or store, and a modification of the same is also noticeable above the mantelpiece in each room, say, of an hotel. Any great increase of temperature, by its expansion of the quicksilver in the little glass tube, completing an electric circuit, automatically and instantaneously sounds an alarm at the head office so often referred to.

Next in order of mention is that important application of the dynamo-magnetic force, the “electric light,” so much more extensively adopted in the United States than even in

London, whether municipally or by individuals.

Market Street, San Francisco, is in parts so lit up, whilst in several of the retail stores the light is maintained even after closing hours; the brilliant illumination within the shops being visible through the iron gratings which have supplanted the usual window-shutters, to the great advantage of the general public as well as the proprietors themselves.

Thus a cheery attractive appearance is imparted to the main thoroughfares of a large commercial city in the after hours of business, in grateful contrast to the gloom of Collins or Regent Street. The direct and collateral advantages of this step *en avance* are so obvious as to inspire the wish that it may become more generally resolved upon.

Again, in the comparatively small city of Albany (capital of New York State), the public gas-lamps ordinarily in vogue are entirely superseded by the electric illuminant. Here, however, the particular “system” was found to work somewhat imperfectly; for whilst staring with wonder at some enormous and elaborately ornate public edifice, the light suddenly lapsed, and all was merged in darkness, the more obscure from the strong contrast. The annoyance was, however, but of momentary duration, as almost instantly the light automatically rekindled itself.

During the writer’s stay in Chicago it had become a debatable question whether the admirable system of “cable” tramcars should not be superseded by the “electric motor,” which had proved so successful in Berlin, and which, to her credit be it recorded, “Old Ireland” was the first to introduce into the United Kingdom. This was effected in the year 1883, by the late Professor Siemens, by conversion of the short steam line from Portrush to the Giants’ Causeway.

At Niagara powerful batteries and reflectors are employed for the nocturnal display of the great “Falls;” the effect of the electric light on them being grand, and on the adjacent foliage very charming.

“The unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies.”

In New York, however, this light was not adopted to an extent proportionate to the city's size and importance; yet Madison Square was very effectively illuminated by a single lamp affixed to the extremity of a post standing some sixty feet in the clear, above the ground surface. Here again the artistic effect produced by the reflected rays on the foliage of the trees ornamenting the reserve was too noticeable to be easily overlooked or forgotten.

The "Brush" or "arc" system is the one usually adopted; but the "Edison incandescent" lamp was (*Am.* 1882) being tried with success in shops in Philadelphia; yet, as its cost was said to compare unfavourably as against gas illumination, its supersession of the hydro-carburetted medium for private work was unlikely to make rapid progress.

The electric telephone is in very extensive use in America, and as tradesmen cheerfully place their instruments at the service of their patrons, it comes about that "materfamilias" transmits per telephone her weekly orders for household supplies; the doctor on his daily round can ascertain at any chemist's, by "telephoning" to his own residence, whether his services have been suddenly needed in the particular district he is then visiting; and, being so required, can at once proceed to the new address thus furnished, to the more speedy relief of the patient, haply, the saving of very life itself, and the further economy of the valuable time of the indefatigable medical practitioner.

Private domestic telephones are not numerous. The writer's friend, however, "M. C.," stood No. 1 on the Baltimore list; and it was then a new and pleasurable sensation to find that the carriage ordered round, in the exercise of his hospitable attentions, for a drive in the incomparable "Druid Hill" Park, of pre-eminent natural beauty, was punctually to the appointed hour, announced as being drawn up at his residence.

"ANNUNCIATORS," for working the "elevators" or calling housemaid or porter, are common in every hotel, and likewise in use on board the great Atlantic "liners;" whilst the all-accommodating hotels, with their tonsorial

saloons, postal department, bookstalls, etc., have, in addition, small telegraph offices attached for the convenience of their *clientèle*. Electric "odometers" set up in railway carriages, enable the traveller to vary the monotony of his ride by noting the distance progressively covered, which these instruments automatically register in fractions of miles.

Another happily-devised contrivance of great utility and importance is deserving of especial description: this consists of a domestic electrical alarm, affixed to the wall, say, of a bedchamber, and connected with the oft-quoted "head office." A metallic box, not exceeding three to four inches in diameter, receives the terminals, and it is armed with a tiny handle mounted behind a dial-plate, through an aperture in which the rod passes which connects it with the internal mechanism. By simply pushing this handle along the segment of a circle, four distinct messages, each of different import, may be transmitted, according to the smaller or larger arc described. Thus the first quarter of the distance on the graduated dial-plate denotes that a "messenger" is wanted, and accordingly, after pushing on the little handle, in a very few minutes he appears, clad like one of our telegraph boys, to execute the required errand. Send the handle on now a little further to the second graduation, and a "constable" is implied; and sure enough "Policeman X," or his equivalent in American phraseology, will enter on the scene, "bâton" in hand, as is the custom of the members of the highly effective New York police force. If pushed still further, an alarm of "fire" will be understood, but no cognisance will be taken of this particular signal until it has been repeated, when the whole resources of the fire brigade will be instantly ordered into action, as has been already described. The fourth message is conveyed when the button is shifted to the full limit, which is reserved for any special purpose, at the option of householder, lodger, or whoever rents the instrument. Such message will be duly registered against one's name and address to signify "doctor," "monthly nurse," etc.,

etc., as may be agreed upon, and upon the summons being rung, "Sairey," or the family practitioner, etc., as may happen to be required, will attend with the least possible delay, and thus moments be saved fraught possibly with consequences of the last importance.

Terms for use of instrument are, the nominal sum of one dollar per annum ; for messenger, thirty cents per hour, with a minimum charge of fifteen cents.

Yet another application of electricity, whereby the town house may be left in safe charge, without servants on board wages, night watchman, or, in fact, any human being whatever, whilst "pater-familias" and the wife of his bosom, accompanied most probably with sundry tender "olive branches," are absent on their annual "outing," merrily disporting themselves at Long Branch, Atlantic City, Ramsgate, or the Gippsland Lakes ; or parading *en grandes tenues* at Saratoga, Paris, or the "Lawn" on "Cup Day." This they may do in perfect security as against burglars ; for the electrical arrangements are so adroitly contrived, that let Jemmy Drill but raise that window-sash above a certain pre-determined limited height, and he will be "nabbed" so sure as "eggs is eggs ;" for has he not unknowingly completed a "circuit," or as an "operator" would say, "switched on" a certain wire ! The inevitable consequence is, that with lightning celerity down comes the "fierce myrmidon" upon Jemmy ; whose turn it will now be to get uncommonly well switched, in the form of some appro-

priate condign punishment, as for such little vagaries duly "made and provided."

At the Stock Exchange, Wall Street, the neighbouring luncheon bars, and some mercantile institutions, an automatic Morse's machine is seen, recording and unwinding on a continuous paper "tape," the latest quotations of sales in American and European stocks : thus, "L. C. 98 $\frac{1}{4}$ — $\frac{3}{8}$ " indicates to the initiated the latest operations in London "Consols ;" and so by running the eye along the tape anyone may become "posted" as to any stock in which he feels a special, and possibly possesses a large interest.

Such, then, is a faint sketch of the more important applications of electricity in actual working use in the United States. Whilst the mind is filled with wonder and delight at the practical achievements of modern science, in reducing this great natural agency to minister to the commercial, industrial, social, and political necessities of mankind, thereby promoting peace and prosperity in the world at large, it is no less impressed with the belief that this department of knowledge is as yet but in its infant stage ; also, that in the hands of our energetic and practical trans-pacific cousins, further and greater developments may at no distant date be confidently anticipated ; seeing that there is no economical use to which our ingenious friends will not perseveringly endeavour to apply this subtle, universal, and all-potent force, docile yet ministrant—
ELECTRICITY.

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

To live ! to love ! to hope ! and find it vain ;
 To see friends failing—and that riches fly ;
 A youth of follies—an old age of pain ;
 To pine for freedom, and yet fear to die !
 Then add to these (for such is mortals' lot)
 To die at last—unpitied and forgot !

—Anon.

MARY MARSTON.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

ABRIDGED AND CONCLUDED.

In the autumn the Redmains went to Durnmelling—why, it would be difficult to say ; it was certainly not because Hesper had much love either for the place or for her parents, whom she treated with dignified and well-bred coldness. Her manner, however, was quite satisfactory to Lady Margaret, who considered that marriage had much improved her, and complimented herself in consequence. Sepia had been installed as Hesper's cousin-companion, and had begun to unfold herself a little, but had been stopped by Hesper's reception of her confidence, and was now feeling her way to secure her advantages. Mr. Redmain had come to hate her before she was a week in the house, and treated her with scant courtesy, especially when suffering from his attacks of illness ; but, bent against anything like a rupture, she took care to seem not to mind it. Soon, however, he began to take an interest in her, though only as a subject of observation, with his peculiar ideas of human nature.

He had been taken ill on the journey to Durnmelling, and was by no means an agreeable companion. Hesper took the matter quite coolly ; and, with the view of teaching her daughter her duty, Lady Margaret devoted herself assiduously to his comfort. Whatever he might think of her motives, he accepted her attentions, and unless in absolute pain, was never so rude to her as to any other. All this had no effect upon his wife. On account of his illness, the Mortimers had scarcely a visitor ; and the time became intolerably dull. After a fortnight of it, Hesper bethought herself of Mary Marston, ordered her carriage, and drove into Testbridge.

Finding Mary looking far from well, she asked her to come and have a drive with her. As they went along, Mary told her of her miserable relations with the Turnbulls, and Hesper proposed that she should come and live with her, without any clear idea as to the position she would have her occupy. Mary, who entertained a great affection for Hesper, consented to this arrangement, being prepared to do anything for her, so that she could help one who she thought sorely needed help. After some weeks of disagreeable conduct on the part of the Turnbulls, she received a letter from Hesper ; and without formal leave-taking, having already informed Mr. Turnbull of her intention to leave the shop, she left Testbridge for London, to which the Redmains had returned.

On the morning of a day in November, though more like one in March, Mrs. Redmain descended to her drawing-room, utterly wearied of her life. She sent for Sepia, who, finding her in such a mood, proceeded to expound to her something of her own peculiar practical philosophy, which produced nothing but disgust. With a mocking laugh Sepia left the room. Shortly after, Hesper received a call from Tom Helmer. Tom, who had the ambition of making himself acceptable to ladies of social influence, had been to a small party at the house a few evenings before, under the wing of the leader of a certain literary clique, and now took advantage of this to make a somewhat untimely call, in the hope of finding Mrs. Redmain at home and alone. He was received with her usual well-bred indifference, and apologised for his visit, producing as his excuse

the words and music—both his own—of a song which he had sung on the evening of the party. Hesper had forgot everything about it, and by the time he mentioned it had even forgotten his name. He asked permission to read the verses, and to sing the song, and Mrs. Redmain, somewhat amused with him, accorded it. While he was singing Mr. Redmain came in, and asked her if he was a new singing master. Hesper said no—he was a young man that used to come to Durnmelling, and as Tom struck the last chord she asked him to tell Mr. Redmain his name. After a slight passage of arms—a thing now not at all uncommon between the pair—Mr. Redmain left the room with a grin on his face. Tom, perceiving that Hesper was hurt and angry, though she calmly asked him if there was anything else he would like to sing, was about to say something foolish, when Sepia entered the room. She was evidently pleased to see him, and in a minute more the two were sitting together in a bay-window, engaged in rapid conversation, while Hesper sat by the fire, busy with a novel she had sent for from her bedroom.

In the afternoon of the same day, Mary arrived. Her reception was not very agreeable, though on the whole somewhat amusing. Mrs. Redmain was not at home, and had omitted to give instructions about her to anyone. When she arrived, with her boxes, the servants did not know what to do about it, and referred her to the housekeeper—a very great person indeed—who, thinking she must be a servant, allowed her to sit in the hall for an hour by way of teaching her her place, and after an unsatisfactory interview, sent her to sleep in a garret with an under-housemaid. It was full three o'clock next day before she saw Mrs. Redmain; but then, to the surprise and confusion of the servants, except the girl in whose room she had slept the night before, she found herself comfortably settled.

In the morning she set out to find Letty. That he might be near the centre of what little work he did, Tom had taken a lodging in a noisy, dark, disagreeable street, where he left Letty very much to herself. Some of

his evenings he spent at houses where he thought he was a lion—where the people neither knew nor cared whether he had a wife or not, and would not have invited her in any case. Other evenings he spent at taverns, in the society of certain of his literary acquaintances, with such results as might be expected. Poor Letty all the while sat wearily at home—consoling herself with the thought that she was the wife of a great poet. For Tom used to talk magnificently of his connection with the *Firefly*, and his verses in that paper were still the delight of Letty's heart. Letty was, in appearance, greatly changed. In her dress and surroundings, too, were signs of poverty and despondent carelessness, and, in the course of conversation, Mary discovered pretty much how matters stood with her.

On her return home, Mary found Hesper preparing to go to a fancy ball, in a character suggested by her own name—the Evening Star. She wanted to have Mary's opinion of her dress—she, herself, was quite displeased with it. Mary did not like it, and, after consideration, notwithstanding the shortness of the time, undertook to try to provide something more suitable. She succeeded in her endeavour, by the help of Letty, and of a dressmaker who lived in the same house with the Helmers. The dress was a complete success; to the discomfiture of the lady's maid, who had patronised the first one, and who gave warning, and was at once dismissed. Mary undertook the attendant's duties, and so her position and her work became more definite. Tom celebrated Hesper's triumphant appearance in a song—"To the Evening Star"—which Letty having read told him what she had done about the dress, and only got a good scolding. Tom was scandalised that *his* wife should work for any one—especially for one of the ladies for whose notice and influence he was so desirous. But he was not altogether easy about the neglect she was suffering, and so changed the subject, and took her to the Lyceum.

Mary slid very easily into her new position. Hesper was more than satisfied with the change. Not so Sepia,

however—who found herself in consequence less necessary to Hesper, and besides could not now have her dressed so as to be a foil to herself. To arrive at that result she must now spend more on her own dress; and as her position in the house was far from assured, in consequence of Mr. Redmain's dislike, policy as well as pride prevented her from asking for more money than Hesper gave of her own accord. However, Mr. Redmain had no objection to her being in the house. He believed that there were secrets in her past life, and set himself in his usual way to study her. Already she had taken to amuse herself with Tom, bringing into play the artillery of her eyes, in which kind of fascination she was an adept. Mr. Redmain was aware of this; but he was only afraid that there was nothing in it.

Mary, in a long conversation with Hesper, told her about Tom and Letty; and the result was that she invited the neglected wife with her husband to an evening party. The invitation put Letty in a flutter. For one thing, she had no dress. Mary offered her one of her own, which she had scarcely worn, and which she could ill spare. Tom went into a state of great indignation when he heard of this. He had begun to think that he had married beneath him—that his wife would do him no credit in society. But he put the whole blame on the borrowed dress. When Mary found this out next day, she almost resolved to compass Tom's own exclusion from the paradise he closed against his wife. But to comfort Letty, she asked her to spend the evening with herself in her room, and Letty was quite delighted. When she told Tom of this next day, the storm broke out afresh, and he was rudely explicit as to her unfitness for the society in which he mingled. Sepia's fascinations on the previous evening had begun to do their work; and very soon he began to celebrate her, under various epithets, in the poets' corner of the *Firefly*. Letty, about to become a mother, grew paler and thinner, and Tom gave her less and less of his company. Had it not been for Mary, she would likely have died.

The Redmains went again to Durnmelling, and as Mary was less necessary to Hesper in the country, she obtained permission to remain in London. It was for Letty's sake that she wished to remain. One evening, as she was sitting with Letty, both were startled by hearing extraordinary musical sounds, soft, sweet, and faint, forming a wonderful melody, which they could not trace. The night after Letty's child was born they heard the same sounds again, and Letty, who was asleep, dreamed that the angels were calling her. They saw little of Tom, and if they had wanted him would not have known where to find him.

The musician was discovered to be Joseph Jasper—the half-brother of the dressmaker upstairs—a blacksmith without musical education—or indeed much of any sort in the ordinary sense of the word. His violin gave expression to his feelings and thoughts in most extraordinary fashion—like the music of an improvised oratorio—often founded on some historical incident in the Gospels. One evening he came down to play to Letty, and Mary was so affected and astonished that she let him depart without a word.

On Letty's recovery, Mary went to Durnmelling, and resumed her duties about Hesper. One day she visited the shop, and thought she saw symptoms of something wrong. She consulted the lawyer who had charge of her affairs; he had no suspicion, but promised to look into the matter. After a few days, the family went to Cornwall, where Mr. Redmain was suddenly taken ill; and as he had sent his man Mewks to London, Mary was the only one in the house fit for attendance in the sick-room.

The state of things between Tom and Letty became worse and worse. She was now suffering privation, and they were getting into debt, which made her more sparing than ever. Between this and her ignorance the baby suffered. One night Tom came home intoxicated, and insisted on taking the baby from the cradle. The baby shrieked. Tom was angry, and rated and shook him. This roused Letty, who snatched the child from him and

turned to leave the room. Tom strode after her, and in a moment mother and child lay together on the floor. This sobered him; but he was more sorry for the wrong he had done to himself as a gentleman, than for the blow he had inflicted on his wife. His apology was a vindication of himself; though poor Letty was satisfied with it, such as it was. But a doctor had to be got for the baby; he said the child was not injured by the fall, but was badly nourished, and must have better food. In the circumstances this was impossible. The very rent was in arrears. From innutrition and unwise treatment, baby daily grew worse.

Mary suspected how matters stood; and as Mr. Redmain's illness prevented her return to London, in her anxiety she wrote to Mr. Wardour about the Helmers. Godfrey immediately went to London, saw Letty, and was shocked at her appearance. He could not refrain from a malediction on Tom. Letty, though crying with joy at seeing her cousin, at once resented this. Godfrey, discovering that she was almost destitute, and that both she and the child were starving, tried to get her to take some money. This she decidedly refused. She felt as if this must divide her and Tom for ever. Godfrey was obliged to leave her—and that evening the baby died, while she was sleeping with him on her lap, in the dark. When Tom came home he found her in a faint, on the floor beside the dead child. For nine days she lay all but insensible; and he, partly from his late dissipation, partly from excitement and tardy remorse, felt the grasp of fever upon him, and shortly became delirious.

Sepia was left at Durnmelling, when the Redmains went to Cornwall. She expected to join them in London, within a fortnight, but Mr. Redmain's illness prolonged her stay. It was very dull, and she was not good company for herself. So she turned her thoughts to Godfrey Wardour; and managed to get into a speaking acquaintance with him, which she was at no loss to improve. However, she went to London a week or two before the return of the Redmains—professedly to see that things were ready for Hesper. An old

friend of hers was then in London, who called himself Count Galofta, said he was a Georgian, and passed for a prince in Paris. This man had already excited Mr. Redmain's peculiar interest, on account of a look which he had once seen pass between him and Sepia. He came to see her several times before the Redmains returned, and Mary met him in the hall when she arrived from Cornwall. Tom, before his illness, had also discovered Sepia's return, and had gone to see her more than once.

The morning after Hesper's arrival, finding herself in want of her assistance, she went into Mary's room instead of calling her, and found her on her knees at her bedside. Surprised at this, she entered into a conversation, during which Mary was led to tell her some home truths, and for the first time a feeling of dislike arose in her bosom. For the next few days she scarcely spoke to her, and gave her instructions through Sepia.

When things stood thus, one morning Mary called at the Helmers', and for the first time became aware of their illness, and of the baby's death. They were in meaner apartments, a story higher than before. Letty was still very feeble, and Tom was in delirium. Saying what she could to comfort Letty, and promising to return and help her, she went home to ask Hesper's permission. Hesper was annoyed that she had gone out, and would not get up till she returned, nor even then. Mary, suggesting that Jemima (the former housemaid) should dress her, as she had already often done, requested to be allowed to go to Letty, mentioning the state of the case. Hesper was angry, and peremptorily refused. The result was a rupture, and Mary went to the help of Letty. Under her active care and skilful nursing, things improved with the Helmers. Tom got over the crisis of his fever—but the result was still doubtful. His dissipation had weakened his constitution, and his remorse and shame and anxiety for Letty's future, made matters worse.

After a conversation, in which Mary relieved his mind by suggesting how his debts might be paid, and Letty cared

for, by the help of his mother, they heard again the strange sounds of Jasper's violin. Mary went for him to play for Tom. His sister, a religionist of rather contracted notions, was very ungracious over the matter; but he went downstairs and played one of his compositions, on the subject of the Ten Lepers—accompanying the last strain with his voice—"and he was a Samaritan."

While ill in Cornwall, Mr. Redmain had been puzzling himself about Mary. Of course, he thought, she was just like the rest—but she was a riddle to be solved. There must be something discreditable to make her leave her former position for her present one. One day Mary expostulated with Hesper about her neglect of him; Hesper heard her patiently, went to his room, and paid him some little attention. Instantly one of his attacks came on, and a torrent of curses drove Hesper in her dignity away. Mary tried to remove her resolution not to return; this was overheard; Mr. Redmain came to know it, and was more puzzled about her than ever. One morning afterwards, hearing him calling for Mewks, who was not in attendance, she went into his room and offered her services. He accepted them in his own rude fashion, and took the opportunity to question her, and to test her by offering her money, which she absolutely refused. He ordered her to go, as an unscrupulous liar; but when she left the room, he called her back. "I will find Mr. Mewks," she replied, and went. His curiosity regarding this odd human animal being far from satisfied, he expected to prosecute his study of her in London. There he found out the reason of her absence; and condemned his wife for heartlessness in refusing to allow her to go and nurse her friend. Hesper fancied she felt the want of her in dressing; and on this account, rather than to please her husband, wrote to her as taking for granted that she meant to return. At the same time she asked in her note about a sapphire ring, which she said that Mary *must* have—she supposed that she had taken it as a joke—to punish her for thinking that she could do without her.

On receiving this note, as Letty was much better, and Tom did not require constant attention, Mary went at once to Mr. Redmain's. Hesper was out, and Mary went to her own room, and was looking over the things she had left behind her, when Sepia entered, and pretending to think that she was looking for the ring, hoped that she would find it. Sepia made no secret of the suspicion that would attach to Mary—implicating besides Letty and Tom. Letty had been in the house on the evening of the party; and a few days before Mary left, one of the servants fancied he heard some one in the middle of the night, went down, heard the door open and shut, and found Tom's hat in the drawing-room. The truth was that Tom had called to see Sepia herself, but she had gone out with Count Galofta. Tom, who had been drinking, fell asleep while waiting for her return, woke in consternation in the middle of the night, upset a table covered with china, rushed into the hall, and let himself out without his hat.

The conversation on Sepia's part became very aggravating. She talked of the police—and the necessity of Tom and Letty disappearing. She even acknowledged that Tom was a sort of friend of hers, with whom she had amused herself, and that it would not do for her to be mentioned in connection with the matter. Mary refused to advise Tom to disappear. Sepia threatened her with the consequences; when Hesper entered, exclaiming, "You dear creature! You have brought me my ring?"

Of course Mary had not—and the conversation, in which Sepia joined, again took a disagreeable turn. Mary was sent to her room; and Hesper locked her in, and went and told Mr. Redmain. She had already told him of her loss, and he expected that the sapphire ring would assist his peculiar study of human nature. Mr. Redmain sent for Mary—at first taxed her with having the ring, and then declared he believed she knew nothing about it. He really was not so sure of that; yet after all he wished to find her innocent. He sent her away, but ordered Mewks to follow her, and let him know if she

went to the Helmers'. Mewks reported that she did ; but that before she went in she was met by a rough-looking man, and had a long conversation with him. Mr. Redmain grinned, and suspected a thief disguised as a workman.

The "rough-looking man" was Joseph Jasper—and the result of the conversation was that he offered to help in nursing Tom, and to walk before the house at certain times, that he might be called in if wanted. His offer was accepted. He took a lodging close by. Sometimes he played—he tried to read to Tom, to relieve Mary—but *that* was not a success. Even in music he was totally uneducated ; and on further acquaintance, Mary proposed to teach him to read it. He learned rapidly, and with determined application ; and his conversation showed him to be an undeveloped genius.

Mr. Redmain again sent for Mary, and told her the ring had been found in a corner of his wife's jewel-box, which Hesper said she had often searched without finding it. On looking at it, Mary thought that the stone was not the same. Mr. Redmain snatched it from her hand, pulled the bell, and ordered the hansom. Mary left the house. For about a week she heard nothing. Mr. Redmain was prosecuting inquiries among jewellers and pawnbrokers, gamblers, and lodginghouse-keepers. Then he sent for Mary again. He wanted her to come back. She refused to do so at his request. As she was about to leave the room, Mewks announced a visitor, and was told to show him in. Mary was told to go out by a certain door, which was that of a dressing-room ; and she had just discovered that the opposite door was locked, when the one by which she had entered was locked behind her. She turned, and knocked. "Stay where you are," said Mr. Redmain ; "I want you for a witness." Mary was annoyed to find herself in a false position, withdrew to the farthest corner, closed her ears with the palms of her hands, and waited. Mr. Redmain supposed that she heard all that passed, and when he opened the door, and saw the expression of her face, thought and

said that he had gone too far ; but she must not believe all he said of himself—he did it to make the villain show his game. He was disappointed when half convinced that she had heard nothing. But he again urged her to return, now that all was cleared up. Mary refused—she could not live in a house where the lady mistrusted, and the gentleman insulted her. She left the house in tears, and Mewks reported this to his master. Mewks was in the habit of reporting to Sepia too.

In the conversation to which Mary had *not* listened, Mr. Redmain had entertained his visitor with the account of various tricks which he had played, leading him on to tell of similar rascalities of his own. In the midst of the laughter which followed one of the visitor's relations, Mr. Redmain rang, and desired the favour of Miss Yolland's presence. Sepia had been told that Galofta was in the study, and was rather alarmed at the message. As she turned to Mr. Redmain with a look of inquiry, he said, addressing the Count, that the story he had just told him had suggested showing him a strange discovery with regard to the sapphire Mrs. Redmain had missed so long. He produced the ring, with a bottle from which he poured something into a crystal cup ; and then took a file, and proceeded to remove the setting, in spite of a quiet remonstrance from Sepia. He extracted the stone, and handed it to the Count, who praised it without looking at it ; while Sepia with rapid changes of complexion, said something about its value. Then, with a remark as to the former and the present worth of the stone, Mr. Redmain threw it into the cup, and took it out again ; when with a touch it divided into a scale of sapphire, and a lump of glass. "What a shame !" cried Sepia. "Of course," said the Count, "you will prosecute the jeweller." Mr. Redmain replied that he should not prosecute the jeweller ; but he had taken some trouble to find out who changed the stones. He then threw into the fire the contents of the cup, and gazed as if surprised at the flame which flew up the chimney. When he turned, the Count was gone. Sepia stood with eyes full of anger and fear. "Very

odd, ain't it?" said Mr. Redmain. He opened the door of his dressing-room, and called out, "Miss Marston!" When he turned, Sepia was gone too. The Count disappeared from London. From that hour Sepia lived in constant dread.

After an altercation with his wife, Mr. Redmain insisted that Hesper should write to Mary requesting her to come back. With many trials, she produced a letter that satisfied him. But Mary, believing that she could do little or no good for Hesper, while she could be of real service to the Helmers, refused to return.

Tom, for a time, seemed to be recovering. Joseph Jasper played to him for a little in the evenings, and the musical lessons were renewed. Under Mary's influence, his mind expanded, and without the remotest idea of falling in love, he entertained for her a most reverential affection. But Tom grew rapidly worse—the violin was in abeyance, and the music lessons ceased. Tom died, and poor Letty forgot all his faults, and all her own former troubles. His mother, when she heard of his death, fell into a paroxysm of grief, and rage against Letty, who had parted her son from her. She recovered her temper so far as to promise to pay his debts, though chiefly because Mary said that otherwise she would pay them. Mrs. Wardour wrote to Letty, inviting her to spend the summer months at Thornwick.

Mary felt that she was about to be cast adrift. Jasper called once or twice and she lent him some books. She was astonished at the delight with which he received them. She did not know how much he had been reading, and in that way educating himself.

One day she was surprised by a visit from Mr. Brett. Having looked into her affairs, the lawyer was dissatisfied with Turnbull, and with the state into which he had brought the business. It was arranged that the partnership should cease. Mary wished to get the shop into her own hands. So the business was wound up. Turnbull wrote her frequent letters, but she remained in London, and referred him to the lawyer. Mr. Brett was not sharp enough to provide against Turnbull

setting up in the same street, under the sign—"John Turnbull, late of Turnbull and Marston"—the *of* so small as to be almost invisible. While this was going on, Jasper never came near Mary. Once she saw him in church, but he seemed to avoid her.

At Thornwick Letty somewhat recovered her spirits, and soon slid into all her old ways. Mrs. Wardour, after her fashion, continued kind to her. Godfrey's love for her returned; but of this she had no suspicion. He supposed that from her experience of Tom she must have lost all love for him; on the contrary, she loved him more than ever, and delighted in the anticipation of meeting him in heaven.

The Redmains had been for some time at Durnmelling, and Sepia had improved her acquaintance with Godfrey. Under her glamour he would soon have been her slave, if Letty had not returned. Sepia was anxious to escape from her position by marriage, and was not satisfied about Letty's presence at Thornwick. One day Letty was sitting in the park, and Godfrey seeing her, went over to join her. Before he had time to speak, Sepia appeared, and took him off for a walk; but he was *distract*, and they soon returned. He helped Sepia across the ha-ha, and she hastened home, and ran up to a certain window with her opera-glass.

Letty's remarks as to Miss Yolland's beauty, and how excellent a wife she would make for Godfrey, brought on a *éclaircissement*; but his impassioned declaration of love was cut short by her exclamation, "Don't you know I belong to Tom?" Letty fainted; Godfrey carried her home, went out in a state of terrible rage, and did not return till midnight. He left Thornwick—was away a month, and on returning was relieved to find that Letty was no longer there. She had gone to Testbridge, to live with Mary, who was now settled again in the old place.

By-and-by Letty happened to tell Mary of Sepia's acquaintance with Godfrey. Knowing what she did, Mary was alarmed on his account—and after long and painful consideration, resolved to go and see him. She

went to Thornwick. Mrs. Wardour saw her first, and abused her about Letty. She insisted on seeing Mr. Wardour. The interview was most disagreeable. She told him that Miss Yolland was a woman of no principle—advised him to consult Mr. Redmain, and ask him if she was fit to be the wife of an honest man. He branded this as the vilest slander, and ordered her to leave the house. At her wit's end, she wrote, asking Mr. Redmain to come and see her. He heard her story, but refused to interfere. He cared nothing for Mr. Wardour, and would not spoil his own little game. But he would do as much as would vindicate her from being a liar and slanderer. Godfrey should not think ill of his little puritan—that would spoil *her* game.

One Saturday afternoon Mr. Redmain sent Jemima with a note to Mary, asking her to come and see him—he had something to talk to her about. In reply she wrote that she would see him at eleven next day. Mewks unsuccessfully tried to delay delivering the note, evidently intending to show it to Sepia. Mr. Redmain was very ill. As was common with him when at the worst, in spite of himself he was tormented with the fear of hell. He wanted to know what Mary had to say. Her conversation opened up to him new views, and he told her to leave him for the time, but not to go home without letting him know. At the same time he warned her to mind whom she trusted in that house. There was no harm in his wife—but that Miss Yolland, she was the devil. He did not as yet suspect that Mewks was in league with her.

Mary sat on the stairs just outside his room. Lady Margaret found her there, and Mary told her that he had requested her to wait. "Most peculiar!" was Lady Margaret's exclamation. In about an hour he sent for her, and their conversation took the same turn as before. Mary told him some of her own thoughts, and offered to read to him the life and death of the Son of Man. He said he would hear more from her to-morrow, if he was able.

In the evening, when she had rendered him some attention he

thanked her, said that she had been very good to him, and that he should remember her. Did she think that God would give him one more chance, now that he really meant it? She replied that God could tell whether he meant it or not; but as for remembering her, did he mean in his will? He replied that he did, and she insisted strenuously that he should do nothing of the kind—she did not need money for herself, and should not know what to do with it. He said he would think about it, and turned the conversation to what he called her notions. The latter part of it Sepia overheard, and utterly misunderstood.

All the next day she was with him. In the gloom of the evening he said he should like to have her with him when he was dying. She promised, but said that she must now go home, lest she should be unable. Then it came out that she had had nothing to eat or drink the whole day—and she said that indeed she did not care to eat where she was not welcome. Mr. Redmain repeated his distrust of every one in the house, and said she was right. Now she had better go—but she must return next day, and in the meantime send him her lawyer.

The night was dark. On the way home she heard footsteps of some one following her, and looking over her shoulder, saw something turn a corner in the lane. There was no refuge near, and she hurried on to gain the turnpike road. She heard something like music—it became more distinct—it must be the sound of Jasper's violin! She was now near the ruined hut, which figured so much in the early part of the story. She found it strangely altered; and a figure was leaning against the door-post, which she recognised, and called out "Joseph! Joseph!" He ran forward to meet her; she looked behind her, and fell, but fell into the blacksmith's arms. A man appeared running after her; he stopped, turned, and took to the common. In an instant Joseph caught him, but received a stab in the arm, threw the man violently from him, and gave him a heavy fall. Then he fell, and for a minute or two lost consciousness. Mary bound up his arm, and he would

have followed the man, but Mary prevented him. He walked with her to Testbridge. He told her that he had bought the hut; had converted it, as she saw, into a smithy, and was getting plenty of work. Mary informed him how matters stood with her at Durnmelling; and he inferred that there was more in the man's pursuit than a mere ruffianly assault, and regretted exceedingly that he had not caught him. It was arranged that in future he should see her safe to and from Durnmelling.

Next day Mr. Brett saw Mr. Redmain, and Mewks, having discovered what he was, carried the news to Sepia. She became horribly afraid of the consequences to herself. The others were all anxious too. Their anxiety was about Mr. Redmain's will; but Sepia was more distressed about the revelations concerning herself he might leave behind him. Mewks was ceaselessly urged to discover what was going on; but both lawyer and client were too careful for him. The most he learned was that Mr. Brett was to come again next morning, and that, in the meantime, the memoranda he had taken were left by Mr. Redmain's bedside.

In the evening, Mary set out for Durnmelling, and Joseph was waiting for her. He walked with her to the door, and the hour was fixed at which he should come to see her home; but Joseph resolved not to leave the place at all. He found his way into the roofless hall, and remarked a faint light in one of the house windows, just above the ruined walls.

Mary, finding the door on the latch, entered and walked straight to Mr. Redmain's room. Their conversation was of the same things as before, and Mewks reported to Sepia that Mary was trying to convert him. Sepia's thoughts had become more absorbing and strange. She began to think what was the good of one living an hour or two longer in pain—but the question had no reference to her own life. With a bottle in her pocket containing the medicine concentrated, which Mr. Redmain took largely diluted, she had walked about the house all day, *hoping not to have to use it*. If he would only die before the

lawyer came! But it did not seem as if he would. Mewks said he was not dying—he had often seen him worse—in fact, he was better. She stole into his room when he was asleep, and had taken the phial from her pocket, when she was interrupted by hearing Mary's hand on the lock of the door, and fled through the dressing-room.

Mary watched and ministered without interruption, till she found that it was an hour past the time she had appointed with Joseph. Mr. Redmain was still quietly asleep. She went softly from the room—but not unseen; the door was locked behind her, and so also was the house door the instant she was out of it. She ran to Joseph's post, and told him that she could not leave before morning; ran back and found the door fast; rang, but there was no answer. She went back to Joseph and told him; he suggested the kitchen-door; that also was locked, and so was every entrance to the house—even the back entrance to the old hall. They got into the ruin through an opening in the wall of the tower, and Joseph inquired about the window he had observed before. Mary could not identify it. Through it came a flickering light, as if from a small fire. By the stair of the tower they reached the top of the wall, and walked along it to the window. Mr. Redmain's voice was heard calling Mary, and demanding who was in his room? Joseph and Mary went in by the window. They found themselves in a closet opening from the room; Mary went softly to the door, and peeped in. She saw Hesper, as she thought, standing with the medicine-glass in her hand, pouring something into it. Mary glided swiftly towards her—it was Sepia! She darted a furious look at Mary, and made for the door. Joseph sprang after her, and snatched from her the phial. With a terrible oath she turned, but when she saw instead of Mary the unknown figure of a powerful man, she fled. Joseph locked the door again, and retired into the closet.

Mr. Redmain wanted an explanation of this disturbance, which, in his prostration, he had but imperfectly observed. Beyond telling him that it was Miss Yolland who was in the room,

Mary only asked him to wait till to-morrow, and perhaps they would find out. Mary watched all night, and when Mr. Brett came in the morning, Mr. Redmain desired her to wait. He wanted, he said, the explanation of something that happened the night before.

Mary told her story—not forgetting the flickering flame seen through the window of the closet. Mr. Brett's memoranda were not discoverable. Mewks was examined, and denied all knowledge of them. Mr. Brett requested the presence of Miss Yolland. She was nowhere to be found. On the doctor's arrival the bottle that Joseph had taken from her was examined, and the contents discovered. What became of Sepia no one ever learned. It came out after, that on the night on which Joseph rescued Mary a man with a foreign accent had his shoulder, which he said had been dislocated by a fall, set by one of the Testbridge surgeons. Joseph thought he knew what that meant.

While Mr. Redmain remained at Durnmelling, Mary went to see him almost every evening, read to him, and tried to teach him, and under her influence he seemed softened and improved. After his return to London, she only occasionally saw him, and their conversation never returned to the former topics. He lived for two years, and died rather suddenly.

Letty and Mary continued to live together. Joseph Jasper again became Mary's pupil, and prospered exceedingly in his business. He had become a great reader, and his mind continued to develop more and more. The intimacy of the two and their knowledge of each other increased, till at last they came to know that they loved each other, and were married the next summer. Mary did not leave the shop, nor did Joseph give up the forge.

Two years after, Geoffrey Wardour married Hesper. For the first time in her life, at last she loved. Durnmelling and Thornwick were again joined.

MIGHT AGAINST RIGHT.

A Sparrow on a lime tree's bough
Observed a chafer feed below ;
With sudden spring, he seized the prize,
Nor heeded the suppliant's pain or cries ;
"Peace," says the murderer, "thou shalt die,
For weak art thou, and strong am I."
A keen-eyed Hawk the sparrow spies,
Sharpens his beak, and downward flies
To seize the prey. "Oh, spare me, spare,"
The prisoner sues, but vain his prayer ;
"Peace," says the murderer, "thou shalt die,
For weak art thou, but strong am I."
An eagle next the hawk descried,
And fixed his talons in his side ;
"Grant me my life, in friendship's name,"
He cries, "your trade and mine's the same ;"
"Peace," cries the murderer, "thou shalt die,
For weak art thou, and strong am I."
A Fowler last the eagle found,
He shot and brought him to the ground ;
The king of birds had only time
To ask, "What, tyrant, is my crime ?"
"Peace," says the murderer, "thou shalt die,
For weak art thou, and strong am I."

—Anon.

REVIEW.*

Australian poets are as yet few in number. As for Australian verse-makers, like verse-makers everywhere, their name is Legion; though if they would even make good *verses*, we could forgive them. But often the pace of their Pegasus resembles the canter of a foundered horse; and the "rhyme" and the "reason" are equally faulty.

Vers de société, and sentimental verses, such as are commonly affected by these estimable persons, are not supposed to be of the highest order of poetry; but they *are* supposed to exhibit at least good grammar, rhyme, and rhythm. Many of the most successful specimens have had little besides to recommend them; but just because they had these they have pleased their readers, and have lived for a time, however ephemeral. They have served their turn, because they fulfilled the conditions contained in the music-publisher's question to a rather unsuccessful writer, "Why can't you write a *pretty* little song, with a taking title, and nothing in it?"

Mr. Sladen has claimed a place among the poets of Australia; and the claim has been allowed. Few, we believe, have been more successful—few so successful—in meeting with a demand for their publications. It is no wonder that he has become a prolific writer—fluently giving forth the abundance of his thoughts to an encouraging public. The volume before us contains many good things—perhaps it would be better if there were not so many things in all. Some of the subjects are hardly worthy of the muse, and some of the pieces look as if they had been done to order, or at the demand of some flat sense of duty. To the last category belongs a sonnet, entitled, "Melbourne, July, 1884," the *effort* of which is painfully visible—as if one should say, "Go to! I must and will say something grand about Mel-

bourne!" Nor is this a solitary specimen. Such things are the great blemishes of the book. But there are also faults of style, such as no poet, in justice to himself, should allow himself to be guilty of. These are most conspicuous in the sonnets—as might be expected—for, of all poetical compositions, the sonnet is the most difficult to *finish*. It should be a gem, and a gem cut and polished. The faults we refer to consist in the introduction of prosaic ideas, phrases, and words, often with startling, sometimes with ludicrous effect. For example:—

" Presently,
Ere seven bells had struck, a sailing boat
Hove alongside, and, sitting in the sheets
(Even now a hot wind blew), in thin silk coat,
I spied my host. How happy he who meets
His welcome at the threshold. Timely greeting
Is the first earnest of a welcome meeting."

Now, we submit, that if this is poetry, "many men, many women, and many children" have been writing poetry all their lives, as Monsieur Jourdain spoke prose, without knowing it—barring the mere rhyme.

We do not animadvert on these things in a spirit of detraction, but a spirit the very opposite. We want to have Mr. Sladen do full justice to the gift that is in him. If we did not see and most cordially acknowledge that gift, we should take no notice of these imperfections. We confess that we have read his volume with an occasional feeling of something like irritation, that one so capable should have let slip through his fingers ideas and expressions, which offend good taste, and jar on the very ears. It is provoking to think that a volume so good should not have been much better—and the author, we believe, could easily have made it so. Meanwhile we assure our readers that they will find great pleasure in perusing Mr. Sladen's book. Many of the subjects are specially interesting to Australians; and, notwithstanding our strictures, they will find, in almost every one of his effusions, something that marks the true poet.

* In Cornwall and Across the Sea. By Douglas B. W. Sladen, B.A. and LL.B.—London: Griffith, Farran, and Co.

' OUR DOCTOR.'

By "IATROS."

BATHS AND BATHING.

Cleanliness is for the most part one of the outcomes of an increased civilisation. Among savages, when water is applied to the skin, it is never with the object of cleansing it, but simply to cool it. The higher the state of civilisation the more extensively is the luxury of bathing indulged in.

With respect to ablution for the pure sake of health, the one thing needful is to wash the body from head to foot every day. To become so accustomed to the habit that the body feels uncomfortable if the process be not duly performed is the one habit that needs to be acquired in the matter of body cleansing.

Although the daily bathing of the whole body is necessary, a *formal* bath is not required. The process may be carried out very efficiently and very speedily at a very small cost, and yet all the hygienic advantages be the same as if great expense had been incurred. A shallow tub or metal bath in which the bather can stand in front of the wash-hand basin, a large bath-sponge, a piece of soap, a large Turkish bath-towel, and two gallons of water are quite sufficient for all purposes of health.

On account of the secretion of oily matters the skin cannot be cleansed by water alone. Soap is necessary. In all soaps there is some free alkali present and this uniting with the oily secretions of the skin renders them soluble in water. The amount of this free alkali should be small. If present in large quantities the constant use of such a soap makes the skin dry and hard.

Here it may be appropriate to say a few words anent soaps. I know of only three kinds which I can recom-

mend, viz., Pear's soap, Old Castile soap, and Sanitas toilet soap. Carbolic, Coal-tar, Sulphur, so-called Glycerine soaps, and all the host of highly scented and brightly tinted soaps are to be avoided.

Supposing the afore-mentioned articles have been procured, the ablutionist standing in the bath can wash himself completely from head to foot, with as much water as would fill an ordinary ewer, without wetting the floor. The body should be rapidly washed over, and afterwards be quickly and thoroughly dried. This is all that is necessary if the process be carried out every day; and, after a little practice, it may be so easily and rapidly done as to become of no more trouble than the sponging of the face, neck, and hands, which so many people are content to accept as a perfected daily ablution.

With reference to the arrangements of the bathroom, the question is often asked whether the bath should be taken at night before going to bed, or in the morning immediately after rising. The answer to this question will vary according to the circumstances and time at the disposal of the querist. Whenever such a plan can be conveniently carried out it is much better to bathe the body from head to foot both on going to bed and also on rising. So rapid is the process of bathing when the habit of it is acquired; that there are few persons who could not become accustomed to it as they do become accustomed to take meals at stated times.

But in many cases it is impossible to have a bath twice daily. Most persons, however, can manage to do so once a day, and in these cases undoubtedly

the best time for the bath is at night before going to bed. The practice of going to bed with all the day's accumulation of dust and dirt clinging to the skin is to us particularly objectionable. Besides, there is nothing so conducive to sound refreshing sleep as a tepid douche just before retiring to rest. From the adoption of this simple plan many bad sleepers get immediate relief from their insomnia. If the body be completely sponged over before going to bed, the morning bath need not be so general; it is sufficient for the face, neck, chest, arms, and hands to be well sponged.

It is a good practice once a week to dissolve in the water used for the bath a small quantity of common washing-soda, in the proportion of one ounce to the gallon. The water thus rendered alkaline has its power of cleansing the body increased—the oily matters are removed, as also are the acids which

are often present in the perspiration, and especially in the case of persons of a gouty or rheumatic tendency.

Now, what happens if the skin be not regularly washed and kept clean? The dirt which is always around us, the particles of wool and cotton caused by the wear of one's clothing, the secretions constantly being forced out by the skin, all accumulating, cover and plug up the innumerable "pores" (gland ducts) and prevent the escape of the natural skin secretions. Internal organs then take upon themselves the office of getting rid of waste materials which the skin has been prevented from excreting. These organs can only do the work imperfectly, so that the health begins to suffer. But not only does the individual himself suffer for his uncleanness—he becomes an annoyance to the more cleanly members of society with whom he has to come in contact.

"OUR GARDENER."

By DAVID A. CRICHTON.

During the summer months all who are interested in gardening should endeavour to counteract the ill effects of hot, dry weather as much as possible. Though, as a matter of course, gardens must necessarily feel the effects of the long and severe droughts that so often occur during our summers; yet much may be done by the judicious cultivator towards mitigating the evil. The use of water freely is the most effective means, as a matter of course, for neutralising the injurious effects of hot weather; and when it can be practised without difficulty, the severest drought may be defied. It is only a very few favoured cultivators, however, who can use water in sufficient quantity to meet their requirements. In most cases the supply of water will be too limited to admit of it being

used in large quantities for gardens, and even when plentiful the labour in its distribution will be too heavy a tax upon the ordinary cultivator. There are, however, but few gardens where the use of water can be altogether ignored during the summer months, and it should be practised when requisite, if circumstances will permit. As regards thoroughly established plants it is not advisable to commence watering until it is absolutely necessary. When a commencement is made in providing for the wants of plants, the work must be followed up afterwards. Water supplied by fits and starts, or in very small quantities, is of very little service to the plants, and in some cases may even do more harm than good. There are many plants that can hold their own through a long spell of dry

weather without being injured, though their growth will be nearly stationary for the time being. Now, if these plants are supplied with water, they will very likely start into growth, but their progress will soon be checked if no further waterings are given. It will be far better for these plants to rest for a few weeks, than be forced into making growth that cannot be supported for any length of time. The practice of merely sprinkling water over plants, which is so common with amateur gardeners, is a bad one, and cannot be too strongly condemned. When water is really required, and can be supplied, it should be given in the most effective way. Cultivators should bear in mind that one thorough soaking given every week or ten days will be far more serviceable than light sprinklings supplied every day. Many people waste a great deal of material, time, and labour in dribbling water over flower-borders and beds, the plants in which would do just as well if left alone. Much may be done in the flower-garden to counteract the effects of dry summer weather, and lessen the demand for water, by the adoption of the practice of mulching, as far as circumstances will permit. When protected by mulching, the surface soil is sheltered in a great measure from the direct action of sun and wind, and any moisture it contains is evaporated more slowly than if the ground was left exposed.

Many evergreen trees and shrubs at this time of the year have a tendency to throw up rank shoots, which not only deprive the other branches of their fair share of nourishment, but if allowed to remain will destroy the symmetrical appearance of the plants. When such shoots make their appearance, it will be advisable to either pinch them back before growth is far advanced, or remove them altogether. The budding of Roses should be finished as soon as possible, choosing moist or dull weather for performing the operation, or in the mornings or evenings when the air is still. In budding, the great secret of success is to get the buds quickly into their places after they are prepared, and not allowing them to get dry. Plump,

well-formed eyes should be selected for budding, and the stocks ought to be strong and healthy. Though the practice of budding Roses is very useful, as it enables cultivators to use strong stocks for varieties that are weakly when grown upon their own roots, yet with many kinds it is not required. There are a great number of Roses in cultivation that thrive much better upon their own roots than if budded upon other stocks. In this part of the world it is not advisable to grow Roses as standards, excepting under specially favourable conditions. When their stems are fully exposed to the sun the plants must necessarily suffer, and they often, as a consequence, decay easily. In all hot climates it is essential to the well-being of plants that their stems should be fairly sheltered by the branches and foliage. Those who have Standard Roses, or other tall trees whose stems are not sheltered by the foliage, may protect the plants effectively by covering the stems with a wrapper of straw, flax, or some similar material, during the hot months. Roses of the China, Bourbon, Noisette, and Tea sections should have a portion of their shoots pruned back, to encourage the production of succession flowers. Carnations, Picotees, and Pinks should be layered at once, to provide stocks of young plants for next season. Hyacinths, Tulips, Ranunculi, and other spring flowering bulbs ought to be lifted as soon as the leaves turn yellow and separate easily, but not before. When taken up these bulbs should be left to dry for a few days in a shady place, taking care not to expose them to the sun. Dahlias to bloom in the autumn should be planted out towards the end of the month, using plenty of manure in preparing the ground for them.

Pot plants in an active state of growth must be freely supplied with water, and the syringe may be used frequently with advantage. Those kinds that produce all their flowers at one period should as soon as they are in full bloom be supplied with water somewhat less freely than hitherto, giving no more than is necessary to keep the plants from flagging. When plants reach the flowering stage cultivators

should endeavour to make them retain their beauty for as long a period as possible. If freely supplied with water, and kept in a high temperature, a strong growth is stimulated and the flowering period is soon over. Plants that produce their flowers in succession, such as Fuchsias for instance, require to be treated somewhat differently, as if their growth is checked in any way, the later buds cannot develop properly. All plants in full bloom should be kept cool by shading, and air must be supplied freely whenever the weather is favourable. Plants growing in exposed situations should be freely supplied with water, and when practicable it will be advisable to shelter the pots by shading them in larger ones, and filling up the spaces between with sand, soil, ashes, sawdust, or any other material that will answer the purpose. In the bush house, or shelter shed, it is a good plan during the summer months to plunge the pots up to their rims in sand, soil, or coal ashes. When this plan is adopted the plants are not so likely to suffer from dry weather as if the pots are exposed, and less water will be required to keep them going. Ornamental foliage plants such as Caladiums, Crotons, Begonias, Alocasias, Dracænas, Marantas, as also Ferns and Lycopods, are now mostly in their prime, and in order to preserve them in this condition as long as possible they should be carefully shaded from the sun in the middle of the day, and kept at a lower temperature than hitherto. These plants also require a moist atmosphere, and should be syringed frequently. As these plants are grown exclusively for their fine showy foliage, any flower-stalks that make their appearance should be promptly removed. Dracænas, after a few years' growth, often get so tall as to lose a great deal of their beauty. When this is the case it will be advisable to obtain fresh plants by taking off the heads of the old ones with a few inches of the stems attached, and striking them as cuttings. If placed in pots filled with light rich soil, kept rather close and watered sparingly, these cuttings will strike readily, and in a few weeks make strong young plants. Achimenes, Gloxinias, Tydeas, and other Gesneraceæ plants

should, after their main growth is completed, be gradually inured to a lower temperature, to harden them for the conservatory or room decoration. When the plants are treated as we recommend, their flowers will last much longer than otherwise. Flowering Begonias, Justicia, Aphelandras, and other winter-blooming plants should have their growth encouraged by the use of liquid manure or guano water about once a week. The stronger the growth of these plants before they reach the flowering stage, the more satisfaction will they give to cultivators as a rule. Plants of the Cactus family, as they go out of bloom, should be stood in some open place, where they will be fully exposed to the air and sun, and if any require a shift they ought to be re-potted at once. Fuchsias should be propagated from cuttings, which, if put in now, will furnish plants to flower in the autumn. Good autumn flowering plants may also be obtained by cutting back plants that bloomed early, keeping them rather close for a few days till they commence to break again. After this grow them freely, and in every respect treat them as young plants.

In the orchard and fruit garden the principal work for the next few weeks will be keeping the ground free from weeds, and making preparations for gathering the early crops as they mature. The budding of stone fruit trees, and those of the Citrus family, may be proceeded with whenever the bark will rise freely. Though the budding of fruit trees is chiefly practised by nurserymen who raise plants for sale, yet private growers may often adopt the system with advantage. In many gardens comparatively worthless varieties are to be found, and these trees, if not too old, might be advantageously worked with better kinds. Budding is the best method for working all the stone fruits, as buds take more freely than grafts. Young trees budded now will, generally speaking, make sufficient growth in a couple of seasons to form good heads. Trees belonging to the Citrus family should never be allowed to suffer through lack of moisture, and more especially those that were only planted last season. Mulching should be practised generally with all trees of

this family, as it as of the greatest assistance during the summer months. It is a very useful practice for other kinds of fruit trees, and ought to be generally followed. Oranges and other trees of the Citrus family should receive any necessary pruning at once. As a general rule, however, these trees require but little pruning, though it is sometimes advisable to thin out the branches when too numerous to allow light and air to penetrate freely, and rank or misplaced shoots must be removed. Vines will still require attention in tying and regulating, and should the *oidium* make its appearance sulphur must be used promptly. This is the only remedy, and should be applied with the sulphur bellows, or if that appliance is not available, a large pepper box or flour dredger will make an excellent substitute. Strawberry plants may often be kept in a bearing state much longer than under ordinary circumstances, if they are kept perfectly free from runners, and plentifully supplied with water in dry weather.

In the vegetable garden it will be advisable to put in moderate crops of such kinds as are likely to succeed at this time of the year. Cabbage should be planted for late summer use, giving a preference to the St. John's Day or kindred varieties, with thick leaves which stand the sun well. Moderate sowings of Cabbage and Cauliflower should be made. French beans and peas for succession crops should be got in, and if the ground is very dry the drills ought to be well watered before the seed is put in. The germination of the seed will be accelerated by soaking it in water for twenty-four hours before it is sown. At this time of the year cabbages and other plants should always be planted in drills, so that

water may be supplied with the greatest economy and effect. Seed crops such as beans, peas, etc., should also be sown in sunken rows for the same reason. Small seed crops such as cabbages, salads, etc., should, if practicable, be shaded as soon as they are sown. Lettuce and other small salad plants should be sown every week if continuous supplies are required. These crops during the dry summer months can be grown better under a slight shade than when fully exposed to the sun. Another sowing of Celery should be made for succession in a shady spot, or, better still, in a pot or frame. Plants from previous sowing should be planted out in trenches prepared for them, when five or six inches high, taking care to shade them till they are fairly established. As Celery is a very strong feeding crop, manure must be used pretty freely in preparing ground for it. Garlic, Shallots, and early crops of Onions should be lifted as soon as the leaves turn yellow, taking care not to leave the bulbs lying exposed to the sun. The cutting of Asparagus should be discontinued, and the beds may with advantage receive a light top dressing of salt. The flower-stalks of Rhubarb should be removed as they make their appearance, the formation of seed being weakening to the plants. Cucumbers, Vegetable Marrows, and Melons must have due attention in stopping and watering, and seed should be sown for succession crops. Tomatoes may also be sown for succession crops. Herbs of various kinds should be cut for drying as soon as they reach the flowering stage, hanging them in bunches in the shade, as if exposed to a hot sun they are apt to lose their flavour.

Lie on! while my revenge shall be
To speak the very truth of thee.

"OUR COSTUMIER."

By "LUCIA."

As summer approaches the subject of a change to the seaside is broached in the majority of families, and, as a natural consequence, anxious mothers set about the preparation of suitable clothing for their little ones. The annual, or, I may venture to say, the perennial task of replenishing the children's wardrobe is by no means an easy one, and is attended with a considerable amount of thought, as well as much labour. There are so many little garments to be renewed; either they are worn out or else out-grown, for it is a stern reality that young limbs do stretch quite out of proportion to their clothes. For wearing dresses nothing could be nicer than the Jersey frocks provided for little girls nowadays; they have such a nice, smart appearance, besides being really serviceable. Then if a child outgrows her Jersey costume, it is so easy to rip off the skirt and put on another of some pretty striped material, such as a combination of blue and cardinal, which goes capitally with the inevitable navy-blue Jersey. The shops are all well stocked with summer novelties, and I notice any number of pretty, light materials suitable for children's wear, and which are also new and cheap—a desideratum in these times, for Paterfamilias' pocket is not always inexhaustible. New twilled fabrics of cotton, printed in pretty designs, are among the nicest for washing dresses; and the pure white nainsook muslins seem as popular as ever for dainty frocks. Galateas are so useful, that I think they never will go out, and they are made up with the loose sailor blouse in grey, red, blue, and white stripes, bound with the plain colour. A novelty in children's frocks, and what would be a nice style for the seaside, is the pinafore dress, which presents the appearance of two dresses,

the one over the other; for instance, a pale grey cotton one gathered high to the throat, and over it a pale blue one, coming to the same height as a low bodice. This is a good way of making up striped and plain, or striped and spotted materials—a combination much affected this year. Blouse costumes are among the nicest for little girls, and are easy to make. The bodice should be long and full, and drawn in by a running string where it is sewn to the pleated skirt; when tied in by this means the additional length and fulness fall over. Plain serge frocks, trimmed with braid, are among the best for wear, and they may be relieved and brightened by sailor collars of various materials, pink, blue, or brown striped cottons being the nicest. Straw sailor hats are universal for children of both sexes, and the mixed straw ones in dark colours, such as brown, or red and blue, stand any amount of hard wear.

This being the season for balls, parties, and all sorts of social entertainments, the question of evening dress is naturally one of interest to our readers, and a few notes on the subject will doubtless prove acceptable. Well, decidedly the feature of the season is the prevalence of the *décolleté* style in evening toilettes, indeed at balls the high-necked dresses are conspicuously in the minority. For those who object to the low neck, there are a number of pretty shapes in bodices, which are a compromise between the two styles, the majority of them being cut square. A very important point which ought to be observed in the art of dress, is to adapt the toilette to the time and circumstances. Now, the number of *décolletés* gowns which have appeared of late at concerts and similar performances is surprising, and singularly out of place they appear on such occasions,

for, strictly speaking, they are only in their proper sphere in the ballroom. Many ladies have two bodices made to their evening gowns, and an excellent plan it is; the fashion of wearing a bodice to contrast with the skirt is also one which favours economy. The net or tulle skirts which are so popular, are certainly the prettiest for evening wear, and in white, cream, or pale grey, may be worn with bodices and sashes of any shade. Hand bouquets are much patronised this season, and their dimensions seem to increase rapidly, many of them measuring twelve inches in diameter.

Every shade of blue is in favour this year, and though the bright hues were tabooed for a long time, our *élégantes* seem to have accorded them their patronage once more. This is probably due to the fact that blue is almost universally becoming, as it suits both blonde and brunette alike. As the song has it—

"Green's forsaken and yellow's foresworn,
But blue is the sweetest colour that's worn."

Royal blue, sapphire, hussar, and navy, as well as the turquoise and lighter shades were all well represented this year at the great fashion-parade on Melbourne Cup Day, the former tints having been little seen for some time previously.

The colour of the season, though, is, without doubt, yellow in all its shades, particularly the lighter ones. An English fashion journal announced some time ago that "the material of the year is canvas, and the colour yellow." With equal truth, I may say the same thing in Australia, for we have had a regular outbreak of the colour which formerly was monopolised by the brunette, but which is now patronised by individuals with dark, fair, or nondescript complexions indiscriminately. It is said that this innovation came about in the following way. About three or four years ago, when yellow was never worn by any but brunettes, "a lovely lady, whose golden brown hair frames in a face whose colouring is superbly fair, and as free from insipidity as from floridity," thought fit to appear on some public occasion in a gown of

gold-coloured brocade, with amber beads, and yellow fillets in her hair. Of course anyone answering to the above description could not fail to look charming in any colour, but weak mortals forgetting that, and noticing only the attractive *tout ensemble*, put it all down to the colour, which they pronounced most becoming to blondes, and the consequence is that now we see the most trying shades of yellow donned by many to whom Nature has denied any complexion to speak of. Fresh young girls with rosy cheeks look to great advantage in pretty white gowns with yellow sashes and ribbons—a style much in vogue this season, but ladies who have passed their *première jeunesse* and whose roses have faded, should avoid these tints, as they cannot wear them with impunity.

The fashion of trimming materials of the lightest texture with heavy ones has become quite established, and many of the fashionable muslin and gingham costumes are finished off with collars, cuffs, and belts of velvet, with pleasing effect. Grey zephyr cloths look well thus relieved with claret velvet, while pale blue ones combine well with black or navy blue velvet. Tussore is very fashionable this season, and nothing is more suitable for this hot climate, as it washes beautifully. It is frequently trimmed with velvet, and many of the lace skirts which are so popular are relieved by panels of velvet. Canvas and velvet are a favourite combination and go splendidly together. The skirt of the gown is often edged with a wide band of velvet, while the stand-up collar and turned-back cuffs are of the same. Of course, if a round gathered bodice is worn, then the belt is of velvet, with or without bows and ends, according to the wearer's fancy.

The silk materials most favoured this season are *faille française*, a beautifully soft corded silk, much used for mantles, as well as gowns; *surah* and *merveilleux*, both well-known to us all; poplin, both plain and *broché*; watered silk and *moiré*, those striped with satin, corded silk, or velvet being the newest, and known as the Pekin stripes. There are most lovely designs in preparation for the richer materials of the future season. Autumn fashions have

strangers to those colonists who have not yet done so. About 230 exhibits in oils and water colours are on view, but only a few of the former can be noticed at present.

The Koekkoeks (of whom several are represented in the Gallery) are a Dutch family, and artists evidently, every one of them. We shall refer again to their works in these notes. The painting that at once attracts the spectator with a terrible fascination is Pierre Van Ouderaa's "Last Appeal." The artist, who is but thirty-eight years of age, is a native of Antwerp, already highly appreciated upon the Continent, and having last year been decorated by the King of the Belgians with the "Order of Leopold." His most recent work is the one just named, a fine example of the modern school of his country, whose history also furnishes him with most of his powerfully-treated subjects. "The Last Appeal" shows a girl (almost on the verge of insanity at the prospect of the awful death awaiting her), kneeling at the Calvary to offer up the final petition for mercy allowed her by the stern judges whose pretended leniency adds but another revolting touch to the awful scene. Terror, and perhaps a feeling that the permission is only a mockery, seem to have prevented the girl from uttering any prayer, and she simply crouches down like a hunted creature upon the rough, snow-covered stones, and with hands clasped in agony, turns her ghastly face with the eyes glaring with the madness that is even now threatening the downfall of reason, upon the brutal jailer who stands beside her, holding the cords that cruelly bind the delicate hands which look too feeble to have dealt the fatal stroke which has brought her to so untimely a fate—The crimson hue of the man's costume stands out in sombre brilliancy and increases the repulsiveness of the character.

Wonderful treatment is displayed in the expression of the various faces watching the unfortunate girl, the self-satisfied look upon those of the kneeling nuns; the curiosity, simply unthinking, of the young lad behind them; the indifference of many of the bystanders; the abstracted expression upon that of the aged man, praying with reverent air and closed eyes, and the pitying, sympathising tenderness shown by the young woman leaning from the window with bent, sorrowful, earnest face, and hands "clasped in pain," as their owner breathes a true sister's prayer for the girl, so near to her in age, so far removed from her in all other respects. A feature, terrible in its mute significance, is the form of the man kneeling, with bundles of faggots laid beside him, close in the rear of his victim. It is a work that repels and fascinates at the same time, and in the life-like reality of the awful scene, the gazer for a time almost forgets to notice the graphic power and fine colouring displayed by the artist.

F. R. Unterberger has three very pleasing works, "Posilipo, Naples," (in which the gay scene is rendered with great fidelity and delicacy); "Riva, Lac de Garda," and "Capri, Golfe de Naples." Some extremely clever treatment is noticeable in Ed. Frere's "Interior at Ecouen, France," and the same may be said of "Calm Water," by H. Koek-

koek. James Webb exhibits two views taken in Belgium, which have great merit; a charming subject, "A March Morning," most happily and artistically treated; and a bit of English scenery, "Old Lock near Northchurch," which carries the memory back to similar fair landscapes. "Salisbury Cathedral" is also good.

There are several animal studies, the finest being A. Defaux's "Sheep in a Stable." The tone of this work is admirable and the modelling very accurate. The painting is a most pleasing one in all respects, and repays a close examination. In our International Exhibition of 1881 this artist obtained a gold medal for his "Sheep in the Snow." A nicely-treated marine subject is H. Koekkoek's "Awaiting Fishing Smacks." "Franz Hal, the Artist, receiving Visitors in his Studio," is a good example of Herman Ten Kate's style; there is a great amount of clever and vigorous execution, and the figures are natural, easy, and full of life. The connoisseur seated in the chair is excellent. "The Wounded Prisoner" is another very fine exhibit by the same artist. W. Koekkoek has numerous interesting views of street scenery in various countries, those in Holland being specially worthy of inspection. P. Jazet, a known contributor to the Paris Salon, has his "Battle of Trafalgar" in this collection; it is a grand work, and the subject one a Frenchman is sure to admire, saving that the battle too surely reminds him of England's supremacy on the sea. It is executed with great dramatic and artistic power, but the many scenes which go to make up the whole are of so sad a nature that, with all its merit, the visitor is glad to turn from it. Perhaps, however, that very feeling may be the highest compliment to the artist's power of keenly touching the heart with the woes of suffering humanity. The Exhibition, taken altogether, is as fine a one as has, for a long time, come out to the colonies.

Those who admire really high-class painting on china should inspect a specimen now on view at Mr. Mullens' Library. The work is by M. Alfred Balqué, of Dresden, and in looking at it, the observer is at a loss to know which to admire most—the colouring, so delicate and varied, the perfect accuracy of the drawing, or the charming group of children which forms the principal portion of the composition. The name, "Opportunity makes the Thief," tells the story of two children, half in play, half in mischief, seeking to take some fruit out of the basket by the side of their companion, the wearied little gatherer. The expressions of the former and the innocent repose of the latter are rendered with true artistic genius. The owner of this art treasure is Mrs. Duerdin, of Melbourne. Whilst on this subject, allusion may correctly be made to a volume in which some admirable and easily-understood information respecting this very art is given. It is called, "The Young Ladies' Treasure Book," published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. Practical hints are given whereby those anxious to follow this branch of art can study by themselves. The two methods of china-painting, under-glaze and over-glaze, are explained, and pretty designs are given. Painting on terra-cotta is taught in the same

manner, with suitable designs, and a page of well-executed coloured representations of vases, tiles, tazzas, trays, and panels, painted by artists well known for such work, is amongst the illustrations. Photograph-painting is included in this art chapter, and should prove a great boon to the many young ladies in Melbourne desirous of following that employment. The book is a very large one, with numerous wood engravings and coloured plates, and should prove a very mine of amusement and profit during the coming holidays, but as the chapters embrace every department of a girl's life we must confine ourselves simply to those connected with the branches of art named above, and we feel sure if *they* are attentively studied, every student of china-painting, etc., will be greatly improved by so doing. Several portraits of well-known members of Melbourne society are to be found on the easel at Mr. Dowling's studio; amongst them, those of Sir

Redmond Barry and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Davies. The former one is, on completion, to be hung in the new Law Courts. All three are executed with the accuracy and fine treatment to which we have become accustomed in this artist's works.

Regret will be felt by all interested in art on learning that Senhor Louriero, whose paintings have been so often favourably commented on in these notes, is in very delicate health, the proverbially changeable climate of Melbourne having doubtless had much to say to the rapid development of the lung disease from which he is said to be suffering. Our art community numbers few such artists as the Senhor, and can ill spare the loss of his exquisitely-finished works, and we feel sure that all who have experienced his courteous reception when visiting his studio, will join in the hope that so gifted a life may be prolonged for years to come.

LITERATURE.

By "Gleaner."

Professor Norton, of Harvard University, is editing Carlyle's Reminiscences for publication in America.

It is reported that the circulation of the *North American Review* has reached 29,000 copies monthly.

It is announced that Mr. Gladstone's recent visit to Norway in the yacht "Sunbeam," will be the subject of a little volume by Lady Brassey.

The author of the original and striking story, "As it is Written," forming the first volume of Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s "Rainbow Series," is said to be a young man, twenty-four years of age.

Mrs. Amelia Barr's fine story, "Jan Vedder's Wife," has met a favourable reception in England as well as in America, and has reached deservedly a second edition.

"Marigold Garden" is the attractive title of Kate Greenaway's Christmas book this year.

"Wonderful Christmases of Old" is the title of a finely illustrated volume just published by Lothrop and Co., New York.

Mr. Shorthouse is stated to be at work on a new story, which will relate to Puritan times, and like "John Inglesant" will be a novel of theological, philosophical, and political speculations.

Next year being the centenary of the publication of Burns' "Poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect," Mr. Elliot Stock, of London, announces that he will shortly issue a *fac-simile* of the work.

The extra Christmas number of *Good Words* will contain a Shetland romance entitled "Britta," with illustrations by Mr. W. Lockhart Bogle.

Miss Cleveland, whose recently published volume, "George Eliot and other studies," has excited much interest and attained so wide

a circulation, is said to be now engaged in writing a novel. The profits of her volume of essays, at the end of September, were said to have reached £1450, and she expects to make £5000 out of it.

It is stated in American journals that Mr. W. D. Howells has been engaged to write exclusively for *Harper's Magazine*, the consideration being £2000 a year. His story recently commenced in the *Century* will be his last contribution to that magazine.

"Woman in Sacred Song" is the title of a volume just published by Messrs. Lothrop and Co., of New York. The work is edited by Mrs. G. C. Smith and includes in about 700 pages all the noteworthy hymns and many of the noteworthy poems written by women since 1548.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. announce many valuable works for the holiday season, among which may be named "Poems of Nature," by John G. Whittier, illustrated with engravings from nature by Mr. Elbridge Kingsley, who has portrayed the actual scenes to which the various poems refer. Dr. Holmes' poem of "The Last Leaf," is to be issued in a handsome volume illustrated with full-page designs reproduced by the phototype process.

Two new volumes by the well-known and popular novelist, the Rev. E. P. Roe, are announced as ready by his publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co. The titles of the books are, "An Original Belle" and "Driven back to Eden." The last named recently appeared as a serial in *St. Nicholas*. The publishers estimate that Mr. Roe has "the gigantic constituency of five million readers."

Mrs. Kingsley Harrison is the author of the popular novels "Mrs. Lorimer" and "Colonel Enderby's Wife," under the pen-name Lucas Malet. For a long time her first book was

supposed to be the work of a man, so masculine is the style and analysis of human nature in it.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have just published a volume, entitled, "The Throne of Eloquence," by the late Rev. Paxton Hood. The contents are exceedingly varied, but, like all the previous works of the author, interesting and instructive. It is sure to be widely circulated, and read with pleasure and profit by many.

The same publishers announce a new book by the venerable Dr. Stoughton; the title is "Golden Legends of the Olden Times." This enterprising firm have many new books in preparation, and among the number one entitled "The Anglican Pulpit of To-day." This volume will contain forty biographies, and forty sermons of the leading preachers of the day.

A volume of sermons recently published by Messrs. James Maclehose and Sons, Glasgow, we have pleasure in bringing under the notice of clergymen of all denominations. The author, Dr. Joseph Leckie, is minister of the Presbyterian Church, Ibrox, Glasgow. The volume, which has already reached a second edition, contains twenty-five sermons of rare excellence, all on themes of importance, and several out of the usual range of pulpit texts. The sermons contain much original thought, and many weighty and beautiful utterances. A Glasgow merchant who recently visited Victoria has forwarded fifty copies of the book to Mr. M. L. Hutchinson, Collins Street, and the whole proceeds of the sale are to be devoted to the building fund of the new Presbyterian Church, Brunswick, of which the Rev. A. MacVean is pastor.

Among the new theological works announced by Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., of London, may be named specially "Zechariah: His Visions and his Warnings," by the late Rev. William Lindsay Alexander, D.D., of Edinburgh. It may be stated that a large portion of this exposition was contributed to successive numbers of *The Homiletic Monthly*. The same publishers announce a volume, entitled, "Parables of the Lake," by the Rev. J. E. Macduff, D.D.

The London Religious Tract Society has just published a small volume translated from the German, entitled, "Hymns of the Present Century." The hymns are by various writers, including Spitta, Julius Sturm, and Von Gerott. The translator, the Rev. John Kelly, has done his work well, the selection and the translations being both excellent. The neat and wonderfully cheap little volume is beautifully printed, and will delight and cheer many readers.

Ministers of all denominations will be pleased to learn that Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. announce for immediate publication two volumes of "The Pulpit Commentary." The volumes are on the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, and the Galatians, by Archdeacon Farrar and the Rev. Prebendary Huxtable, M.A., and the Epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians, by Professor W. G. Blackie, D.D., Rev. B. C. Caffin, M.A., and Rev. G. G. Finlay, B.A. The volumes

will contain a large number of homilies by more than a dozen clergymen of different denominations.

The same publishers announce a large number of new works in the various departments of literature, including the "Life and Letters of H. W. Longfellow," "A Facsimile of General Gordon's Last Journal," "Biographical Lectures" by the late George Dawson, and sermons by the Bishop of Derry.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have just commenced the issue of a new series of original novels under the general title of "The Rainbow Series." The first volume, "As it was Written," is a rather striking story by Mr. Sidney Luska. The quantity of letterpress extends over 250 pages, the paper is good, the cover strong, and the marvel is how such a book can be produced at the price of one shilling. If the volumes to follow equal the first the lovers of fiction will soon have an abundance of good reading.

As the holiday season is approaching, when the little children in the family expect picture books and stories, we may help parents by stating that Messrs. Cassell and Co. have just issued their annual volume of "Little Folks," a book full of stories, poetry, anecdotes, music, and many other things in which boys and girls delight, and which is also profusely illustrated with fine engravings. The same firm has also issued the annual volume of "Bo-peep," which will delight and amuse for many a day the very young children in the home. The volumes are wonderfully moderate in price, and may be obtained at the Melbourne agency, Russell Street.

Messrs. J. Clarke and Co., of London, have just published a volume of sermons by the Rev. R. Heber Newton, a clergyman of the Episcopalian Church in the United States. The title of the work is "Philistinism: Plain Words concerning Certain Forms of Modern Scepticism." The sermons are on topics of great interest and importance. Mr. Newton's views are widely different from those held and advocated by strictly orthodox divines, and on such topics as the Atonement, the Trinity, Election, the Resurrection of the Body, and Future Punishment, he says many things which will excite discussion. The object of the preacher is to defend Christian truth, but many, it is to be feared, will regard him as assailing it, because he insists on "a reasonable creed freed from superstitions, and open to all human thought."

Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh, announce as preparing for publication during the present season a large number of theological works, among which are included a "Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians," by Professor F. Godet, D.D., whose previous volumes on other parts of the New Testament are highly valued by ministers and theological students; "Lechla's History of the Apostolic and Post Apostolic Times;" "History of the New Testament Times," by Professor E. Schürer Gresson. The last-named work will form a second issue of the Foreign Theological Library for 1885.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. announce that they will shortly commence the publication, under

the title "Cassell's National Library," of a series of standard works in every branch of literature. The volumes will be printed from new type on paper specially manufactured. They will contain 192 pages, small 8vo., in coloured wrapper, and will be issued at three pence each. The publishers further state that the services of Professor Henry Morley have been secured as editor of this library, which, it is believed, will be unique in the annals of English publishing, and will compare favourably for quality and price with any books hitherto published.

Messrs. J. S. Virtue and Co.'s "Art Annual" for this year is devoted to the life and works of Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A. The volume is largely illustrated with engravings, after such well-known pictures as the "Huguenot," the "Bride of Lammermoor," "Effie Deans," "The North-West Passage," "Chill October," etc., together with *fac-similes* of his early sketches, and other interesting subjects. It is stated that the eminent artist gave much personal assistance to Mr. W. Armstrong, M.A., in the preparation of the volume, and has supplied many fresh and interesting details of his early life and training. The "Art Annual" is sure of a hearty welcome from all who prize a beautiful volume, and can afford to purchase it.

The October number of *The Nineteenth Century* contains a great number of excellent and instructive articles, among which may be named as specially worthy of notice, "The Uniformity of Nature," by the Bishop of Carlisle; "The Novel of Manners," by Mr. H. D. Traill; and "The Lesson of Jupiter," by Professor Max Müller. The last named is an article, the perusal of which will be a delight to classical scholars and all interested in the subject of comparative philology. Mr. W. C. Borlase, M.P., contributes a long article on "Parliament and the Church," which will be found worthy of careful consideration. Mr. Borlase, referring to the subject of disestablishment, writes:—"To me it appears that, in the real interest of all parties, the initiative which should bring about this end should proceed from within the church rather than from without: that the ultimate severance should be the result not of violent, nor what is worse, of veiled external opposition, but of a high-minded desire on the part of churchmen themselves

'To burst the bonds that bind them,
Rejoicing to be free'

to teach what they have to teach, and to manage their own affairs as other Christian communities around them can and do."

The October number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains instalments of the serial stories "The Princess Casamassima," "A Country Gentleman," and three additional chapters of "The New Portfolio," by Dr. O. W. Holmes. Mr. Horace E. Scudder contributes a second article on "Childhood in English Literature and Art," as delightful a bit of reading as the first on the same subject in the previous number. Mr. Scudder refers specially to the writings of Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Charles Dickens. Many of the quotations given are very beautiful, and not

less so are the writer's own remarks. Among other things he says:—"The stream which ran with so broken a course down to Wordsworth, has spread now into a broad, full river. Childhood is part and parcel of every poet's material; children play in and out of fiction, and readers are accustomed to meeting them in books, and to finding them often as finely discriminated by the novelist as are their elders." Mr. Charles Dudley Warner contributes another of his series of articles entitled "On Horseback," and Olive Thorne Miller supplies a pleasant article entitled "On the Tree Top." Some long and able reviews of new books, and good poetry, complete an excellent number of this valuable American monthly.

Among a great variety of articles in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly* theologians will find much to interest them in the long and very able article, entitled, "The Idea of God," by Mr. John Fiske. The writer embodies a great amount of information in a few pages, and on every page we find weighty utterances, striking thoughts, and sentences of great beauty. Literary men will read with pleasure the articles on "The Principles of Criticism" and "Thackeray as an Art Critic." Both are well written, and contain much that is instructive and interesting. The three serials mentioned in our notice of the October issue are continued, and will be found to be worthy of perusal. The lady whose name is familiar to the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Olive Thorne Miller, contributes one of her delightful papers on birds, and, under the title of "A Tricksy Spirit," tells us much that is curious and amusing concerning the mocking bird: "He could hardly be called malicious; rather [shall we say] mischievous, and, like Ariel, 'a tricksy spirit.'" The reviews and notices of new books are numerous and good, the poetry excellent, and the other departments up to the usual standard.

The October number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* opens with a second article on "Labrador," which is equally as interesting as the preceding, contains much information, and is beautifully illustrated. "A Glass of Beer" is the title of a long paper describing the whole process of the manufacture of beer. A number of important statistics are embodied, referring to the capital invested in the business in the United States, the number of persons employed and their wages, the value of the product, and other items. Mr. W. H. Gibson supplies a very delightful bit of reading in a beautiful illustrated article, entitled, "Back-yard Studies." There are many other articles which are not only interesting and instructive, but are profusely illustrated. As usual, the present number contains much to suit the taste of the lovers of healthy fiction. In addition to the serial stories, "East Angels" and "Indian Summer," there are two complete stories. Poetry, Reviews of New Books, and the Editor's Drawer make up a capital number.

Among the articles in the October number of the *North American Review*, one of special interest is by Mr. E. P. Whipple, on "George Eliot's Private Life." The writer commends very highly Mr. Cross's work; "In no other

biography of the kind is there such a complete self-effacement of the biographer in the subject of his biography." Referring to the union of Miss Evans and Mr. Lewes, Mr. Whipple writes:—"But perhaps we owe to this marriage—illegal in a technical point of view, but violating no principle of absolute morality—the great works of fiction which have rendered the name of George Eliot illustrious, and which promise to live as long as the English literature of the nineteenth century interests people who speak the English language." The article is brief, well written, and worth reading. All the other articles in the number, with the exception of a short paper by Cardinal Manning on "Inhuman Crimes in England," are on subjects chiefly interesting to American readers. The most attractive are Mr. G. B. Washburne's reminiscences of "Abraham Lincoln in Illinois," and Admiral Ammen's "Letters and Recollections of Grant." Politicians will be interested in the series of short papers on "The President's Policy."

The November number of the *North American Review* has an attractive variety of articles. The initial paper by Emilio Castelar on "The Progress of Democracy in Europe," is a powerfully written article, crowded with interesting and striking facts, and well deserving of careful and earnest study. The writer is evidently thoroughly conversant with his subject. He closes his article with this confident utterance:—"The final triumph of universal democracy is already as fully assured as if its blazing track in the pathway of history had already swept into full possession of the hopes, sympathies, and institutions of the nations." Another very strong article is on "Statecraft and Priestcraft," by the widely known and able theologian and church historian, Dr. Philip Schaff, than whom few

are better qualified to write on the subject he discusses. The articles on Grant and Lincoln, commenced in the previous issue, are continued and are of great interest. Walt Whitman contributes a good paper on "Slang in America," and Gail Hamilton deals with "Race Prejudice," in her usual forcible style. The article on "United Bulgaria" is worthy of study.

The *National Review* for October is filled chiefly with articles on political subjects, opening with a long editorial on "The Electoral Campaign," in which Mr. Gladstone is severely censured. Under the title of "The National Party," Lord Eustace G. Cecil, M.P., discusses the question "Are Parties and Principles breaking up?" and an anonymous writer, who avows himself a Radical, gives his opinion briefly and emphatically on the present state of political affairs in Great Britain. Mr. W. H. Mallock writes, on "Unpopular Political Truths," and Mr. T. E. Kebbal continues his series of articles on "Tory Prime Ministers," his subject being Lord Derby. Among other articles special mention may be given to Mr. A. R. Colquhoun's article on "An Anglo-Chinese Commercial Alliance," which is crowded with important information, and will be valued by those who are specially interested in trade and commerce. The two articles on "The Clergy and Politics," and "Voluntary Schools," are well written and both temperate in spirit. Literary men will enjoy the articles on the poet "Churchill," and the long and able critical review of "Faust." Major-General McMahon's paper on "The Situation at Burmah," is well worth careful study. The Bishop of Derry contributes a long poem entitled "The New Atlantis," which contains many fine thoughts, and a large number of beautiful verses. The verses describing "The Book" are admirable.

CURRENT EVENTS.

By E. A. C.

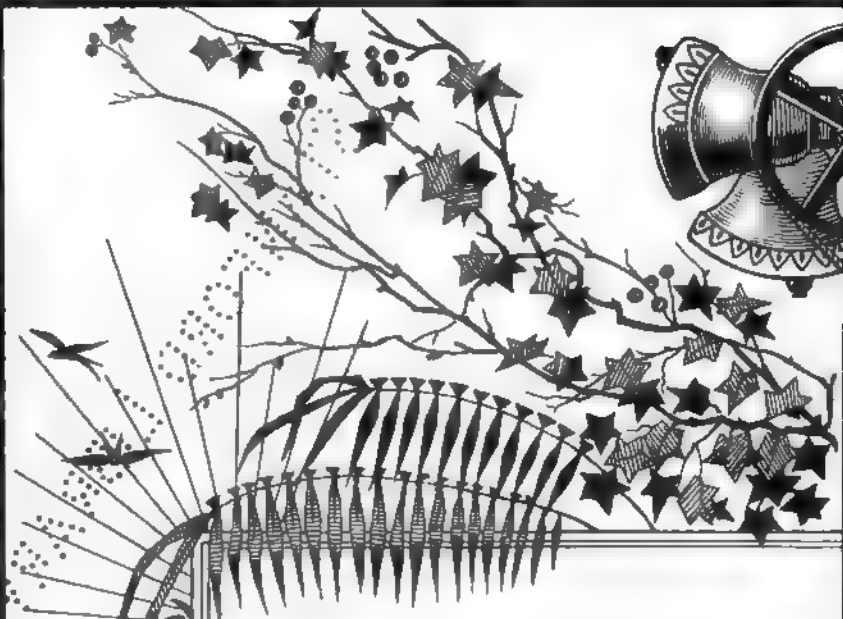
The sixteenth annual meeting of the "Old Colonists' Association of Victoria" was held in the Melbourne Town Hall, on Monday, the 23rd ult. About five and twenty members were present, and in the evening the usual dinner was given at Clement's Café. In the course of the meeting, the rules of the Association were so altered that persons eligible for election may, for the future, become members if they have been twenty-five years in the colony, instead of, as in former days, only twenty.

The Flower Shows have been numerous during the month of November; the Brighton one, as usual, having a grand display of blooms. It has become the habit to name this exhibition as "*the Show*" of the year, and to somewhat run down those held by the Royal Horticultural Society. It is true that many of the most successful exhibitors have withdrawn from it, and give all their efforts to make the former a success, but to those who are true lovers of floral beauty, the exquisite surroundings of the Society's Show will always make it rank as first favourite in their estimation, and fully atone for the poorer display of pot-plants. Brunswick made an admirable

effort this year, and the improvement to be noticed in that suburb since the flower show and competition in cottage gardens have been started, is very noticeable.

The performance of *Antigone* at the Melbourne Town Hall has been even more successful than was anticipated, £2680 having been handed over to the Women's Hospital, and a promise obtained from the Chief Secretary of asking Parliament to make up the sum to £5000. An illuminated address, a diamond star, and life-governorship of the institution, were handed to Miss Ward, at the conclusion of the play, that lady replying in suitable terms. Miss Ward's generous effort will cause her to be held in affectionate remembrance by all Victorians, and it is a noticeable fact that whilst many talented people of both sexes, and all professions, have come to the colony, made profitable tours through it, and received handsome testimonials on their departure, she alone has bestowed a lasting and munificent donation on its poorer classes, and so gained for herself a nobler reputation, which will endure when other and more fleeting ones have for ever passed away.

2000



A Christmas Card for those left
"At home."

Now from beneath the ardent dome
O'erarching our Australian clime,
We send our fondest wishes home ;
We don't forget old Christmas-time.

The cold east wind, the frost and snow,
The sleet and hail of winter drear,
Its fog and rain, full well we know,
How vex the land we love so dear.

But may our warmth your frost assuage,
Our loving fire defeat your cold ;
Sweet thoughts and memories engage
Our fancy, meet for Christmas old.

Although for many a weary mile
Between us rolls the heaving main,
We think of Christmas' wonted smile
And dream that we're at home again.

While you in thought the absent greet,
We wish you well, whate'er betal ;
In mind and heart again we meet ;
A "Merrie Christmas" to you all !

70.

A
MERRY
CHRISTMAS

ONCE A MONTH

➤ Christmas Supplement ➤

THE HUNTER'S WEDDING.*

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Author of "Fighting the Flames," "The Lifeboat," "Post Haste," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I.

On the summit of a green knoll, in one of those beautiful valleys which open from the prairies—like inviting portals—into the dark recesses of the Rocky Mountains, there stands, or stood not long ago, a small blockhouse surrounded by a wooden palisade.

Although useless as a protection from artillery, this building was found to be a sufficient defence against the bullets and arrows of the red men of North America, and its owner, Kenneth MacFearsome, a fiery Scotch Highlander, had, up to the date on which our story opens, esteemed it a convenient and safe place for trade with the warlike savages who roamed, fought, and hunted in the regions around it. Some people, referring to its peaceful purposes, called it MacFearsome's trading post. Others, having regard to its military aspect, styled it Mac's Fort.

Reuben Dale stood at the front gate of the fort conversing with a pretty, dark-haired, bright-faced girl of eighteen years or thereabouts; Reuben himself being twenty-eight, and as strapping a

hunter of the Rocky Mountains as ever outwitted a redskin or circumvented a grizzly bear. But Reuben was naturally shy. He had not the courage of a rabbit when it came to making love.

"Loo," said Reuben, resting his hands on the muzzle of his long rifle, and his chin on his hands, as he gazed earnestly down into the quiet, soft little face at his elbow.

"Well, Reuben," said Loo, keeping her eyes prudently fixed on the ground lest they should betray her.

The conversation stopped short at this interesting point, and was not resumed. Indeed, it was effectually checked by the sudden appearance of The MacFearsome.

"What, have ye not managed it yet, Reuben?" said the Highlander, as his daughter tripped quickly away.

"Not yet," said the hunter, despondingly.

"Man, you're not worth a gunflint," returned MacFearsome, with a twinkling glance from under his bushy grey eyebrows; "if ye had not saved Loo's

life twice, and mine three times, I'd scorn to let you wed her. But you'll have to settle it right off, for the parson won't stop another day. He counted on spendin' only one day here, on his way to the conference, and he has been two days already. You know it'll take him all his time to get to Beaver Creek by the tenth."

"But I'll mount him on my best buffalo-runner, and guide him myself by a short cut," said the hunter, "so that he shall still be in good time for the circumference, and——"

"The conference, Reuben; don't misuse the English language. But it's of no use, I tell you. He won't stop another day, so you must have it settled right off to-day, for it shall never be said that a MacFearsome was married without the benefit of the clergy."

"Well, I'll do it—slick off," said the hunter, shouldering his rifle, and striding away in the direction of a coppice into which he had observed Loo disappear, with the air of a man who meant to pursue and kill a dangerous animal.

We will not do Reuben Dale the injustice to lift the curtain at this critical point in his history. Suffice it to say that he went into that coppice pale and came out red—so red that his handsome, sunburned countenance seemed on the point of catching fire. There was a pleased expression on it, however, which was eminently suggestive.

He went straight to a wigwam which stood near the fort, lifted the skin door, entered and sat down beside the fire, opposite to a hunter not unlike himself. The man was as tall and strong, though not quite so good looking. He was at the time smoking one of those tomahawks which some Indians have made with pipe bowls in their heads, the handles serving for stems, so that, when not employed in splitting skulls, they may be used for smoking tobacco.

"I've done it, Jacob Strang," said Reuben, with a grave nod, as he slowly filled his pipe.

These two hunters were knit together with somewhat of the love that David bore to Jonathan. Jacob gazed at his friend for some time in mute admiration.

"Honour bright?" he asked at length.

"Honour bright," replied Reuben.

"Well, now," said Jacob to the cloud that issued from his lips, "I couldn't ha' done that to save my scalp. I've tried it, off an' on, for the last six year, and allers stuck at the pint—or raither just before it, for I never got quite the length o' the pint. But I've bin very near it, Reuben, more than once, uncommon near. One time I got so close to the edge o' the precipice that another inch would have sent me right over. 'My dear Liz,' says I; but I stuck there, an' the sweet little thing runned away, larfin', an' so, I'm a bachelor still. But I'm right glad, Reuben, that you've got it over at last. How did it feel?"

"Feel!" echoed the hunter, "it felt as bad, or wuss, nor the time that grizzly bar up the Yellowstone river got his claws into the small o' my back—only I hadn't you to help me out o' the difficulty. I had to do it all myself, Jacob, and hard work it was, I tell'ee, boy. However, it's all over now, an' we're to be spliced this evenin'."

"That's raither sharp work, ain't it, Reuben?" said Jacob, with a critical wrinkle of his eyebrows, and a remonstrative tone in his voice. "I ain't much of an authority on sitch matters, but it do seem to me as if you might have gi'n the poor gal a day or two to make sure whether her head or heels was uppermost."

"You're right, Jacob; your judgment was always sound, but, you see, I was forced to do it slick off because the parson won't wait another day, an' I'd like to have it done all ship-shape, for I've a respec' for the parsons, you see. A man who's come straight down from the Pilgrim Fathers, like me, behoves to act discreetly—so, the weddin's to be this evenin'."

"Well, you are the best judge, Reuben, an' it's as well that it should come off when old Fiddlestrings is here, for a weddin' without a fiddle ain't much of a spree. By good luck, too, there's the lads from Buffalo Creek at the fort just now, so we'll muster strong. No, I wouldn't give much for a weddin' without a good dance—not even yours, Reuben."

That afternoon The MacFearsome arranged with the Rev. William Tucker

1000



Whatever might have been the tendency of the people,
it was suddenly cut short by the sound of cannon.

to delay his departure for one day, in order to unite his only daughter Loo to Reuben Dale.

"You must know, Mr. Tucker," he explained, in a slightly apologetic tone, "although Reuben is only a hunter, his parents were gentlefolks. They died when Reuben was quite a little fellow, so that he was allowed to run wild on a frontier settlement, and, as a matter of course, took to the wilderness as naturally as a young duck takes to the water. But Reuben is a superior person, Mr. Tucker, I assure you, and as fine a disposition as you could wish. He's as bold as a lion, too, and has saved my girl's life twice and my own three times—so, you see, he——"

"He deserves a good wife," said the Rev. Wm. Tucker, heartily.

"Just so," replied the old trader, wrinkling his fierce yet kindly face with a bland smile, "and you'll confer a great favour on me if you will stay and perform the ceremony. Of course, according to Scotch law, we could marry them without your assistance, but I respect the Church, Mr. Tucker, and think it becoming to have a clergyman on occasions of this kind."

Having settled this important piece of business Kenneth MacFearsome went off to make arrangements for the indispensable dance, and the clergyman, being fond of equestrian exercise, went out alone for an afternoon ride.

That same afternoon a band of Indians belonging to the Blackfeet tribe encamped in a gloomy defile of the Rocky Mountains not far from Mac's Fort. It was easy to see that they were a war party, for, besides being armed to the teeth, their faces were hideously painted, and they had no women or children with them.

They had stopped for the double purpose of eating a hasty meal and holding a council of war.

One of the warriors stood up in the midst of his brethren and made a speech, which, to judge from its effect on the others, must have been highly inflammatory and warlike. During the delivery of it he turned his ugly visage frequently, and pointed, with his blue striped nose, as it were, in the direction of Fort MacFearsome.

Whatever might have been the tendency of the speech, it was suddenly cut short by the sound of a horse's hoofs clattering in the glen below. After bestowing a united eagle glance on the approaching horseman, the Blackfeet warriors turned a look of intelligence on each other, lay flat down in the long grass, and melted from the scene as completely and silently as snow-wreaths melt before the sun in spring.

The Rev. William Tucker was a muscular Christian. That is to say he believed that the body, as well as the soul, ought to be cultivated to the highest possible extent—both having the same origin—and held that physical health, strength, and vigour, if not absolutely necessary to the advancement of Christianity in the earth, were at least eminently conducive thereto. Holding such opinions, and being powerfully built, he threw himself heart and soul into whatever he did. Hence the clatter of his horse's hoofs as he galloped swiftly up the glen.

But the Rev. William Tucker was also merciful, and not only drew rein when the path became too steep, but dismounted and led his steed by the bridle when he reached the rugged ground near the spot where the war party had melted away.

CHAPTER II.

Great and grand were the preparations made for the approaching festivities at Mac's Fort. Michel, the cook, constructed a venison pie, the tin dish of which (repaired expressly for the occasion that afternoon by the Fort blacksmith) might have served for a bath to an average baby. The carpenter arranged the hall, or large public room, cleared away the tables, fitted up a device in evergreens which was supposed to represent the words *Loo* and *Reu*, and otherwise garnished the ball room with specimens of his originality and taste, while old Fiddlestrings, who was a self-taught half-breed, fitted to his violin a new string made by his wife that day from a deer sinew.

When the hour arrived for the performance of the ceremony, Reuben Dale appeared among the men of the Fort,

dressed, not like a gentleman in broadcloth, but in hunter's costume of the most approved cut and material—a yellow deerskin coat, ornamented with bead and quill work; blue cloth leggings, a small fur cap, moccasins garnished with silk flowers, fitting as tight to his feet as gloves fit the hands, and a crimson worsted sash round his waist. He also wore, slung on his shoulder by scarlet worsted cords, a powder horn and shot pouch—not that these implements of the chase were necessary to the occasion, but because he would as soon have thought of appearing at any time without them as without his nose. For the same reason his rifle accompanied him to the wedding.

A short time before the appointed hour the bride elect adorned herself in simple yet tasteful costume, which, being peculiar to no particular nation or time, we prefer to leave to the reader's imagination, merely remarking that as Loo was simple and pretty her garb corresponded to her appearance and character.

But the appointed hour passed, and the Rev. William Tucker did not appear. Hunters of the Rocky Mountains, however, are not an impatient race. Reuben quietly waited as he would have done for a good shot at game. Not so The MacFearsome. His Celtic blood fired, and he muttered a few uncomplimentary remarks about the reverend absentee which it is well not to repeat.

As time passed, however, the dwellers in Mac's Fort became anxious, then alarmed, and finally the wedding was postponed while a search for the lost one was organised; but they searched in vain, because tracks which might easily be traced in the wilderness get inextricably mixed up in the vicinity of a Fort.

Next day Kenneth MacFearsome, coming rather hastily and angrily to the conclusion that Mr. Tucker had given them the slip and gone off to his conference, determined himself to perform the marriage ceremony as directed in the Church of England Prayer Book.

"You see, Reuben," he said, "I have a great respect for the Church, and would fain have had this matter knocked off by one of its parsons, but

as this parson appears to be little better than a wolf in sheep's clothing—if as good—I'll just do it myself, for I'll not have my daughter's wedding delayed another day for any man, woman, or beast alive."

"Wouldn't it be as well, sir," suggested the hunter, modestly, "to have a hunt after the parson by daylight first."

"No, it wouldn't," said the old trader, with the air and decision of—we were going to say the great Mogul, but perhaps it would be more emphatic and appropriate to say—The MacFearsome.

Knowing that appeal from that decision would be in vain, Reuben once more arrayed himself in the wedding dress (which he had changed when the search for Mr. Tucker was undertaken), and once again presented himself before his admiring friends in the decorated hall of Mac's Fort. The cook warmed up his gigantic pie, old Fiddlestrings re-tuned his home-made violin, and pretty little Loo at last appeared on the scene with two half-breed young women as bridesmaids and two Indian females as backers-up.

"My friends," said Kenneth MacFearsome, taking up the prayer book, and commencing a speech which he had spent the entire forenoon in preparing, "I have a few words to say to you on this interesting occasion."

The old gentleman's usually stern and handsome countenance had relaxed, and assumed a bland sweet expression, which was more consonant with the circumstances in which they were assembled. Before he could utter another word, however, he was interrupted, to his great surprise, by Reuben.

"Excuse me, Mr. MacFearsome," said that bold though bashful hunter, "but my friend and comrade, Jacob Strang, has not yet arrived, and it would grieve me to the heart if he was absent at such a time as this. Couldn't we wait a bit? I wouldn't ask you to do so for any other man alive, but I've hunted wi' him since we were slips of boys, and—and I can't help thinkin' that somethin's gone wrong wi' him, for Jacob's good and true, and trusty as steel, an' wasn't used to fail in his engagements."

While the hunter was speaking the bland expression faded from the Highlander's countenance, and a fierce look flashed from his blue eyes, as he replied in stern, decided tones :—

"Reuben Dale, if your friend Jacob was the great Israel of Bible story, or even Moses himself, I would not wait for him. Don't interrupt me again, lad."

He turned to the assembled company with a wave of his hand, as if to dismiss the interruption from memory, and attempted to reassume the benignant expression with only partial success.

"My friends," he said, but said no more, for at that moment he was a second time interrupted. A shout was heard outside, the door of the hall burst open, and Jacob Strang himself strode in, bearing the Reverend William Tucker on his shoulders.

Depositing his burden on the floor he said, hurriedly, "He's not dead, only stunned. The reptiles did their best to kill him. They're not far off, MacFearsome. We'd better go after them."

The MacFearsome usually gave vent to his feelings in Gaelic when labouring under strong excitement. On this occasion his utterances were terrible in tone whatever their meaning might be.

"Go after them?" he cried, in a blaze of wrath, "yes, we'll go after them. Saddle my horse and fetch my gun. Arm yourselves, boys. Some of you will remain to guard the Fort, and see that you keep the gates shut. Can you guide us to the villains, Jacob?"

"I can at least follow up the trail."

"Stay, I can guide you," said a voice behind them.

It was the Reverend William Tucker himself, who had recovered and was sitting up on the floor looking rather confused.

"No, sir; you will remain at the Fort and take care of the women," said MacFearsome, gruffly.

In a few minutes the Chief of the Fort was galloping over the prairie at the back of his establishment, followed by six of his best men, with Reuben Dale, and led by Jacob Strang.

CHAPTER III.

In thus giving chase to the red men the Highlander did not act with his

wonted caution. His wrath was too much for him.

Jacob, the hunter, while out after deer, had come on the trail of the war-party of Blackfeet. Suspecting them of mischief, he had followed them up and found them just at the time when they made prisoner of Mr. Tucker. He saw them bind the unlucky pastor and carry him off, mounted behind a savage chief. Jacob chanced, fortunately, to be concealed in a rugged piece of ground where horses could not act. As the Indians were riding away he shot the horse that bore the pastor, and at the same time uttered a series of yells and extempore war-whoops so appalling that the savages gave him credit for being at least a dozen foes, and fled over a ridge before turning to see what had happened. The fall of the horse had stunned the pastor, but the Indian leaped up and drew his knife. Fortunately Jacob's rifle was a double barrelled one. Uttering another ferocious yell he fired, and by good fortune hit the right arm of the Indian chief, who, dropping his knife, followed his companions like a hunted stag. Jacob immediately dashed out of his ambush, lifted the reverend gentleman on his own horse, which he had left in a hollow close at hand, and brought him, as we have seen, safe back to the Fort.

Now, if the white men had been satisfied with this, all would have been well, but The MacFearsome had been roused, as we have said, and set off, needlessly, in pursuit of the savages. It chanced that the Blackfeet had arranged to attack the Fort in two bands that night—advancing on it from opposite directions. The consequence was that while MacFearsome and his men were away after one band, the other—a much larger band—ignorant of what had occurred to their comrades, advanced after dark on the Fort and gave the signal for attack. They were surprised at receiving no reply from their comrades, but did not delay the assault on that account.

The men who had been left in charge of the Fort were quite worthy of the trust. Stationing themselves a few yards apart all round the palisades inside, they kept guard. Mr. Tucker, armed with an axe-handle as a bludgeon

—for he objected to taking life if he could avoid it—mounted guard at the gate. Pretty little Loo kept him company. The other women were stationed so as to carry ammunition to the men, or convey orders from the blacksmith, who had been left in command.

"This is a sad interruption to your wedding," remarked the pastor, as he leaned against the Fort gate, and examined his weapon.

"It is," assented Loo, meekly, "but you will marry us to-morrow. My father will return too late to have it done to-night, I fear."

"However late he comes we must get the ceremony over to-night, Loo, for I positively cannot delay my journey another day. Indeed, even as it is, I shall be late for the conference of my brethren. Hark! What sound was that?"

"I heard nothing but the hoot of an owl," said Loo.

As she spoke an arrow, entering the palisades, whizzed past her. At the same moment a volley was fired from the other side of the Fort.

"Keep closer to the gate, Loo," said Mr. Tucker, grasping his club with a feeling that the girl's safety depended on the use he made of that unclerical weapon.

"Come round to the east angle, all of you," shouted the blacksmith.

All the men in the Fort obeyed the summons in time to repel a vigorous assault made on that point by what seemed to be the whole band of the enemy, but the bride and one of her maids remained at the front gate to keep watch there. Just as the victory was gained and the enemy were driven off at the east angle, a loud scream was given by the women. Mr. Tucker heard it and was first to run to the rescue. He found that three of the Blackfeet, during the assault on the other side, had crept round to the front gate. One of these had placed his head against the stockade, a second had mounted his shoulder, and a third had thus gained the top of the pickets.

Seeing how matters stood at a glance, Mr. Tucker ran forward and thrust his bludgeon with a straight point right into the painted face of the lower savage, who fell back at once, carrying

the second savage along with him; but the third had already laid his hands on the top, and, vaulting over with monkey-like agility, came down on the pastor's shoulders with such violence that both rolled together on the ground. But the savage was no match for the athletic pastor, who compressed his throat with a grip that soon caused him to relax his hold.

"Here, give me your kerchief, Loo," gasped the pastor, "I'll tie his hands."

"Why don't you stick him?" asked one of Loo's bridesmaids with great simplicity.

"Because I won't take life if I can help it," replied Mr. Tucker, as he bound the Indian's wrists.

At that moment there arose a wild war-whoop from another part of the Fort, and a volume of smoke and flame burst from the back of the chief dwelling-house, which stood in the centre of the square. The Blackfeet had gained an entrance at another point, and set fire to the western wing of the building unperceived.

With a shout of rage the blacksmith and his men rushed to the scene of disaster.

"There's father!" said Loo, with a cry of joy.

"Where?" exclaimed Mr. Tucker, looking round with a bewildered air.

"Help to open the gate," cried Loo.

The pastor did so at once, and, as he heaved at the bar which held it, he could hear the clatter of hoofs and the shouts of men outside.

The heavy gate swung back just as the cavalcade came up, and they dashed in at full gallop.

"Open the back gate wide, Loo, and leave this one open, too," shouted Mac-Fearsome, as he flew past like an enraged thunderbolt.

Our bride possessed that most valuable quality, a tendency to prompt, unquestioning obedience. Running lightly to the other side of the Fort she undid the fastenings and forced the back gate wide open. Meanwhile her father and our bridegroom, with his friend Jacob and the six men, charged down on the savages with wild yells of fury. The sight of them was sufficient! The Blackfeet turned and fled through the open gates in consternation. As

they coursed towards the woods like hares the blacksmith managed to turn on them a small ship's cannon loaded with buckshot, which awoke the echoes of the wilderness with a deafening roar. The horsemen also pursued and scattered them right and left. Then the gates were re-closed, while the bright flame of the burning buildings lit up the scene as at noonday.

"Hold your hands now, boys," shouted MacFearsome, drawing rein.

Those nearest to the chief obeyed, and the others, soon perceiving what was being done, rejoined their comrades.

"Where is Reuben?" asked MacFearsome, as they were turning towards the Fort.

Each looked at the other, but none could answer.

"I saw him down in the hollow, charging the Indians," said one.

"And I saw him coming back by the stable-fence," said another.

"Off with you to both places and look for him," cried the chief, "and the rest of you follow me."

They searched swiftly to and fro for some minutes, and soon found his riderless horse. Then a cry from one of their number was heard from the hollow. Galloping thither they found Reuben lying on his back, apparently dead, with an arrow in his chest.

In a moment Jacob was on his knees at his friend's side, and soon the arrow was extracted, but it was found that blood gushed freely from the wound. Staunching this as best they could, they bore the wounded man carefully to the Fort.

"Oh! father, I hope the fight is over now," exclaimed Loo, as her sire rode through the gateway.

"Yes, the fight is over," replied the Highlander, sternly, "but it has cost us much. Our house is on fire and Reuben is——"

He did not finish the sentence. Indeed, there was no occasion to do so, for, while he spoke, the men advanced who bore Reuben's all but lifeless body.

Loo did not scream or utter a word, but her white face and compressed lips told their own tale as she walked by her bridegroom's side into the hall which had been so gaily fitted up, but

was now a blackened and partially burned room.

While the hunter's wound was being examined, everyone, save the pastor and the women, was sent from the hall to aid in extinguishing the fire, which had been nearly subdued. MacFearsome was somewhat expert as an amateur doctor, and so was the Reverend William Tucker. Their united opinion was that the hunter's case was a very grave one. They did all that could be done to stop the bleeding and sustain the strength of the wounded man, whose consciousness returned after a short time.

"Is it all over with me, father?" asked Reuben, in a faint voice, addressing The MacFearsome for the first time by that endearing title.

"I fear it is, my son," replied the chief. "You know it is not my habit to mince matters at any time, and I don't think you are such a baby as to fear death when it is sent to you. However, I will not say that your case is hopeless till I have tried my medicine on you—so keep up your heart, Reuben."

"Father," said Reuben, "will you allow me to be alone with Loo, for a little?"

"Certainly, my dear boy, but you must have your medicine first."

Reuben replied with a smile and a nod.

After taking the physic he was left alone with Loo. For some time neither could speak. At last Loo said: "Oh! Reuben, dear, you are not going to die?"

"I hope not, dearest, but when the Lord's time comes we must be ready to answer to our names. If I am to go now I would spend the few hours that remain to me listening to your sweet voice reading the Master's word."

"Reuben," said Loo, with sudden animation, "will you grant me a favour?"

"You know I will, whatever it be," replied the hunter, with a languid smile; "What is it?"

"That we may be married to-night—within this hour," said Loo, with decision.

"Why? Of what use to wed a dying man?"

"Because I want to nurse you as your wife, to the end, if it be His will that you shall go, and I wish to be for ever after called by your dear name."

"It is a strange notion—a sweet one to me, dearest Loo. It shall be as you wish. Call father."

At first the Highlander strongly objected to the wish of his child, but Loo knew how to overcome her father's objections! In the course of half-an-hour Reuben sent for Mr. Tucker. The MacFearsome's medicine, whatever it was, was potent as well as patent. Reuben was able to talk with considerable energy when the pastor appeared—summoned, as he fancied, to prepare the dying man for the great change. Great, therefore, was his amazement when Reuben begged of him to make arrangements for performing the interrupted marriage ceremony within half-an-hour.

"But you seem to be dying, friend," said the perplexed pastor.

"That may be so," replied the hunter, quietly, "but Loo wants to be wed before I die, and we'd better waste no time about it."

There was no resisting this, so the Reverend William Tucker made arrangements for the wedding, while The MacFearsome and his men were busied extinguishing the last sparks of the fire.

It was near midnight before these arrangements were completed. Then the men were summoned once more to the hall, but how different were their feelings now from what they had been earlier on that day. The occupation of old Fiddlestrings was gone. Even the huge pie was dismissed from the scene. The wedding guests crept quietly in, their gay costumes torn and covered with charcoal, and bearing other evidences of the recent conflict. They were very silent, too, and sad, for they were aware of the critical condition of the bridegroom.

When all was at last prepared a new and unexpected difficulty arose. It was found that Reuben had fallen into a sound sleep!

Thereupon a whispered but anxious conversation took place at the end of the hall furthest from the wounded man's couch.

"We must waken him," said MacFearsome, with stern look and tone.

"No, father," said Loo, with a tearful smile, "we must wait."

"Your daughter is right," whispered Mr. Tucker. "Whatever be the condition of Reuben, sleep is the best thing for him."

"But you must start for your conference at four in the morning, and he may not awake before that," objected MacFearsome.

Their perplexities were suddenly removed by Reuben himself, who awoke while they were consulting, and asked his friend Jacob—who watched at his side with the tenderness of a brother—where Loo had gone to.

"She's here, Reuben, waitin' to get married," replied his friend.

The hunter roused himself, looked hastily round, raised himself on one elbow, and said in a strong voice, "Come, I'm ready now. Let's get it over."

Immediately Loo was at his side; the whole party assembled round his couch; the pastor opened his book, and in these exceptional circumstances Reuben Dale and Louisa MacFearsome were married!

"Now, Reuben, dear," whispered Loo, as she pressed his lips, "lie down again and go to sleep."

"On one condition only," said the wounded man, with something like a twinkle in his eye, "that you go on with the wedding feast. Jacob says a wedding is nothing without a dance. Now, as this wedding is worth all the world to me, Loo, I'm determined that it shall be worth something to my old friend and comrade."

It was found that remonstrances were in vain, so, as resistance to his wishes might have proved hurtful to the invalid, the wedding feast was continued and carried through with far more vigour than might have been expected, Reuben himself being, apparently, one of the most interested spectators.

So Jacob had his dance, and he performed his part with unwonted energy—for the sake of pleasing his friend rather than himself.

When the lights were waxing low, and the great pie had been eaten, and old Fiddlestrings had been used up, Reuben called his friend to his side.

"What with searchin'," he said, "an' fightin', and fire-stoppin', an' dancin', you've had a pretty stiff time of it, Jacob. But you're a strong man—leastways you used to be—an' I daresay there's plenty of go in you yet."

"I'm fresh as a lark, Reuben," replied his friend. "What want ye wi' me?"

"I just want ye go fetch your horse, an' saddle my best buffalo-runner for the parson, an' take him to Beaver Creek. Do it as fast as you can, Jacob, and by the short cut, and don't spare the cattle."

"I'll do it, Reuben."

Jacob was a man of few words. He did it, and thus it came to pass that when grey dawn began to break over Mac's Fort, it found the Reverend William Tucker and his guide scouring over the western plains at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour—more or less—while Reuben Dale lay sound asleep in his blood-stained wedding dress, his strong hand clasping that of pretty little Loo, who was also sound asleep in an easy chair by his side.

About the same time The MacFearsome flung himself down on his half burned bed, where, in dreams—to judge from his snorting, snoring, and stertorous breathing—he waged war with the whole Blackfeet race single-handed!

When the pastor bade farewell to Reuben, he had done so with the sad

feelings of one who expected never to see his face again, but the pastor's judgment was at fault—Reuben Dale lived—he lived to become as strong and able a hunter of the Rocky Mountains as ever he had been; he lived to take Loo to the Western Settlements, and squat down beside the MacFearsome's new farm; as a species of hunting-farmer. He lived to become a respected member of the Reverend William Tucker's church in the wilderness, where he filled two pews with little Dales, which, as an Irish comrade remarked, was a dale more than he deserved; and last, but not least, he lived to urge, argue, badger, bamboozle, worry, and haul Jacob Strang up to that "pint" at which he had so often stuck before, but over which he finally fell, and managed to secure that "déar Liz" who was destined to become the sunshine of his after life.

In regard to this matter, Jacob was wont to say to his friend at times, when he was particularly confidential, that "the catchin' of Liz was the best bit of trappin' he had done since he took to huntin' in the Rocky Mountains, and that if it hadn't been for his chum Reuben Dale, he never would have bin able to come up to the pint, much less git over it, though he had lived to the age of Methuselah, and hunted for a wife all the time."

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave:
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept.

—Cowper.

THE STOCKMAN'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

By T. L. GRACE DUMAS.

In glowing warmth the Christmas sunshine lies
On parchéd herb and grass ;
Across the dazzling glare of burning skies
No white cloud-shadows pass ;
Upon the distant hills' dark wooded crest
Silence and shadow brooding seem to rest.

Amidst the voices of the bush and plain,
Echoes that go and come,
The lonely exile hears no faintest strain
That breathes of friends and home,
No Christmas greeting, rife with human love,
Blended of peace on earth and joy above.

Alone, save for those dear dumb comrades true,
Who wistful strive in vain
To solace this sad mood so strange and new,
Of lonely longing pain,
Across his soul a tide of yearnings deep,
For human love and home and kindred sweep.

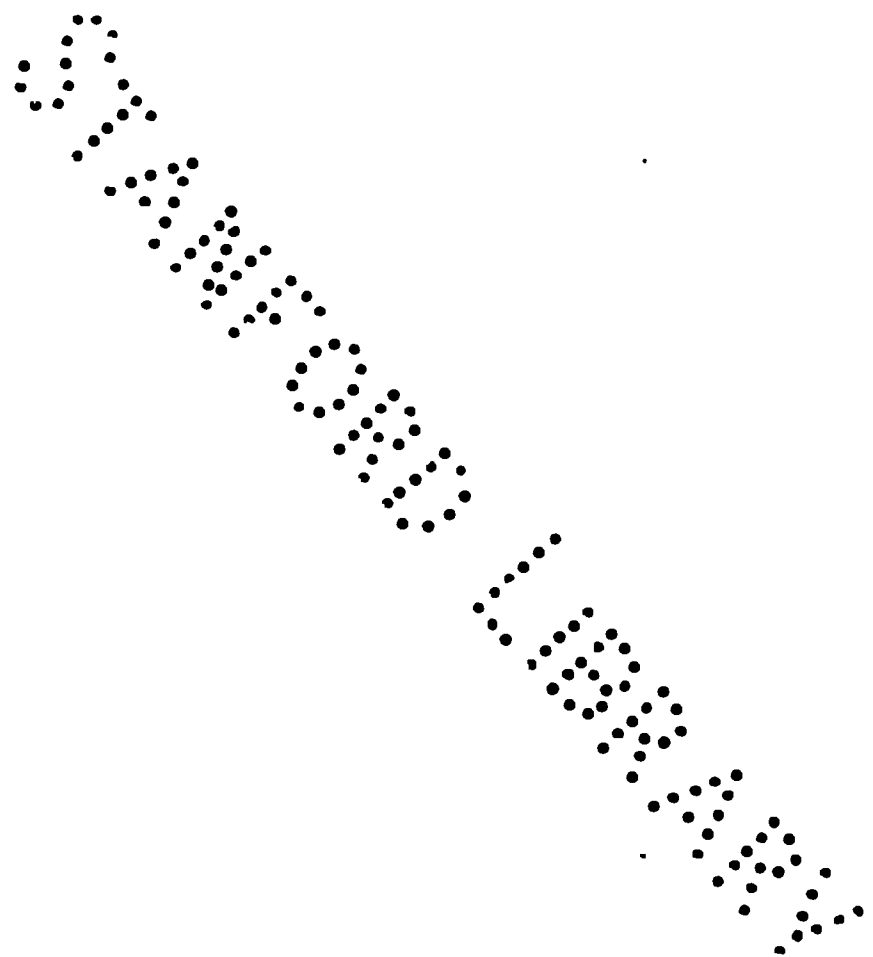
Oh, but once more, if but for once, to stand
In the dear home of old ;
To be united in the household band
Within the church's fold ;
To wipe away long wasted, reckless years,
And hear sweet Christmas greetings 'midst his tears !

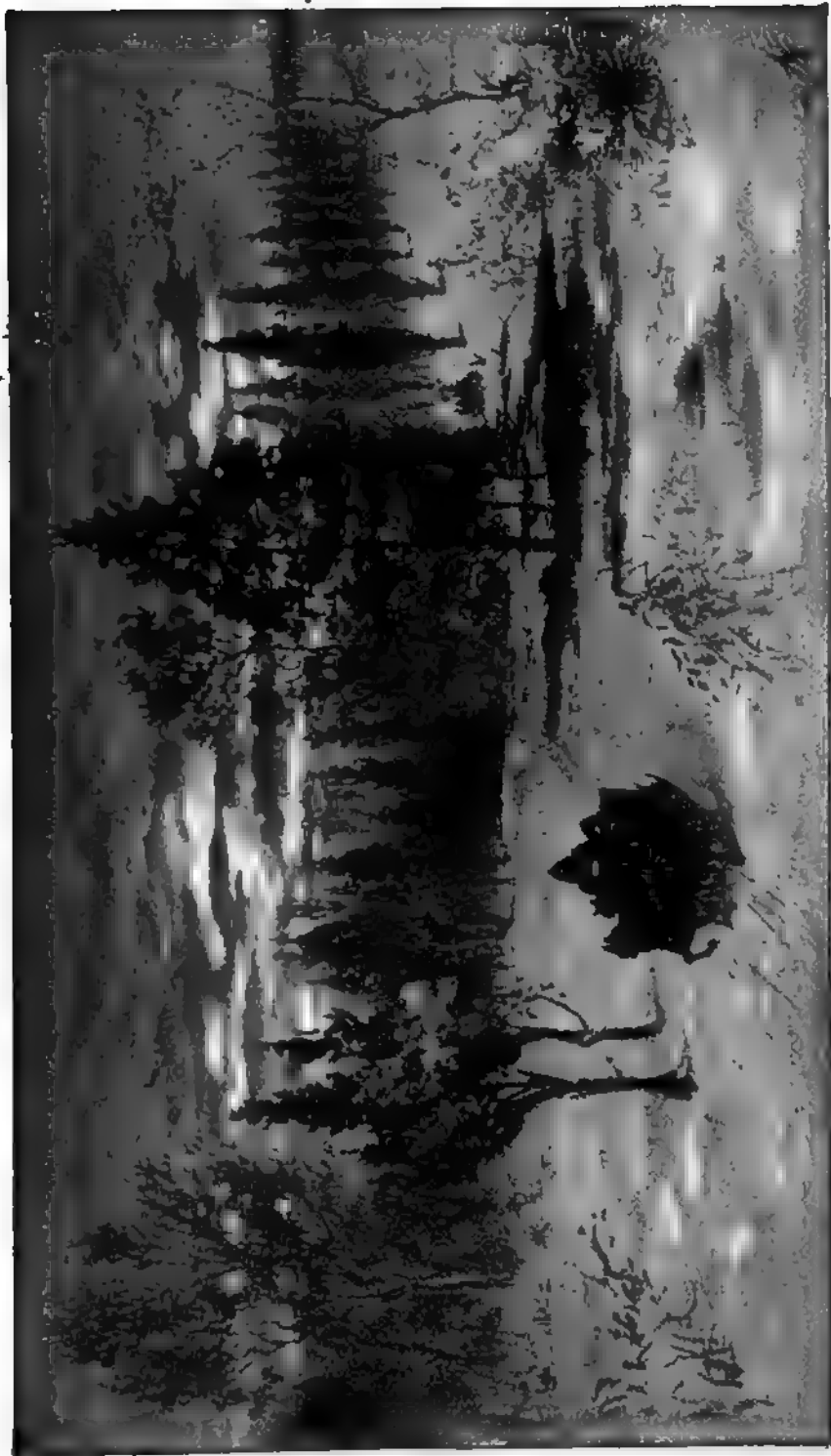
The golden light slow fades from hill and plain,
The glowing skies grow dim,
And on his slumbering ears there swell again
Old Christmas chant and hymn ;
Clearly and sweetly children's voices ring
In gladsome anthems to the new-born King.

Holly and snowdrops, on the church walls borne,
Portray the message sweet
Which angels bore, that mystic Christmas morn,
The shepherds' souls to greet ;
With those he loves he hears the Word of Life,
That peace and comfort speaks 'mid earthly strife.

Among the household greetings scattered wide,
He hears that dearest one,
" May God in goodness bless, this Christmas-tide,
And keep mine own dear son !"
Most loved, because, though reckless of her cares,
The most of all he needs his mother's prayers.

His slumbering spirit lingers for a space
'Mid scenes he loved before,
And strangely gentle grows the rough bronzed face,
Reckless and sad no more ;
The season's hopes and joys again have come
Full on his heart in that sweet Christmas dream of home.





Brisky, Frisky, Neat and Fleet, flew over the snow in flashing haste.

LITTLE VIGG'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF VICTOR RYDBERG.

TRANSLATED BY D. CONNOLLY, B.A.

With the Approval of the Author.

The frozen snow lay shining over the heath, on the whole extent of which only one single human dwelling was to be seen, and that was a little cottage, old and grey.

They must lead a lonely life, the poor things that dwell inside it, thought many a passing traveller, and it cannot be denied that the heath looked lonely even in the summer. Ling and eagle stone, dry shrubs and crooked firs, were all that it presented to the eye; but the cottage itself was good enough in its way. The moss-grown timbers of the walls were sound and strong, and held well together against the cold and wind. The chimney rose large and imposing over the turf roof, which in summer resembled green velvet, and was decorated with yellow flowers. In the small enclosure at the gable there then grew potatoes, carrots, and cabbages, and at the fence poppies, marigolds, and roses. The window had a curtain, which was always very white. The cottage and the small enclosure were owned by Dame Gertrude, who lived there with a little boy named Vigg.

It was early in the morning when Dame Gertrude went out to make a bargain with the shopkeeper in the distant village. Now the sun was about to set, and she had not yet come back. Vigg was alone in the cottage. The most perfect silence reigned over the wide heath. During the whole day not a single bell had been heard, nor a wayfarer seen. Vigg was on his knees, with his elbows on the table, looking out through the window. It had four panes: three of them were covered with frost flowers, but on the fourth he had breathed so that the ice had thawed. He was waiting for Dame

Gertrude, who had promised to come with a wheaten loaf, a cake of gingerbread, and a branched candle, for it was Christmas Eve; but she was not yet to be seen. The sun was setting, and the sky at the horizon beamed like the fairest roses. Over the snow of the heath a pink hue was spread. Soon all the tints changed into a cold, bluish grey, and the firmament darkened.

It grew still darker inside the cottage. Vigg went to the hearth, where some dying embers were lying among the ashes. It was so silent that when the wooden shoes on his feet clattered against the floor he thought it might be heard over the whole heath. He sat down on the hearth wondering whether the gingerbread he expected would have a head, gilt horns, and four legs. He wondered, too, how the sparrows were getting on with their Christmas Eve.

* * * * *

It would be difficult to tell how long Vigg had been sitting thus when he heard the sound of bells. He ran to the window, pressing his nose against the panes, to see who it might be, for surely Dame Gertrude could not be coming with jingling bells.

All the heavenly lights were kindling, beaming, and shining. Far away something black was moving on the snow. It came nearer and nearer, and more and more clearly was heard the joyous jingling of the bells. "Who is coming there?" He does not keep to the road, but comes across the heath. Vigg knew well where the road was, he who in the summer had picked blueberries and whortleberries on the heath, and roved far away—many hundred yards in all directions from the cottage.

Fancy, to be permitted to take a drive with such bells, and to drive myself! Vigg had hardly wished it before the vehicle was at the door, and stopped outside the window. It was a sledge with four horses, smaller than the smallest colts. They had stopped, for he who sat in the sledge held in the reins; but they could not have cared about taking breath, for they were snorting and neighing, shaking their manes and kicking the snow high in the air.

"Don't be naughty, Frisky; be quiet, Brisky; remember, Fleet; Neat, do not jump out of your skin, keep quiet," cried the man in the sledge. After that he leapt out and came to the window. Vigg had never seen anything like him; but, of course, he had not seen much of the world. He was a little olding, just made for such horses. His face was full of wrinkles, and his long beard resembled the moss on the roof of the cottage. His clothes were of fur from head to foot. In one corner of his mouth he had a cutty, and out of the other there went up a curling wreath of smoke.

"Good evening, snub-nose," said he.

Vigg felt his nose, and said, "Good evening."

"Is anybody at home?" asked the olding.

"Don't you see I am at home?"

"Yes, you are right; that was a foolish question that I asked; but it is so dark in your cottage, though it is Christmas Eve."

"I am to have both a Christmas fire and a candle when mother comes home. A candle with three branches, too."

"Hem! Dame Gertrude has not yet come home, and you are alone, and you will have to remain so for another full hour. Are you not afraid?"

"I am a Swedish boy," replied Vigg. He had been taught to say so by Dame Gertrude.

"Swedish boy," repeated the olding, rubbing his mittens and taking the pipe out of his mouth. "Well, my fine fellow, do you know who I am?"

"No," replied Vigg; "but do you know who I am?"

The olding took off his fur cap, bowed, and said, "I have the honour

to speak to Vigg, the magnanimous wrestler of the heath, who has just put on his first pair of breeches, the hero that is not frightened at the longest beard. You are Vigg, and I am Father Christmas. Have I the honour of being known to you?"

"Ah! are you Father Christmas? Then you are a good olding. Mother has often told me about you."

"Thanks for the praise; but opinions differ on that point. Well, Vigg, will you take a drive with me?"

"I should like to, but I must not, I suppose; for, if mother comes home and I am away, what will happen?"

"I promise you shall be home before mother. 'A man sticks to his word and an old woman to her bag' is the saying. Come along!"

Vigg ran out; but how cold it was, and Vigg so thinly dressed! His homespun jacket was so scanty, and the wooden shoes had again worn out the heels of his stockings, that had been so often darned by mother Gertrude; but Father Christmas shut the door, lifted Vigg up into the sledge, wrapped the sledge-rug around him, puffed the smoke of his pipe on his nose, which made him sneeze. Smack! and off they went over the heath.

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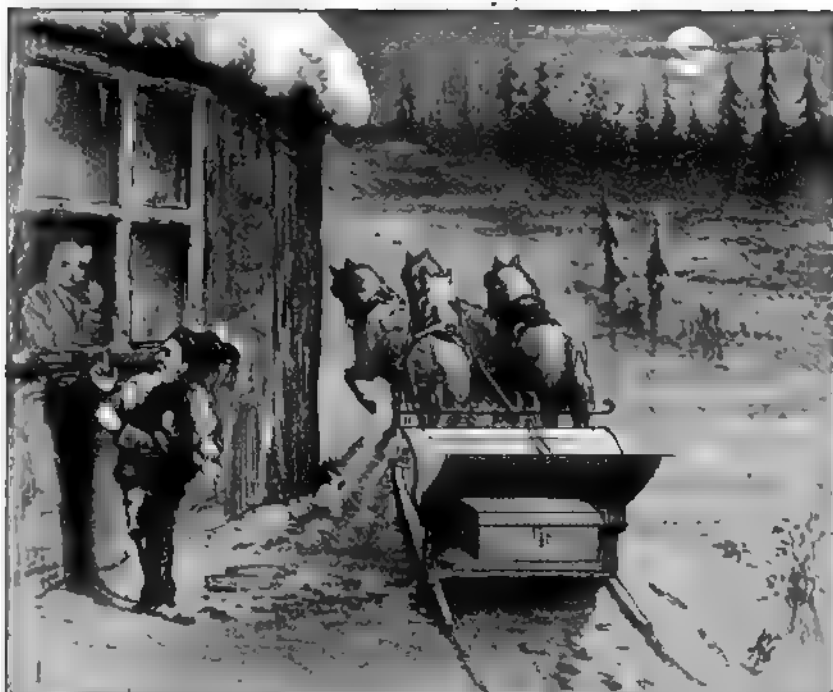
Brisky, Frisky, Neat, and Fleet flew over the snow in flashing haste, and the silver bells rang over the heath as if all the bells of Heaven had been ringing.

"May I drive?" asked Vigg.

"No, you must eat more pudding before you can do that," said Father Christmas.

"Perhaps so," said Vigg.

They soon left the heath behind them, and had reached the dark wood of which mother Gertrude had told, where the trees are so high that it looked as if the stars hung from their branches. Between the stems was sometimes seen the light from some human dwelling. Father Christmas held in his team a small cowhouse. Among the stones at the bottom of the wall there rose a head with two glittering eyes that were fixed on Father Christmas. It was the head of the snake, that bent with a gentle bow. Father Christmas, in reply, lifted his fur cap, and asked:



1 After that he leapt out and came to the window
2 They were threshing by the light of a lantern.

"Snake, snake, with curly tail,
Is the house strong or frail?"

The snake replied :

"Diligence grows
Here with force :
Three cows
And one horse."

"That is not much," said Father Christmas, "but it will become more as husband and wife are industrious. They began with empty hands, and they have their parents to support. Well, how do they tend the cows and the horse?"

The snake replied :

"Udder swollen, milkpail filled,
Dobbin plump, and far from chilled."

"Another word, Snake Curly-tail, how do you like the children of the farm?"

Snake Curly-tail replied :

"Maiden fair, and blithsome lad,
Though his temper's a little mad ;
But that of the girl is gentle and sad."

"They shall have Christmas presents," said the goblin. "Now, good night to you, Snake Curly-tail—a sound Christmas sleep."

"Good night, Fleet and Frisky ;
Good night, Neat and Brisky ;
Good night, old Father Christmas,"

said the snake, and drew in his head.

Behind the seat in the sledge there was a chest. Father Christmas opened and took from it some different things—a spelling-book and a penknife for the boy; a thimble and a psalm-book for the girl; a bundle of yarn, a reed, and a weaver's spool for the mother; an almanack and a clock from Mora for the father; and a pair of spectacles each to grandfather and grandmother. Besides, he took great handfuls of something, but Vigg could not see what it was. "They are good wishes and blessings," said Father Christmas, and so he stole with Vigg forward to the cottage. There they were all sitting around the blazing hearth, and the father was reading aloud from the Bible about the child Jesus.

Father Christmas, silent and unseen, put the presents at the door and went with Vigg back to the sledge, and so off through the dark wood.

"I very much love the child they were reading about in the cottage," said Father Christmas, "but I will not

deny that I like old Thor of Trudwang too."

"Who is old Thor of Trudwang?"

"Oh! the most honest fellow in the world, somewhat distantly related to me," said Father Christmas. "He was very bad to the wicked—he struck them with his hammer; but honest and courageous people he liked, and the industrious too. Best of all he liked the peasant that cultivated his ground well and brought up stout lads. When danger threatened the country, old Thor of Trudwang cried to the peasants, 'Up, my brave fellows,' and then they took sword and shield, assembled from mountain and valley, and the enemy could not stand their sound blows. You will turn out a brave man, won't you, Vigg?"

"Of course," said Vigg.

"But now," said Father Christmas, "Thor has laid his hammer at the feet of the child Jesus, for better, thought he, is mildness than harshness."

The next time Father Christmas stopped, it was at a threshing-floor near a peasant's farm. From the threshing-floor was heard a dull measured clapping, as of flails; but this noise was nearly drowned by a brook that was bickering among stones and pine-roots. Father Christmas knocked at the little door of the threshing-floor, and it opened. There, inside, they found two funny little fellows with bushy eyebrows, round, chubby, childish cheeks, red pointed caps, and grey jackets. They were threshing, by the light of a lantern, with such vigour that the dust whirled all around them.

Father Christmas nodded, and said :

"Goblins, goblins, busy and bright,
Do you keep threshing here all night?"

The goblins answered, swinging their flails :

"The flail swings,
Tick-a-tack :
A well-crammed bin
And bulging sack."

"But on Christmas Eve you might take some rest," said Father Christmas.

The goblins replied :

"The corn is rich,
The loaf is round ;
And work in the barn,
And work on the ground,
Will turn a penny into a pound."

"But you remember, I hope, where and when we shall meet?"

The goblins nodded, and answered: "This evening, at the giant's in the mountain. Now, farewell, dear old Father Christmas."

Father Christmas opened the chest and took handfuls of Christmas presents, and ran to the father, the mother, and the children of the farm. Among the presents was a gun, for every man must have one for the defence of his country.

And thus they passed from cottage to cottage, from farm to farm. It looked nicest in the vicarage, thought Vigg, where he looked in at the window. There sat the old vicar, whom Vigg knew so well, for he had several times been in the cottage on the heath, to hear how Vigg was getting on with his spelling-book, and then he had put his hand on Vigg's head. He knew, too, the vicar's wife and his handsome daughters, for they were very kind to mother Gertrude. Father Christmas, too, liked the vicarage, for here people were always kind to each other and to the domestic animals, and wished every one and every thing to be happy. When they continued their journey they met in the wood a hobgoblin that looked glum and sullen.

"Where are you going, friend?"

"I have put on my shoes, in order to look For another dwelling, another nook,"

replied the hobgoblin.

"Why so?" asked Father Christmas.

The hobgoblin answered sulkily:

"The father's a butt,
The mother's a slut,
The children are naughty,
And always nasty."

"But do try to stop for another year," begged Father Christmas, "or all domestic peace will disappear with you. Perhaps they will mend, and then I can come to you with Christmas presents next year."

"Very well, then, since you beg me to," said the hobgoblin, and returned.

* * * * *

In a little while Father Christmas drew up at a large building with lighted windows. "Here they are to have plenty of Christmas boxes," said Father Christmas, opening his chest. Vigg was amazed at the finery he saw:

bracelets and necklaces, breast-pins, buckles, clasps, silk, and velvet. There was a glitter of gold, silver, and gems. He saw artificial flowers and smelled them, but they had no scent. Besides, he saw false curls and plaits, and at those he wondered much.

"What is that?" asked he.

"It is fishing tackle," said Father Christmas, winking with one eye; "it is with such that the young ladies catch fish."

"But what is that?" asked Vigg, pointing at a golden star that the owner of the mansion was to wear on his coat.

"Fishing tackle, too," said Father Christmas.

Vigg could not quite understand, for he had only seen one thing to fish with, and that was a rod.

Father Christmas put a fruit-kernel in the pocket of Vigg's jacket, which made him invisible to other people. Thus they mounted the large stairs. There they found yawning servants. After that they entered a splendid room, with a chandelier hanging from the ceiling. There "my lady" was sitting occupied in yawning, and the young ladies were looking at a coloured picture, teaching them the most important thing in their life—the latest way in which people dressed in Paris. "My lord" sat half asleep, with his hands folded over his stomach, meditating on his high breeding; for in his youth he had learnt Latin, and after that had forgotten all that he had read. His neighbour, the old county justice, was, on the contrary, uneducated, for he only knew the Bible, and his law-book, and "a trifle besides," but the poor fellow had had no Latin to forget.

Father Christmas delivered the presents, which met with a cold reception, except the star. When Father Christmas handed it, saying that it was a present from the king to my lord, he rose, and smiled, and bowed, speaking of the king's gracious condescension, and of his own unworthiness. Afterwards, he entered the next room, where he thought he was not seen by anybody, placed himself before the looking-glass, fixed the star on his breast, and one, two, three—he gave a skip—what the young ladies might have called "a

battement," and said to himself, "Now I have gained the aim of my life—such things are given to good children."

"Is he a child?" asked Vigg.

"That he is, sure enough," answered Father Christmas.

* * * * *

Now they drove to the king's castle, which was much larger than my lord's mansion. "Here I have only some presents to give to the king's son," said Father Christmas, "and that is soon done. After that we must away to my king, the giant in the mountain, and so back to Dame Gertrude on the heath."

Once more the chest was opened, and what Vigg now saw surpassed everything else. On a large plate of silver were standing warriors on foot and on horse. When a winch was turned, they presented arms, and turned now to the right, now to the left, and the horses reared up and the horsemen slashed with their swords. On another plate, representing the sea, were seen ships with cannon, and when the winch was turned the cannon shot at a fortress, and the fortress with its pieces answered from the ramparts. But the third silver plate was the most wonderful of all. There the king was sitting on his throne. Before him were his councillors, and before them some trumpeters. Next to them was a mill, and on the other side of the mill innumerable crowds of people that were all at work—reapers, smiths, weavers, tailors, and shoemakers, with their wives and children; the wives spread the tables, and the children sat down to eat. When the winch was turned the king on his throne cried out, "I will have more warriors," and he pushed his councillors in the back, they in their turn pushed the trumpeters, and they sounded their trumpets, and cried, "The Emperor of the Moon wants to take our country," and when the people heard it the reapers with their sheaves, the smiths with their iron, the weavers with their cloth, the tailors with their clothes, and the shoemakers with their shoes—all began running to the mill. They threw everything beneath the stones and ground them into warriors, and troop after troop marched out and presented arms to the king.

With these princely playthings Father Christmas ran up to the king's son, but was soon back again, for the air at court affected his lungs, he said. Brisky, Frisky, Neat, and Fleet were impatient, snorted and neighed. Father Christmas threw himself into the sledge, and again they drove into the deep wood. "Now we hurry away to the king of the mountain," said the goblin.

* * * * *

Vigg was grave, and said after a short silence, "Is your chest empty now?"

"Nearly," said Father Christmas, putting the cutty into his mouth.

"All have got Christmas presents, but have you nothing for me?" asked Vigg.

"I have not forgotten you, your present is at the bottom of the chest."

"Show it me, please."

"You can wait till you get home to mother."

"No, dear old Father Christmas, let me see it now," said Vigg, impatiently.

"Well, then, look here," said Father Christmas, turning in the sledge, and drawing out of the chest a pair of thick wool stockings.

"Isn't there anything else?" murmured Vigg.

"Ought not you to be glad to get them? Your own stockings are worn out at the heels."

"Mother could have mended them. When you gave to the king's son, and to the others, such beautiful and funny things, you should have given me something of the kind too."

Father Christmas did not answer a single word, but put the stockings back into the chest, and drew deeper puffs out of the cutty than before, and he, too, looked grave.

So they continued their journey in silence. Vigg was silent, pouted, and envied the king's son the magnificent Christmas presents, and was angry with the wool stockings. Father Christmas kept silent, and sent great puffs of smoke out of both corners of his mouth. But the pines whispered, the brooks murmured, and the snow crackled under the hoofs of the horses. At the border of the wood ran a will-o'-the-wisp, to light their way, but this was unnecessary politeness, for the stars and the

frozen snow gave sufficient light. Thus they came to a perpendicular mountain. There they left the sledge. The goblin gave a cake of oats each to Brisky, Frisky, Neat, and Fleet. After that he knocked at the mountain, and it opened. He took Vigg by the hand and went in at the crevice, but they had not walked many steps before Vigg was afraid. For there in the mountain it looked dreadful. The blackest night would have reigned had not the darkness here and there been lit up by the glowing eyes of vipers and venomous toads, that were creeping and crawling on the moist ledges of the mountain.

"I will go home to mother," cried Vigg.

"What, a Swedish boy?" said Father Christmas.

Then Vigg became silent.

"What do you say to that toad?" asked Father Christmas, after they had walked some distance, and he pointed at a green monster that was sitting on a stone opening his eyes wide on the boy.

"It is nasty," said Vigg.

"You brought it here," said Father Christmas. "Do you see how bloated and swollen it is? It is from discontent and envy."

"And I have brought it here, you said, did you not?"

"Of course. You envied the king's son his gifts and despised the present I gave you with a kind heart. For every bad thought that is born within any man in this neighbourhood, there comes a toad or a viper here into the crevice."

"That is dreadful," said Vigg, and now he felt ashamed.

They walked on through many turnings and windings, and made their way still deeper into the mountain. By-and-by it began to grow light, and when they had turned another corner Vigg to his astonishment saw a large glittering hall. The walls were of mountain crystal, and along three of them stood little grinning dwarfs, holding torches whose light was refracted by the crystal into the colours of the rainbow. Against the fourth wall the king of the mountain was sitting on his throne of gold. He was dressed in a mantle of asbestos, covered with gems,

but looked sad. On a lower throne at his side was his daughter dressed in silver gauze, but she was still more sad, indeed seemed nearly dying. She was very pale and innocently beautiful. In the middle of the hall hung an enormous pair of scales, and around them were hobgoblins that laid something, now in one scale, now in the other. Before the throne of the king was an innumerable crowd of hobgoblins from all the farms and cottages for a distance of several miles round, telling all that had been thought, said, and done by the people in whose house they had dwelt during the course of the year; and for every good thought and every good action they told about, the hobgoblins laid golden weights in one scale, and for every bad thought and bad action that was told the hobgoblins laid a toad or a viper in the other.

"Do you see, Vigg?" whispered Father Christmas. "The fact is that the princess is ill. She will die if she does not get out of the mountain very soon, for she longs to breathe the air of heaven and to look at the golden light of the sun and stars, and she has a promise that if she sees the heavens she shall see the angels too, and win eternal bliss. She is longing and pining, but out of the mountain she cannot go before that Christmas Eve on which the scale of good is lowered to the floor, and that of bad raised to the ceiling, but now you see the scales are just about evenly balanced."

Scarcely had Father Christmas said this before he was called in his turn to give an account of his journey. It was not a little he had to tell, and nearly all was good, for the experience he had had only extended to the Christmas Days, and on the day when they celebrate the memory of the poor child who, through goodness and innocence, has become the King of all time it is usual for people to be kinder to each other than they are at other times.

And the hobgoblins put more and more of golden weights into the scales the further Father Christmas advanced in his tale, and the scale of the good became sensibly heavier. But Vigg was sitting upon needles, for he was afraid his name would be mentioned, and he started, and turned now red,

now pale, when Father Christmas finally pronounced his name. What Father Christmas said about Vigg and the wool stockings I will not repeat, for Vigg's sake; but I cannot deny that one of the hobgoblins put into the scale of the bad the great green toad that Vigg had before seen in the crevice—and it weighed very heavy; and the eyes of all, except those of kind Father Christmas, who looked elsewhere, were fixed on Vigg; the king's, the king's daughter's, the goblins', the dwarfs', the hobgoblins', and all looked so severe or so sad, and the king's daughter in particular looked so mild and so suffering, that Vigg put both his hands over his face, and could not look up. Father Christmas now told how poor Dame Gertrude on the heath had adopted the little orphaned Vigg, how she plaited mats and made brooms to sell to the shopkeeper in the village, to procure food for him, how she sewed and mended his clothes, how she worked joyfully and lovingly, and bore with privations for his sake, how she enjoyed his jolly temper, courageous heart, and blooming cheeks, and willingly forgave his boyish tricks—nay more, she prayed to God for him every evening before going to sleep, and this morning she had, in the icy winter, gone far away to the village only to gladden him in the evening with a Christmas candle and “a little besides.” And while Father Christmas spoke thus, the hobgoblins laid heavy golden weights on the scale of the good, and the ugly green toad leapt down and disappeared in the crevice, the eyes of the fair daughter of the king became moist—and Vigg sobbed aloud.

In fact, he cried so that he awoke, and then the hall of the mountain king disappeared, and he lay in his bed in the cottage on the heath. The brightest of Christmas fires crackled on

the hearth, and over him bent Dame Gertrude, saying, “Poor little Vigg, that has been so long alone here in the darkness. I could not come before, for the way is long. But now I bring you a Christmas candle, a wheaten loaf, a gingerbread, and a cake you are to give to the sparrows to-morrow. And look here,” added Dame Gertrude, “here is a pair of wool stockings I have knitted for you for a Christmas present, for you are in want of them now, little tear-coat. And here is a pair of leather shoes I have bought to rid you of the clattering wooden shoes during the Christmas feast.” Vigg had long wished for a pair of leather shoes, and he now surveyed them on all sides with delighted eyes. But still longer he surveyed the wool stockings, so that Dame Gertrude thought that he was trying to find a dropped stitch, but the fact was that Vigg thought them exactly like those he had seen in Father Christmas' chest. After that, he threw his arms around Dame Gertrude's neck saying, “Thank you, dear mother, for the stockings and the shoes—and very much for the stockings.”

* * * * *

Now the pot was put on the fire, a white cloth was spread on the table, and the Christmas candle was lit. Vigg was running about in his new stockings and shoes. Now and then he stopped at the window, looking wonderingly over the heath, and did not really know what to think of the journey he had made. But that Father Christmas is kind, and Mother Gertrude is kind, of that he was quite sure, and Christmas Eve is a delightful evening—he knew that quite well.

But out of doors there beamed thousands of stars over the silent heath, and in its single cottage there reigned a threefold warmth—that of hearth, of heart, and of joy.

OLD CHRISTMAS HOSPITALITY.

At Christmas be mery, and thanke God of alle;
And feast thy pore neighbours, the great with the small;
Yea, al the yere longe have an eie to the pore,
And God shall send lucke to kepe open thy dore.

—*Tusser.*

A SEASIDE HOLIDAY.

By "EUCALYPTUS."

CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL.

"Now girls, listen ; the sale of Myrtleford Station having gone so far beyond my expectations, I intend to make you all a present, if you will put your heads together, and decide what you would each prefer."

"Oh Uncle, you dear old fellow!" and Polly makes a rush at him ; but he dodges her outspread arms, and escapes by one of the French doors that are all set open on this sultry afternoon.

Laura suspends for a few moments her pensive attitude, and, jumping up from the rocking-chair in the corner, exclaims, "Splendid, Uncle, I'll have a——"

"Now, don't be rash, Laura, remember the 'Three Wishes,' that you translated so beautifully into French last quarter." This from Jack, who is lying on the cane couch, both his hands under his head, and one foot up in the air, balancing a very pretty slipper (Laura's gift) on one toe.

"What a kind uncle to be sure!" says a quiet little girl who is in the corner furthest from Jack, busied with some crewel work.

"Matches with everything else at 'Ramalong' Station, I can assure you," replies Jack. "We keep nothing that is not first-class. Even our relations are chosen by a very competent home buyer."

"Oh, Jack!" laughs Polly, "how can you change your voice like that? I quite expect Papa to put in his head, and ask when Bradford Softgoods arrived. But now, Laura, to business. What do you say?"

Laura rises and surveys her fair locks in the mirror over the chimney-piece. "I think I should like a sealskin

jacket," and in imagination she sees that golden hair set off by the brown fur, and that tall, thin figure borrowing grace from its soft fulness.

"I don't know what I want most," says Polly, meditatively; "a new saddle or a sewing machine."

"Take my advice, Polly, and ask for a set of teeth!" This advice emanates from the sofa.

"Oh no, Polly, let your husband do that," and a curly, brown head peeps round from the cretonne curtains that hang across the bay windows.

"She'll never get him without the teeth." But Jack's remark is not heard, as Polly says at the same time, "I did not know that you were there, Coco; come and fix on your present."

"First of all, Coco, hand me that pocket-book ; thank you," and the young man on the sofa claims all their attention. "I'll just make out a list, for you girls could never possibly decide. It's not in girls' nature to know their own minds for half-an-hour together. First of all, Polly—a set of teeth—a complete set, mind, don't be put off with anything less. Laura, my child, you are extremely ladylike, as far as you know how, and being our eldest born, and our loveliest, we wish you to be perfect, so I think 'The Manners of Modern Society' would be most appropriate, and highly appreciated ; and as for our youngest darling, our sprightly little Coco, could it be possible to provide her with a suit of waterproof clothing, suitable for diving off logs, and——"

"Papa said it was time you stopped teasing me about that," and Coco makes a desperate rush at the pocket-book. Laura is laughing at her, and Polly is

scolding Jack, when a figure appears at the open window which makes the quiet little girl, who has only spoken once, shrink a little further into her corner, and look at the faces of her companions to see if they show any signs of terror. But no, indeed; the Haythorpe girls, brought up on Ramalong Station, are used every day to see aborigines, and merely greet this one as an old friend.

"Well, Dargo, what news?"

"Me see three four fi' lowan (bower birds) up long little ribber, you know; name belong to that fellow," and he points in a certain direction.

"Diamond Creek, you mean," said Polly, answering his question, for at the first sound of his voice all Jack's *ennui* had vanished, and he now appeared pulling on his coat. "All right, Dargo, just what we wanted; you go round and tell Sam to give you some 'baccy,' and when you see the horses ready, you come too."

"And a very good riddance," Coco called out after her brother, and was composing a very cutting speech to follow it up. But Polly's arm goes lovingly round her, and she is drawn back again into the room, her sister saying, "Now, girls, we can form ourselves into a committee, and discuss this grave topic in peace. Come, little Nellie Wright, it's time you stirred out of that corner. Come over and help us."

The girls all cluster round the loo table that Mr. Haythorpe will not allow to be banished from his drawing-room, although he compromises with Laura, and permits it to be placed rather to one end of the large comfortable apartment. After the lapse of half-an-hour they are still talking merrily, and just as far from a decision as at first, when Mr. Haythorpe and his brother-in-law enter. Two very good types of the successful squatter, and each carrying that easy, comfortable expression that such a life invariably stamps upon a man. They are talking very earnestly, and continue their subject of conversation.

Coco bends her curly brown locks close to Laura's blonde ones.

"I thought Uncle would be so anxious to know what we had settled, and they are taken up with 'Gordon'

and 'Khartoum.' Men are funny!" and this philosopher of thirteen despairs of ever being able to understand so strange a creature.

"Well, girls, what is it to be?" and Uncle Holmes strolls over to the table, and looks down lovingly on the group.

"We can't decide" (from all).

"Well, shall I be umpire, and settle it?"

"Oh, do, Uncle" (chorus).

"Then, my decision is—a trip to the seaside: say, a month at Sorrento. It will do you all good, especially these white little cheeks;" and he touches gently Nellie's face, which immediately is overspread with a rosy blush of pleasure, and the words seem to escape her accidentally, "Oh, thank you, but I am not a niece."

"But you are a visitor, and Ramalong always treats a guest as one of the family. So, Laura, write to her mother and say that I undertake to send her back safe and sound, and that she will be perfectly right with you girls and your father."

"Very good of you, John," interposes Mr. Haythorpe, "but I don't see how I could spare a month just now. You see, I have to go up to Narragong about those cattle. I must go. I promised Parsons I should be there next week."

"Umph! We'll have to arrange all this;" and Uncle Holmes strokes his long, silky beard thoughtfully.

"All I beg is that you will not send us under the care of Jack. He is not—not polite enough," and Coco thinks she has hit it exactly—or, rather, hit her absent brother, and at the same time preserved unbroken that ladylike decorum that Laura is always trying to instil.

"Jack will go, of course, but don't you think that it would be better if there were an older lady in the party? Do you know of a suitable *chaperon*?" and while one gentleman turns round to the other questioningly, Laura and Polly exchange glances of dismay, and down go visions of moonlight strolls on the sands and quiet little flirtations in rocky nooks, shattered, broken to pieces by that one word "*chaperon*."

Mr. Haythorpe seems puzzled for an instant, and then exclaims quickly,

"Yes, I do! I have often wanted to show my gratitude to Harrie Forrester for all her kindness that time we had fever in the house."

Such a commotion! such a clapping of hands! and such shouts of "Harrie Forrester!" "Cousin Harrie!" "Splendid!" that Uncle Holmes said, "Oh well, I see that's settled—carried with acclamation, eh!—Well now, Laura, you have only to settle on the spot and write for rooms, and your old Uncle will take you down and stay a day or so, and leave you in charge of Cousin Harrie."

"Why that's like leaving me in care of Nellie Wright; Cousin Harrie has more fun in her than all of us put together. I am sure that time we rode to—" both Polly and Laura interpose here; a frown from one and a vigorous pull under the table from the other stem the tide of Coco's eloquence.

"Harrie is as merry as a cricket," says Laura, "but then she is very sensible, and a perfect model of correct manners," while Polly adds, "And consider her age, she ought to be sensible, she must be nearly thirty-five."

At this stage of the conversation Nellie and Coco were despatched to cut a basket of peaches. "Those nice pale ones that Uncle is so fond of," and Polly knew right well that they were only to be found in the furthest corner of the garden.

Three weeks later Uncle Holmes was sitting on a wide, cool verandah of a certain boarding house at the pretty little watering-place of Portsea. Beside him stood a quiet-looking lady of medium height, good figure, and a certain dignified bearing. Her light brown hair was neatly coiled on her graceful neck, and her eyes, the only beauty she possessed, were very dark grey, fringed with heavy dark lashes, and seemed brimming over with merriment. But the rest of her face was quiet and calm in the extreme; what people called "a sensible face." She had just come in from a walk, and refusing a chair stood there talking to Mr. Holmes. Polly was seated on the other side of her uncle, and looked a little browner than when we saw her last. Laura was upstairs in her room applying a hot pencil to her blonde fringe, which had suffered in the stroll

on the beach with Polly. Jack had stretched his lordly length in a hammock and was talking to a young man who sat on a garden seat close by.

"Yes, that is my sister too, the youngest," and raising his voice, "Come here, Miss Backblocks, and be introduced."

"I am sure I am not a bit like Miss Backblocks in *Punch*, she is a donkey and does not know anything." This indignantly from Coco, who comes nearer to carry on the warfare. "Besides, Mr. Jack, Ramalong is not in the backblocks; it is only fifty miles from the Murray, and a good road all the way."

"Those two are at it again," and Uncle Holmes takes the cigar out of his mouth, and a pleased expression plays around his lips.

"They are never far apart, and always quarrelling," remarks Harrie, perching herself on the arm of a rocking chair, and swinging her poke hat by the string. "Must you really go to-morrow, Uncle?"

"Yes, my dear, now that I see you all settled here so comfortably, and in such quiet company too," and he glances to the other end of the verandah where there is a sprinkling of ladies and gentlemen awaiting the joyful sound of the dinner bell.

"Yes, they are indeed quiet, but that will move them," as the harsh sound reverberates through the soft summer air. "Do look at that big woman, how she stalks off, nothing will keep her back, and those young men, how they do rush along! You would think there was a famine expected and only the first arrivals in the dining room would be fed. But we must follow the stream;" and they take their way to a large pleasant dining room, where everything is done that could be suggested to make the room cheerful and bright, and everything obtainable for the table is dispensed with the greatest liberality. There is but one thing lacking to conduce to happiness—cheerful conversation, and that is the one thing the hostess cannot supply. Vainly she tries to start it, but all her efforts fall flat, and at last she gives it up, and thinks with a sigh of the merry party that gathered round her board

last Christmas, and that perhaps these people are enjoying themselves, although they are so quiet.

It is indeed a solemn company. Laura sits up, prim and erect, every curl on her forehead in its place, and longs for some of that jelly on the other side of the table ; but she would not ask for it for worlds. Polly and Harrie, who sit next to each other, are taking stock of their neighbours, and watching Jack and Coco opposite. The moral atmosphere so chills the poor child that she is afraid to speak, and in an awed whisper begs Jack to get her some macaroons that are at the other end of the table. He immediately calls out in a loud voice to Mary, the pretty waitress, and informs the whole room through her that his youngest sister is in want of the cakes. Tears of indignation start to Coco's eyes. He has brought the gaze of the whole table upon her ; she cannot stand it ; she *will* be revenged, if fifty Lauras sat opposite her, all raising their eyebrows in the same "ladylike" way. Turning a burning face to Jack, she says in a voice rendered strong enough now by passion—

"I *will* tell ; I don't care if everybody knows that you sat in the old boat this afternoon with Miss Watson, and *you had your arm round her waist.*"

A roar of laughter greeted this speech, under cover of which the youngest sister made her escape ; and under cover of which, also, Polly asked Miss Forrester, "Who is Miss Watson ?"

"Oh, that girl in the blue sateen who spoke to us yesterday. She and her mother are staying at Blank's."

"Well !" said Uncle Holmes, "at all events, our little girl has unloosed the tongues. Did you ever hear such a gabble ?"

CHAPTER II.

WAR DECLARED.

Three days later, Basil Brown stood alone on the wide verandah, looking about him in a bewildered kind of way. He could not understand it. Where was everybody ? Again he

looked at his watch. Yes, it is just ten minutes past eleven, the time he always leaves off studying in that far-off room of his at the back of the house, and comes on to the verandah to study human nature ; and never before has he found the garden, and the whole house it seems, so perfectly deserted. Usually there are the ladies who bathe sitting about, their feeble little attempts at conversation as limp as their hair ; and the non-bathers mostly just returned from a stroll, and only lingering on the verandah to bid each other the time of day, or compare opinions concerning the weather. But now there is no one to be seen. Of course he does not expect to find many gentlemen, most of them voting the company decidedly dull, going off fishing for the day ; but there is not even old Mr. Moffat, who generally spends all day in that chair reading the papers, or young Thompson, who bestows such a liberal patronage on the hammock.

While he is standing there, a perfect embodiment of a note of interrogation, the bright little hostess bustles up. "Quite a clearance, is there not, Mr. Brown ?"

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Jay ; but where are they all ?"

"Why, at the picnic ; every one joined, even old Mr. Moffat. Miss Forrester said she'd get them all, and she did. She has such a winning way."

"What picnic is this, Mrs. Jay ? Where have they gone ?"

"They started to Rye Beach this morning, just after breakfast, two buggies and a waggonette full. Of course you were not in the drawing-room last night when it was proposed."

No, he was not in the drawing-room ; having tried it for the first few evenings after his arrival, and found it, as he described it to himself, "undiluted dulness." He generally took a seat on the pier until bed time, or went back to his room and burnt the midnight-oil over those very studies that had made sea air a necessity this December. "Sea-bathing and cheerful society," the doctor had prescribed to the tired brain and weary nerves of the hard-working barrister. Not finding the latter part of the prescription,

he took a run up to town on the following Saturday; and very much distressed his old housekeeper by taking away with him two or three of "them nasty law-books, enough to pisen every breath of sea air he drew."

"No, Mrs. Jay, I have lost something, you see, by deserting the drawing-room."

"Oh, dear me, yes; there was lots of fun last night. Those Haythorpe girls have done us all good; they are a merry set;" and she went off into a laugh at the recollection of some of the merry doings. And she might well contrast last night's social evening with the manners and customs of her boarders before the Haythorpes sought their company. There were mostly ladies scattered round the large room the evening they first came in, some reading, some pretending to read, and the rest engaged in different kinds of fancy work. Our party entered in solemn silence, but they thought that was merely a temporary interruption on their account. Laura made at once for a crimson velvet chair that she knew would set off the soft folds of her pale blue dress. Jack found a seat for Harrie, who had some knitting in her hands. Polly went over to a table and took up a book, asking a young lady who sat there reading, if she could recommend it. The answer came in a constrained voice, as though she were in a library or reading-room, where silence was demanded—"I don't know." Polly, who had only asked the question in order to open a conversation, slipped into a chair looking quite discomfited.

"Grim silence for half-an-hour, only broken by the old gentleman in the easy chair, near the large lamp, saying to Jack, "Did you bring the *Argus* with you, sir?" Jack replied in the negative, and would have launched out into a stream of small talk, but Mr. Moffat had readjusted his spectacles, and was again absorbed in the thrilling pages of the *Home News*.

Again the stillness was profound; and Jack could distinctly hear the clicking of his cousin's needles. Turning round to see how she took it, he saw her face brimful of mirth.

"What a great pity, Jack, that you

did not bring your crewel work, and then you would have thoroughly enjoyed yourself."

"What's that piano there for?" he growled, in an undertone. "Go and play my favourite piece, will you?"

"What, here? before this roomful? not for a thousand pounds!"

"Lend me that other ball of wool." And down it came right on the page that Polly was reading. "Come and see what the pier looks like by this time." Delightedly she jumped up.

"You two, go on; I must just run and say good night to Coco. I'll catch you before you are much past the gate."

Laura shakes her head in answer to Jack's pantomime at the door, and the two cousins stroll out into the moonlight. How calm and still the night; and what a royal moon, showering down her liquid silver with such a liberal hand!

They have only just time to admire the pretty little Bay of Portsea, lying so calm and still at the foot of the cliffs, along the upper edge of which they are taking their way, and notice how the water is shimmering in the moonlight, when there is a swish and a rush behind them, and Polly darts in between them. Squeezing an arm of each, she says, "How do you like your first evening amongst the other guests? What a good thing Uncle did not feel inclined to join the group! he would not have gone away with such a very high opinion of our location."

"How absurd they looked," says Harrie, "and how a Frenchwoman would have laughed at us! Yet I suppose most of those women are fairly educated, and all have some conversational powers; and would feel very much hurt if you did not accord them the title of ladies, although the very first principle of good breeding is to make others feel at home in your presence."

"It would take a great lot of good breeding to make me feel at my ease in the company of such a set of old dromedaries and griffins!" Jack made a vicious cut with his cane at an unoffending bush of ti-tree. "I don't wonder at so many of the young men spending their evenings in the billiard

room at the hotel. Society needs reforming at Madame Jay's."

"And I'll reform it," says Polly, drawing herself up, and making a halt.

"You!" they both exclaim, stopping also, and turning round to look at her in the moonlight.

"Yes, and you two must help me. Sit down here and let us talk about it."

Accordingly next day, Polly approached the subject with the stout lady, and found in her a willing help.

Her two daughters, she said, were great musicians; but, though they had been down a fortnight, they had only touched the piano once, and that was when they were *quite* sure no one was within earshot. She undertook to *make* one of her daughters play if Miss Forrester would immediately follow, and that, she thought, might break the ice.

"But we must not overdo it," said Polly; "nothing is worse than a strictly musical evening, where each lady gets up and contributes her share of entertainment to an audience who receive it in perfect silence."

"Except it be," said the stout lady, "the proverbial seaside piano everlastingly jingled upon by every tyro."

"Well, we must endeavour to steer a medium course," said Polly. "And now, Harrie, come down to that group of girls by the gate, and see if we can enlist any of them."

The consequence was that the solemn gloom of the drawing-room was suddenly broken that evening by the stout lady asking her daughter for some music, in as brave a voice as she could muster. The young lady appealed to looked as if she would much rather say no; but she sat down, and nervously commenced Heller's "Tarantelle." A complete failure would have been the result had not Jack strolled over to the instrument and commenced telling her, in low tones, the effect of her music on the different people present. His voice and gestures were so comic, and some of his remarks so witty, that she hardly knew what she played the first half of the piece, and really astonished her audience in the way she rendered the second part. Miss Forrester followed with one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," bringing out all the force and beauty of the great

composer, and not losing sight of that undertone of feeling that runs like a strong current beneath the placid surface of the melody.

Old Mr. Moffat put down his paper, and exclaimed, "Upon my word, this is an agreeable change. Allow me to offer my best thanks." Whereupon Polly nodded violently to a young lady in the corner, who nodded back again at Polly, and they came up to the old gentleman, and begged him to read them something. Artful Polly! she had found out that he had been in his day a great elocutionist. Without any more pressing he at once entered into the spirit of the time, and recited very quietly, and with a face as grave as a judge, something of Douglas Jerrold's, about sending out top-boots and blankets to some benighted savages who roam at their own sweet will under the burning rays of an equatorial sun. Everybody seemed delighted. The ice *was* broken, and Harrie need not have been afraid that the evening would be "all music," for conversation sprang up with mushroom growth, and when, later on, Jack and Polly sang a duet, everybody seemed anxious to furnish a quota to the "general fund" of amusement.

Of course, the next evening, the inmates of Mrs. Jay's met like old friends, and fun and frolic seemed to flourish where there had only been gloom and constraint. Have you ever noticed how thoroughly people will give themselves up to mirth, if they have been lately suffering any restraint? Dam up a stream for a while, and it flows with much greater force when the obstacle is removed. So it was with the fun at Mrs. Jay's; and fortunately Polly and her chaperon would never allow their light hearts to get the better of their sensible heads. They were out for a holiday, and fun they meant to have, and enjoy themselves to the top of their bent. But go too far in their merriment? Wound any one's feelings, or overstep the bounds set up by society to guard the gentler sex? No, there was little fear of that, as both had all the instincts of true gentlewomen, and each had a generous heart, that could not inflict pain merely for her own enjoyment.

Consequently, Basil Brown, standing there on the verandah, knew nothing of all this change that had come over the social atmosphere at Mrs. Jay's. He remembered he was late for breakfast that morning; and now he came to think of it he did fancy the company had seemed more friendly at dinner last night. Being left behind from a picnic troubled him but little. He set off for a walk, and took the pier on his way back, just as the boat from Melbourne was coming in. Making his way up to his favourite seat, he found Coco seated there, and radiant with smiles. "Hallo, here's the *enfant terrible*," he thought, and, sitting down beside her, he was amused with her chatter—such a mixture of wisdom and childishness—and her frank outspoken manner quite charmed him. She was waiting for the boat, she informed him, to meet her very great school friend, Nellie Wright, whom they left on their way down, to spend Christmas with her aunt in South Yarra.

Presently Nellie stepped on the pier, and Coco made a rush at her. "Oh, Nellie, I'm so glad you've come! This is such a nice place, and you are to sleep in my room, and we'll have such lots of fun. And there's cray-fish on the tea-table every evening, and this gentleman sits at the foot, at our end." (All this in a breath).

"How do you do, Nellie?" and Basil's grave face was lighted up by a smile, which completely dispelled the newcomer's shyness.

Basil Brown had a very kind heart, although his lonely life and much study had given him an austere expression. But those who knew him thought the same might be said of him that was written of Dr. Johnson, "There is nothing of the bear about him but the skin." So after lunch he delighted the two little girls by telling them that he was going down to see the fishermen draw in their nets, and would take them, too.

In the course of the walk a casual beach acquaintance engaged Basil's attention, when this conversation took place between the children—

"Nellie, do you think he's grumpy?"

"I think he is a dear; what is his name?"

"Mr. Brown; but they all call him 'Snuffy Brown,' and the 'Old Fossil,' and Polly calls him 'the Professor.' Nellie, *I know something about him*. Do you think I ought to tell him?"

"What sort of a thing is it you know?"

"Well, somebody is going to do him harm. You know that day Jack waited for me behind the big rock? I should have been so very frightened, if you hadn't told me. If I knew something like that I should tell him."

"I don't know; I think so, but there he is beckoning," and scampering off they joined their new friend, who found he was mistaken about the drawing in of the nets. But not to disappoint the children, he discovered a seat for them on the rocks in a nice shady place, produced an apple for each from his pocket, and further, ransacking his memory, found stowed away in an out-of-the-way corner a wondrously marvelous fairy tale, a relic of that boyhood now so far away. His auditors devoured the story and munched the apples in supreme bliss, and Nellie heaved a sigh of regret when the tale was finished, and Mr. Brown, jumping up, thought it time to go.

"I will tell him," whispered Coco to her friend; "he is so nice, it is mean to know it and not tell him."

"Mr. Brown, why do they all call you 'snuffy,' and 'dry-as-dust,' and 'kill-joy?'" she began, with all the candour and fearlessness of thirteen.

"Who are 'they' that honour me with these titles?"

"Oh, all of them, my sisters, and Harrie, and Jack, and that gentleman with the red hair, and the two Miss Hunters; they were all laughing about you on the verandah this morning, and said you had no fun in you, but it's not true, is it? and that you would run a mile from a woman. Would you?"

"It depends on what kind she is," and he looked curiously down at her from his great height, a smile struggling for mastery with the gravity of his lips.

"And," continued the child, looking up with a troubled expression, "my cousin Harrie said she would 'go for you' if they would all keep up the joke."

"Who is this Cousin Harry, and where does he live?"

"It isn't a man; my cousin Miss Forrester, she sits next to Polly at the table. I don't want to be a tell-tale, but I thought, if you knew she was going for you, you could be ready." And Coco's thoughts reverted to the day when she was ready for Jack, with a large furze bush in her hand, that the gardener had uprooted.

"Oh, yes, he replied, "I could be ready for her."

CHAPTER III.

THE SIEGE LAID.

"All aboard! All aboard for the Back Beach!" shouted Jack from the verandah next morning. A number of ladies and gentlemen were standing or sitting about in walking attire, and more were coming through the hall. Basil Brown was sitting in the next chair to Mr. Moffat, and they seemed to be oblivious of everything round them, so animated was their discussion, and so much was one of them lost in the subject. Only one of them; for any one who had taken the trouble to watch Basil would have perceived that he heard and saw everything that took place; noticed Laura standing there looking such a Queen of Beauty, in her simple print dress, with the blue veil twisted so gracefully round the fair tresses; heard her chide Polly for attempting a walk to the beach without a veil, and heard Polly's laughing reply that the browner she became the better foil she would be to her lovely sister. He also noticed that the strongminded-looking woman who made her first appearance last night, and whom he set down at once as a woman's rights lecturer, was listening intently to their argument, and at the same time taking a most minute inventory of Miss Hunter's fashionable toilet; which Jack had once described as "navy blue and scarlet worrying each other, and it was a toss-up between them." Everybody was laughing and talking gaily, and all were vieing with each other in pleasant wit and harmless sally. Jack, who was self-constituted "leader of the youthful band," was rushing round from group to group as if in search of someone, and then shouted out, "Has any

one seen Miss Forrester? What can have become of her? She is generally the first ready. Surely she has not taken to curling-tongs at her time of life."

"Who is whispering scandal about me in such insinuating tones?" And Miss Forrester stood in the doorway, her grave face lighted up with some secret mirth, and the fine grey eyes quite aglow. For all her thirty-five years, there was something very charming about Cousin Harrie, and you could not tell what it was that pleased; the genial manner, the ever-changing expression of the mobile features, or the happy way she had of saying just the right words in the right place. Whatever it was, by this time Miss Forrester was an established favourite with young and old, and she was now hailed by a chorus from a group some distance off, who were loudly demanding her presence. Hurrying up to them, she found them in solemn conclave over a charade, to be performed in the evening.

"Mr. Thompson thinks if we could have something with 'brown' in it, and then caricature the 'professor' for that syllable"—and the girls all looked to her for appreciation of this great joke. But Harrie's face was quite grave as she remarked—"Oh, don't let us descend so low as to make fun of people's names."

"I don't know," said Mr. Dunlop in defence; "if people have these punnable names, I see no harm. If anyone *could* make a pun on my name I should be quite willing that he would do so."

"Why, man," exclaimed Jack, who had drawn near to hurry them, "you have only to *lop* off the end and it is *dun*. But come, girls, are we going to waste all this morning? Now, Harrie, are you going back in your bargain, or do you intend giving us an illustration of a determined maiden wooer and a bashful man?"

"A nice house in South Yarra and six hundred a year!" exclaimed Harrie, in mock anxiety. "I can't have that wasted!" and she turned round and made a deliberate rush to a certain part of the verandah, all the others looking on as if they were not watching.

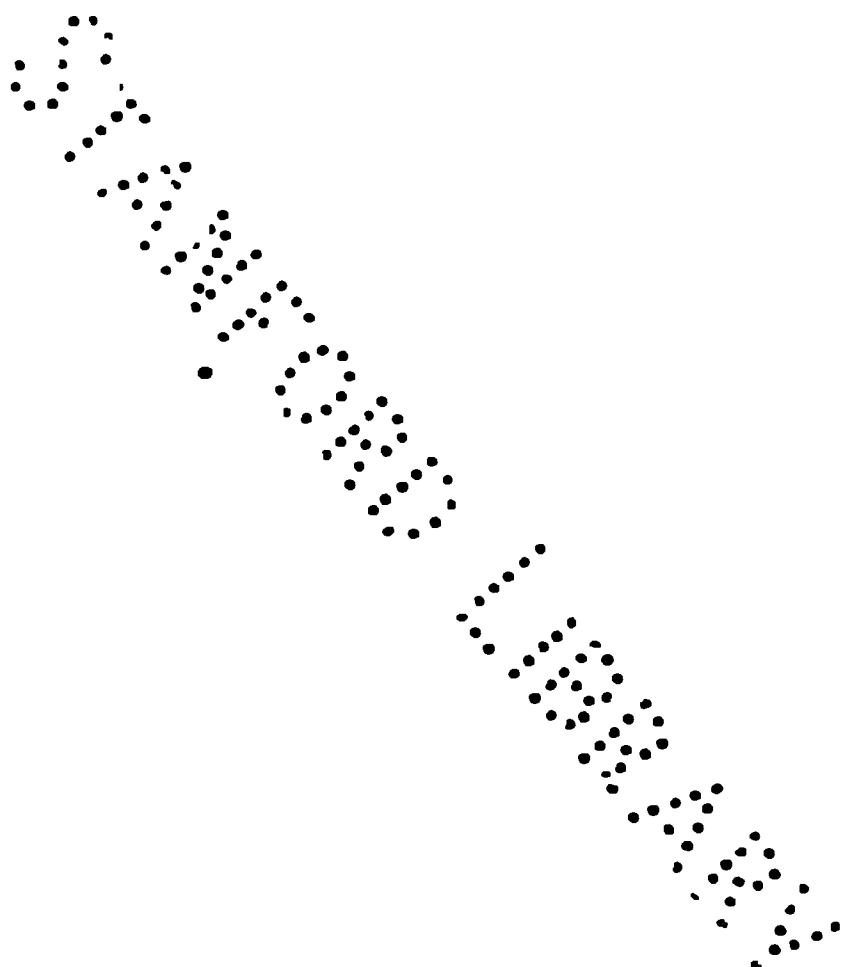
Mr. Brown had told Coco that he "could be ready for her," and he thought the best style of readiness would be to act in accordance with the character they gave him. Though not at all a bashful man, he would assume that rôle; and certainly the amateur dramatic club to which he belonged would have been proud of him had they seen his nervous start when the lady asked him—"Are you not going to join the party?"

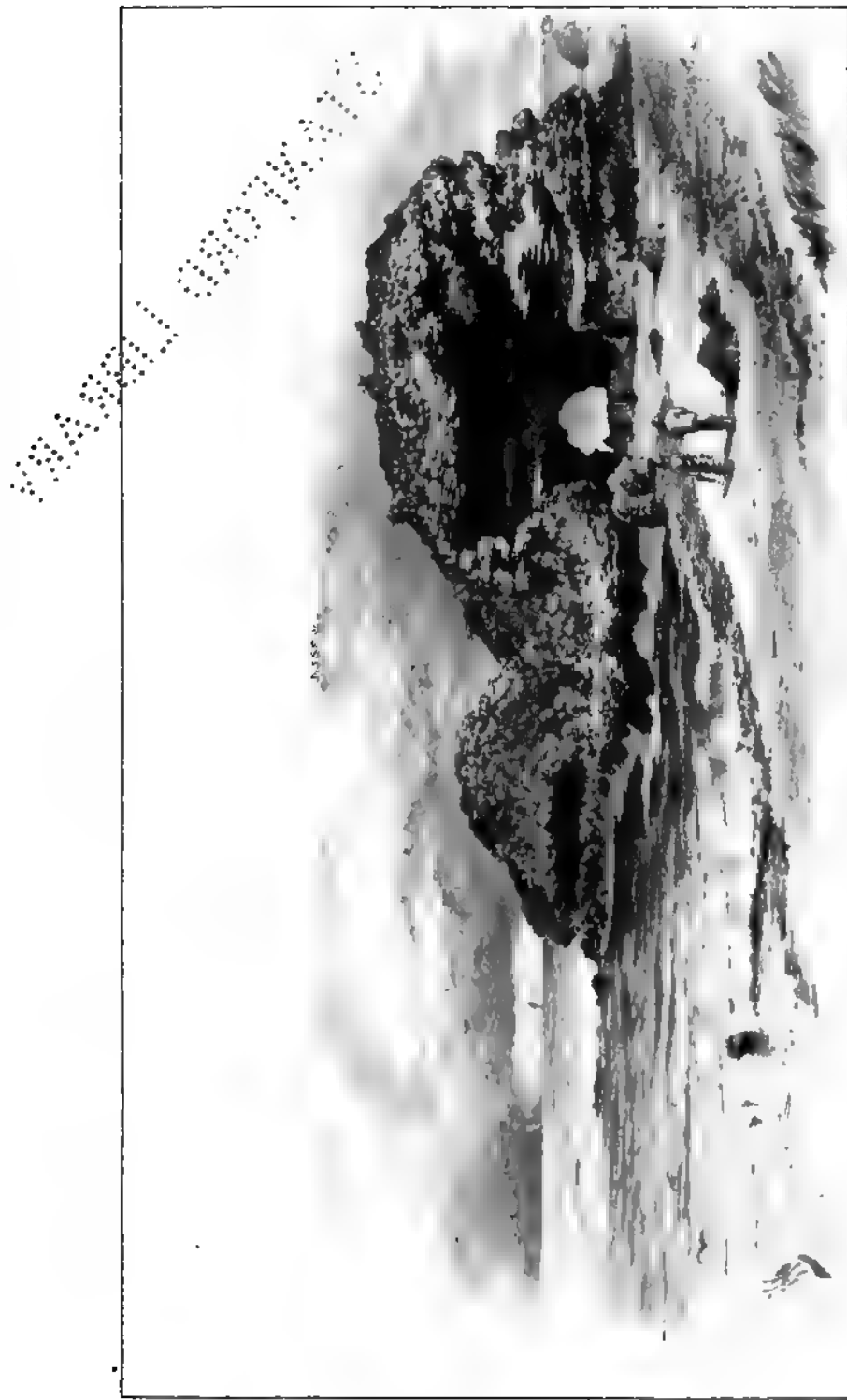
"The rest of you come up and join in, you know, just to give the thing a colour," had been Harrie's wish, expressed to some of the girls when hatching their wicked plot; and they now drew near and formed a semi-circle round their victim, joining their entreaties to that of his arch-tormentor. He looked foolish, made excuses, gave a little, short, nervous laugh; and finally, as though in desperation, followed them down the garden path in the tamest manner, secretly noting the "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" that went round the party.

Now, Laura had not been present when the company had drawn lots to see which young lady should fill the arduous post of making violent love to Mr. Brown, by way of bringing him out of his shell, and affording amusement to the rest; therefore she did not understand quite all that was going on, but she noticed that for some reason or other they were all making fun of Mr. Brown. So she marched up to his side, her Japanese umbrella tucked under her arm, while she was engaged in pulling on her long "*mousquetaire*" gloves; and giving Harrie a look that plainly said "I'm astonished at you—I shall take his part," commenced an easy conversation, which she in her kind little heart thought would put him at his ease. Basil Brown walked on perfectly happy, and the only thing he regretted was that he had to keep up his self-imposed task of acting the timid bachelor. However, he could at least walk on in silence and enjoy the chatter of the two ladies, who were neither of them deficient in the matter of conversation. But this state of things was not allowed to continue. The stately Laura had too many admirers for that, and at the first stile

three or four of these gentlemen were waiting, determined that Mr. Brown was not to be permitted to turn the tables on them in that manner, and appropriate the beauty of the party, as well as the lady who was voted by common consent "the best company in the whole crowd."

So it fell out that Harrie and her victim were strolling along together, a little behind the others. The track wound prettily among the ti-tree, so it was easy for the rest of the company to accede to Jack's proposal to "give them the slip," and by doubling back amongst the shrubs, to come out in their rear, and so lose none of the enjoyment of watching this novel "love chase." But it was a good thing that they were all amusing each other and themselves in various other ways, for there was nothing very mirth-provoking in the couple before them; who now that they found themselves alone, were walking along very quietly, and really becoming interested in their conversation. Basil thought he never met such a natural girl as Miss Forrester, and threw off his disguise and shyness and reserve; and she said to herself—"I don't think he is a woman-hater after all, and of course I can't go on making love to him in private. I must have an audience for that. Any way, now I have walked him off here, I must do my best to amuse him." She did her best, and very much amused he was with all her merry sallies and quaint remarks; so much so that when they climbed that last little sand-hill, and the whole glorious view burst on them so suddenly, he did not notice that there was not a trace of the party who were in front of them. He had even forgotten that vision of Laura's clear-cut profile, and kind, almost affectionate eye, which bewitched him but an hour ago. They both stood still to drink in the view; the bold rocky coast, so jagged and scarred, and old Ocean fretting and fuming at the foot of the cliffs, where with that insatiable appetite of his he cries ceaselessly, "Give! give!" while further out to sea, before he has become voracious, he rolls in in long unbroken lines, each one proudly crested with foam.





Turning to the right they made their way to that wonderful arch of rock called "London Bridge"

Turning to the right they made their way to that wonderful arch of rock called "London Bridge," but were disappointed in finding the tide too far out to see it in all its grandeur. Master Jack arrived at the end of the path in a rather discontented mood. He had not enjoyed his walk so much as he thought he should. The fact was that Miss Isabel Hunter, the young lady who was promoted to Miss Watson's place, had deserted him, and gone off with that "red-headed idiot, Dunlop;" and he stood gloomily looking out over the Southern Ocean, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes fixed on a small boat that was tossing about a little distance off. Presently a hand was thrust through his arm, and Polly's merry voice said, "What are they doing in that boat, out there? Surely they can never land here."

"Oh, no; they are shooting shags and gulls;" and Jack took out a cigar, and plainly showed his sister that he was in no mood for conversation. Moodily he walked on, and perching himself on one of the stones near the "London Bridge," smoked his cigar very slowly, and came to the conclusion, "she is not worth a dump." Then, noticing that the tide was coming in, he thought he would go through the "Bridge," and climb up the cliff to landward, where he would have a good view.

He had barely settled himself on what he considered "an airy point," when he heard voices, and not being in the best of humours just then, he jumped up, and looked over the mound of sand and grass that shut out from view the rocky ledge on which he was sitting. "Confound it," he muttered to himself, "here is that preaching female!" as he saw the strong-minded woman, accompanied by a small bevy of young ladies, making their way along the top of the cliff. Now, Mr. Haythorpe, junior, had taken a particular dislike to this unoffending lady, who had not even spoken to him. He did not wish to meet anyone at the present moment, much less his *bête noir*; so ducking down his head again, he lay flat on the shallow ledge of rock, trusting to the bank to hide him, and looking down idly at the narrow strip of

sand below, wondering whether he could drop down easily. Then his eyes roamed seaward, and rested on the boat-load of pseudo-sportsmen who were shooting at the harmless sea-gulls. Then the voices of the ladies came quite near, and Jack suddenly wondered whether Miss Hunter was with them. Listening attentively, he found that they had seated themselves just behind him. "By Golly, I'm in for it now; I wonder how long they mean to stay. Oh, horror! She's reading something—'Woman's rights,' I'll be bound, or perhaps she's a second Dr. Potts. What shall I do?" The words of the reading came distinctly to him for a few minutes, and he muttered to himself, "I'd better cut it short at the next full stop." The lecturer went on—"And before answering this important, this momentous question, let me ask another: 'What is the natural support of woman's weakness?' I pause for a reply." Here the lady repeated the question with great elocutionary effect. "What is the natural support of woman's weakness?"

"Her stays!" roared out Jack, and then he took his "drop," and found it an easy feat; although he preferred to lie quite still at the bottom, his face buried in the cool sand.

Presently they were all round him. "How ever did they get down?" was his mental query, while the lecturer said in severe tones, "Before I comment on your rudeness, allow me to ask if your fall has hurt you in any way?"

Jack looked up in feigned surprise.

"Bless me, ladies, where did you spring from? I was trying to make those foolish fellows in that boat understand what was the matter with some of her rigging, but just as I had shouted out the first two words, I lost my balance somehow, and down I dropped. No; I'm all right, thank you very much. Which way are you going? Allow me to help you over these stones;" and he offered his hand to the strong-minded lady in such a humbly deferential manner, that Polly could scarcely think his face the same that favoured her with such a decidedly vulgar wink a moment afterwards.

Meanwhile Miss Forrester and Mr. Brown had ensconced themselves in a quiet nook among the rocks, that seemed to afford a little shelter from the sea-breeze, which blew very strong just there. "I wonder where the rest of our party has got to!" exclaimed Harrie, perching herself on a rock that she might keep a good look-out to seaward, and internally muttering all sorts of vengeance against them for their base desertion. Basil leant up against a jutting crag, with his back to the sea.

"Where have I seen you before, Miss Forrester?"

"I don't know; I am only in Melbourne at holiday times. Perhaps you know some of my friends, and have seen my portrait."

"Yes, that's it; were you ever taken in a riding habit?"

"Yes, but only one person has that; do you know the M——s at Toorak?"

"Intimately. Young M—— and I have offices in town in the same set of chambers. Yes, I remember your portrait distinctly; it is on a stand in their drawing-room. How is it I have never met you there?"

Before Harrie answered she hesitated. The M——s are "tip-top" people, to quote from Jack's vocabulary. "If he is intimate there," said Harrie to herself, "he must be in the best Melbourne set, people that would not condescend to know a poor governess." However, it was only for an instant that she hesitated; then her pride rushed to the rescue, and looking at him candidly she fearlessly said, "I am poor and have to work for my living. Though the M——s are old friends of our family, their carriage acquaintances do not suit me, except when I am like Bridget, wanting a new place." She gave a silvery little laugh, and added, "then I *do* find them useful."

"She is an awfully natural girl, and I do feel sorry for her," thought Basil, and very sympathetic was his face as he said, "You know the familiar quotation from our favourite (they had been discussing Shakspeare)—'Sweet are the uses of adversity.'"

"Yes, indeed, I have found it so;" and her eyes had a far-away look as

she absently fixed them on the white sail of the little boat, now bearing away to the Heads. "And then there is always the hope that when my youngest brother is of age, he may regain possession of the dear old station, where we were all born and brought up."

"What a glorious thing it is to work in hope! 'Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.'"

"Talking of meaner creatures, here we are!" and Jack's sunburnt face appeared round the jutting corner, quite aglow with boyish delight. For behind him followed Miss Isabel Hunter, the "red-headed idiot" having been compelled by some artful stratagem to transfer his attentions to her elder sister, and so leave the fair Isabel free to listen to Jack's soft nothings.

"There is something about him that draws out one's confidence," mused Miss Forrester. "I am very glad we were interrupted."

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEFEAT.

"Oh, cousin Harrie, I am so sorry, and so is Nellie too!" and Coco threw herself down on Miss Forrester's bed, and watched her cousin hastily pinning on a clean linen collar, for she expected the breakfast bell to ring every minute.

"What's the trouble now?" she asked, fastening her brooch, and in too great a hurry to look at the disconsolate little girl.

"Why, Mr. Brown is going away in this morning's boat!"

"Are you sure?" and Harrie was surprised to see, by the reflection in the glass, that a rosy flush of delight illuminated her whole countenance.

"Yes, quite sure; he took us for such a nice walk this morning, and he told us then, but he said he did not say anything about it, for there was no need to publish it."

"Then he was a foolish man to tell you, curly-wig;" and she drew the brown head to her, and kissed fondly the rosebud mouth, in acknowledgment of the good news Coco had brought. "Fix this solitaire in my cuff for me, there's a dear. Ah, now, breakfast bell, I defy thee!"

After breakfast, Harrie drew her cousin Polly off for a quiet walk. "Let us take our books and go to that tree, just inside the quarantine ground, where we sat the other day."

"Agreed; shall I call Laura?"

"Oh, she would not thank you, and besides, I want you all to myself."

So these two started off alone—these two who were such firm friends notwithstanding the thirteen years between them. Comfortably settled in their favourite spot, they enjoyed the shade of the leafy lightwood tree, each sipping the particular draught of literature with which she had provided herself. By-and-by Harrie got tired of reading, and, coming nearer to her cousin, she laid her head in her lap, and said, "Didn't we have fun last night?"

Polly's book was closed at once, and she prepared to enjoy the reminiscence. "Yes, it was good to see you running after Mr. Brown—and how extremely foolish he is!"

"That's what I can't understand, Polly. Wouldn't you have said last night that he was a very soft specimen of the *genus homo*?"

"Why, of course; there is no doubt about it. He may be a very sound lawyer, and an excellent pleader before the Full Court; but surround him with crinolines, and the man becomes as limp as this India muslin dress of mine."

"Then you think he is afraid of all my nonsense, and really feels as foolish as he looks?"

"Of course I do; don't you? I quite pitied the poor man last night when they got up that leap-year quadrille, and all insisted that you should 'run down' the Professor."

"And did you not see the gleam of fun in his eye, although his face was so solemn, when he said his mamma did not allow him to dance, and that he had lost his programme, and made all those foolish excuses half-bred girls make when they mean they won't dance?"

"No, indeed; I saw nothing but a very amusing case of a lively maiden courting a bashful man. Of course you do it all so openly, and in such a

barefaced spirit of fun, that any one can see you do not mean it."

"Are you certain of that, dear Polly? That is what I want particularly to know," and Miss Forrester raised herself on one elbow, and gazed earnestly into Polly's truthful eyes.

"Why, Harrie, do you think for one moment that a woman who wants a man acts as you have done? No one dreams of such a thing. Everyone knows how it all came about by Mr. Thompson daring any of us to speak to the 'Professor;' and all the jokes that followed, and your proposal to draw lots for the young lady who was to 'go for him,' as Jack elegantly phrased it, and the shrieks of laughter when the lot fell to you."

Harrie lay down again contentedly, and gazed at a large steamer, just passing Queenscliff. Presently she said quietly, "Polly, all that was commenced in fun; but now I like him too much to wish to go on with it, and sometimes, just now and then, a horrible dread seizes me that he knows all about our plot, and that he is acting up to me."

"What makes you think so, dear?" and Polly's hand wandered caressingly over the face on her lap.

"Because on the few occasions that we have been alone, he has been so different you would not know him. I don't believe he is a bit shy; he is only quiet, and his life has made him reserved."

"You speak as if you knew his life!"

"Well, he has given me an outline of it. Until the last two years he has lived devoted to an invalid mother, who would allow no visitors to the house, and prevented her son from seeing society of any kind. Of course, he is not used to ladies, and is really afraid of what you and I call 'Society girls;' but he says when he meets with a *natural* woman, who has a heart and a head fairly balanced—"

"He might deign to think of her," interrupted Polly. "He'll have to go a long way for that unique specimen of our sex."

"He enjoys talking to her," continued Harrie, not noticing the interruption.

"But if you want the joke to be *off*, what about last night's promises?"

Now the matter referred to by Polly happened in this way. At about half an hour before the frequenters of Mrs. Jay's drawingroom separated, on the evening before this conversation took place, all those persons plotting against the peace of Basil Brown had a meeting, just outside the garden gate, on an open space of ground, that guarded them from eaves-droppers. They decided that the joke was being well carried out by the lady entrusted with such a delicate mission, and that there being only a few more days left of leap-year 1884, they would hold her to her promise of availing herself of the privilege which she would lose in 1885.

Miss Forrester tried to turn the tide of affairs, but the public voice was against her; and she was reminded of her promise laughingly given when first they "set her on," that "before leap-year was out *she* would propose if he did not."

"Oh, yes; a promise is a promise," said Mr. Dunlop, "and you must not disappoint us, Miss Forrester. I am sure that will be the greatest fun of the season. We must all be handy, for I am certain he will take a fit. Thank goodness, we have more than one medico amongst us." Everyone echoed Mr. Dunlop's sentiments, and Miss Forrester found that there was no help for it but to promise, just then, at all events, and trust to luck to get her out of it somehow. How thankful she was for Coco's news that morning, and how joyfully she now communicated it to her confidante!

"You see, to-day is Tuesday, and, of course, he will stay at home all night, and to-morrow is the last day of the year—this hateful leap-year!"

"Why, Harrie, you seem to have turned against this joke altogether! Why is this?" and taking the face of her cousin in both her little brown hands, she bent lovingly over it, and asked in a soft voice, "Has the biter been bitten? Has the diamond at last discovered a stone that will cut it?"

"Diamond; yes, that is the idea!" and Harrie suddenly sprang up. "I believe my heart always has been adamant; no one could ever make on

it the slightest impression; and of course having gone unscathed all these years, it is not very likely that I shall become vulnerable now, is it?"

"She's decidedly hit," thought Polly. "Poor girl, I hope it will go no farther, for it is not likely a barrister of Mr. Brown's standing would fall in love with my poor cousin, and especially after the fun she has been making of him. It is a good thing he has gone to-day. May something happen to detain him, something not very serious!"

With which charitable thought Miss Polly Haythorpe picked up her novel, and proposed a walk on the sands below.

But nothing happened to detain him, and Wednesday's boat landed Basil Brown on Portsea pier, looking so gay and hearty that he was hailed on all sides by his fellow-boarders. During the last week, a different feeling had sprung up concerning "The Professor." He seemed to enjoy all the fun and nonsense as much as they did; and though they still held to the opinion that he was a woman-hater, not one of the visitors could say he was anything but a perfect gentleman, or deny his generous good-nature. And, O my friends, if you want to pick out the good-natured man from his more selfish brothers, just watch the gentlemen at a picnic or a seaside excursion!

"Brown's not half a bad fellow, after all," had been Jack's opinion, loudly expressed on the pier the day he took that "run up to town." Now, when he returned, they all welcomed him back among them, and he walked up from the pier in quite a little crowd, most of them gravitating to the hotel. But Basil turned his steps to the left, and seemed desirous to walk along the beach, resisting all invitations to visit the Temple of Ganymede. Especially pressing was Jack, as Mr. Brown had gone to some trouble in executing a commission about a gun. "Come along, Brown; come and have some lager beer."

"Not just now, thank you; I am anxious to get up to the house and have some lunch."

"Oh, lager will give you an appetite; it's tonic, man!" shouted Mr. Dunlop.

"Yes, it's *Teu- tonic!*" he called back, and amid shouts of "Bravo" and "Well done, Brown!" he took his way along the beach.

"Oh, Harrie, I do believe that's Mr. Brown come by the boat," Polly whispered, as she did not want Laura, or in fact any one, to hear. "Let us make a bolt of it!" and, getting up, they announced that they were tired of "camping," and were going for a "moon along the sands." "Quite private and confidential," laughed Polly over her shoulder, for fear the movement should become popular. "You see, Coz, you have not seen him yet, and if you do not see him, how can you keep that promise you are so afraid of? Thank goodness, we had lunch before the boat came in, so that if you keep out of the way till dinner, and retire to your room for that meal, I will see to everything."

Harrie ran up a bank to look back, and exclaimed, "Why, Polly, he is coming this way! He is not going up for lunch; let us run behind that clump of ti-tree—he will never find us there. He is, no doubt, going for one of his solitary rambles along the shore."

But it was not fated to be a solitary ramble, for Mr. Brown had not gone far before he encountered Coco, who ran up to him with great effusion.

"Well, Miss Constance, I want to ask you a question."

"Oh, please don't—don't call me that name! I only hear it when I have been so very naughty that papa has to say, 'Constance, this is very serious,' and then I know what follows," she added, nodding her chin at him. "But what is the question, Mr. Brown?"

"Well, Coco," putting his arm round her shoulder, "can you tell me where to find Miss Forrester at this present moment? I have a message to deliver to her from Mrs. M——."

"Oh, I can tell you exactly! Nellie and I were up in that old, straggly tree just now, and we saw Harrie and Polly running all their might, and hiding in some bushes. I'll show you; I think they must be up to some lark."

So, chattering on at a great rate, she trotted by her friend's side, quite happy to hold his hand and hear his pleasant

voice, as he told her what he saw in Melbourne—that great unknown city to this little country maiden. As they passed the group of ladies with whom the two cousins had been sitting, Miss Hunter called their attention to the fact that the "Professor" was walking down there on the sands just below them. "Now, then," she cried, jumping up, "we'll have some fun! Let us go and collect the others."

"Oh, don't hurry so," cried Laura, who was reclining on a shawl, and felt very comfortable in her present occupation of making pictures out of the clouds; "the gentlemen were to come up to us if he came by the boat: they know where we are."

"Isn't it splendid?" cried the girl sitting next to her, crocheting away vigorously. "He has taken the right direction, and will fall into the trap beautifully."

"Very well, you can tell us when they meet, and we'll all get up and watch for a signal. It really is too hot to do anything but lie here and dream."

So they all continued to take their ease, each in her own particular fashion, and the vigorous young lady wielding the crochet hook kept them posted up in the doings of Mr. Brown. She announced that Harrie and Polly were discovered; that all the four were going for a walk along the beach, turning their backs to the party so much interested in them. By-and-by the scout reported that they were a long way on, almost round that furthest point; "and they have changed partners now," she added, "Miss Haythorpe and Coco are leading, and"—in a flutter—"get up girls! here come the boys."

Jack, as usual, climbed up the cliff first, and had the first word. "Ladies, allow me to introduce our Poet Laureate. I found him sitting in a lonely spot, having a desperate struggle with Genius, but he grappled with his foe and threw him, and lo, the result! With this he led forward quiet Mr. Emmett, who sat down on the stump of an old tree, and looked on as though he did not see the point of Jack's effusion. Of course all the ladies wanted to hear Mr. Emmett's composition."

"Oh, it's nothing," he protested, but they were all clamorous and he had to yield.

"It is only a little enigma I was trying. Here it is:—

"My first's what every hard-pressed captain longs to find ;

"My next is praised in songs of most heroic kind ;

"Blessings of health and rest within my whole are found ;

"There Beauty's rarest smiles and Wit's keen shafts abound."

"Oh, one of those dreadful things to guess!" exclaimed Laura; "I never can find out the simplest riddle," and she turned to bestow her conversation on the nearest gentleman.

"Read it again, Bob," cried one; "what's my first?"

"What every hard-pressed captain longs to find! Now what is that?"

This question was repeated by several, who put on thoughtful looks, and various answers were hazarded, such as—"his wife"—"his pipe"—"his chart"—which were rejected. Jack suggested "a glass of grog," which was immediately pooh-poohed by the ladies, and one of them gave the word "port."

"Right—now the next," said Mr. Emmett, "What's praised in songs of most heroic kind?"

"Why, 'War,' of course," said one gentleman, who was lying down and kicking up his heels.

"But 'port' is the first syllable, and war won't do for that."

"No, decidedly, we don't want any 'war' in our 'port.'"

"Be quiet, Jack!" from Laura. "I've got it; 'port wine.'"

"But that won't suit 'my whole,'" said Miss Hunter; "there is something about 'Beauty's smiles and Wit's keen shafts.'"

"Yes, Laura," said her brother, patting her on the shoulder, "of course you are right. When the wine's in, the wit's out, you know." And stooping down he whispered in her ear, "this is not the glorious exception, my dear, the one riddle that you have guessed. The word is *Portsea*."

"You were born a tease," exclaimed Laura, jumping up; and someone proposing they should go and hunt up Miss Forrester and her victim, they all set off in their direction.

Walking smartly, they soon neared the rocky point, and were astonished to observe Mr. Brown standing there alone, apparently waiting for them. Various reasons for this conduct were assigned. "He's got scotty"—"maybe he's bolted from Miss Forrester"—or perhaps he was going to read them a lecture. But as they came up, he said in a genial manner, "My friends, I knew you expected a proposal to take place to-day, and not to disappoint you, I have just asked Miss Forrester to be my wife, and she has consented." Leaving them standing in blank dismay, he disappeared round the rock to reappear leading Harrie by the hand, looking every bit as foolish as the most brilliant imagination had pictured the "Professor" looking during this ordeal. "Ladies and gentlemen, let me present the future Mrs. Basil Brown."

Some threw up their hats; some threw themselves down on the sand; some could not get off their blank stare of amazement; but all joined in heartily when some one, swinging round his hat, shouted out, "Three cheers for the Professor!" By this time the ladies were all round Miss Forrester, who recovered herself amid kissing and congratulations; and bursting out into her merry laugh exclaimed, "There has been a traitor in the camp—but I think, after all, I'll forgive him!"

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CAROL.

His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron'd angels is his carol sung.

—Milton.

LOST.

By J. STEELE ROBERTSON.

'Tis Christmas. On the arid plain
The sun looks down with fierceness dire ;
The blackened tracks of recent fire
The imprints of the blaze retain.

The summer, with its furnaced foot,
Has blasted all it trod upon ;
The verdure of the spring is gone,
The sap is dried in every root.

The dry dead eucalypts uphold
Their barkless branches to the sky,
Like suppliant arms outstretched on high
Of one whose prayers his woes unfold.

Slowly the burning dog-days pass ;
Time swelters through the glowing hours,
And in the shade each wild thing cowers,
From heavens that blaze like burnished brass.

On the burnt forest's farthest side,
Parched, weary, sick, and almost blind,
I lie remote from all mankind,
Silence around me far and wide.

Whilst here, awaiting death, I lie,
Oblivious of the now I seem ;
But o'er the past, as in a dream,
My hurrying thoughts incessant fly.

I dream of boyhood's happy years,
When I in England's fields did roam ;
The picture of my childhood's home
Before my memory's eye appears.

I dream of early love's bright day,
And to my sight the vision leaps
Of one now gathered to the deeps
Where sad oblivion holds her sway.

A vision of a beauteous form,
A lovely face, and deep dark eyes,
Reflecting light as of the skies—
Of skies untroubled by the storm.

Soon shall I join thee, long-lost love !
Fated no more on earth to meet,
Soon as my heart shall cease to beat,
I'll find thee in the world above.

That vision fades. Before my sight
 Back the eternal curtains roll,
 Revealing to my parting soul
 Yon heaven, and Him, its Life and Light !

This is His birthday—so 'tis mine ;
 He born to suffer—I to rest :
 He came to save this world unblest,
 I go to share His bliss divine.

Earth, sky, and sun no more I see ;
 My mortal life has reached its goal ;
 Receive, O Lord, my weary soul !
O Miserere, Domine !

AUNTIE'S HOLIDAY.

A CHRISTMAS IDYLL.

By T. B. CLEGG.

Auntie's world was compassed by the square of the window. Had you passed along the street any day you might have seen within, at the side of this window, a little old maid with a pinched pale face, and grey tired eyes which were now and then raised from her work to look into the street. Here too—if you had occasion to pass frequently—you might have seen Auntie's sleek cat and her mature canary, and if you had been rude enough to stare right into the room, you would have seen some of the most extraordinary millinery designs it had ever been your lot to gaze upon.

Auntie was a milliner. Not one of those great dames who, dressed in fine gowns, move and have their being in the midst of a very paradise of lovely bonnets and sweet things in hats. Oh dear no ! Auntie was quite another sort of milliner. She worked for a very different class of customers, but a very exacting, very imperious class. She was the slave of the autocratic servant

girl, and of the tyrannical wife of the eight hours labourer. As a matter of course she herself had to work fourteen and often sixteen hours daily ; and poor Auntie had but a vague idea that there were some happy folks who worked only eight hours in the day. She had heard of such a beatitude as she had heard of the millennium, but her knowledge of either state was equally theoretical. However, there was one day in the year on which she put aside the garish velvet, and such brilliant artificial flowers as neither field nor garden had ever borne upon its bosom. That day was Christmas Day.

It was now Christmas Eve. The shop over the way, with its great display of tinsel-paper and lemon-peel, its mountains of currants, and bowls of nutmeg and spices, had put up the last shutter, and the street was dark and quiet. The bright lights of the shop had been cheery and Christmas-like, but they were now gone, and

still Auntie sat at the window and worked—worked till the chimes sounded midnight, and Christmas Day had come.

The last bunch of preternaturally red roses was fastened in its place, and Auntie's nimble fingers rested. The canary had long ago rolled itself up into a yellow fluffy ball, and had gone to rest; and the sleek cat purred gently, dreaming perchance a dream of fat mice.

There were the raisins to stone, and the pudding to make, and a city-bred chicken, a forlorn fowl that had never seen anything more rustic in its life than an occasional blade of grass between the stones of the gutter, had to be prepared for the oven. At last the pudding was bound in the cloth, and the corpse of the city chicken was embalmed in dripping. Then Auntie thought about bed, and after the withered little old maid had read a portion of an eminently pious, though equally commonplace work, entitled "Sunset Thoughts," she went to rest, at least such rest as she could obtain with the strains of a plaintive fiddle, a festive cornet, and a wildly intoxicated piano "over the way," tingling in her ears.

Up in the morning, and to early service. A dismal business. A dull church with a few straggling worshippers, the only bright things in the building the flowers that decked the altar and the pulpit. Away in a dark corner knelt Auntie, quite a long distance back, for she had never been asked, like those at the feast of olden days, to go up higher. The front pews and cushions were not for folk of Auntie's order. Modern financiers have discovered that the mite, when invested, does not yield a return equal to that of the shekel. The guinea has a solid value in counting-house or temple.

Meanwhile the city chicken and the plum-pudding—indigestible and luxurious fare, but seasonable withal—were cooking under the superintendence of an obliging neighbour, and when Auntie got home they were laid out to cool, so as to be prepared for packing in the luncheon basket. The canary was fed, the cat looked after, and Auntie, arrayed in the best of her

gowns, sat down to wait the hour of departure to the picnic, to which she had been invited by an ex-apprentice.

They were going out of the city, up the river. It was a glorified river, a river whose banks were evergreen, where golden-wattle and epacris, and here and there in hidden places the crimson flower of the waratah were; where trees were white with snowy blossoms, and rocks were fringed with ferns.

Auntie saw it once a year; and from year to year it dwelt in her memory, the only glimpse of poetry and beauty that struggled through the dust and work of the city into the unlovely monotony of her poor life.

There is a sound of giggling and rustling at the door, and then a knock, and Auntie admits the apprentice, and that necessary appendage of female apprentices, the "young man" who, in the expressive language of that locality, was "keeping company" with her. He was a fine brawny fellow, and she a rather sweet-faced girl, not too "genteel" in her manner, perhaps, and may be her grammar might have been better, but she had frank good eyes and a kindly heart; as indeed one might see when she kissed the little old maid and pinned a bunch of roses—real, not Auntie's stock—upon the milliner's breast. Then the young man added Auntie's share of the feast to his own, and with a great deal of fuss and joking they started for the steamer.

Here is the steamer—a gigantic bouquet of white muslin skirts, and ribbons of all colours; and here also is the band of musicians, the harp, the fiddle, and the flute. Puff, puff, away they go, to Auntie's glorified river. The sun is bright, the air fresh and laden with sweet scents. They leave the city far behind, and enter the land of tree and flower.

Auntie was very quiet. That was chronic with the poor soul. Doubtless if she could have spoken about it, there might have been some poetry in her thoughts; but years of silence cannot be broken in a day, and at best her thoughts were vague and indefinite. Still she was quite restful and happy. One or two married men remarked to her in an affable way that it was "a

fine day, ma'am," in which opinion Auntie expressed her acquiescence. Nothing more. Her young companions were consumed with laughter at the tricks of a funny gentleman, who ultimately received what the doctors learnedly describe as "ecchymosis" of the optic for carrying a practical joke too far, the common result of funny gentlemen's pranks. A stray dog, recognising in the scent of the city chicken an old but defunct friend, squatted in proximity to the basket. Auntie rested, and was thankful for the fresh air.

The picnic ground being reached, the pleasure-seekers were soon scattered far and wide. Now Auntie had laid out her plans for this day—oh, months before. It was to be a quiet peaceful day, when bonnets and all the work-a-day world would be forgotten. She would find out some hidden place among the ferns, where she could lie down and breathe the sweet scented air, and look up to see the waving wattle with its golden clusters, and the blue sky beyond. Then she would read the old stories she had read so many years ago, and—quaint pathetic fancy—she might dream she was a girl again. The book she had brought with her was an old-fashioned romance, with a very lovely and virtuous maiden as heroine, and an altogether impossibly high-minded, gallant and chivalrous young gentleman as hero; of course a villain thwarted the plans of the young people, and, equally of course, the villain was thwarted in turn; and then in the very old-fashioned and equally modern-fashioned way, the abnormally good young man folded the abnormally beautiful and virtuous maiden in his arms, and said, "At last, my darling!" Doubtless you all know the rest.

What a foolish little creature was this, at her time of life, with her withered-up body and spare unattractive face! Romance at her age! marry come up, good people! but she was a poor silly creature, an old woman with a girl's heart.

Years ago when Auntie was not yet "Auntie," when her eyes were bright, her cheeks full and rosy, and her limbs strong and supple, she had spent many

an hour under the trees of the orchard at her father's farm dreaming of knights and ladies fair, and one day her own knight came, and she never knew how good and honest a knight he truly was till one day she awoke and found that her folly had driven him from her. Then she waited long years, if perchance the knight should return, but alack-a-day! he gave up his lance and shield, and went into a far country whence there is no returning. The chestnut hair turned grey, and the bright eyes dim, the lissome limbs grew weary; but still she waited, and now she hoped some day to join her knight in that "far countrie," whither he had gone.

The lunch was finished, and "Auntie" wandered over the rocks and along the winding bush path till "the hidden place" was found. There, with the patches of sunlight dappling the flower-sprinkled grass and bracken, she made herself a nest in which to read and dream. It was very quiet, very restful. She opened her book. Auntie wanted this to be a bright and happy day—it was her only holiday in all the year. She wanted to look back to it, as she looked back to the far, far away days of her girlhood. Even years of bonnet-making will not exorcise the spirit of sentiment from a woman's breast. The prim, angular old maid, who is the butt of your wit, my good sir, or my dainty miss, may have, stored away in the withered husk of her heart, hid away from all eyes and ears, a secret love, a monstrous foolish sentiment, over which, when no eye watches her, she weeps, and which yet she cherishes as the dearest thing in all her life. "And so it is with all sentiment," says Balzac. "Our heart is a treasure; empty it at once and you are ruined. We no more pardon a sentiment for revealing itself entirely, than we pardon a man for not having a penny of his own."

This little old maid, this woman of a thousand bonnets, was a sentimentalist. She had all those strange fancies women have, be they eighteen or forty-eight; and the melody of an old-fashioned song would bring her girlish thoughts back as on the day when first she heard it, but not—not with the old freshness, not with the old brightness.

Somehow she cannot read to-day ; the shadow of her life still rests upon her. We cannot throw our daily toil aside as we would a cloak or mantle. It clings to us ; the ghost of our toil, the shadow of the city. The daily desolate life, without the human sympathy for which a woman's heart yearns without ceasing—without a child's face to brighten the darkness, without little lips to press her own ; O waste, unwomanly life ! and yet hers. Dreaming sadly, her eyes close, and gradually the quiet and the fresh air soothe the tired-out body into rest. She sleeps. The day fades into the hour of sunset, and miles away the steamer puffs merrily home. Auntie has been forgotten. When she wakes the sky is tinted with the hues of fading sunset.

She wakes with a start. Night is coming on, and the air is growing chilly. For a moment she cannot realise where she is ; then she remembers all, and hurriedly attempts to rise ; but there is something resting on her. She puts her hand down, and it touches something warm. It is the face of a tiny little rascal who has nestled at her side and gone to sleep. A baby vagrant, whose tattered clothes and bare feet show that he at least knows naught of gala days and picnics. It is almost a pity to wake the little fellow curled up so snugly ; but she must hurry, or the steamer will be gone. How late it is ! how long she must have slept ! She stoops and kisses the chubby little face, then picks the child up and hurries with him in her arms along the pathway to the picnic ground. She reaches it to find the steamer gone. The baby head is tranquilly lying on her shoulder, oblivious of all things earthly, sound asleep. What shall she do ? She was never on this spot before, and it is quite an isolated place, with no house or farm for many miles. Perhaps the child can tell her where to go ; he must have wandered from his home, not far away. She rouses him, but he only puts his head again on her shoulder, and murmurs "baby go sleep now," and refuses to be questioned. It is getting darker and darker, and a great fear fills the little woman's heart. To be alone in the bush at night ! the thought makes her heart beat fast, and

a rustle among the trees wrings from her a quick nervous cry of fear. Slowly the saffron-coloured sky fades into tender violet, and a lovely star shines in the exquisite mellow light. The peace of evening rests upon the bush. The sky tints deepen into colder blue, then into the dark setting of night, studded with innumerable stars. Now the night wind rustles mysteriously among the trees, and white blossom-powdered branches are swayed to and fro. The croaking of the frogs in the marshy land near the river makes the solitude more absolute by its contrast with the whispering voices of the breeze.

Auntie, with the child still in her arms, seeks the bush track, and follows it as well as she can in the increasing darkness. Once or twice she nearly stumbles, then the weight of the child tires her. She wakes him, and taking his tiny hand they hurry on. The little fellow brightens with the exercise, and once he pulls her gown, and pointing to the bright star, says "Twinkle, twinkle !"

For two hours they travel thus ; and then, worn with fatigue, Auntie rests on a fallen tree and sobs. The track is no longer easy to follow, and the moonlight, with its dark shadows lacing and interlacing, frightens and confuses her. At last even the moonlight, which, with the fantastic weird forms it weaves, has in its way been some source of company, is lost. Then the bush is enveloped in absolute darkness. A terrible fear seizes her ; and she presses the child convulsively in her arms, and rocks him to and fro. There is terror and mystery on every side. Weak and nervous, she is wrought into a very paroxysm of dread, and at last takes the child once more in her arms, and plunges again into the scrub. Falling, scrambling, she still forces her way onward—anything better than to sit still—till the midnight spirit of the bush drives one mad. On, on, bleeding and bruised, with torn dress and scratched face, till the first faint gleam of the blessed morning lights the sky. Oh, Heaven-sent day ! Oh, cruel night ! She will rest now, now the daylight and the sun have come again. Weary and faint, she falls by the side

of a withered old gum-tree. Throughout it all she has clung to the child. He cries for food, and she kisses the little face and comforts him. In her pocket is a slice of cake which she had taken with her from their little luncheon on the day before. She gives it to the child, and smiles to see him eat so heartily. Then, tired with the long night journey, he puts his head upon her lap and sleeps.

* * * * *

Again the night comes ; and with it returns all the terror and agony of the one she had passed through. On again ; aimlessly, weakly, but still on ; without rest, and without object. Again the morning—and two pale fear-stricken faces—a woman's and a child's—are touched by the new day's light.

* * * * *

Three days have passed, and the woman, no longer able to drag her body through the scrub, has fallen among the coarse grass and undergrowth. Her eyes are very bright and her fingers are moving ceaselessly. She sits again by the window, and the nimble fingers ply the needle, as they have done for so many weary years. It will soon be time for bed. The lights are out "over the way." But what is this face pressed to hers ? what tiny arms are these about her neck ?

Oh dear God, dear God, she is given back her youth ! The years of blankness—of long waiting and then of hopelessness—were but a dream ; this is her child, her own little one.

Oh baby-face, press close, and little lips, touch hers ! So cold ! but she will warm them. Yes, she will warm them ; warm them when the night passes away, and the sun-heat comes again. No dream ! no dream ! The good God has sent her this divine happiness. She knows the joy of motherhood ! What were the weary years, the years of bitterness ? She has forgotten them ; are not her eyes bright, her face fresh with youth, her bosom round and full, and this baby whose arms are about her neck, is it not hers—her own child—and his ? And yet she is sobbing, and her tears are on the baby's cheek ; but it is for joy, for thankfulness. Closer, baby ! closer, dear ! till the little lips have warmth and the white cheeks are flushed with life. Closer, closer, dear !

* * * * *

The night sighs through the restless trees. There is no peace in the forest. Lift thine eyes to the blue heaven, "sown with stars," and peace will come to thee, poor tired soul ! Stars are the emblem of God's tears for such as thee.

* * * * *

Coo-ee !

Coo-ee !

"Dead !" and the rough hand of a wood-splitter lifts with infinite tenderness the straggling boughs from above the pale faces of a woman and a child.

The bosom of her tattered dress lies open, and a curly head nestles on the milkless breast of childless Auntie.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long ;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad ;
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm ;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

—*Shakspeare.*

HOME AT LAST.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

There never was a more dreary day, in the dreariest winters, than that which set in the midst of a huge snow-drift, over the little town of Kilshane, on a Christmas Eve, sixty years ago. As our readers may be looking out for the place in which we lay the scene of this "owre true tale," it may be as well to tell them, without further preface, that Kilshane is not the name by which the Post Office authorities know the locality of which we write, and from whose familiar archives of tradition we draw our story. But, nevertheless, Kilshane is name enough to our memory for the humble capital of an Irish mountain district, situate in the bosom of a pleasant valley, sheltered on the four quarters by great hills, which rise above like giant guardians who sentinel its repose. Once in a year it had its fair, when the streets were crowded with the big-boned, large-horned, and fine-skinned cattle, known amongst the dealers as cows of the "real ould native breed," which have been superseded almost completely since by the more shapely, less serviceable, and unhealthy stock come of Devon pastures and Hereford sweeps. Once in the year there gathered within its precincts, to the imminent danger of everybody, and the great profit of their owners, mountain *raheries*, and unbroke *clibs*, interspersed with worn-out *garrons*, whose great recommendation, at the instance of their strange-looking grooms — if grooms they can be called who never groomed the brutes — seemed to be the desperate agility with which they used their hind legs, and flung them out at anything and everybody, of which a probability existed that they might reach. There never was an Irish fair without its pigs, and so once in the year, wherever the porcine crew crowded from, there were more pigs in the streets of Kilshane than, we believe, could be assembled

in the streets of any other town in Ireland. None of the fair-goers seemed to be without an individual of the swinish multitude as an accompaniment, and some enjoyed the luxury of a dozen. This "once in the year" was always a great day in that little mountain mart, for of all the days in the year it fell upon Christmas Eve. Everybody came down from the declivity of the hills around, for many a mile, to purchase or to sell, and prepare for the festival of the morrow, in honour of the Babe of Bethlehem. The poorest peasant, gaunt and worn with ill-requited toil, and lengthened days of hunger, had pinched himself for weeks before to buy that one candle which he enjoyed in all the year, and whose light should burn that night of nights in the midst of his children; he came thither to buy with the poor taper the provisions of a humble feast, to cheer his meagre board, and do fitting reverence to the day of the Heaven-descended. The more comfortable farmer journeyed there also, and chaffed, and joked, and bought and sold through the entire day, to go home in the dusk, not the most sober man in the world, as he sate upon his well-laden truck-car, bringing to the good woman at home store of meat and meal, spirits and spices, not forgetting the new-fangled but fascinating package of tea. Besides those regular drifts of humanity, there were irregular ones too, blown to Kilshane by all the erratic winds of impulse, profit, or promise, upon the yearly occasion. Beggars, particularly shrill in voice, and remarkably pious of sentiment; nondescript individuals, forming maimed portions of humanity, very lame, very blind, and very ragged; some who enjoyed a loss of legs, some who enjoyed a loss of arms, and throve in a remarkable manner on their deficiency; those crowded in what little room was

unoccupied by cows and horses, pigs and dealers—and prayed or imprecated, slandered or sneered, with the greatest ease, as it pleased them.

So went the day of the fair always, and so it fared in Kilshane after its accustomed manner, on the day our story opens. But with the fall of the night the snow lay in dirty heaps in the straggling street, where the cattle had trampled it into mud. The thoroughfares were empty of all the crowds that occupied them during the day, except the occasional passers-by, who journeyed homeward with their marketing. The little shops were filled with customers for their wares, and the taverns were crowded with those who had sold or bought in the fair of the day—dealers, farmers, and the usual etceteras attendant upon those occasions on such folk. Here there was noise and bustle, loud generosity or garrulous quarrelsomeness, as around the rude bar the frieze-coated crowd clustered, in the mist which arose from the steaming punch before them, or the fog of tobacco smoke which filled the atmosphere with its dense clouds, in which those individuals breathed, somehow, without being asphixiated.

In one of those—the Kilshane Arms—as the name was inscribed on a creaky sign which swung from above the door, a larger crowd was assembled than in any of the rest. Behind the counter a buxom, good-humoured-looking woman attended to many calls made upon her by the uncouth waiters who came to the bar from time to time, and gave their orders, as they were bidden by the guests in various parts of the house. Filling measures, keeping count, and receiving money, was giving the lively hostess enough to do, when a group of five or six persons entered from the street, amongst whom was a girl of twenty-four or twenty-five years old, modest in aspect, large eyed, and well featured, but whose face was marked with a paleness as of much care. Her dress was neat, but worn, and she seemed to shun observation from the persons amongst whom she found herself, on entering the house, by clinging closer to an old man, whose coarse resemblance to her fair young face, indicated the relationship of a

parent. She whispered in his ear, when he immediately went over to the woman in the bar.

“Mrs. Keogh,” said he; “is there anywhere I could bring Mary until I make a settlement wid Tom Cockran here?”

The hostess stopped for a moment in the full flow of her occupation, and looked at the interrogator.

“Why then, Misther Donovan,” said she, “you and yours must have any place in the house yez want.”

“Jemmy,” she called to a thick-set man, “mind the customers here, ’till I go wid Misther Donovan down to the kitchen; it’s the quietest spot in the ‘Arms’ to-night.”

“Ah, then, Mary Donovan,” said she to the girl we have before noticed, “bud you’re welkim. I wondher you wouldn’t spake. In throth, achora, I’m glad an’ I’m sorry to see you, for sake ov the poor mother that’s gone. Cum down to the kitchen; I know you’d rather be there than among all the crowd wid their noise, and their talk; it’s myself that’s sick of them.”

With those words she brought the party, leading Mary by the hand herself, down a passage which led backwards to the kitchen.

“Now, Misther Donovan,” said she, as they entered that apartment, “yez will have no one to molest yez here, and can settle whatever yez have to settle in pace an’ quietness.”

“Beg your pardin, sir,” she continued to a man who sat at the fire, with a hat drawn over his eyes, of a shape now known as a “Jerry,” but then totally unusual in that remote district; “beg your pardin, sur, but this young woman in cowl, and th’ evenin’s sharp, an’ if it’s plazin’ to you to further over a little more, there’ll be room, an’ to spare, for all parties.”

“I’m obleeged to ye; that’ll do now,” she continued, as the stranger hastily drew himself more towards the side of the hearth, where a huge fire of turf blazed, sending out a welcome glow. “Now, Misther Donovan, what’ll you an’ your friends take? I’m goin’ to get a cup of tay for myself and poor Mary, the crathur, an’ you’ll take sumthin’ in the manetime.”

"Oh, the hard stuff for us, Missis Keogh," said one of the men.

"In throth, Phil Corkran," she replied, "you're bould enough to answer for yourself, I'll go bail; but it's Misther Donovan I'm askin', and not you. The best in my house he'll have at his command, for he's a dacent man, and was a comfortable man too."

"That's as much, Missis Keogh," replied the man addressed as Phil Corkran, "as to say that I'm a comfortable man, bud not a dacent man. Well, it's all right, av coorse, but Misther Donovan is to thrate me now, whether you'll do it or not."

"Give us some sperits," Missis Keogh," said Donovan, glancing deprecatingly at the kindly hostess; "id's Christmas Eve, ma'am, an' we're all good enough according to our wake-ness, if we only remimber the blessin' that fell upon the earth many a hunder years ago, to tache us humility. Phil is a bit sharp; but there's worse nor him."

"Id's good to hear you, Misther Donovan, sayin' that," she answered; "it's Christian like to the man who dhrove your little stock to this day's fair, for your Novimber rint, bud I'm not bound to think the betther av him fur all that. Natty," said she to the little boy, "go up to your father an' bring down a bottle av spirits and some tay. Hurry, like a good child."

Natty soon returned with the required articles, and while the good woman of the Kilshane Arms busies herself in getting ready the tea for her guest, and whilst the men are making their settlement, we will take a retrospect of the events which gathered those individuals in the kitchen of the humble hostel of the valley village.

Seven years before the Christmas Eve to which we refer there was no more comfortable farmer than Ulick Donovan in all the district within ten miles of Kilshane. He held a couple of hundred acres of land, the best in the neighbourhood, and it lay within a short half-mile of the little town. His kith and kin had dwelt for many a hundred years before him in the pleasant farm-house, whose white-washed walls gleamed a short way up the slope of one of the hills which sur-

rounded the valley, and which was built at the extremity of his holding next the mountain. By that alternation of events peculiar to the history of Ireland alone amidst European nations, he, the rightful heir of the soil, had found himself the tenant of it at the hands of the owner at law. However, those territorial lords had rendered the change of fortune of the Donovan family less bitter than it might have been. Through three or four generations they had permitted them to hold some hundreds of acres at a very moderate rent, and at last, when the relaxation of the laws against certain forms of religious profession had permitted such a step, they gave to the representative of that family a long lease of his land, at a low valuation. By reason of this encouragement Ulick Donovan, the grandson of the lessee, was a thriving man when he began the world. His neighbours looked up to him both from his good native blood and his independence, and the world went well with him up to that period. He had married a very amiable girl, the daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood, with whom he got only the wealth of a cheerful temper, a good heart, and a thrifty hand. One child, a daughter, had blessed their union, and through her came the first sorrow on Ulick Donovan's home. Beside him, there resided on a farm bordering his own, a well-to-do man, named Connell Carroll. He was a widower, and had an only son. Charley Carroll was a reckless, hearty boy, whose exuberance of life involved him in perpetual scrapes. His father died suddenly before he had reached the years of manhood, and Ulick Donovan, with a kindly feeling, aided the young man with his advice and assistance. The more he knew him the greater interest he felt in his welfare. Thus, Charley Carroll was a frequent guest at Donovan's house; and as Mary Donovan grew towards womanhood, the old story came to be repeated—Charley Carroll and Mary Donovan were lovers. Everybody in the parish knew it, and everybody in the parish talked of it. Wiseacres shook their heads at the notion of wild Charley Carroll and

gentle Mary Donovan being ever husband and wife; and Charley was as wild, with great manly excitement of existence, as ever Irishman had been before. The joyous recklessness of the young man at last brought him into trouble. It was a time of great political excitement. Informers had their golden opportunity, and they did not neglect its use. They founded secret societies, and deluded young men into their meshes. They told them some specious tale about a union of Irishmen extending over the country in solemn league for her redemption. Every ardent spirit rushed into the wild hope there held out to tempt it. The first man initiated was Charley Carroll. There was danger in it; there was risk in it; and danger and risk were his delight. He neglected his farm, and he spent his money in aiding an organization which was only the terrible shamble, where the informer was yet to make his blood-stained profits. When his money was gone, and the bloodhound had taken all from his victim, the villain who deceived him with false lights of patriotism, made his way to the authorities, and at its nightly council the illegal society was surrounded by a police force. Every member was taken except Charley Carroll. A blow from his arm levelled the man who approached to seize him, and with a bound he was away through the darkness of the night.

Charley was never seen again; but Mary Donovan knew somehow that he was gone to America. The girl drooped and sickened; fever developed itself in her illness. Her mother paid her every care and attention that fondness could give, or zeal bestow; and saw it all repaid in the restoration to health of her darling. But the overstrained maternal love had left Mary Donovan's mother susceptible to the disease whose ordeal she had endured herself. With her uprise from the bed of illness her mother was prostrated. The disease came to kill—and did kill her—leaving Ulick Donovan a widower, and his child motherless. With this visitation came a succession of misfortune. Donovan's cattle died; he had bad crops; and worse

than all, his lease terminated, and a portion of his land, the best, was taken from him, and given to Corkran, the "rent warner," and the rent of the remainder doubled. The once comfortable farmer saw his substance gradually decrease, notwithstanding all his exertions and industry, so from day to day things went from bad to worse, until at length an unfavourable season left Ulick Donovan unable to pay his current gale of rent. The landlord was an absentee; matters were managed by his agent, who was very much guided in his dealings with the tenantry by Tom Corkran, the "rent warner." Tom was not a good adviser to the agent, but a grasping man, who took every opportunity of increasing his own store at the cost of the tenant's ruin; but so skilfully did he manage, that he took the blame from his own to lay it on his superior's shoulders. He lent money to the insolvent tenant, if he saw means in his hands to repay his own claim, and then Tom took a favourable opportunity to make the agent press for rent due, and got the stock of the tenant for about half its value. In this profitable system he was ably assisted by his nephew, Philip Corkran, an insolent bullying fellow, who levied a kind of blackmail in his own fashion. Phil enjoyed the life "of a fighting cock," to use his own expression. He was fêted by the trembling serfs on the estate, upon all occasions, and they were remarkably frequent, when he chose to honour them with his company. Philip enjoyed the prospect, too, of the probable reversion of the goods of his cunning and thrifty uncle, as that personage lived in a state of single blessedness. This worthy had begun to look with a favourable eye on Mary Donovan. The farm still held by her father, and in probable reversion to her, might have something to do for his admiration for the fair girl. She was satisfied to endure the unwelcome attentions which she received from Corkran, whilst plainly enough intimating in her reception of them that she should prefer their discontinuance; but Philip knew very well that his influence exercised a despotic ascendancy over the Donovans, and hoped to

improve his position in the maiden's favour with time and opportunity. On the occasion on which we introduce the party at the "Kilshane Arms," old Tom Corkran had pursued his usual game of purchasing the farm stock of Ulick Donovan at a valuation, which exceeded by some few pounds the rent due by the ruined old man, and the party had entered the inn to arrange the matter finally.

Whilst we have been entering into the history of these personages, Mary Donovan has been taking the tea prepared for her by the hostess. The stranger has been sitting in the shadow of the chimney, looking with an enquiring gaze on the passage of events before him. Phil Corkran has been indulging in his potations rather freely with the men who accompanied him; and Ulick Donovan is looking through his spectacles into the account furnished him by old Tom Corkran, and comparing it with the amount of money before him on the table.

"In troth, Misther Donovan," said Mrs. Keogh, "this is a poor Christmas Eve enough for you, to be shure, you that knew what comfort and manes was on sich occaysions, an' its sorry I am to see ye on the bizness ye've cum about here to-day. Whin the last of a man's stock goes, he may go himself soon after. Musha, thin, Tom Corkran, ye might lave him a cow to give him a sup o' milk."

"Ye see, Missis Keogh," said Tom, "I wud if I cud; but the agent is mortal hard on me, an' I took the cattle only to sarve Misther Donovan here, and to save the costs of a saizure, an' I must sell thim again, for I want the money badly meself."

"B'leeve me, Tom," she replied, "things o' this sort don't end well. There isn't luck in them, except its bad luck. Misther Donovan, wan way or other, has been hunted into this sthrait, an' I tell you, whoivir is at the bottom av it won't thrive."

"I tell you what it is, Missis Keogh," interposed Phil Corkran, who had sat listening to the conversation, and emptying the glasses he had repeatedly filled; "this thing can all be settled comfortably. Here's Mary here," said he, "an' she has it all in her own

power to make her father as aisy as ivir, if she only takes my advice."

Delivering himself of this peroration, Phil drew his chair over beside Mary Donovan, and sitting down, continued:—

"An' d'ye know what that advice is, Mary? Jist only to get married, an' take meself to put the ring on yer finger."

Mary looked around her towards her father, as the drunken fellow addressed this speech to her, but she knew the difficulties which surrounded him commanded her civility to Phil, and she answered—

"I don't mean to lave my father, Misther Corkran, an' I don't think he'd let me if I was willing myself—which I am not."

"Aisy, now, Mary, its only coaxin' you want," said Corkran, attempting to put his arm around her waist. "Mind you, I'm a betther man than Charley Carroll, who, they do say, softened your heart wanst; cum now, Mary!"

"Charley Carroll," said she, pushing her chair away, "is dead an' gone, God rest him, an' the dead oughtn't to be meddled for the sorra of the livin'."

"Divil a hair I care," said he, "where he is, bud you're here, an' so am I, an' I make you a fair offer, an' bedad id's a good wan. Cum over here now."

He grasped her hand as he spoke, and tried to make her sit beside him. Mary struggled to free her fingers from his grasp in vain.

"Let me out, Phil Corkran!" she said, indignantly, "Let me out; I want none of your freedoms."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the ruffian, "in throth it's on me knee you'll sit, an you'll be kinder presently."

He pulled her forcibly over to him, when the stranger in the corner arose, took off his hat, divested himself of his overcoat and neck-tie, and turning to the struggling girl, caught her around the waist with one arm, and dealt Corkran a blow of such force with the other, that he fell sprawling backwards across the chair on which he had intended to seat himself.

"Mary Donovan," said the stranger, "it's many a year since I saw your face, but I didn't forget you, nor have you

forgotten me. I came just in time to-night to serve you, but little I thought that sorrow had such a gripe upon you and yours as from all I heard here I know it has."

"Oh Charley," said Mary, clinging hysterically to his neck, "why didn't you let us know where you were, an' we'd know where to find a friend."

"All in good time, Mary, I'll tell you my story; but sit down until I settle an old score with this black-guard," he said, pointing to Phil Corkran, who had risen to his feet and was glaring at his rival with an expression of ferocious cowardice.

"Cum away, Phil," said one of the men who had accompanied him; "cum away, man."

"I won't," roared Phil, "I'll knock the life out of that returned informer."

Phil shook his stick menacingly at Charley Carroll, for he was the stranger.

"Call me that name again," said Carroll, "and not all the law in the world will save ye from my hands."

"Cum Phil," said the man who had before interposed, linking his arm within that of the ruffian, and bringing him to the door.

"Go now," said Carroll, "or I'll make ye."

"I wont," roared Phil, as he went out shaking his stick, and in a violent exertion *not* to get back. "I won't," he shouted until the door closed behind him.

"And now, Tom Corkran," said Carroll, "what is the amount of your claim against Ulick Donovan?"

"A half year's rent," promptly answered Tom.

"Give me the agent's receipt for it," said Carroll, "and here it is," unfolding, as he spoke, a roll of notes. "Bring home your cattle, I'll satisfy this man's claim."

Old Donovan looked up in the stranger's face with an air of bewilderment, whilst Carroll laughed.

"Don't be ashamed to take a little return from wild Charley Carroll for all the kindness you gave him," he said.

"I went from Ireland a poor and hunted man. I stand upon her shores again, able to buy out the owner of Kilshane if he'll only sell it; and, to tell you truly, I am expecting a letter from my solicitor that every inch of the old sod is mine, for I have been already in treaty with its beggared possessor. But hush, there is twelve o'clock, it is the Christmas morning—shake hands, old friend! I wish you a merry Christmas and many happy returns of the season."

* * * * *

There is hardly any need for us to continue this episode of life amongst our peasantry. Charles Carroll had made a fortune in the war of liberation of the Spanish States of America; and he had come home to claim the hand and heart of the girl he loved, and to whom he had been true amidst all vicissitudes. When the Christmas Eve came round again, he was master of all the broad acres of the estate of Kilshane. He had his home in the ancestral mansion which adorned it; and beside his hearth, its presiding genius, hovered his fair young wife. She had grown in beauty as she had grown in happiness. Endowed with native grace, she adorned the sphere to which she had been raised. Tried with poverty she had not forgotten the poor; and never did the Christmas come on Kilshane, in which all its tenants rejoiced so heartily before, as on the first occasion when wild Charley Carroll and gentle Mary Donovan presided in "the House," as it was called *par excellence*. In a hundred homes their happiness was prayed for on that night. From a thousand hearts arose the most fervent orisons which ever besought heaven's blessing on human heads, for they were orisons that broke from hearts filled with gratitude, respect, and affection. All the intermediate details we leave to your imagination, dear reader; but if Charley Carroll and Mary his wife did not live happy, that you and I may.—*Dublin Journal*.

AN OLD MAN'S TALE.

THE LEGEND OF LAVENDER HALL.

By CHARLES C. RUSSELL.

Yes, it certainly is a tumble-down place at present,
With its angular, low, cramped rooms, and mysterious turrets and gables—
Furnished you'd think with a Ghost, respectable, grim and forbidding.
Yet I remember well when it wore a more cheery appearance,
With plenty of life, and noise from the voices of numerous children.
That wood of old trees, surrounding, looked gloomy and quaintly romantic ;
Now, it imparts so much gloom as to render its weirdness appalling.

Let me see—well, it's several years since the time that "Old Gabriel Johnston"
Nailed up the oaken doors and padlocked the gate to the garden !
And masons and joiners, you say, are now coming down to repair it ;
Well, well, there are changes on changes. It does not take long, I assure you,
For a homestead to fall into ruin when the fires are put out, and the carpets
Are lifted and stored in the attic, or taken away from the building.
Now, when I recollect this place, there was not a tidier dwelling,
Nor a residence more complete, in the whole wide region of Stratton ;
And it is of the olden time, this story is told in the present.

• Lavender Hall was then the home of one Gabriel Johnston ;
Here he dwelt in peace, himself and his four pretty daughters,
Rough to the world and hard, but affectionate still to the maidens.
Every evening in summer you might see them with other young ladies
And gentlemen of this place, and others who came from a distance,
Enjoying themselves on the lawn with cricket, or croquet, or tennis.
Every evening in winter you might see all the windows lighted,
And hear the strains of the music played on the grand piano,
The viol, and Dorothy's harp, and the voices of various singers.
For "Old Gabriel" (so he was called) kept a merry and lovable household,
And many a person who thought himself higher than he in position
Was happy to meet the old man, and shake his rough hand in the market,
Or to pass a few hours at his home, made welcome by father and daughters.
Yes, it was, I admit, a strange thing that none of the daughters had married ;
But there was reason for that, as the people (who know much) reported.
They said he "forbade the banns" lest he'd break up the family circle—
As if he could count upon that lasting for ever and ever.
Why, the death of his wife should have taught him—but then he was totally blinded ;
Foolishly fond of his girls before the time of his trouble.
And this brings me straight to the tale. I wonder you never have heard it.

It was on Christmas Day, or it might be a few days before it,
When a crowd of friends were gathered at Lavender Hall, rejoicing ;
The windows glared with light, shining over the crisping snowdrift,
And the feet of the people dancing beat time to the sisters' music.
It was a great night there, the people have said who were present ;
Music, and laughter, and dancing (and possibly some little flirting
Among those inclined to indulge in that kind of youthful enjoyment),

And eating and drinking, of course, of the best, for old Gabriel Johnston
(And this much I know of myself) kept a bountiful larder and cellar.
(But of what follows just now, I can't speak so clear and distinctly,
Having heard it by word of mouth when it came to the ears of the public);
It seems that while they danced, and enjoyment was just at its highest,
There was a crash and a flurry that stopped both the dancing and singing;
Some likened the noise to the sound of a wind rushing mightily past them,
Rattling the windows and doors and shaking the very foundations.
The lights went suddenly out, for the most part throughout the apartments;
The people were stricken with fear, and silenced with sudden commotion;
Some of the ladies screamed, and others, less vigorous, fainted.
It was fully an hour, they say, before there was quiet among them,
And then the perplexity grew still greater from further disclosure.
Of the awful sound they heard there seems to be no explanation;
An earthquake had not been known in these parts for a century almost,
As the almanacs plainly declared to those consulting their pages.

After a time, when it calmed and the lamps illumined the chambers,
And the white spots seen on the cheeks gave place to their usual roses,
Then Gabriel Johnston tried to gather and number his people—
As the shepherd will count his flock when the storm has passed over the mountain—
And one, alas, was away—Miss Dorothy—Dorothy missing!
The sisters ran through the house, all searching in different quarters,
They shouted, they whispered her name; they listened, they prayed for an answer;
But they only heard the wind alternately sighing and moaning,
And the mocking strains from her harp borne off in the shriek of the tempest.

The scene was solemn and sad. Old Gabriel, gloomy and frantic
By turns, moved about through the house, calling the name of his daughter,
While every one seemed to remember, and chattered of this recollection,
How Dorothy stood "just here" at the time of the crash and the panic.
They searched the house and the garden, and mournfully hunted the borders—
The snow, if she had passed out, had covered the track of her footsteps—
There was nought but a great black blur in the snow at the foot of the terrace,
Such a mark as the lightning makes when it comes in a bolt of thunder—
A twisted tree—some stones—and the soil of the garden scattered.

The officers came next day, helmeted, tall, and active;
Foremost among them was one—Romney—stalwart and stately;
Over the rest he seemed, for he ordered about the others,
And closed himself up with old Gabriel, and spoke in a manner superior,
Making a great ado, parading the guests and the servants,
Starting a plan each day, asking them numerous questions—
But, as far as the people knew, their efforts were all unavailing.
Well, at last it came to light, I know not how, nor if truthful,
That Miss Dorothy, all unknown to her father, was sought by a lover
But who that lover might be was a secret to me and the public.
Miss Dorothy's room, on search, disclosed no wily elopement.
Whether she went by force, or by a concerted arrangement,
She must have departed at once—ball-dressed, without preparation.
She had gone like a flash of light—her room was the same as she left it—
Clad in her silk attire, jewelled and dressed for the party.
Her strong boots lay in their place; still on the pin was her mantle;
Her hat and her cloak were found in the wardrobe, just as she placed them;
And there, all over the room, was the same quiet, careful arrangement.
Then they examined the well and the wood—but they found not the body—
And the wreaths of snow. But she was not. And the folks set it down as a
mystery.

The blow was sudden and sad, and it altered Gabriel Johnston ;
He refused all comfort, and wandered stricken with grief for a season.
Comfort, indeed, none dared to offer the sorrowing father ;
Comfort ! for there was none ; why, even the skilful detective
Told him he never met with a case so extremely perplexing ;
Still he would not surrender the clue. He would keep by the father ;
And if there was anyone here, beyond his three daughters remaining,
Able to calm the old man, it was Romney, the skilful detective.

Thus, for the second time, the family circle was broken,
And sadly old Gabriel saw the folly of further contention.
His several daughters married, and went (as they will) with their husbands,
And Lavender Hall was dismantled, and left as it's standing at present ;
Gabriel nailed up the door, and padlocked the gate to the garden,
And went away in his grief, seeking a home with his daughters.
Thus Lavender Hall, with its sorrows and solemn associations,
Was left as a leprous tomb—shunned, abandoned, forsaken ;
And what strikes me as surprising, is that you, who are one of our neighbours,
Have really, all this time, never heard of its singular story.
But a change comes after this, and I'm glad to say that it brightens,
At least so they say through the country, for we know very little but hearsay.
Of course a reward was offered. The Government backed up the father,
And I saw for myself the notice, or rather the proclamation,
Offering—let me see—was it one or a couple of thousand ?
But nobody came, and the tale died out as a nine days topic
Dies in a country town—failing for conversation.
Of a sudden it was revived ; for the lady had been discovered,
All through the zeal and the skill of that popular officer Romney.
The story that reached our ears came bit by bit to us, slowly,
And not as it were a tale, till we put all the pieces together.
Somewhere Romney heard, and reported to Gabriel Johnston,
How that his daughter lived—happy, and lovingly married—
But that she feared to reveal her whereabouts to her father,
Knowing the cause for grief she had given, and his passionate nature ;
But the old man said, “I loved my Dorothy, Romney,
And from my heart I forgive her ; I care not to whom she is married ;
Would I could see her now, and clasp her again to my bosom ;
You shall have the reward, but Romney, oh find me my daughter !”
In turn the detective asked, wily and skilful as ever,
If he dare bring home the man to whom his daughter was married ;
For Dorothy was a good girl—tender, and versed in Scripture—
If he had heard aright, and guessed at her character truly,
She would abandon her father to follow and live with her husband.
To which the old man replied, “Yes, bring me her husband also ;
Give me my daughter, Romney—my daughter Dorothy, Romney !”

Then Romney told him with pride of how he had tracked and discovered
That Dorothy, young and romantic, had fallen in love with a youngster,
A lad, but a lad of good promise, though holding no high situation,
One of those virtuous youths you may meet with in every novel,
Poverty-steeped, but manly, loving with desperate passion.
Well, here was this passionate lover ; there was Miss Dorothy pining
And fretful of heart for love of a man whom she dared not acknowledge ;
And there was old Gabriel railing at courtship and marriage and matrons,
And talking sad nonsense to maids about squaring the family circle,
Till the girls were afraid in their hearts to mention the name of a lover.
It was an elopement, it seemed—foolish, perhaps, and romantic—
Skilfully planned to avoid all pursuit on the night of the panic ;

She had flown with her lover, and now she resided somewhere in the city.
This was the tale that was told ; and the father, unnerved by the story,
Begged and implored to be led to the home of his runaway daughter.
So this man (as I've heard it reported) conducted old Gabriel Johnston,
With faltering steps, to a house in the neighbouring city of Stanleigh,
And ushered him into a room of quiet and modest appearance ;
There was a look of love and comfort in every corner,
Nick-nacks made by her hands, ornaments deftly embroidered,
And various signs of woman scattered about the apartment ;
While on the fireside stool—sewing, and rocking a cradle
Tenderly with her foot—sat Dorothy, lost and recovered.

There was the usual scene—the usual explanation—
Dorothy talking in turns of her husband, her child, and her father ;
Her husband was absent from home at present, but hourly expected ;
And then she repeated the tale of how she had flown from the mansion.
It was he (her husband) had planned and carried the plan into action,
And though she felt sad for her father, and often since then had been tearful
At how she had left him in silence, without explaining her conduct ;
Yet she loved her husband with love that was more than the love for a father.
And old Gabriel, kissing and fondling alternately daughter and infant,
Forgot for a season his guide, then rushed to the door to invite him
To enter within the home of his lost and newly-found daughter.

As Romney entered the room, old Gabriel rose up to thank him—
A mist was before his eyes—his voice coming nervous and husky—
For having followed the clue that led to the picture before him ;
But started again as his child—this Dorothy—quite without reason
Fondly embraced himself, and then turned and embraced the policeman ! !

“Why, Dorothy, what is this ? I wish you to thank Mr. Romney
Modestly—properly, lass—why should you go billing and cooing ?
He has conducted me here, but you need not embrace him or kiss him !”
But she turned to her sire with a smile and a blushing embrace, as she whispered
“He is my husband, sir, and I am now Dorothy Romney.”
“Yes,” said that fortunate man, smiling in best of good temper,
“Several times you said, ‘Bring me to Dorothy, Romney,’
And I have brought you here. See, baby resembles you greatly !”
Then the detective took the infant, and held it before him
Smiling at all the three—grandfather, mother, and father.

That is the whole of the story. There is the house and the garden,
And I hear they are coming back when the workmen have done the repairing.
Isn't it strange ? It's true. Romney himself was the lover.
He, the loving detective, planned the flight from the mansion
So that of all his men not one could follow his movements ;
He was the “virtuous lad”—“poor, but honest,” they call such—
Who had been smitten with love for sweet-faced Dorothy Johnston.

How he had taken her off—how he effected the tableau—
I am unable to say—dynamite, maybe, or powder—
Ask of the twisted tree, the stones, and the soil of the garden.

HEROES OF PEACE.

Addison, happily enough, thus writes :—“Troops of heroes undistinguished die.” It is certain that in the daily battle of life—in that great conflict which, even under the ægis of peace, is fought every day, and which is so much more pathetic, so much more terrible, than the most stupendous struggle between the hosts and armies of war—heroism, unseen and unrecorded, is a very common matter. It needs not the surroundings of a bloody battle to develop the God-like qualities which make the heroic. In the patient suffering, the cheerful resignation, the unselfishness, the honourable fidelity to duty, which, thank God, are so common as to command no surprise when they are discovered, we behold heroism as lofty, as worthy, as lovely and admirable as any exhibited by the soldier “in the imminent deadly breach” or the forlorn hope.

We are here reminded, that among the fighters in the battles of peace, the engine-driver stands forth prominently as the embodiment of the heroic. The incidents recorded of the cool bravery and unselfish heroism of engine-drivers are numberless. We read the other day of the driver of a wrecked train mutilated and in great agony, in dense darkness, amid the warring of the elements, crawling along the slippery line with a lantern to warn an approaching train against danger. We know how nobly the driver of the Geelong train behaved in the disastrous collision at the Werribee; how he died comforted with the reflection that he had done his duty, and holding, tightly gripped in his hand, the telegram which had caused the mischief. We have read of the driver who, seeing a little child playing upon the line, and knowing that it was impossible to stop the train in time to avoid crushing it, crawled along the engine and lifted the little one out of danger. Such stories are common, and to the unreflecting, commonplace. But the thoughtful recognise the spirit of heroism which resides in these narratives, and understand how terrible is the mental and physical strain which the engine-driver has to bear. This tax upon the nervous system of necessity contributes to disease and debility, and the wear and tear of energies and health. Every sympathiser with the brave men who thus suffer in the cause of the public will be glad to hear that medical science supplies a remedy, at once prompt, effective, and permanent in its action. Mr. James J. Wright, who is now editor of the *Brunswick Reformer*, Victoria, testifies to this fact. He says that for eleven years, previous to the year 1883, he was employed in the locomotive department of the Victorian Railways. About 1881 he experienced serious kidney troubles, coupled with rheumatism. He grew worse, in spite of medical assistance. He became so bad that he had to be carried to his engine—and here, surely, we perceive the heroic spirit of fidelity to duty. His agonies were intense, but he held on to his post, until at last, in

May, 1883, he was forced to take to his bed. The doctors did their best for him, but he grew worse, and began to despair of recovery. Controlled by the conviction that his case was hopeless, he resigned his post, a step supported by the statement of the Government medical officer, that Mr. Wright was suffering from chronic rheumatism caused by kidney disease, which had poisoned his blood. This gentleman also pronounced the case to be hopeless. Mr. Wright's resignation was, therefore, accepted, and compensation granted. For eight months he hobbled around on crutches, scarcely able to pass from room to room, and wholly confined to his house. However his pluck carried him along. He obtained work on the *Daily Telegraph* newspaper, of Melbourne, and from this circumstance traces his cure. He was sent down by his editor to describe H. H. Warner's safe cure establishment, then just opened in Little Lonsdale Street West. The manager, observing that Mr. Wright was seriously unwell, presented him with a bottle of Warner's safe cure, which was accepted with that courteous scepticism with which the invalid, who has gone through the “course” of legitimate medical treatment, regards all proprietary specifics. However, doubt soon changed to faith. Mr. Wright speedily found that there are more things than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the doctors. He kept on with the medicine with the happiest results. He says :—“I have completely recovered my health. I have had no attack of rheumatism since last June, nor have I suffered from any kidney complaints, and this in the face of the fact that I have worked early and late, and necessarily, have been irregular with my meals.” Mr. Wright adds :—“Knowing, as I do, the hardships engineers are exposed to, the great nervous strain, the cold, wet, heat, long standing, and the constant jolt of the engine, I feel I am only doing my duty in recommending to my fellow enginemen, Warner's safe cure and safe pills; believing that they are honest medicines and capable of great good in relieving pain and sustaining the system under the severe strains incident to the lives of those whose business is that of engine driving.” Testimony stronger than this could scarce be given. It has been sent in by Mr. Wright without solicitation. It is the outcome of the very natural gratitude of one who, despairing of cure, found it by accident, and who, lacking faith at first, has been forced to accord it at last. It is the honest tribute of one belonging to a class of men trained to suffer and endure, who only yield to the force of sickness when powerless to resist, and who “never give in while there is a shot in the locker.” It is the certificate of a man who carried his ailments as one of the great army of the heroes of peace, and who records his cure with the simplicity of truth, and the candour of conviction.

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Conducted by PETER MERCER, D.D.

No. I.

JULY 15, 1885.

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Henry Clarence Kendall, (Frontispiece). Delhi—the Kashmir Gate (21). "Let go my hands," she said, coldly (36). Mount Macedon (59).

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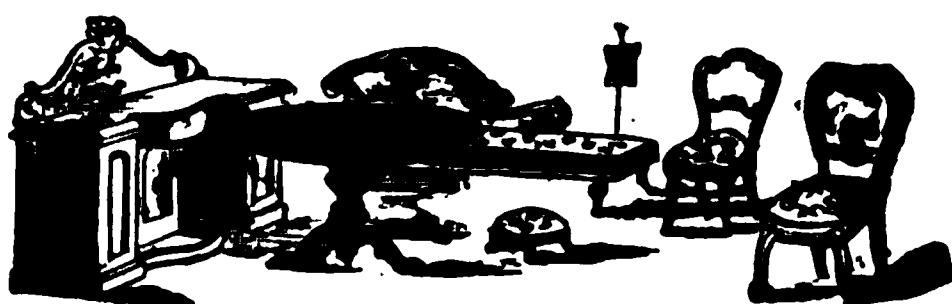
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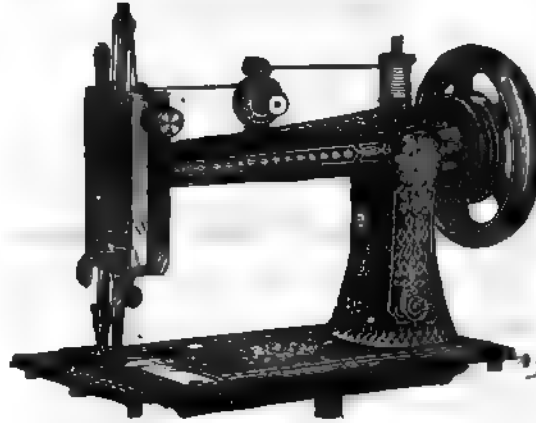
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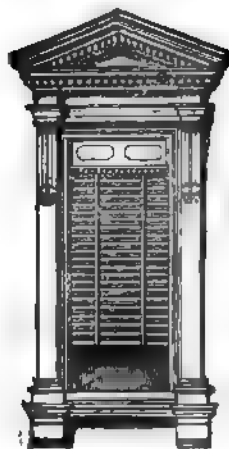
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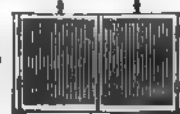
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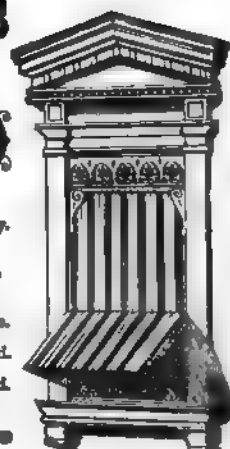


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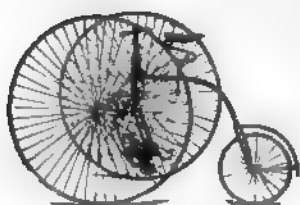
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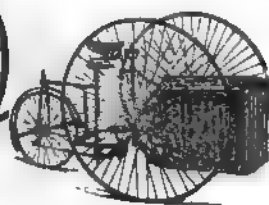
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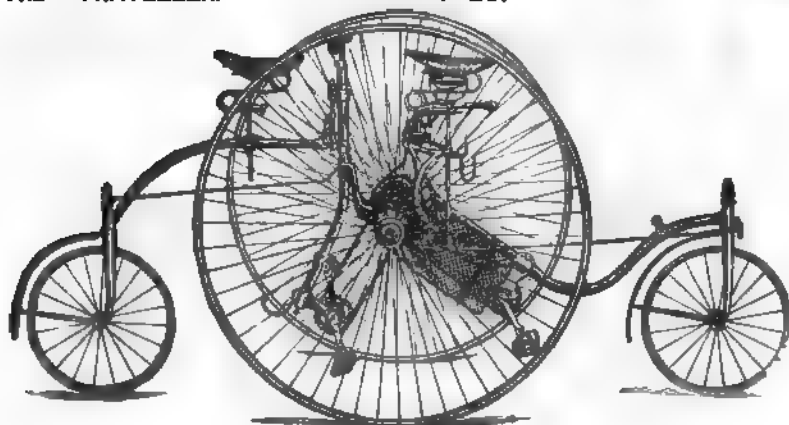
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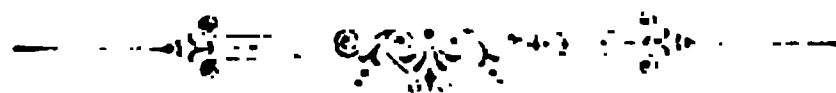
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ANNUUM (Including Postage), 12/6.

DEC. 15, 1885.

# ONCE A MONTH

A MAGAZINE  
FOR AUSTRALASIA

EDITED BY  
PETER MERCER, D.D.

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## ILLUSTRATIONS:

James Brunton Stephens (Frontispiece). The Camp,  
Ballarat. The War Party. He leapt out and came to the  
Window. Threshing by light of a Lantern. Brisky,  
flew over the snow. Old London Bridge, Sorrento.

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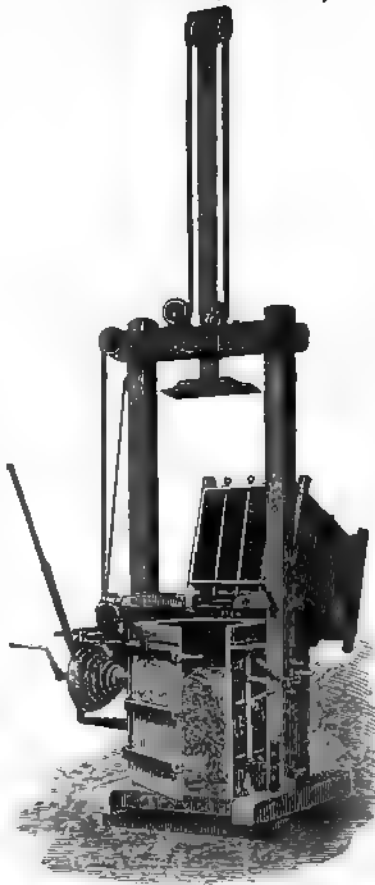
The usual screw is dispensed with, and the pressure brought to bear by means of a strong rope or chain, working in sheave pulleys overhead, attached to a ram, and winding on a fusee, which is made in the shape of a suddenly-tapered screw.

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No. VI.

DECEMBER 15, 1885.

VOL. III.

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ILLUSTRATIONS:

James Brunton Stephens (Frontispiece). The Government Camp, Ballarat. The War Party. He leapt out and came to the window. Threshing by the light of a lantern. Brisky, Frisky, Neat, and Fleet flew over the snow. Old London Bridge, Sorrento.

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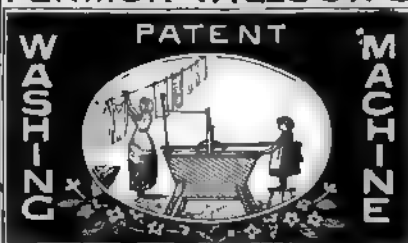
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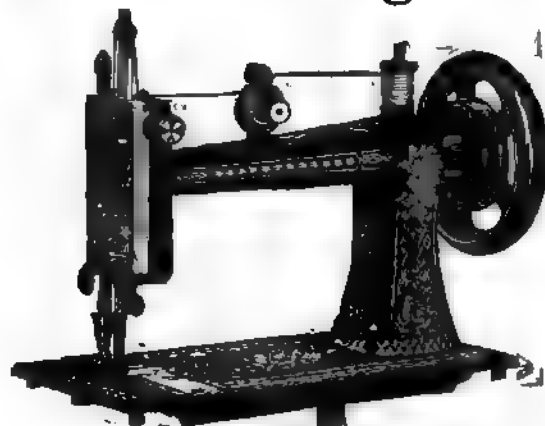
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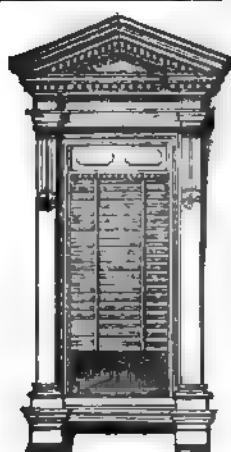
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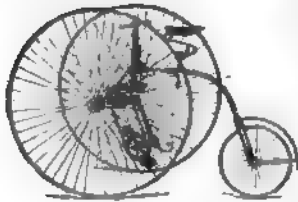
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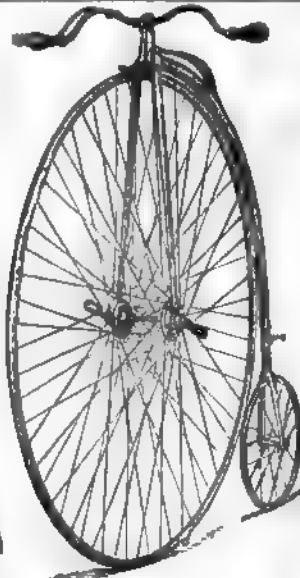
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AND CO.,**

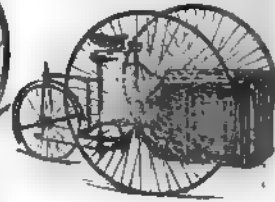
**COVENTRY,  
ENGLAND.**



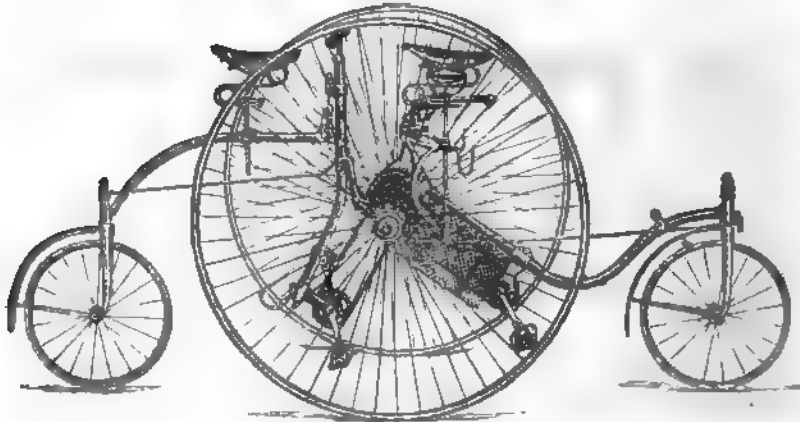
THE "TRAVELLER."



THE "APOLLO."

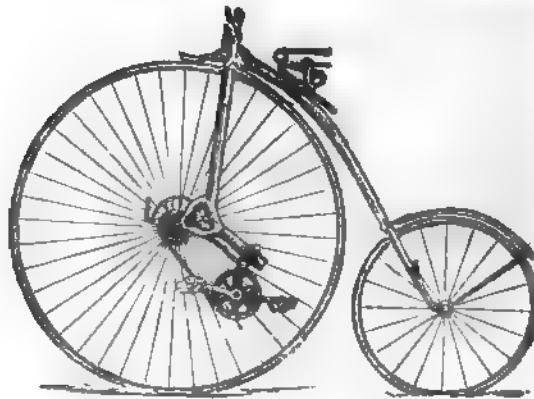


THE "CARRIER."



THE CENTRAL GEARED "APOLLO" TANDEM (CONVERTIBLE).

**MELBOURNE DEPÔT,**



THE "CHALLENGE SAFETY."

**11 LATROBE-ST. EAST.**

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS

---

THE  
**City of Melbourne**  
**BUILDING SOCIETY.**

---

PRESIDENT:

**M. H. DAVIES, Esq., M.L.A.**

---

**£304,685** advanced on Mortgage since the formation of the  
Society.

**£115,275** Present Amount of Deposits.

**£45,000** Present Amount of Paid-up Capital.

---

**SHARES,**

Paid-up and Investing, issued daily;  
8 per cent. Interest allowed.  
Also

**£5 Permanent Shares,**

which may be paid for in one sum, or 10s.  
per month, until fully paid up.

.....

**Loans granted without delay.**

.....

**SAVINGS BRANCH.**

A Savings Branch has been opened in connection with the  
Society. Sums from 1s. upwards received, and 5 per cent.  
Interest allowed on the daily balance.

---

OFFICES:

**57 ELIZABETH ST.,**

(One door from Collins Street).

**C. F. RICHARDSON,**

SECRETARY.

ONCE A MONTH.]

[DECEMBER 15th, 1

MAKERS  
TO THE QUEEN


**Cadbury**

"PURE"  
"REFRESHING"

**Cocoa**

**Essence**

**ECONOMIC**



It is often asked, "Why does my doctor recommend Cadbury's Cocoa?" The reason being absolutely genuine and concentrated by the removal of the superfluous fat, **FOUR TIMES THE AMOUNT OF NITROGENOUS OR FLESH-FORMING INGREDIENTS** than the average in other Cocoas which are mixed with sugar.

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